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ERRATA.

Page 216, col. 3, line 26, for *Armes* read *Ormes*.
Page 385, col. 3, line 51, for *designation* read *dissipation*.
Page 429, col. 1, line 17, for *shine* read *shrine*.
Page 458, col. 3, line 17, for *moisure* read *moisture*.
Page 525, col. 3, line 60, for *iatuca* read *iatrica*.
Page 525, col. 3, line 61, for *diegitica* read *diegetica*.
Page 525, col. 3, line 62, for *ennocica* read *cnnoica*.
Page 575, col. 2, line 52, for *write* read *white*.
Page 720, col. 3, lines 60, 66, for *Micacedus* read *Micaceus*.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1914.

The Week

When the historian who leaves nothing out comes to write the full account of the passage of the currency bill, he will not omit reference to the influence of the Christmas spirit. Congress was as eager as a small boy to get off for the holidays; and there stood the cruel resolution of the Democratic majority not to adjourn unless the bill was passed. This undoubtedly had the effect of hastening final action. The drawing near of the gracious Christmastide seemed to calm the savage breast of the filibuster, and to still the passions of the makers of long speeches. It was rumored that Senator La Follette would insist upon speaking for two or three days; and one can imagine the apprehensive looks that were cast in his direction. But he let his music die within him. Even he could hardly have faced the universal rage that would have fallen upon him if he had ruined the Congressional vacation over the holidays. The whole thing was a wonderful demonstration of what Christmas can do in the sphere of legislation. It was the old miracle over again:

> No voice or hideous hum
> Runs through the archèd roof.

Senatorial eloquence dried up, obstruction laid down its weapons, and Congress and the country seized their Milton and echoed:

> —at last our bliss
> Full and perfect is.

It has been understood from the beginning of the Wilson Administration that nothing would be done about the question of Panama tolls until after the tariff and currency bills were out of the way. That was in line with the "single-track" idea. It may, therefore, be more than a coincidence that on the very day the currency bill became law, Representative Adamson, Chairman of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, introduced a joint resolution proposing a way out of the difficulty. The plan is to suspend for two years the provision of the Panama act making the Canal free to American coastwise vessels. This is the clause which England maintained, and which it is hard to deny, was in violation of our treaty with her. There is also the question whether the Canal can be made anywhere near self-supporting if tolls are not paid by all ships using it. Now, Mr. Adamson argues with much plausibility that his proposal will accomplish two things at once: it will give time for a test of the revenues of the Canal in relation to expenses; and it will also give time for the necessary diplomatic arrangements if we are finally to adopt the policy of free tolls for our coastwise vessels.

There are reports of a change in the Administration's attitude concerning the retention in the diplomatic service of Ministers whose training and experience make the continuance of their employment an obvious requirement of sound public policy. Failure to recognize this principle hitherto has been one of the chief sources of criticism of the Administration on the part of fair-minded observers. The report that a better course is now to be pursued derives confirmation not only from the apparent certainty of the retention of Henry P. Fletcher as our Minister to Chili, and the indicated probability of the continuance of John W. Garrett in Argentina and Edwin V. Morgan in Brazil, but also from the unquestionable fact that President Wilson's own convictions and proclivities must lie entirely in that direction. While he cannot disclaim responsibility for what has thus far happened, it can fairly be pleaded for him, if not by him, that the overshadowing importance of the two great legislative projects which he has just brought to consummation must naturally have absorbed his attention to the exclusion of many matters which, in an ordinary time, would have enlisted his keen interest. It is to be hoped that from now on nothing will be done to encourage the spoils conception of the diplomatic service.

Georgia's response to the proposed reduction of Southern delegates in Republican Conventions is as gracious as it is prompt. If we may trust the National Committeeman from that State, the Central Committee will be called together soon after the holidays, and will approve the recommendation cutting Georgia's delegation from twenty-eight to eighteen. Mr. Jackson does say, for home consumption, presumably, that the action of the National Committee is not entirely fair to the Republican party in the South. But he makes another remark that is much closer to the point. "However," he says, "I believe the plan will operate to strengthen Republicanism in the South. It will have a tendency to encourage voters to turn out at elections." He has in mind, of course, the provision that Congressional districts in which the party polls 7,500 votes or more shall be entitled to an additional delegate.

Progressive irreconcilables should keep a sharp eye upon Kansas. A year ago the Progressives were in control of the Republican party machinery, and accordingly there was no "Progressive" State ticket. The "Republican" nominee for Governor, Arthur Capper, lacked only thirty votes of being elected. Now he is hesitating between announcing himself as a candidate for the Progressive nomination for Governor and entering the race for the Republican nomination. And he is getting encouragement in this dubious position by no less an authority than William Allen White! A Progressive who writes to the Emporia *Gazette* to ask why Capper does not decide one way or the other is gently told that "often people who lack imagination cannot put themselves in the place of others. . . . Mr. Capper is in the position of a child of divorced parents who loves them both and is loved by both." Then comes this shocking explanation:

> He is not hesitating because he is afraid of himself. Whatever hesitancy he manifests is due to the fact that he is in a position where a man may not say it is all black and white on one side or the other, and where a sudden decision, a hasty or impulsive act, might do incalculable harm to the best interests of Kansas.

Or of Capper? But why cannot he say that it is all black on the Republican side and all white on the Progressive side? It is, isn't it? While the *Gazette* would like to see Mr. Capper declare

himself a Progressive, it "also realizes the immense pull of the mere party name on entirely honest people," and so it asks patience for Mr. Capper while he makes up his mind. But what would the Colonel say of a man who could even think of accepting a Republican nomination after July 19, 1912, and before January 1, 1916?

"Probably the greatest factor in retarding the development of scientific research among our industries has been high tariff." This is not the guess of a politician, but the verdict of a trade paper, the *Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*. "This high tariff," it continues, "has caused many of our industries to prosper and pay enormous profits in spite of their short-sighted management. Political research, with a view to exploiting the consumer, is well understood by such managers, and it is a regrettable fact that many of them have spent thousands of dollars on the lobby and not one cent for placing their business on a sound scientific footing." This is not a new contention. It is part of what President Wilson means by "freeing" the American manufacturer and dealer. In this view, lower prices are not the only end of tariff reduction. The main thing is the elimination of the artificial conditions that, under exorbitant rates, have surrounded our industrial processes, which, in consequence, may receive a kind of attention hitherto denied them. Not new "talking points," but better quality, becomes the aim of the man seeking a market. Incidentally, in the opinion of the *Journal*, "the loss of this tariff protection will, in the end, exert a great stabilizing influence on our industrial development."

"Efficient" is the word most commonly used to describe the kind of administration that New York expects from its new Mayor. Because he himself made his reputation as Commissioner of Accounts, and because one of the men he seems certain to put into office is another notable exponent of the new science of statistics as applied to municipal government, one is apt to gather that the city's high expectations for the next four years are based primarily on the efficiency of systematization, correlation, bookkeeping, card catalogues, and the like. Yet there is one factor in governmental efficiency which seems to have been overlooked in the passionate discussion of administrative methodology, and that is the antique virtue of simple honesty. If the average citizen looks forward to four years of efficient government by Messrs. Mitchel, Prendergast, McAneny, and their borough associates, it is primarily because the average citizen is convinced that these men are honest. There is no need to disparage training and method in the conduct of municipal affairs, but the motive behind the method is of paramount importance. German municipal government has reached its high state of efficiency because Germans employ experts to rule their cities. But Great Britain, which is not in the habit of going in for scientific experimentation and prefers to move forward along old lines, has also developed efficient municipal government, for the simple reason that it has developed honest municipal government.

Whether the situation at Calumet is such as to call for an investigation by Congress or not, it is certainly one that is of most serious interest to the nation. The Governor of Michigan owes it not only to his office and to the people of his State, but to the people of the whole country, to get at the full and exact truth, and to get at it promptly. The terrible Christmas tragedy, the accusations that arose out of it, and the attack on Moyer, coming on top of a situation already intensely embittered, make a combination full of sinister possibilities. The story of Lawrence offers a clear enough demonstration of the seriousness of such a trouble as this, and the way in which it contributes to aggravate labor troubles in other parts of the country; and this Calumet case has in it elements of far greater potential mischief than did the Lawrence case. Justice and expediency alike demand that it be taken hold of at once with the utmost vigor.

Secretary Lane's proposal to "conserve" deposits of radium is an illustration of the unexpected ramifications which a new policy is likely to develop. A very few years ago, conservation meant trees, water, coal, and the like. In a day it has come to mean radium. The principle once accepted, we are not greatly surprised at the finding of new objects to which it may be applied. One element in Secretary Lane's proposal is novel. He asks for authority, not only for the President to reserve to the Government all rights in radium-bearing ores on public lands, but also for the Secretary of the Interior to proceed with the mining and treating of these ores in such a way as to obtain a supply of radium for the use of the Government and for hospitals throughout the country. To this kind of Government operation of industry no objection will be raised.

Arkansas's new application of the local option principle, now upheld by the State Supreme Court, virtually disfranchises the negro upon the liquor question. Instead of providing for wiping out saloons by a majority of the voters in any locality, it forbids any municipality or township to license a drinking-place except upon petition signed by a majority of the adult *white* residents. The bill was passed by the efforts of the anti-saloon forces, and had the usual avowed Southern motive of keeping liquor from the black population. Approval of the ends sought can hardly extend to the means employed, especially in a State which increasingly recognizes the colored vote, and which has hitherto resisted a "grandfather clause." There seems no warrant for vesting control over saloons in an artificially restricted portion of the population. The liquor interests, however, declare that they will not carry the matter to the United States Supreme Court, as this would involve too many delays. This implies that other means will be sought to bring the whole plan to a final test of legality.

The high moral purpose behind the exhibition of the "white-slave" films, which has now been brought to an end in this city, is revealed in the remark made by the impresario of one of these enterprises to the effect that he was busy taking in the money while the going was good. It is easy to declaim against police censorship in this matter of white-slave exploitation in the theatre or on the canvas screen. But what, after all, is police censorship as it has been employed? There is no question

here of allowing the policeman to decide whether a certain exhibition is to be tolerated or not. There has been no attempt on the part of Mr. Waldo or his subordinates to impose their arbitrary will on the managers of these enterprises. The matter has been tried out in the courts and the decision against the films is not a police decision, but a judicial decision. In a broad sense, there is, of course, a censorship by the police, and it is exercised upon the citizen in every walk of life. There is a police censorship on crime and on public nuisances. In a still broader sense, the "police" power of the State is invoked by Legislatures and courts when it comes to any form of regulation in the interests of the public welfare. The citizen who complains to the police of a nauscating "moral" exhibition is like the citizen who would complain to the police of a soap factory next door. The police are the primary agents whom the community calls in to bring a public nuisance before the attention of the courts. With public opinion against them, the police cannot destroy the liberties of the citizen; and what other tribunal can the moral crusaders ask for?

Can't somebody do something, at this happy season, to cheer up Col. Harvey? He is having a terribly doleful time in the *North American Review* over the sins and shortcomings of President Wilson. Trouble, trouble, and nothing but trouble does he see—the Constitution "subverted," foreign relations in a parlous state, business depression already upon the country, and political defeat for the Democratic party impending. We can't be sure what is the matter with Col. Harvey, but we have an idea that he has lost his old strong grip on his theology. When one recalls the triumphant way in which, only a few short years ago, he was making it out that Wilson was foreordained, before the foundation of the world, to be President of the United States, it does seem as if it might do the Colonel good, in this hour when his countenance has fallen and his spirit is cast down within him, if he would only reach out and take a stiff dose of his favorite old family medicine, predestination.

We read that Dean C. Worcester, ex-Secretary of the Interior in the Philippine Government, is a great admirer of the Moros; and not, as one would suppose, because the Moro with his kree and his faculty for running amuck constitutes one of the favorite arguments against granting self-government to the Filipinos. The head-hunter and the Moro have never failed to be trotted out as proof that the removal of American rule would mean the handing over of the peaceful population of the islands to rapine and murder. But now we read that Mr. Worcester

> believes that, if properly governed through men who know them and sympathize with them, some day they may be made law-abiding and self-respecting citizens of the Philippines.

Does this mean that the Mindanao datto on the rampage can expect more sympathy from the present white masters of the islands than he would receive from the Filipinos themselves? Or does the sympathetic treatment the Moro needs take the form of being civilized with a Krag? In either case, a native Government at Manila ought to be equal to the task. Mr. Shuster, in his admirable article in the *Century*, points out the shallowness of the Moro argument. A Filipino gunboat, equipped with a few rapid-firers, would be enough to protect the people of Luzon against murderous invasion.

The British Cabinet's decision against official participation by England in the Panama fair is condemned by the Liberal press and defended, so far as it is defended at all, by Conservative newspapers. This has been the usual fate of Mr. Asquith's foreign policies. The bitterest criticism against Sir Edward Grey's policy in the Near and Middle East has come from supporters of the Ministry, and the Tory London *Times* was for a time regarded as the spokesman for Sir Edward. In the matter of the fair the severest indictment against the Government has been formulated by the Radical *Chronicle*, which points out with undeniable force the absurdity of the plea that the British treasury cannot afford the sum of half a million dollars towards an act of international courtesy whose effect on Anglo-American relations could hardly fail to be beneficial. Conceding the point that England has a justifiable grievance against us over the question of Panama tolls, it needs no special acumen to see that an attitude of sulky resentment is not likely to bring this country to terms.

Mr. Andrew Furuseth's resignation in a huff from the London Conference on Ocean Safety so confirms his stamp of radicalism that it will inevitably damage his position upon the Seamen's bill. The House will be more inclined than ever to hear arguments *pro* and *con* upon a measure which could thus lead him to a sharp split with an international and impartial body. President Wilson has already expressed a wish that action in Congress may await the recommendations of the Conference on matters pertinent to the bill. That this be done is highly desirable, for repeated protests from foreign and native shipowners have left no doubt that the bill requires amendment. Its provisions for the protection of crews are now generally acquiesced in, but certain clauses relating to the safety of passengers are held exaggerated and unreasonably drastic. The report of the Conference is not likely to err on the side of laxity; it will be expert in every sense of the word; and a rational willingness to be guided by it will not merely support the general movement for international uniformity in regulations upon transoceanic traffic, but relieve the bill of the charge that it now violates certain treaty obligations.

On his recent visit to London, Anatole France was taken just once to the theatre. And what does the reader suppose was the play by which the cultivated Frenchman was to get his idea of the present state of the English drama? Why, it was "Joseph and His Brethren"! Why not? It was given at Sir Herbert Tree's theatre, it has run for nobody can recall how many months, so why not invite the supreme ironist of France to soothe his spirit at this tedious spectacle, and from it carry back an impression of the present ideals and achievements of the stage in England? Doubtless, M. France is too shrewd a man to be deceived by this stroke of English hospitality. He probably knows that his experience was very like what it would be to ask Edmund Gosse in Paris to pass by the Comédie and the Châtelet and go over the river to the Théâtre Cluny to judge of what the French are doing in the dramatic art.

THE BLOOD-AND-IRON FALLACY.

A valued correspondent, with good knowledge of conditions in Mexico, writes to ask why the *Nation* does not urge the Government at Washington to stop the "atrocities" in Mexico. What he refers to is the slaughter of Mexicans by Mexicans. His estimate is—and we fear that it is not exaggerated—that 30,000 Mexicans have been killed since last February: some of them soldiers slain in battle; more of them shot in cold blood after capture or surrender; with a great many non-combatants. The thought of it all is, indeed, shocking; but two reflections come with it. The first is that no one can suggest a way in which Americans could bring to an end these atrocities without causing more horrible ones. In case of armed intervention by us, the tale of deaths would run far beyond 30,000. And the second reflection is that it is folly to think of terrifying into submission, by means of fire and sword, a people accustomed to such ruthless methods as are now practiced in Mexico. It is an awful habit they have, but it is inveterate, of shooting unarmed prisoners in times of civil war. This they inherited with their Spanish blood. Carranza as coolly proposes to "execute" the adherents of Huerta as Huerta proclaims his intention of exterminating all who take up arms against him. And it is a nation habituated to such ferocities that it is said the United States should bring to terms by being more ferocious than itself!

We have been told, till everybody is sick of it, that Mexico's great need is for a "strong man." Usually, this has meant a ruthless man. With much wise head-wagging, stories are repeated of the swift brutality which Porfirio Diaz used to practice. That is the true prescription for Mexico to-day, we are assured. Send out a detachment of troops with orders to shoot every sixth person in a district where trouble is reported. Kill first and find out the truth afterwards. Diaz did it, and see how he kept the country in order. That's the only way in which these Mexicans can be made to behave. But this is to forget that the Diaz system of ferocity broke down. As Professor Hart writes in *World's Work*, Diaz, "like most despots, discovered that, no matter how many heads were cut off, men with tongues will still arise. The strong man in the end was weaker than his people."

Right here let it be remarked that the demand for a "strong man" in Mexico is made chiefly by foreigners. The Mexican correspondent of the London *Times* notes that this demand "comes glibly from the lips of nearly all British and American residents in the country." And their reasons for wanting a strong ruler are obvious and, to an extent, legitimate. They have great investments in Mexico, which they would have protected. Their lives and the lives of those dependent upon them, they would have safeguarded. This is natural and lawful enough; the trouble arises only when they translate strong man into a ruthless despot. Now, it is the deliberate opinion of the well-informed correspondent referred to that Mexico has passed the stage where a ruthless dictator, dealing out death and destruction, can possibly succeed. Diaz proved this to be true. "No one can govern the country again as he did." Huerta is proving it to be true. How can you frighten men into yielding who face the firing-squad without flinching and die with their last defiant word, "Viva Mexico"? This writer in the London *Times* declares that the idea that the Mexicans need an iron-handed despot is a complete mistake. An able ruler, yes, but never again simply a military ruler knowing no argument but that of pike and gun. "The notion that the Mexicans need merely a despot betrays failure to understand either them or human nature. They are not fully grown up yet. But they are no longer children."

Evidence is, in fact, accumulating on every hand that the flame lit by Francisco Madero cannot be extinguished by blood. Only last week, one Mexican in the very capital had the courage to stand up and tell Gen. Huerta to his face—after others had flattered him—that mere force was no remedy for Mexico's ills, and that the Dictator must seriously consider doing something to meet the demands of the growingly intelligent middle classes. What Señor Urrutia had the boldness to say is unquestionably the thought of many hearts in Mexico, as is borne out by the testimony of sympathetic observers. It is a terrible welter through which Mexico is now passing, and the end of it no man can foresee. But some antecedent and harmful fallacies are at least disposed of. The greatest of them is the assumption that a people which has withstood the worst that native ferocity could do would meekly submit if foreigners began to shoot and burn and ravage. And twin with this folly is that of supposing that if the United States had only sharpened the edge of Huerta's sword, he would by this time have made Mexico a land of smiling content.

THAT "ALLIANCE" AGAINST US.

Several Washington correspondents have made the simultaneous discovery that "Germany and Great Britain have entered into an offensive and defensive commercial alliance against the United States." At last news, Germany and England were about to go to war with each other. But, it seems, they have dropped all that in order to think about trade; and their first move, as traders, is to put their heads together in a plot to harm their best customer. We thus put the essential absurdity of the story in a condensed form, not in the hope of destroying belief in it. Such yarns have more lives than a cat. They turn up from time to time, and always find audience among the credulous. Why this revival should have taken place just now it is hard to say. One reason may be the dearth of topics for Washington correspondents during the holiday recess! Another is seen in the admitted fact that the National City Bank of New York has been contemplating the establishment of a branch in Buenos Ayres, but has given it up for the time being. This is gravely cited as clear proof of a conspiracy, on the part of British and German interests, to check American enterprise abroad wherever it threatens competition with them.

It might be thought that the plain tale of the president of the National City Bank would put down these retailers of big stories about Englishmen and Germans in buckram. Mr. Vanderlip explains that his institution had, indeed, made inquiries preliminary to considering a plan of opening a branch in Argentina, as it is authorized to do under the new banking and currency law. But the project had not been pushed, because it appeared that the time was not ripe for it, either in South America or in this country. It was added by Mr.

Vanderlip that there would be great difficulty in finding Americans able and willing to go and manage such an important enterprise at Buenos Ayres. We have very few men capable of doing the work, and they would not wish to expatriate themselves indefinitely. This, points out the president of the City National, is "a weakness in our system." England and Germany have an abundance of men trained for foreign service. We have scarcely any. But does not that merely show that the "alliance" has been getting in its deadly work in advance? So must think the Washington detectives, for they declare that, "despite the denial made by President Vanderlip," we should have had a flourishing bank at the River Plate by this time, had not our efforts been thwarted by the sinister influence of British and German interests.

This sort of thing crops up whenever there is talk, as there is now, of making new efforts to extend American commerce and financial facilities and prestige abroad. We do not make as rapid progress as we think we ought to make, and then, asserting that the fault cannot be in ourselves, we look about for the machinations of some foreign rival. We have been doing this for many years, and shall doubtless continue to do so until we learn that the thing to search for in foreign competitors is, not mysterious plots, but the plodding methods of success. On this very point of branch banks in other countries, the address of the president of the United States Steel Corporation at Chicago, at the annual meeting of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, had a pertinent passage. Mr. Farrell had no doubt that American banking institutions would gradually find their way into foreign countries, but they would first have to master the new business. Asserted President Farrell:

> The early history of German banks in Latin America and the Far East was one of continued failure, and it was only after they had solved the problem of doing a banking business in the country in which they were established, rather than merely acting as mediators of German trade, and began to finance industrial enterprises, railway construction, etc., in the land of their adoption, that they commenced to do a large business.

There is no occasion for taking a gloomy view of our foreign trade. It has enormously expanded. Though the greater part of the increase has been in raw materials or semi-manufactured products, it does not follow that we shall not find still greater markets abroad for our finished goods. But our merchants and bankers will have to go about the business like men of sense. If they do, they will promptly dismiss all these inventions of hostile trade "alliances," just as they will also abandon the notion that there is any short and easy way to build up foreign commerce. The whole thing is simply a human and business problem which has to be solved, as other nations have solved it, by human qualities and business principles. First of all, we need to make good the lack pointed out by Mr. Vanderlip—our deficiency, that is, in trained men. The high tariff policy has tended to prevent us from looking to foreign markets. But home-keeping youths have ever homely wits; and Americans must acquire the habit of seeking out a full understanding of the political conditions and the social life and the language of the people with whom they wish to do business, so sharpening their wits and making them cosmopolitan, before they can hope to trade on equal terms with the nations that have long studied and occupied the field.

THE STATE CONSTABULARY.

A State police has long been urged by the *Nation*, not only for Northern States, but for Southern as well; and in the achievements of the model force maintained by the State of Pennsylvania is the clearest demonstration of the usefulness and desirability of such a law-enforcing body. New York, for instance, needs a State police because of the complete breakdown of the sheriff system for enforcing law; because of the necessity of preventing rural crime and apprehending offenders; because of the changed traffic conditions upon its highways; because there is needed a power independent of local politics to uphold State laws; because its heterogeneous population has considerably increased rural lawlessness in several counties. There is the further reason that such a Constabulary would be of invaluable service in preventing and checking riots, and would relieve the National Guard of the disagreeable necessity of dealing with strikes.

This latter, so far as this State is concerned, does not appear to us the most convincing reason. Unlike Pennsylvania, New York has had comparatively few cases of labor trouble involving the calling out of the militia. There can be no question, however, of the greater efficacy of a trained body of mounted police in handling mobs than a similar force of troops. In the street-car strike in Philadelphia in 1910 a company of militia was disarmed and made ridiculous by a mob of women, which was promptly handled and made to behave by a small body of police. In the Pressed Steel Car strike at McKee's Rocks, near Pittsburgh, the strikers cheered the Constabulary, even after they had been sharply handled by the police. They recognized that the Constabulary were doing their duty, and doing it well, admired their courage, and respected them for showing as much consideration as possible. None the less, it is a regrettable fact that organized labor is opposed to the Pennsylvania force, and has thus far blocked a necessary increase. In New York, opposition may develop in this quarter; but we hope that the union element which believes in the necessity of force to win strikes will be held in check by wiser leaders, who will see the great advantage to the whole State if such a body were created to serve the entire commonwealth.

It is the prevention of crime and the apprehending of rural offenders which seem to us the chief reasons for a Constabulary. It is a striking fact that the number of arrests by the Pennsylvania Constabulary has decreased from 5,028 in 1908 to 1,144 in 1912. This does not indicate any police laxity; on the contrary, the decrease has been steady, and is traceable directly to the preventive work of Major Groome's men, who patrol annually between 400,000 and 500,000 miles, although there are but 228 of them, and they are likely to be drawn off at any moment for strike or emergency duty. Thus, they furnish from their number trustworthy State detectives. In the matter of the Coatesville lynching, for instance, the Constabulary placed detectives in that town and obtained the evidence upon which the indictments of the lynchers were based. It is safe to say that if a single member of the force had been in town on the day of the lynching, the town and State would not have been disgraced. Yet the

service of the Constabulary costs the State only $331,000 a year.

This may seem to some a large figure to add to the budget of New York just when it is in great need of economy. But crime is the most costly thing with which a State has to deal. It always spells outgo and no return. It is perfectly plain that by its preventive work the Pennsylvania police have saved the State much more than they have cost, to say nothing of the comfort and security given to districts hitherto terrorized by the lawless, or in danger from wandering criminals. Westchester County would particularly appreciate such a sense of security; that it now lacks altogether. The large influx of Italians into the county has resulted in some terrible crimes, many of which have gone unpunished. In other cases, the Aqueduct police have come to the rescue. But the fact remains that Italians are used to seeing rural districts patrolled by their admirable carabinieri. They come over here and see no symbol of authority whatever; that a sheriff resides ten or twenty miles away impresses them not at all. It was the Aqueduct police, and not the Sheriff, who captured the six Italians executed by the State last year for a horrible crime at Yorktown Heights; and despite the Sheriff, the three Italian murderers who killed a worthy citizen at Mount Kisco last summer readily made their escape, although identified, and not one has been arrested. A single Pennsylvania constable would easily have bagged the trio.

Had New York possessed a Constabulary, it would not have been necessary to call out United States troops from Plattsburgh Barracks last summer to fight the Adirondack fires which did so much damage. The Pennsylvania police have done yeoman service as forest rangers and game- and fire-wardens, in addition to all their own duties; in 1906, prior to the establishment of the police, seven civilian game-wardens were shot at and four killed. Since the police appeared all such attacks have ceased. Every Continental country has its *gendarmerie;* that the United States is for most of its territory without such a force is, to our mind, one reason why our record of crime disgraces the nation.

MAKING LIFE INSURANCE DO THE MOST GOOD.

Several of the leading life insurance companies have recently devoted considerable effort to the promotion among their policyholders of a mode of using their insurance so as to obtain the greatest certainty of substantial good for those whom the insurance is designed to benefit. They have drawn the attention of actual and prospective insurers to the advantage of the plan of putting the benefits in the shape of annuities for the beneficiary instead of a lump sum paid at the death of the insured. Mr. Sylvester C. Dunham, president of the Travelers' Insurance Company, at the recent meeting of life insurance presidents in this city, referred to the frequency with which widows lost in a few months all the money that was the result of self-denial for years, often by both husband and wife. He dwelt upon the wide extent of the business carried on by the promoters of get-rich-quick schemes, who systematically seek their prey among the very people that can least afford the loss in such ventures. Important and regrettable as these losses are, however, they doubtless are less in the aggregate than those caused by the sinking of hard-earned money in investments which, while not tainted with fraud or marked by clear folly, do not present the solid safety that attaches to the careful investments of a properly managed fiduciary corporation. It is therefore to be hoped that the annuity plan will find steadily increasing favor.

But there is a consideration making in somewhat the same direction which seems never to be pressed either by insurance companies or by others. We refer to the fact that in a large proportion of cases the sole motive of the insurer is to provide for the benefit of one person or of a small group of persons, and that if these do not survive him the acquisition of the amount of his policy by his heirs-at-law is of no interest to him. For simplicity, let us speak of the case of a man whose only purpose in insuring is to provide for his wife in case she survives him. Evidently, the way in which he could best serve this purpose would be to take out a policy providing for a payment to the widow either of a lump sum or of a fixed annuity, the company to pay nothing in the event that she did not survive him. By means of this last feature, he could evidently obtain for the widow, with a given expenditure, a much larger provision than otherwise.

Survivorship policies of this nature —simple survivorship policies and survivorship annuities—have been obtainable from English companies since the very infancy of life insurance, and also from American companies; but the advantage of them has not been made sufficiently known. There are, indeed, two evident obstacles to their widespread adoption. One is that people have a dislike to paying premiums of life insurance from which it may easily happen that no returns will come; how unreasoning this attitude is appears at once when we consider that in the case of fire insurance, and even accident insurance, we never think of regarding the probability that our house will not burn down or that we shall not break a leg or an arm as any objection at all. The other obstacle comes from the fact that the majority of persons nowadays, when they insure, have in view a provision for their own old age as well as for a surviving beneficiary or beneficiaries. To some extent both these difficulties, however, are overcome in that combination form of policy which was introduced a number of years ago by Emory McClintock, one of the foremost actuaries in the world, under the name of the continuous endowment policy, and which, we believe, is essentially identical with some of the plans now being pushed by the companies that are recommending the annuity plan.

We are convinced, nevertheless, that it would be possible to bring about such recognition of the manifest advantages of the survivorship plan in insurance as would result in its adoption by thousands of persons who now either do not insure at all, or insure very inadequately, for the protection of those dear to them. Every man would prefer, of course, to make sure of his own independence if he lives to old age, as well as of the welfare of his wife, or children, or mother, if he dies an untimely death. But it costs a lot of money to do that; and if a man who cannot afford a big annual sum for insurance were distinctly and simply informed that for a very moderate sum applied *to the sole purpose* of providing for some one per-

son dependent on him he could place that person beyond all danger of want, he would in a considerable proportion of cases avail himself of the opportunity. This surely applies in great numbers of cases of husband and wife; but there are others. Unmarried men having a parent dependent on them are not to be counted by the million; but there are many thousands, perhaps many hundreds of thousands of them. A man of thirty could, by the payment of a veritable trifle, absolutely insure that his mother of sixty should not suffer in material comfort through his death; and the peace of mind that this would bring about would of itself in many cases be a great blessing. It is doubtless true that there is no great inducement to insurance companies in general, from their customary standpoint of large-scale business, to exert themselves greatly in this direction; but some one company, making a specialty of it, might do much with it, and in doing so would be entitled to the credit of having done a real social service. Nor do we see any reason why some of our great millionaires should not start a company which would undertake this work on well-planned lines—surely as good an embodiment of the idea of "philanthropy and 4 per cent." as can well be imagined.

AN ALASKA PROGRAMME.

In my judgment, the way to deal with the problem of Alaska resources is to establish a board of directors to have this work in charge. Into the hands of this board or commission I would give all the national assets in that territory, to be used primarily for her improvement—her lands, fisheries, Indians, Eskimos, seals, forests, mines, waterways, railroads—all that the nation owns, cares for, controls, or regulates. Congress should determine in broad outline the policies which this board in a liberal discretion should elaborate and administer, much as is done as to the Philippines. This board would, of course, have nothing whatsoever to do with the internal affairs of the organized Territory of Alaska, for it would exercise no powers save such as Congress granted over the property of the United States in Alaska.

This is the solution that the Secretary of the Interior recommends for the problem of Alaskan development. It strikes us as an admirable proposal. The question has now been conspicuously before the country, from time to time, for something like eight years. Mr. Roosevelt treated it with vigor in some of his messages. The Guggenheim scheme, followed by the Ballinger unpleasantness, made it for a considerable period the focus of an intense controversy. President Taft gave to the question a great deal of serious attention, and Secretary Fisher, soon after his appointment as successor to Ballinger, made a visit of investigation to Alaska which resulted in a comprehensive report and important recommendations, especially that of the construction by the Government of a main line of railway in the Territory. This recommendation was adopted by the President. Mr. Taft also urged, as had Mr. Roosevelt before him, the introduction of a comprehensive system of leasing for the exploitation of the coal lands; and in more than one message he recommended the establishment of a commission form of government for Alaska.

While, therefore, Secretary Lane's proposal is novel and original, it seems, to use the medical phrase, clearly "indicated" by the history of the case. He, like President Taft and President Roosevelt, wishes to institute an effective leasing system; like Secretary Fisher and President Taft, he thinks Government construction of a main line of railway an essential prerequisite for the opening up of the country; and he recognizes that the chief obstacle to attaining large results has been the lack of any adequate handling of the problem as a whole. What he adds to the recommendations of his predecessors is a plan for the removal of this obstacle. Instead of an Alaskan question being either nobody's business or the incidental and sporadic business of half a dozen different departments of the Government, he wishes to have a commission created whose sole business it will be to look after the concerns of the nation in Alaska. Properly safeguarded as to the exercise of its powers, such a commission appears to offer the best prospect at once of protection for the nation's possessions against spoliation, and of encouragement to legitimate private enterprise.

In lively and interesting style, Secretary Lane sketches, in the introductory part of his report, the history of the conflict between these opposing aspects of our general land policy in the past. Alaska simply happened to come into active consideration at the time when this policy had, under severe but not too severe criticism, been brought to a halt. It had been wasteful, and thoughtless, and undiscriminating. It had resulted in the reduction of our magnificent possessions in the States and the older Territories to a small fraction of what they had been, without anything like adequate advantage to the people and with a vast amount of undeserved gain to land-grabbers. It was natural that when this process was, by vigorous resistance, brought to an end, something like paralysis should have set in for a time. That is the price which must almost inevitably be paid for the effecting of a cure for so long-standing a disease. Attempts have all along been made by eager friends of Western development to discredit the champions of conservation as men who wished to lock up the resources of the country indefinitely, and in their zeal for the interests of future generations would ignore the needs of the generation now on the scene. The accusation is thoroughly unjust, but the policy which includes a leasing and royalty system for coal and other mineral lands, and discrimination of treatment between timber lands and agricultural lands, has been taking some time to get into shape. Secretary Lane urges legislation by Congress to this end; and it is quite as important that this recommendation concerning the public domain nearer home should be attended to as that Alaskan affairs should be put upon a better footing.

With Mr. Lane's picturesque presentation of Alaska's possibilities it would be hypercritical to find fault. Still it may not be idle to point out that allowance must there be made for the ardor of the advocate. That the potentialities of the Territory are very great is now generally recognized; but as a region which, within anything like a near future, can be made to contain a large population, its claims are doubtful. It is true that the present sparseness of Alaskan population "cannot be explained on the ground of the inhospitality of the Alaskan climate"; and it is also true that "our people are not stayed in their quest for homes or wealth by the rigors of a long winter." Still, they do not prefer those rigors, nor do they like, other things being equal, to go to places so remote in point of location and so peculiar in other re-

spects as is Alaska. The process of settlement will in all probability be a slow one at best. The example of New Zealand is instructive in this regard; in spite of its temperate climate, its good land, its mineral resources, and the long-established and much-advertised attractions of its system of government, it receives a net accession of only four or five thousand inhabitants annually by immigration. The point is not vital as to the essence of the general policy proposed by Mr. Lane, but it indicates the danger of over-sanguineness in the execution of that policy.

LITERATURE AND LIFE IN FRANCE.

The dispatches telling of the death of Jules Claretie, journalist, playwright, dramatist, and man of affairs, all properly emphasized his membership in the French Academy. The term "immortal" has become naturalized the world over. But in this country at the present moment there is a certain danger in using the word. The press has hardly finished poking fun at our own "immortals" as embraced in the American Institute of Arts and Letters, which recently had its meeting in Chicago. There is also danger of doing injustice to the great Academy which Richelieu founded, by popularizing the idea that it is on the whole a society of pedants and book-worms and dryasdusts, who are not qualified to legislate for a living literature because they themselves stand apart from life. This popular conception of the French Academy is reinforced by the well-known tradition of the forty-first chair, the chair to which Molière, Flaubert, Emile Zola, and other "rebels" failed to be elected.

As a matter of fact, the French Academy is far from being an assemblage of secluded scholars and poets of the ivory tower. Certain rebels have failed to obtain admission, but many more rebels have been inscribed on its rolls, though not perhaps until time and experience have given them national prestige and a broadly national outlook. The career of Jules Claretie is an instance in point. He began his literary career as a disciple of Henry Murger, author of "La Vie de Bohême," surely not a pedant or a conservative. Like so many distinguished Frenchmen of to-day, he was an ardent republican during the last years of the Third Empire. He went through the war with Prussia, that cataclysmic event which has left its mark, generally in the form of a sobering influence, on French people of all classes. As head of the Théâtre Français for nearly thirty years, he must have displayed administrative ability, business acumen, and the gift of diplomacy. His weekly *causerics* in *Le Temps* showed a man vividly alive to things of the present day. Here, surely, was no dreamy scholar or fussy grammarian. Nor was Claretie an exception in the Academy, which now contains rebels like Maurice Donnay, who began his career by chanting naughty verses at the Black Cat, dressed in a burlesque Academic uniform; or Jean Richepin, the poet of the vagabond life; or sturdy fighters like Brieux and Maurice Barrès.

Such full, active lives blending the work of the spirit with the hard experience of the world are completely in line with the great historic tradition of the French people, a people which in less than three-quarters of a century has had at the head of its Government philosophers and historians like Guizot and Thiers and a poet of romantic idealism like Lamartine; leaders of the parliamentary opposition like Victor Hugo and the college professor, Jean Jaurès; a people which at the present day names its battleships and cruisers Voltaire, Diderot, Jules Michelet, and Ernest Renan. If France has been the reservoir of political ideas and ideals for the world, it is not merely because the French are a highly volatile race given to experimentation, but because of the large share which men of imagination—philosophers, scientists, men of letters—have played in her political life. The ardent intellectual curiosity of the French nature spares no field of life. But something more than curiosity enters into the account. There is also the habit of laborious application. Tourists have made a commonplace of the thrift and industry of the French working and trading classes. What they have not touched upon is the industry of the French intellectual classes. Only now are we beginning to realize the magnitude of the labors of a Pasteur or a Poincaré, or the lesser-known pioneers who made possible many inventions that enter intimately into our modern industrial life.

Nothing can be further from the truth than the popular conception of the Parisian man of letters as a jolly boulevardier who does his literary work in intervals of social intrigue and the pulling of wires. The extraordinary copiousness of a Claretie is no exception; it is true of most French writers, from sober craftsmen like Sainte-Beuve and Emile Faguet to rebels like the late Catulle Mendès. This, too, goes back to old French tradition, to the numberless volumes of Voltaire and the gigantic labors of a Diderot. Such extraordinary productivity will be explained only to a minor degree by the fact that the task of learning how to write is spared to every Frenchman, who is born with the gift of supple and accurate expression. Nor will the press of necessity explain everything. The pecuniary rewards of authorship in France are not great as a rule, and a writer to make a living must write continuously. But the explanation is that here is a nation which knows how to combine application with artistic ease; a nation which has solved the important problem of how to be gay and how to work.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Brunswick County, in Virginia, was formed in the year 1720 from the counties of Surry and Isle of Wight, in view of the fact that "the frontiers towards the high mountains are exposed to danger from the Indians, and the late settlements of the French to the westward of the said mountains." The chief Indian Trading Path from James River to the south traversed what became territory of Brunswick County, and at a point on this road, in 1714, Gov. Spotswood had set up a fort and a school, both for the good manners of the aboriginals. Brunswick County lay very near the West for many years of the eighteenth century, and conditions in the region were not greatly dissimilar to those obtaining about Jamestown when George Sandys was making his version of the "Metamorphoses of Ovid," printed in folio at London in 1626.

'Twas always spring; warm Zephyrus sweetly blew
On smiling flowers, which without setting grew—

Sandys may have written the lines during the excellent crop season of 1622, a year of maize so high that the Indians found good cover in approaching the settlements for their dreadful slaughter.

Brunswick County had been but two years established, under the new house of Hanover, when there was born at Anglesea in Wales, Goronwy Ddhu o Fon, that is, Black Goronwy of Anglesea, called Goronwy Owen, who was to die in the County of Brunswick some fifty years later, the last of the great poets of Wales. Goronwy Owen came to Virginia about 1757, was for two years master of the Grammar School at William and Mary College, and thereafter minister of the Parish of St. Andrew's in Brunswick County. His grave there has recently been

identified. Tho author of the "Cywydd y Farn" was an Oxford man, one of the numerous alumni of the English and Scottish Universities to whom fell the task, before the Revolution, of instructing many of the youth of Virginia in the Latin and the Greek, with something of the mathematics. Goronwy Ddbu, immortal composer of the "Last Judgment," was fond of drink, and it is not certain that he was a useful man in America, or that he added to his poetical works among the woods of Brunswick County.

Mecklenburg County, set off in 1764, had been a part of Old Brunswick. For many years before the formation of Mecklenburg the Munfords of that county played a part as active men of the frontier. Robert Munford, perhaps grandson of the emigrant, married into the legal family of Beverley. Robert Munford's son, William Munford (born in the County of Mecklenburg in 1775), was the grandson of William Beverley, an historian of Virginia (editions 1705 and 1722), who was the first cousin of Sir John Randolph, uncle of William Stith, an historian of Virginia (first ed., 1747). William Munford had affiliations with an earlier man of letters. The obituary notice of Sir John Randolph, Knt. (*Virginia Gazette*, March 11, 1736-7), runs: "He was a gentleman of one of the best families in this country, although what Livy says of the Romans, soon after the Foundation of their City, be very applicable to us here—*in novo populo ubi omnis repentina nobilitas fit*, yet his family was of no mean figure in England before it was transplanted hither. Sir Thomas Randolph was of a Collateral Branch, which had the Honour, in several important Embassies, to serve Q. Elizabeth. Mr. Thomas Randolph, the poet, was great Uncle to Sir John. An immature Death put a Stop to his rising Genius and Fame; but he had gained such a Reputation among the Wits of his age that he was exceedingly lamented; and Ben Jonson always expressed his Love and Esteem for him, calling him by no other Title, but that of Son."

William Munford was at college at William and Mary, where he seems to have been introduced to the classical literatures by the celebrated George Wythe, under whom also he studied law. Munford practiced law with success in his native county of Mecklenburg for about ten years, finding time for literary diversions. He published at Richmond in 1798 (12mo, 189 pp.) "Poems and Compositions in Prose on Several Occasions. By William Munford, of the County of Mecklenburg and State of Virginia"—largely a Tragedy, Almoran and Hamet, founded on an Eastern Tale of that name; versions of the Odes of Horace; and metrical versions of Ossian. Removing to Richmond about 1805, Munford held office as a member of the Council of State until 1811, when he became Clerk of the House of Delegates, so continuing until his death in 1825, in the month of June. His Preface to his translation of the Iliad of Homer is dated, "Richmond, May, 1825."

Munford's Homer must, no doubt, be accounted a creditable work. It was published by his wife in 1846, two volumes, 8vo (Boston: Little & Brown). Of his task the author remarks: "How far I have succeeded in this difficult enterprise, the public will judge, if not prevented from reading this work by the prejudice unfortunately existing against American poetry. I hope, however, that some at least of the *lovers* of *Homer* will not be unwilling to behold their favorite author arrayed in such various suits of apparel, as may be furnished by artists of different tastes. Pope has equipped him in the fashionable style of a modern fine gentleman; Cowper displays him, like his own Ulysses, in 'rags unseemly,' or in the uncouth garb of a savage. Surely, then, there is room for an effort to introduce him to the acquaintance of my countrymen in the simple yet graceful and venerable costume of his own heroic times." For example:

> Oh scandal and disgrace!
> Truly ye talk like feeble, beardless boys,
> Who know not warlike deeds. Ah! whither now
> Are fled our solemn promises and oaths?
> Evanish'd with the smoke of sacrifice!
> The councils and designs, by heroes fram'd,
> The treaties, with unmix'd libations crown'd,
> And right hands join'd, to which we trusted once,
> Are fruitless all! For without benefit
> We wrangle and dispute, and staying here
> However long, we find no remedy.
>
> [Book II, ll. 441-451.]

ALFRED J. MORRISON.

Correspondence

GERMAN DEGREES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Last summer, when the report of the attendance at the German universities for the preceding semester came into my hands, I tried to make an estimate of the number of doctor-theses laid before the faculties of those institutions in which the German language is used as a medium of instruction. According to my calculation, it amounted to about 5,000 annually. These figures were so large that I thought I must be mistaken. However, the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* contains a report of a paper read before the Association of German University Professors, held in Strasburg on the 13th of October last, by Professor von Amira, of Munich, in which he affirms that more than 5,500 such dissertations were issued in 1910 from the universities of the German Empire alone. My figures were, therefore, a good deal too low. Yet the sum-total does not seem unreasonable when we reflect that during the past few years more than 60,000 students have attended the German universities, without counting those in Austria and Switzerland.

It is within bounds to say that of this enormous output not one thesis in ten is worth printing, and not one in a hundred has any permanent value. Professor von Amira declared that in foreign countries German doctors have come to be regarded as a fit subject for merriment, and that even at home they are not taken very seriously. He finds a good deal of difference in the requirements of the different universities and even in the faculties of the same university. He recommends a number of reforms, the adoption of which he proposes for Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, in order to bring about uniformity in the matter of conferring degrees. One is that an accepted thesis should really enlarge the boundaries of knowledge and should not be a mere statistical collection of data. Another is that the candidate should be required to testify under oath that his work was done without assistance and that if it should be subsequently discovered that he had not acted in good faith his degree should be revoked. Evidently the sense of honor in German university circles is not as keen as it is usually supposed to be.

Now, no one believes it is possible for several thousand persons to prepare as many documents that by any stretch of language could be said to contain anything original. Search is not research. While there are doubtless yet many things to discover in the vast domain of nature, that of the historical sciences is rapidly becoming smaller. Would the result not be far more satisfactory if assimilation rather than discovery were set as the goal to be striven for? There would be no danger of exhausting the material. A thesis might still be required, but more attention should be paid to the soundness of the ideas it contained. A great deal of stress should be laid upon the oral part of the examination. This would serve to bring out to what extent the candidate had really made the matter under study a part of his mental equipment, at least if the theme chosen lay in the field of literature. It might not be wise to set a high standard of literary excellence for persons who intend to devote themselves to purely practical activities. But such a requirement would not be out of place for those who expect to devote themselves to teaching. That this goal is not impossible of attainment is proved by the fact that French books as well as articles in French periodicals almost without exception display finer taste in composition than those appearing on the other side of the Channel or of the Rhine.

Many German professors have expressed the opinion that at least 40 per cent. of their students ought not to be in a university at all. The same judgment might with justice be applied to this country. Too many young people are looking towards gaining a livelihood with their wits who should be using their hands for this purpose. Our vicious practice of "drumming up" students is largely responsible. A slight reaction against purely practical studies has set in on this side of the Atlantic. Such seems also to be the case in France, if Professor Laurand is not mistaken. He affirms, in the announcement of his forthcoming "Manuel des Etudes grecques et latines" that "Les études classiques reviennent en honneur. De plus en plus on se rend compte qu'on ne peut les négliger sans détriment." On the other hand, the tendency in Germany is more and more strongly towards the purely practical in education, if the proposed establishment of two or three new universities from the curricula of which the culture studies are to be omitted, can be taken as a sign of the times. CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., December 24.

THE BULGARO-SERVIAN TREATY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* for December 11 there is a reference to the enterprise displayed by the Paris *Matin* in publishing the secret Bulgaro-Servian

treaty of March, 1912. The gist of your comment is that Russia, Germany, and Austria were aware of the alliance, and that their action in trying to prevent war with Turkey was largely formal.

May I point out that this is no startling revelation? In the *Revue de Paris* for December 15, 1912, there appeared an article on "La Ligue balkanique," by Auguste Gauvain, who was obviously inspired from trustworthy sources. It was there stated that Berlin and Vienna were privy to the alliance, and the fact has not been denied, so far as I am aware. On January 9, 1913, the Sofia *Mir*, the Governmental organ, acknowledged that the idea of the alliance was due at the outset to foreign inspiration. Finally, from the articles published by the *Times* (weekly edition, June 20), on the history of the alliance, it is clear that the Bulgaro-Servian agreement was due to "Russian inspiration," represented by M. Hartwig, the energetic Russian Minister at Belgrade. These articles were written by Mr. J. D. Bourchier, the *Times's* correspondent in the Balkan peninsula, whose accuracy is beyond question, at least on matters of fact.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.

Cleveland, O., December 23.

A DEAN OF WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with much interest in the *Nation* of November 13 your correspondent's query regarding deans. I cannot attempt to answer so large a question since I have been trying to discover the *raison d'être* of but one species of dean. The writer says "dean of women of course." I suppose it has come to be "of course," but why? What is the real function of a dean of women? I have studied the occupants of the position in various colleges, but they are so different there seems to be no acknowledged type. In one case the dean is a handsome woman, dresses well, is possessed of some scholarship, but without sympathy or social tact. In another, she is a kind of superior matron whose work is almost exclusively supervision of boarding arrangements for women. She is not at all sure to dress suitably and is far from impressive. Another dean is learned, kindly, but has no ability to know or remember her girls. Still another has interest in girls, but violates ordinary rules of good manners. Some have the scholarship to rank with the best faculty members, others are not even college graduates.

The question naturally arises, what is a dean of women? She seems to be, in some sense, the successor of the old-time preceptress changed to fit higher education. If the office is a good thing it should be made a success. I have wondered if part of the difficulty in this matter comes from the fact that while a dean of women must be a woman's woman, under present conditions the position is determined by men as presidents of colleges and as boards of control. Must a dean be a learned woman who represents the best in higher education and ranks high in her chosen field? Should she be a society woman in the best sense of the term, who will be a model for the students that in our democratic colleges need to be trained for a new social life? A woman with human sympathy, who will win her girls? A physical director to protect and improve health? An administrator? A dragon? A policewoman? Or by chance must a dean be a combination of all these? I understand courses are to be offered in some universities to train deans of women. Are deans like poets or can they be made?

I once knew a member of a board of trustees who desired "a woman of the type of Mary Lyon, Emma Willard, and Alice Freeman Palmer." Maybe the dean of women is something as impossible as a woman combining all the good points of these three unique women.

MARY B. PUTNAM.

Ypsilanti, Mich., December 22.

Literature

A NEW VOLUME OF THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIÆVAL HISTORY.

The Cambridge Mediæval History. Planned by J. B. Bury, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History. Edited by H. M. Gwatkin, M. A., and J. P. Whitney, B.D. Volume II: The Rise of the Saracens and the Foundation of the Western Empire. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

This great coöperative undertaking which continues backwards, so to speak, the "Cambridge Modern History" that was completed a year ago, resembles that huge work, both in its general plan and in the lines along which that plan is carried out. Instead of one unbroken and continuous narrative, we have a succession of chapters by different authors, who endeavor among them to cover the whole field by breaking it up into subdivisions; each subdivision being allotted to a writer who is a specialist in that particular division. This method, successfully used by Rambaud and Lavisse in their French "Histoire Universelle," has certain evident advantages, but it almost of necessity involves some overlapping, some risk of omissions, and also a possibility of divergence between the views of two or more writers who are dealing with cognate topics. To the experienced scholar this will seem no great evil: it may even be deemed by him a gain that the various aspects of the same event, or character, or institution, should be presented within the covers of the same book. But the "general reader" may be occasionally perplexed by finding that a theory which he has accepted with satisfaction from the writer of one chapter is ignored or set aside by the writer of another, perhaps without reasons assigned.

The present volume has twenty-two chapters and 891 pages, without counting the maps. It is the work of twenty-one writers, of whom nine belong to the European Continent, one (Professor Burr, of Cornell University) to the United States, and the rest to Great Britain. The period covered is a tolerably well defined period, viz., that from the accession of Justinian to the death of Charlemagne. Besides the more directly narrative chapters, there are several which are, very properly, devoted to the description of institutions. These include The Governmental and Monastic System in Gaul under the Merovingians; Imperial Administration in Italy and Africa; Foundations of Society, *i. e.*, the Origins of Feudalism (by Prof. Paul Vinogradoff); Legislation and Administration of Charles the Great, by Dr. Gerhard Seeliger, and Roman Law, by Mr. H. J. Roby; the last a chapter written with thorough knowledge, which, perhaps in deference to the example of Gibbon, has been made to contain not only an account of Justinian's compilations, but virtually a miniature treatise on the law of Rome, with special reference to the alterations made by Justinian or his legal advisers. The ecclesiastical side of history is dealt with in a chapter upon Keltic Heathenism in Gaul and in the British Isles; and on Germanic Heathenism, with a long chapter immediately following on the Conversion of the Kelts in Roman Britain, in Scotland, and in Ireland, and also on the Conversion of the Teutons in England and in Germany. We find also a chapter on Pope Gregory the Great, but no account of the development of doctrine or ritual during the period covered by the volume (sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries). The early growth of the Slavonic peoples, an obscure and curious subject upon which it is hard to find any full or trustworthy information in any English book, is treated by Dr. Peisker, of Gratz, in a chapter entitled The Expansion of the Slavs. Three chapters are devoted to Islam. The first traces the career of Mohammed; the second describes the expansion of Saracenic power in the East; the third tells of the Arab conquests in North Africa and Europe, carrying the story down to the beginning of the conquest of Sicily from the Saracens by the Normans in A. D. 1061.

The execution of the book is very similar to that of the previous volume and to that of the "Cambridge Modern History," which has naturally and properly been taken as a model. Some writers are more scrupulously dry and exact than others, some a little more juicy than others. Dr. Rafael de Altamira's account of the Visigothic kingdom in Spain is pleasantly as well as clearly expressed, and presents in a concise form an illuminative view of a very dark and perplexing period. It is certainly not so entertaining or pictorial as Washington Irving's "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," but it

gives a more reasonable explanation of the collapse of the Gothic monarchy under the Muslim attack.

Among the other articles which have a certain measure of novelty because the facts here collected have been difficult to obtain except by ploughing through a number of books containing different and often irreconcilable views, are those already mentioned on the heathenism of the primitive Celts and Teutons, and on the circumstances of their respective conversions to Christianity. These belong to the dry category. They are strings of facts rather than connected presentations of phases of historical development; but the facts have been collected with critical care, and at least the rudiments of the subject are well set forth. In Professor Whitney's chapter on the Conversion of the Teutons in England and in Germany, there is no less knowledge and more of constructive quality. It is an excellent summary of a series of events which have been the theme of much controversy.

In the period which the volume covers four personalities stand out, overtopping all others, viz., the Emperor Justinian, Pope Gregory the First, Mohammed, and Charlemagne. Of these four the one about whom we would gladly know most, because he had the greatest influence on the world, is the one of whom we actually know least, not that there are not an immense number of stories current about him, but that it is difficult to determine how much truth there is in the stories and thereby to arrive at any positive conclusions. Mohammed is one of the five or six figures in history about whom curiosity is never satisfied. The most divergent views of his talents, as well as of his honesty and his moral qualities generally, have been taken, and although no one would now follow the European writers of the seventeenth century in calling him "the impostor of Mecca," his character and conduct continue to afford matter for endless debate. In the chapter allotted to him there is quoted a saying of Theodor Nöldeke, one of the greatest Semitic scholars of our time, that, having in his younger days planned a work on the history of the early Muslim Empire, he was finally deterred from carrying out the scheme by his inability to offer any satisfactory account of the Prophet's character. Mr. Bevan, professor of Arabic at Cambridge, England, in the critically studied, carefully written, and well-balanced account which he gives of Mohammed's life, does not attempt what Nöldeke found an impossible task. But he at least gives in a clear and compact form the gist of the data we possess. He truly observes that in the absence of all external—*i. e.*, non-Arabian and non-Muslim—sources we are obliged to rely on what Muslim writers tell us, and they are obviously very doubtful witnesses. Nevertheless, people will go on studying a personage so extraordinary, and fresh theories will continue to be formed about him, and also about the causes of the amazingly rapid course of victory which attended the arms of his disciples and successors in the century that followed his death. Mr. Bevan is chary of speculation; but he seems disposed to attach rather less importance to the Prophet's personality than scholars did fifty years ago.

> In discussing the subject [Mohammed's career] there are two opposite dangers which we must strive to avoid. On the one hand, we should beware of assuming that Mohammed's doctrine and policy were determined solely by his own personal qualities. Much that strikes us as peculiar in his preaching may in reality be due to his Jewish or Christian informants. It is likewise clear that the spread of his religion was largely governed by factors over which he had no control. All the evidence tends to show that during the first few years of his propaganda he never dreamed of acquiring political power. He strove, it is true, to convert Mecca as a whole, and not merely a few individuals, to the true faith; but this was not in view of an earthly kingdom—it was in view of the impending Day of Judgment. Even when at length circumstances placed him in the position of a ruler, his authority rested much more on the voluntary cooperation of his followers than on any material resources that were at his command. It has often been suggested in recent times that the religious movement of which Mohammed was the head coincided with a great national movement on the part of the Arabs, who, it is said, had already developed, independently of Islam, a sense of their superiority to other races, and were eager to overrun the neighboring countries. On this question it is difficult to pronounce a definite opinion, since nearly all our information about the Arabs of that period comes through Muslim channels. But in any case, the national feelings of the Arabs played a very important part in the diffusion of Islam.
>
> On the other hand, we must avoid the error of ignoring the extraordinary influence exercised by the Prophet over his disciples, an influence which was apparently due quite as much to his moral as to his intellectual qualities. The confidence which he inspired may seem to us undeserved, but it is only just to acknowledge that he used his immense power oftener for the purpose of restraining than for the purpose of stimulating fanaticism (pp. 328, 9).

The view of the spread of Islam here tentatively recognized by Professor Bevan is put much more positively by Professor Becker, of Hamburg, author of the next following chapter on the Expansion of the Saracens. He suggests that the Arab migration and conquest are conceivable without the intervention of Islam at all. "The movement itself," he holds, "had been on foot long before Islam gave it a party cry and an organization." This idea, and others bearing on the forces at work throughout Arabia in the Prophet's lifetime, are supported in paragraphs too long to quote, which set the early history of the Muslim conquests in a fresh and unfamiliar light, and give a certain novelty to this part of the volume.

The administrative system of Charles the Great receives that full treatment which is its due, and the three chapters assigned to the great Frankish King and his coronation as Emperor, two of these by a German professor and one by an English ecclesiastic, are among the best in the book. We cannot but regret, however, that the practice followed in the Cambridge Modern History of giving no references to authorities, and of drawing no distinction, in the bibliographies attached to each chapter, between works of real value and others of little or no consequence, has been continued here. It is a pity to send the student to a book whose title promises much while its contents perform nothing, as sometimes happens in these lists. Otherwise we find the lists helpful. One improvement on the Cambridge Modern History we gladly note. The historical maps are placed at the end of this volume, instead of being relegated to one which has not yet appeared. They are well executed, and a great aid to the comprehension of the text. Taking this volume as a whole, it gives us every reason to hope that the series will be of high and permanent value to the student of the Middle Ages.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Story of Mary Dunne. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Frances Blundell). New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This story has to do with that newly advertised institution of white slavery which has proved such a boon to the playwrights and novelists of the current season. Here again is the beautiful and innocent young girl from the country decoyed to an evil house and starved and beaten into a life of shame. The situation is that of "My Little Sister" and a dozen other recent narratives. The atmosphere is fresh, however. The very ingenuousness of the tale, its touches of frank melodrama, are marks of sincerity.

Mary is the violet by a mossy stone on a far Irish hillside. She has a lover, but he must go to America to win a home for them both. After he is gone, she aspires to earn her mite towards their future happiness. The high wages of England tempt her to cross the Channel. It is her own good old priest who puts her in charge of the "kind, motherly woman" they meet by chance aboard the boat. Then the usual thing happens. After a time, freed for the mo-

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ment from her prison, Mary flings herself under an English motor-car. But she does not die, and after a number of incidents involving a chivalrous hospital doctor, the old priest, and her returned and prosperous lover, a happy ending is achieved. The earlier chapters of the story, with their picture of a family of Irish peasants, have a simplicity and charm which are later sacrificed to the exigencies of the painful theme.

The Spare Room. By Mrs. Romilly Fedden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Good farce in fiction is not too common, and this, taken frankly as farce, is good. It is in two parts: the first virtually a prologue, in the form of letters; the second, which is much longer, a facetious narrative. A honeymooning couple, British groom and American bride, take a villa at Capri. It is out of repair, but it has a single available "spare room," to which, in their new pride of possession, they casually invite a number of their relatives and friends. Unexpectedly, on the same day, these persons all descend upon them. The shifts employed to house the interlopers, the complications which arise in consequence of their uncongeniality, are (to a reader in the right mood for farce) really funny. With the aid of two or three love-affairs, the situation is finally unravelled to the satisfaction of everybody concerned.

The Fire Within. By Patricia Wentworth (Mrs. G. F. Dillon). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This story makes implicitly two demands of the reader. First, he must grant that the most intimate affairs of life are proper material for the novelist. The second assumption cannot be stated baldly without injustice to the book, but it concerns the extent to which a man may act unconsciously, in a dream. If we accept Mrs. Dillon's postulates in these two matters, we shall find little to criticise in the story; for she has handled her material with sincerity and delicacy.

David Blake, a young physician, is desperately in love with Mary Chantrey, who has married his friend. Her sister Elizabeth has for years been in love with David. To shield her husband from a charge of murder, Mary exerts her power over David to make him violate the ethics of his profession. It turns out that this was unnecessary; but David's moral balance is upset by having yielded. His passionate love for Mary reasserts itself, he takes to drink, and sleep deserts him. When he is at the point of breakdown, he discovers that Elizabeth has the power to soothe him and make him sleep. Knowing that he is in love with Mary, she marries him to save him. Under Elizabeth's influence David regains his poise, and through a recurrent dream which he has had since boyhood, he is led to the discovery that he loves her. The dream love is brought into touch with waking life only through a rude shock. The working out of this device puts a severe strain on the reader's credulity, and involves the handling of delicate and debatable material.

The bits of verse prefixed to the chapters are excellent.

A Son of the Hills. By Harriet Theresa Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mrs. Comstock's story has rare merit. It conveys sympathetically a message from the "poor whites" of the Southern hills. Soon after Sandford Merton's mother died and the woman Mary came to live in his father's cabin, Sandy learned to feel that he had a mission, that he must go far away North and there learn to help his people. He bided his time and worked, and after seven years he had saved thirty dollars. He had heard of a college in Massachusetts, and one night he stole away to walk to Massachusetts. He fell ill on the way, and was taken in by a kindly bachelor, who educated him and sent him back to his people, after seven years. Of course, a little golden-haired miss is waiting for Sandy. About the two are built some of the most tender scenes in a book that is charmingly written. At times the story reaches a high dramatic pitch not without danger of toppling over into melodrama, but never quite falling. Highly effective is Mrs. Comstock's use of the mountain scene, not merely as a background, but as an active, regenerative force in the lives of her people.

Dave's Daughter. By Patience B. Cole. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The letter-writing predilections of Miss Mattie and Miss Matie, the two spinster dressmakers of a Long Island town, form the basis for the action of this story. Their naïve meddlesomeness takes an incredibly exaggerated form, but one fraught with the happiest possibilities for themselves and their friends. Noting in the paper that one Christabel Sayne is to spend $10,000 on her wedding gown, they write to her a scathing rebuke. Now, Christabel happens to be a young Western orphan, engaged to a New York society leader of fifty. She is starving to make the acquaintance of just such an unconventional pair, and promptly hunts them up. Henceforth, the spinsters think only of the girl's romance. They are astounded and grieved to find that she does not care for the match she is about to make, and that her heart is really set on a young Coloradoan, who seems too timid to declare himself. Inasmuch as all New York is agog over the wedding, the situation would present an *impasse* to any one with less courage than the dressmakers. But they find a way out.

GOVERNMENTAL EXPERIMENT.

Social Welfare in New Zealand. By Hugh H. Lusk. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.50 net.

It is unfortunate that the great strike in New Zealand broke out so soon after the appearance of this work, whose subtitle is, "The Result of Twenty Years of Progressive Social Legislation and Its Significance for the United States and Other Countries." Just twenty years have elapsed since the first arbitration statute of New Zealand was passed. Its purpose was to substitute the calm judgment of a court, the members of which might be expected to have a general acquaintance with the questions likely to come before them, and which should be presided over by a judge accustomed to hear and weigh evidence. It was characteristic of the New Zealand point of view that it took for granted the willingness of all classes of the community to submit to whatever was held to be fair and just by a court of this kind, rather than to insist on fighting a battle. Mr. Lusk says that experience proved that the makers of the new law had not been too sanguine.

The events of the last few weeks have, however, done not a little to impair the confidence bred by the experience of twenty years. In October a strike was declared which speedily attained national proportions, and worked havoc with the comfort and convenience of the general public; and in face, too, of the fact that under the law the labor-union was subject to a fine of £50 a day from the moment the strike was declared. It may be said that twenty years ago there were many who maintained that the compulsory arbitration law could not be thoroughly tested except in a period of pronounced financial depression, like that in which so large a part of the world, Australasia not excepted, now finds itself immersed.

Industrial arbitration is, however, only one of many economic and social departures in New Zealand. The fact that the sympathetic picture which Mr. Lusk has drawn of its operation is at the moment somewhat blurred, should not impair our interest in the remarkable scheme of social and industrial development which has been evolved by that far-off community. The people of New Zealand, or at least a majority of them, know what they desire, and if we may believe Mr. Lusk, they have succeeded in the main in attaining their ends. For eighteen years the colony has had a Labor Government. Immigration has been discouraged, the laboring man has taken precedence of the capitalist, small estates have enjoyed the favor of

the law rather than great, public utilities have been nationalized and municipalized—in short, a policy of state Socialism has been consciously adopted.

The aim of the present work is to trace these steps and to note dispassionately their consequences. We obtain, for example, a clear understanding of how the danger of capitalistic landlordism was averted. This danger was imminent forty years ago, and in 1872 a policy of immigration and public works was introduced which in ten years added $100,000,000 of debt to the $50,000,000 previously occasioned by the native rebellions. In 1882 the debt of New Zealand stood at about $300 for every man, woman, and child in the colony. It is not surprising, therefore, that the decade prior to the twenty years covered by the present work was one of depression and stagnation.

It is perhaps well to bear in mind that the many features of the present state Socialism in New Zealand were introduced just on the eve of, or subsequently to, the greatest industrial revival of modern times. It will be interesting to see how they stand the test of a world-wide industrial depression. It is a well-known fact that the policy which the colony has been perfecting in recent years necessitates exceedingly heavy loans in London during the next twelve months, a matter of considerable importance, in view of the present poverty of the international money market.

All this is said with the hope merely of enhancing the reader's interest in a book well worth his careful attention. The world cannot afford to ignore the remarkable experiments that have been carried on in this South Sea laboratory of economics. Mr. Lusk describes the present results of these experiments in a way to convince many that the last word has been said on the wisdom of New Zealand state Socialism. But his thoughtful and interesting work would leave a stronger impression on our mind if we could forget an utterance of about a month ago by a leading New Zealand newspaper:

> As a matter of fact, the principal weapon of the "Syndicalist" apostles is an organized and systematic terrorism. We have had an exhibition of this in New Zealand during the past few days, work having been generally suspended, not because the great majority of strikers were individually desirous of participating or because the great body of citizens were not anxious that industry should continue unchecked, but because ample police protection has not been available to prevent a temporarily successful because a very determined intimidation.

These words, indeed, picture a situation closely analogous to that which existed in the colony just prior to the policy which Mr. Lusk so painstakingly describes. One cannot read the present work without a consciousness of the irony of fate.

Carducci: A Selection of His Poems, with Verse Translations, Notes, and Three Introductory Essays. By G. L. Bickersteth. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Bickersteth does not "put forward the translations in this book as in any sense an *equivalent* of their originals," but publishes them "in the hope that they will serve not as a substitute for, but as an *interpretation* of, the original to those unacquainted or only slightly acquainted with the Italian language." But if the disclaimer were quite whole-hearted and the purpose were quite single, surely the translations would have been in literal prose rather than in verse that is far from literal. The reader "only slightly acquainted with the Italian language" would be hard put to it, in many instances, to match the English and Italian phrases. The stanza,

> With voice as of tempest
> No yoke may confine
> Cries Savonarola
> Our great Florentine,

will hardly guide him to the understanding of the Italian:

> E pugna e prèdica
> Sotto la stola
> Di fra' Girolamo
> Savonarola.

The truth is that the obsession of rhyme and rhythm is upon the translator, and that he sacrifices thereto, most inauspiciously, the interpretation that he might have made so excellent. The "Shelley" suffers particularly from the intrusion of padding adjectives: "giovini anni" becomes, for instance, "the *fearless* years of my youth," and "quest' urna che freddo ti chiude" becomes "this urn, thy cold, *uncongenial* prison." Most of the variations from the Italian are of this sort; but the reviewer has noted some thirty passages for which the text was evidently misread.

One might forgive all this if the resulting verses were beautiful in themselves; but they are not. Carducci, in spite of the *Odi barbare*, loved true rhyme, and would have been quick to protest at such pairs as "over: Jehovah," "o'er the sea: Anadyomene," "fairer: Glicera," "old man's: countenance," "honour: on ner," "rising: dies in," "behind: grinned," "clear: Maria," or at such a stanza as this:

> Thereafter Tiber's dark-haired nymph shall rove
> 'Mid moss-grown stones, and tell
> The pilgrim how "these are the ruins of
> A shame unspeakable."

Nearly all the sonnets, however, are skilfully done, and many of the unrhymed translations from the *Odi barbare* are very good indeed, notably the "Sirmio."

The sins of omission are few, though one misses the "Ruit hora," the "Victory of Brescia," and the "Monte Mario." The sins of inclusion are worse. The presence of the "Satan" is doubtless justified; but the reader, beginning with that and finding next two poems in such wretched taste as "Per le nozze di un geologo" and the "Meminisse horret," would be quite excusable should he lay the book aside in disgust.

The introductory essay on the poetry of Carducci is excellent. It deals mainly with the practicalness of Carducci's nature and poetic purpose; with his selective realism—that is, the concrete, explicit treatment of themes instinct with poetry; and with his constant subjection of form and matter to the strict control of reason. The title of Carducci's second collection of poems is "Levia gravia," not "Levia grandia," as Mr. Bickersteth invariably writes it.

Mr. Bickersteth speaks of Mrs. Holland, whose "Poems of Carducci" (containing about twenty translations) appeared in 1907, as his only English predecessor. He does not mention Frank Sewall's "Poems of Giosuè Carducci," published in New York in 1892, which contains some forty translations—better, on the whole, than those of the two English writers. Mr. Sewall's excellent translation of "The Ox" seems to have been known, in some way, to Mr. Bickersteth, for the two versions coincide in eight of the fourteen rhyme-words, agree verbally in several cases where the English is somewhat at variance with the Italian, and have in common the two lines, "How solemn, like a monument, thou art" (a very free translation), and "All the divine green silence of the plain."

Palæographia Iberica. Facsimilés de Manuscrits Espagnols et Portugais (ixe-xve siècles) avec Notices et Transcriptions. Par John M. Burnam. Paris: Librairie Champion. 15 fascicules, each 25 francs.

The above title apparently promises a much-needed work, a history of writing in mediæval Spain presented by annotated facsimiles. Till now, there has been nothing of the kind. Collections like those of Ehwald-Loewe and Muñoz y Rivera contain valuable materials for such a history, but that history is still to be told. We are not sure that Professor Burnam's publication will bring us to the goal. The earliest manuscripts discussed are, according to the prospectus, of the eighth century, or, according to the present title, of the ninth. The prospectus further indicates that attention will centre chiefly on texts in the Spanish and Portuguese languages. If this plan is pursued, the earlier and

more important part of the history will receive inadequate treatment, and "Palæographia Iberica" prove too inclusive a term. But instead of demanding what Professor Burnam may not have intended to give, we must be grateful for what he has given.

The first fascicle contains twenty facsimiles, of which all but four are of Latin texts. One, a famous Paris codex of the "Lex Romana Visigothorum," already accessible in reproductions, is of the ninth century, eight are of the twelfth, five of the thirteenth, four of the fourteenth, two of the fifteenth. No strikingly novel or individual features appear in the later Gothic hands here represented. The most interesting are certain twelfth-century scripts which illustrate the gradual triumph of the Caroline hand in Spain. In No. v, a Lisbon codex of Gregory's "Liber Quæstionum," the writer still cultivates the old Visigothic style, but he also shows the influence of the new script. In No. vi, "Incerti Tractatus," also at Lisbon, the general effect is that of late Caroline, with a few lingering traits of Visigothic. Of much historical interest are the five plates devoted to a Lisbon manuscript in three volumes, written at the beginning of the thirteenth century and containing the dictionary and other works of Papias; plates xiv and xv reproduce pictures illustrating the ancient system of counting on the fingers.

In describing the different plates, the author gives first an account of the manuscript with a bibliographical notice, then follows an enumeration of special features of the script, including ligatures, abbreviations, and punctuation, and finally the text is transcribed. This information is satisfactorily presented and is generally, though not scrupulously, accurate. For instance, in pl. i, p. 2, the *s*-shaped sign stands for "ue" on l. 19, not 9, and is not used for an *s* in l. 24; as the transcription rightly states, the original reading is "pare*m*," not "pares." On pl. xvii, p, 67, l. 1 read "Illa," not "Jua"; l. 2, "*con*sistit," not "*con*stitit"; l. 3, "nece*ssa*ria," not "nece*ssen*tia"; l. 24, what is called *e* seems rather a false stroke corrected; l. 25, "*quedam*" ("*quidem*"?) rather than "*quod*"; l. 27, it is not noted that "sinc" is deleted. If here and elsewhere the transcription is inexact, it reproduces, with a rather meticulous nicety, certain palæographical minutiæ, like the occasional appearance of the majuscule *M* and *R* in the minuscule. The letter *i longa* is represented by a special sign. For the form in which the shaft runs above the line, now a capital *I*, now *j*, now both *I* and *j* (pl. 5), are used; in pl. 1, l. 6, an erroneous *l* appears in *conlugali*. *J* is also employed for the form in which the shaft runs below the line. No phonetic principle is involved here; the scribe used the long shaft on a purely graphic principle, to avoid confusion with an adjacent short stroke. Spellings, therefore, like "Jn," "gustaverjt," "diujsus" hinder rather than help the object for which a transcription is intended. If such elaborateness were profitable, one might more appropriately distinguish the two forms of the ligature *ti*, which, as Loew has shown, have both phonetical and historical significance. But it is better to include all such matters in the explanation of the plates; for the reader will verify these observations from the plates, not from the transcriptions.

In spite of these defects in details, "Palæographia Iberica" presents, in excellent reproductions, useful specimens of the script, especially the later script, of Spain and Portugal. Though the prospectus makes no certain statement in the matter, we hope that Professor Burnam will treat in an introductory volume the history of writing in Spain, so far as it is presented in his facsimiles.

Notes

This week Little, Brown & Co. will publish the first book of a young English writer, Arthur F. Wallis, whose "Idonia, a Romance of Old London," is a tale of love and roguery.

The same house is bringing out "A People's Man," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "From the Angle of Seventeen," by Eden Phillpotts.

The second in the series of books published for the Bureau of Social Hygiene by the Century Company, Abraham Flexner's "Prostitution in Europe," will be issued January 17.

Among the volumes of fiction which the Century Company will publish early this year are "William and Bill," a study of boy life by Grace MacGowan Cook and Caroline Wood Morrison, and "Home," anonymous.

Martin Secker is bringing out this week Gilbert Cannan's new novel, "Old Mole."

The religious penances and punishments self-inflicted by the holy men of India are described, with seventy striking illustrations, by the Rev. W. M. Zumbro in the *National Geographic Magazine* for December. He shows very clearly what a hindrance these five million idlers are to the development of a healthy national life in India. Texas, where more than one-third of our cotton crop is produced, and where, if all the suitable land was under cultivation, there would be a possible production of forty million bales a year, or more than double the present crop of the world, is described by Mr. N. H. Darton, geologist of the United States Bureau of Mines. Another valuable asset, to which he calls attention, is the bituminous coal area which it is estimated contains thirty-one billion tons. A marvellous industrial future is predicted for our largest State.

The magnetic work accomplished at sea is described by Prof. L. A. Bauer, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, with plates and sketch-map, in the *Geographical Journal* for December. Sir Aurel Stein gives an account of the first part of his new expedition in Central Asia. Starting from Kashmir he crossed by fifteen passes, between 10,000 and 17,400 feet in height, an almost unexplored region to Chinese Turkestan. In many places he found extensive ruins showing that a dense population existed in pre-Mohammedan times where now it is an almost uninhabited desert. At one place there were unusually fine irrigation canals of solid stonework. Some rock tombs in Arabia are described with illustrations by Dr. F. G. Clemow, who was sent to this region by the International Board of Health in Constantinople to select the best site on the Hejaz railway for a pilgrims' quarantine station. The recent crossings of Greenland are sketched, with a map, and there are given the addresses of Lord Curzon and the Italian Ambassador at the presentation of medals to the survivors of the Antarctic expedition of Capt. Scott.

As the "Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Houghton Mifflin) draw to a close, the gleaning per year diminishes. The ninth volume covers a period from 1856 to 1863. Much of the comment is directed to the great public events then crowding one another. Emerson, except in a somewhat condescending attitude towards Lincoln, whom he personally knew, is singularly clear-sighted. Many of his utterances have prophetic weight. The present political confusion in England and America is hit off quite incidentally in the definition of classicism and romanticism. "Republics run into romance when they lose sight of the inner necessity and organism that must be in their laws, and act from whim." Again, in 1856, when men joked about secession, "South Carolina is in earnest. I see the courtesy of the Carolinians, but I know meanwhile that the only reason why they do not plant a cannon before Faneuil Hall and blow Bunker Hill Monument to fragments, as a nuisance, is because they have not the power. They are fast acquiring the power, and if they get it, they will do it." Singularly fine and Emersonian is a reflection on the multiform bereavement that may result from a single death. "When our friends die, we not only lose them, but we lose a great deal of life which in the survivors was related to them." One of the most striking fancies in the journals is this:

> Were it not fit subject for a poem, to send a soul to doom in the charge of an angel, and trace the angel's vain attempts to find a hell for it—the assimilating energy of Osman converting every place into the one thing needful, and every hobgoblin into the best company!

Such specimens may hint of the richness of these mature jottings of the sage. It is consistent with his own cult of inconsistency that he should write, "Science has never measured the immense profundity of the Dunce-Power," and less than two years later pen a contemptuous paragraph on the novels of Jane Austen, who surely was among the greatest of antidunces. Only one volume of the journals remains to be published; the whole series casts much new light upon Emerson's genius and should enhance his greatness.

Very few assertive and virile writers on economic and sociological subjects would

care to have their scattered sayings and writings, covering a period of a quarter of a century, gathered together in a single volume in such a way as to facilitate comparison and criticism. Yet this has been done in the latest volume of Professor Sumner's essays, "Earth-Hunger and Other Essays" (Yale University Press), by William Graham Sumner, edited by Albert Galloway Keller. It is a testimony to the real soundness of this great sociologist's views that his reputation suffers not at all thereby. To deny that there are contradictions would be futile, for they abound. But they are such contradictions as mark the truly great thinker, arising from emphasis upon certain points in certain connections rather than from any real inconsistency of belief. Many of these contradictions are of the sort which beset the student whose theory of life minimizes the potency of individual effort to change the operation of the great forces of social development, and yet whose native disposition leads him to make war unceasingly upon those things in society which seem to him wrong, or foolish, or futile. One or two examples will suffice. The first is furnished by what Professor Sumner has to say of ideals. In many passages the author voices his scorn of ideals, and brands their pursuit as socially injurious. Thus in the essay on "Purposes and Consequences" (page 73), he says: "It is a still more positive vice to act from an intention to attain ideals. Ideals are necessarily phantasms. They have no basis in fact." Yet on the second page after, the following sentiment closes this very essay: "At the present moment . . . the thing of the highest importance is the subjection of societal phenomena to scientific investigation, together with the elimination of metaphysics from this entire domain"—an ideal sufficiently grand for the most visionary. And throughout the book Professor Sumner continually advocates certain lines of social conduct which are none the less ideal because of a negative nature. Again, in the essay referred to, he says, "Socialism is not a subject for discussion by serious students of the science of society." Yet a large part of the book is taken up with the discussion, if not of Socialism, at least of Socialistic projects.

The range of topics covered in this volume is so great that to criticise the views advanced would be to tread upon almost every field of sociological controversy. It has been said repeatedly that one of Professor Sumner's great gifts was the ability to make men think. This book will set the reader thinking, and the very points at which the author's views challenge him most boldly will probably be where his thinking is most profitable. Those who have read the earlier volume of essays will find in this new book an even clearer exposition of the basic principles of Professor Sumner's sociological philosophy. The most important ideas which run throughout the majority of these essays are three—the importance of the ratio of men to land in all sociological analyses; the real nature of liberty and freedom, and the limitations of state control over the economic activities. The book affords an ample justification of the confidence of the editor that Professor Sumner's views on matters of this sort deal with perpetual realities, and are not evanescent but fundamental.

Dr. Preserved Smith, favorably known for his study of "Luther's Table-Talk" (1907) and his "Life and Letters of Martin Luther" (1911), now publishes the first volume of an English translation of "Luther's Correspondence and Other Contemporary Letters" (Philadelphia: The Lutheran Publication Society). This is another contribution to the rapidly increasing literature of selections of original material, a very welcome form of aid to the student as far as it goes, but, precisely in proportion to its volume, tending to confuse by its incompleteness and inevitable duplications. If an English translation of Luther's letters were desirable, it seems rather a pity that Dr. Smith, eminently fitted as he is for the task, should not have tried to make it complete, adding, if necessary, a selection of other letters by way of appendix. It is, for example, likely to prove irritating to the user of this volume to find thirty-seven letters of Luther, mostly to important persons, omitted here because Dr. Smith has already printed translations of them in his biography of Luther. A comparison with the originals shows that the editor has well lived up to his expressed intention to give a true and vivid reproduction of the writer's thought rather than an exact rendering of his language. The style is vigorous and lively, suggesting the force of Luther's own and following cleverly its varying moods. The notes, biographical, historical, and critical, are well-balanced, neither too many nor too few, and are invariably helpful to an understanding of the text. There is a useful index and a list of correspondents which would have been more useful if it had indicated whether a given letter were by or to the person named.

To the welcome reprint of the works of Samuel Butler, of "Erewhon," is added "Alps and Sanctuaries" (Dutton). It is considerably reduced in form from the original in quarto, but retains the old cuts by the author, and becomes more portable as a guide-book. In a brief introduction R. A. Streatfeild gives the circumstances under which the book was written. It is capital Butler in his most festal mood. The descriptions of places and persons are delightful, and the whole is intershot with Butler's peculiar wit and wisdom. Some of the best criticism of modern art education may be here found, but in the main grave issues are in abeyance and we have genial and lucid descriptions of the villages and pilgrimage shrines which are set on the middle slopes of the Italian Alps. A most winning and stimulating classic of the footpath.

In 1906 the trustees of the Illinois State Historical Library appointed a commission, composed of professors of history in the universities and normal schools of the State, to formulate a plan for the publication of the historical sources of Illinois, and to have general supervision over the scholarly work of the department. Shortly afterwards a general editor of the above series was appointed. Previous to this reorganization one volume of historical collections had been published, so that the present work, "Collection of the Illinois State Historical Library, Volume VIII, Virginia Series, Volume III, George Rogers Clark Papers, 1771-1781," edited with introduction and notes by James Alton James, Springfield, is the seventh volume issued under the new régime. The plan of the advisory commission for the publication of the collections marked a new era in the study of the history of a Western State. Instead of the haphazard methods of publication that had been in vogue up to this time, the Illinois State Historical Library has attempted to have each of its volumes cover a limited period or limited phase of history. The plan is to make such a clean sweep of sources, that the work may never have to be done over. To illustrate the plan, the present volume is the third of the Virginia series, the first two with the sub-titles "Cahokia Records" and "Kaskaskia Records" having been edited by Professor Alvord; a fourth volume will be edited by Professor James and will continue the George Rogers Clark Papers; and a fifth volume will deal with the financial side of the Revolutionary period in Illinois history. These five volumes will contain nearly every known document of importance that illustrates the history of Illinois between the years 1778 and 1790.

It is a pleasure at length to have a correct transcript of the famous letter by Clark to Mason, which contains the former's account of the occupation of the Illinois country, and also of his more important and longer memoir. The date of the latter has been a subject in dispute. Mr. Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West," asserted that the memoir "was written at the desire of Presidents Jefferson and Madison, and therefore some thirty or forty years after the events of which it speaks. . . . It undoubtedly contains some rather serious errors." Mrs. Minnie Cook was the first to point out, in the *Virginia Magazine of History and Geography*, the error of this late date; and Professor James has concurred with her in fixing the date of the Memoir between 1789 and '91, and in Appendix III he has printed the letters showing the conditions under which it was written. The same care as has been shown in Mason's letter and the Memoir has been shown in the other transcripts that are here published. So far as possible, these have been made directly from the originals in London, Paris, Madison, Washington, Ottawa, and elsewhere. The reviewer wonders, however, why Professor James thought it necessary to publish so many documents that had already appeared in previous volumes of the Illinois Historical Collections. It should seem that for his purposes a reference to these would have been sufficient.

The volume is preceded by an introduction of 167 pages, furnishing the history of the period. It is impossible to give unstinted praise to this part of the work, for it shows carelessness in sentence structure, but particularly a lack of logic in the whole presentation. There are also some things lacking that we should have expected to find. Clarke's expedition to the Illinois was undoubtedly the culmination of efforts by Virginia, sustained through many years, to make good her claims to the West. The fight of the Old Dominion against the attempts of the British Ministry to establish her western boundary from the time of the Proclamation of 1763 to Dunmore's War, are but the predecessors of this last attempt on the part of the seceding colony to

seize the fertile lands. Professor James has not brought out in his introduction this connection of Virginia's past attempts with this successful one. In his mind there seems to be no connection between Dunmore's War and Clark's expedition, and yet they are but phenomena of a similar kind. Again, Clark in his diary under December 3, 1777, writes: "taken in partnership by his Excellency P. Henry in taking a Body of Land." Professor James has made no attempt to explain this partnership, but when one remembers how closely Patrick Henry was connected with the western land schemes of Lord Dunmore, one can but wonder whether Clark's expedition may not have been a continuation of this patriot's efforts to make a fortune. Professor James has followed the usual account of the occupation of Kaskaskia as drawn from Clark's own statements, and yet some doubt has been expressed by previous writers as to whether the conception of the expedition originated in Clark's mind and as to whether there was so much surprise among the French in Kaskaskia as Clark describes. It was hoped that a careful study of the Clark papers would solve these problems, but the editor has not shown any interest in them whatever.

In spite of these criticisms, the introduction was decidedly worth doing. It is the first attempt to form a scientific interpretation of the Revolutionary War in the West up to the year 1781. Professor James's description of the efforts of Congress to obtain the support of the Western Indians, and to prepare an expedition against Detroit from Fort Pitt, are extremely valuable. He has clearly brought out, also, how Clark long planned to take Detroit, and has given an adequate account of his failure. Finally, the book, particularly the documentary part, is a most important contribution to our knowledge of Western history during this period.

Mr. James Davenport Whelpley would undoubtedly himself be the first to admit the defects inherent in the structure of books such as his "The Trade of the World" (Century). Generalizations respecting races and countries, always dangerous, become doubly so in a rapid-fire and necessarily brief survey, and, possibly, trebly so when this survey has to be made in a succession of more or less symmetrically constructed chapters where the temptation to the maximum use of contrast, antithesis, and epigram is, naturally, almost irresistible. With this general reservation kept clearly in mind, however, the reader will find this book of great interest, and he may have a good deal of confidence in the general truth of the pictures presented by Mr. Whelpley in its pages. The book is eminently one for the reader who wishes to be intelligently informed upon matters which furnish at all times a large part of daily news and daily comment. The general scope of the work is described in the opening pages. "The foreign trade of the world in 1912 amounted to more than $35,000,000,000. This is the great stake for which the international traders are playing the game this year" (p. 7). It is to illustrate the present position of the players in the "big game" that "The Trade of the World" is written. Separate chapters are devoted to each of the great nations of the world, and each chapter bears evidence of considerable thought and a wide knowledge of the essential facts. The style is simple and straightforward, but relieved by many interesting and pertinent phrases and anecdotes which make the book easy and pleasant reading. Particularly is this the case with the chapters on Great Britain, Germany, France, and Belgium, to which the average reader will doubtless turn with most curiosity. To the reviewer's thinking, however, it is the chapters on Japan, China, and Russia that are the most interesting and informing in the book.

Joseph Cullen Root, who died on Wednesday of last week, aged sixty-nine, was founder and sovereign commander of the Woodmen of the World. He wrote several books on woodcraft and a drama entitled "Consolidation."

The death is reported from Richmond, England, of Edith Emma Cooper, who, in collaboration with her aunt, Miss Bradley, was known as Michael Field. Their publications include: "Callirrhöé and Fair Rosamund," "The Father's Tragedy," "Brutus Ultor," "Canute the Great and the Cup of Water," "Stephania," "Underneath the Bough," "Long Ago," "The Tragic Mary," "Attila, My Attila!" "Sight and Song," "The World at Auction," "Anna Ruina," "The Race of Leaves," "Julia Domna," "Wild Honey," and "Poems of Adoration," the last almost wholly by Miss Cooper.

Science

A History of Land Mammals in the Western Hemisphere. By W. B. Scott. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

This volume marks a new era in palæontological science, and it is not an exaggeration to say that, from the point of view of general evolution, it is the most important single publication of the past year. Remembering the petty personal jealousies of the period of Cope and Marsh, it is refreshing to read Dr. Scott's dedication "to my classmates, Henry Fairfield Osborn and Francis Speir, in memory of a notable summer afternoon in 1876 and in token of forty years' unclouded friendship." In every way it is a worthy successor to Osborn's "Age of Mammals," published three years ago, and while keeping to an equally high plane of scientific worth, both in diction and illustrations, it makes an even stronger appeal to the imagination of the lay reader. The writing is clear, forceful, and devoid of all suggestion of padding. The development of the thesis is logical and takes for granted only fundamental knowledge, but demands keen interest on the part of the reader.

The first two chapters deal with methods of investigation in both geology and palæontology. The next two sketch the classification and the main features of the skeleton and teeth of the mammalia. Then follow the geographical development of the two Americas, the distribution and the succession of their mammalian faunas. The remaining two-thirds of the volume deals with the history of the various groups, from the Perissodactyls to the Marsupials. The final chapter treats of modes of mammalian evolution.

Comment is difficult because of the equal excellence of all the chapters. The vast amount of material demanded that a careful selection should be made. A single paragraph, dealing with a classic subject, will serve to show the concise treatment of those fossil forms which are fortunate enough to find a place in Dr. Scott's pages. The characters of the modern horse are sketched, and we are led back through past ages until—

Passing over, for lack of space, the transitional forms of the Wind River, we come finally to the most ancient known horses, the Wasatch species comprised in the genus † *Eohippus*, the "Dawn Horse," as its name signifies; these were little creatures ranging in size from a cat to a small fox. Despite an unmistakably equine look in the skeletons of these diminutive animals, it is only the long intermediate series of species and genera, together forming a closely linked chain, which we have traced from the Pleistocene to the lower Eocene, that leads us to regard † *Eohippus* as the ancestral type of the horses. Were only the two ends of the chain known, he would be a daring speculator who should venture to connect them. In these little Wasatch horses we have the evidence of a still more ancient form with five fully developed toes in each foot, since the front foot had four functional digits and indication of a splint, and splints, as the whole history of the long series teaches, always are found to be functional digits in the ancestor; the hind foot had three toes and perhaps two splints. This preceding form is hardly to be looked for in America or Europe; it will be found, if ever, in the region whence the great migration came. In all other respects, as well, † *Eohippus* was what we should expect the forerunner of the Wind River and Bridger horses to be. The premolars were all smaller and simpler than the molars, and the latter in the upper jaw are particularly interesting, for they had no crests and ridges of enamel, but four principal conical cusps, arranged in two transverse pairs, and between the cusps of each pair was a tiny cuspule no bigger than the head of a pin. These cuspules were the first step in the formation of the transverse crests, which were destined to assume such importance in the subsequent members of the series. The neck was very short, the body long, with curved or arched back, the limbs and feet short, and the hind limb much longer than the fore, making the relative proportions of the various parts of the skeleton very different from what they afterwards became.

With this is a vivid restoration of a quartet of the tiny Eohippus, browsing near a fallen tree on which grow fungi nearly as large as themselves.

Following such a "history" of the group Equus, we find a numbered summary of characters, seven in this case,

with a pithy résumé of the method of evolution. Thus:

(7.) The feet were much elongated and the median digit of each gradually enlarged until it carried the whole weight, at the same time modifying the shape of the hoof so as to fit it to be the sole support of the body. The other toes gradually dwindled and became functionless, though often retained as splints. The first digit (pollex and hallux) was first lost, then the fifth, then the second and fourth were reduced to dew-claws, and finally to splints. Thus the pentadactyl horses of the lower Eocene were transformed into the monodactyl species of the Pliocene and Pleistocene.

Accompanying these histories, Dr. Scott presents many theories, but with caution. As he says in his preface, "A book of this character is obviously not the proper place for polemical discussions of disputed questions. Whenever, therefore, the views expressed differ widely from those maintained by other palæontologists, I have attempted no more than to state, as fairly as I could, the alternative interpretations and my own choice between them."

One gathers from a perusal of these pages that the author very sanely rejects all extreme theories of evolution, or, indeed, any single postulate with claims to universal application. He inclines decidedly to a monophyletic origin of the mammalia, and to divergence or adaptative radiation as the dominant method, with convergence and parallelism as very important subsidiary processes in the great developmental scheme. One of the most significant tendencies of palæontologists of recent years, induced by many startling parallel and convergent characters, is a hinting at some "internal perfecting principle." Dr. Scott mentions and dismisses this as follows:

So far as we are able to follow it by the aid of the fossils, development among the mammals would appear to be a remarkably direct and unswerving process. When any long-lived phylum, made up of numerous well-preserved members, is studied, the observer cannot fail to be impressed by the straightforward course of the evolutionary process, as though the animals were consciously making for a predetermined goal, which, needless to say, they were not.

Perhaps the most important aspect of the work, as certainly the most original, is that relating to the fossil mammalia of South America. This is Dr. Scott's especial province, which he has been studying for thirteen years. All the interesting results here given are condensed from his eight volumes, relating to the Princeton Patagonian expeditions. The apparent continental isolation of these forms is quite inexplicable, and one looks confidently to the demolishing of this barrier by the discovery of extra-neotropical representatives.

In view of the tremendous field covered and the myriad facts which are detailed, the text is remarkably free from error. The few that are most noticeable relate, curiously enough, to the two extremes of the class, mankind, and marsupials and Prototheria. The specific name of *Ornithorhynchus* is no longer the time-worn *paradoxus*, but *anatinus*. On page 86 the author has failed to say that the patella is absent in most marsupials, and that in those same animals the bones of the lower leg have a decided power of rotation. A few lines farther, on the same page, the statement that "the upper end of the tibia is enlarged and extends over that of the fibula" should be amended. In *Ornithorhynchus* the fibula is much longer than the tibia, and in marsupials slightly longer. In monotremes, marsupials, and a number of higher forms the tibia does not extend over the upper end of the fibula.

Why the small *Otocyon* is called a wolf is not apparent. Fox would be more correct, and the statement that its molar formula of ¾ exceeds that of any other placental mammal is untrue, since dolphins, manatees, and some edentates have a much larger number.

A glossary of nine pages is a very valuable asset to this volume, but a few of the definitions are rather loose. The auditory meatus can hardly be defined as the entrance to the bulla, when man has no bulla. The centrum is only a portion of the body of a vertebra, and again the mastoid process is probably confused with the styloid process, as the former is never "spine-like." The slips in relation to the physical make-up of man are perhaps a result of the omission of the discussion of mankind in the Western Hemisphere, although no definite dismissal of this subject is implied. In the brief mention of the various types of fossil skulls, on page 588, no mention is made of *Pithecanthropus*. The use of the word "Klipdases" as a popular plural term for the Hyracoidea is hardly correct. In South African Dutch, *Das* is a badger, while the only English equivalent for the plural would be Dasses.

The outline drawings are excellent, with the exception of a few, such as that on page 310, which is as bewildering to the eye as the optical illusion of the pyramid of inverted cubes. The restorations are one of the most interesting features of the book. Made under the personal supervision of Dr. Scott, they are, on the whole, as accurate as we can expect, the markings and patterns being, of course, wholly hypothetical. A great many beautiful photographs from the collections of the New York Zoölogical Society add to the comparative value of these restorations. Every name mentioned in the text, both common and scientific, is indicated as living or fossil, by the absence or presence of a dagger. The index is admirable; the paper is necessarily coated and heavy, while the general make-up is in keeping with the high excellence and permanent value of the contents.

John Phin, who came to the United States from Scotland in 1851, and for a number of years was a professor in the Pennsylvania Agricultural College, died Monday, aged eighty-four. Besides a "Shakespeare Cyclopædia," he was the author of several works on applied science, such as "How to Use the Microscope," "Useful and Precious Minerals," etc.

Drama

"The Romance of the American Theatre" (Little, Brown), by Mary Caroline Crawford, is a book largely made up of assorted extracts from earlier publications. Many of these, clipped from recognized authorities, are excellent in their way; others are of doubtful value, while some are utterly trivial or worthless. All are perfectly familiar to persons moderately conversant with theatrical affairs in this country, with the exception, perhaps, of some of the quotations from old newspapers. The original matter, relating chiefly to modern times, cannot be commended for accuracy, completeness, proportion, or judgment. In the first half of the book, which deals with the early days of the theatre in the South, the Puritanical opposition to it in New England, the experiences of travelling "stars," and the first play houses in New York, many interesting details are conveniently collected for the casual reader. For the student they are insufficient and might be misleading. Most of the sketches of noted players are hopelessly inadequate, not only in the presentment of fact, but in the almost total lack of anything like comparative criticism. Even in the cases of such prominent and comparatively modern stage figures as Edwin Forrest, Macready, the elder and the younger Booth, Rachel, Charles Fechter, Charlotte Cushman, Helena Modjeska, Salvini, Joseph Jefferson, John McCullough, and John Gilbert—many others of almost equal celebrity might be named—no reference is made to some of their most famous impersonations, or to their distinguishing characteristics as actors. Considering the existent mass of anecdotical, descriptive, and critical ready reference to all these players, it is amazing that the author, in compiling a quasi-historical account of the American Theatre, should have ignored entirely the most pertinent parts of it, and contented herself, as she seems to have done for the most part, with a haphazard use of the paste-pot and scissors. Her treatment of the contemporaneous stage is equally superficial and unsatisfactory. She writes glibly and dogmatically, but without any show of intimate knowledge, personal experience, or discrimination. Her closing assertion that the present condition of the theatre is highly encouraging is tolerably good proof of this. The book is liberally and well illustrated.

The first performance in this country of Bernard Shaw's "The Philanderer," in the Little Theatre, is a notable incident, chiefly on account of the excellence of the acting. The company, specially imported by Win-

throp Ames, had been selected and drilled in London by Granville Barker, under the supervision of the author himself. It may be presumed, therefore, that the representation gives adequate expression to Mr. Shaw's intent, and beyond question it is admirably artistic in its smoothness, finish, and nicety of proportion, and especially in its freedom from exaggeration. The play, although it shows signs of age in the selection of such topics as the early Ibsenian enthusiasts and Amazonian women, is a characteristic Shavian product and a fertile source of entertainment, although devoid of any real dramatic impulse or significance. Professedly it is a demonstration of the grotesque relations caused by the matrimonial conventions of its period, but actually the "grotesque conditions" and their consequences are alike arbitrary creations of the dramatist's fancy. The adventures of the philandering hero, in his simultaneous pursuit of the experienced and sharp-witted widow, Grace Tranfield, and the emotional conventional woman, Julia Craven, are devised simply with the view of giving Mr. Shaw vantage ground for the launching of his witty sallies—sardonic, cynical, or gay—at the various old-fashioned institutions, sentiments, or prejudices of which he is the declared foe. Not only matrimony, but the army, the church, and the medical profession, the home, paternal or filial affection, mid-Victorian sentiment, dramatic criticism, and other things are the targets for his assault. And his shafts are often winged with humorous fancy and barbed with sharpest wit. It is this piquant dialogue which gives the play its chief theatrical value, and it was delivered with delightful point—without the least trace of conscious emphasis—at the Little Theatre. Throughout the performance the tribute of laughter was frequent, but there were intervals when the continual flow of cynical wit, all in the same vein, palled by its manifest insincerity. Indeed, an audience which knew not Shaw—if such ignorance were possible—might easily be puzzled as to the author's real views on any of the subjects he discusses. It is easy to understand why "The Philanderer" has remained unacted for so long. Only such a company as has now been assembled could disguise its dramatic inconsequence and feebleness. The chief performers are Charles Maude, Ernita Lascelles, Mary Lawton, W. R. Staveley, Reginald Dance, and Reginald Besant, and they all do so well that it would be unjust to discriminate among them.

It is probable that his success with "The Case of Becky"—which, it will be remembered, was a professed study of compound personality—induced Mr. Belasco to try a second experiment in the same direction with "The Secret," the latest play of Henri Bernstein, which virtually deals with the same subject, although it dispenses with the theatrical hocus-pocus of mesmeric influence. In both cases the heroine is represented as the victim of abnormal and irreconcilable impulses which give her two distinct individualities, and thus provide tempting opportunities to histrionic versatility. The American play was founded upon a scientific medical report, to whose theories it assumed to give practical illustration, but the French work is wholly imaginary and stultifies its profession of serious psychological analysis by its extravagance and obvious insincerity. Manifestly, Mr. Bernstein selected his subject mainly on account of the emotional situations to be manufactured out of it. And in this respect he has shown his usual ingenuity. It is unnecessary to go into the details of his plot, which is as improbable in its premises as it is conventional and unreal in its final issue. His heroine is a woman who would have been an angel if she had not been a demon. She is pictured as a creature seemingly possessed of all the feminine graces and virtues, accomplished, generous, affectionate, for ten years a happy and devoted wife, but, nevertheless, dominated by a malignant spirit of jealousy which makes the spectacle of another's happiness intolerable to her. The theatricality of such a conception is evident. She intrigues against her most intimate friend, her sister-in-law, separating her from her first lover, and afterwards betraying her secret to the second, who has married her. In effecting her purpose, she involves the whole family group in one common misery and dishonor, bringing about a complete domestic tragedy. Incidentally she is compelled to confess her own guilt, thus becoming the object of general abhorrence. The remarkable technical cleverness displayed by Mr. Bernstein in reaching his catastrophe, or the theatrical efficacy of his situations, need not be disputed. And his play, if it had closed with the exposure, might have been credited with a certain measure of sincerity and logic. But he demonstrates the commercial object of his work by devising a comparatively happy ending which reduces the whole thing to ordinary melodrama. Frances Starr, as the heroine, proved unequal to the intellectual and emotional demands of a part written for that subtle and powerful actress, Madame Simone, and the interpretation, admirable in most respects, was weakened by her deficiency in the crises.

Frank Curzon has obtained the English rights of the new Parisian farce, "Les Deux Canards," by Tristan Bernard and Alfred Athis, produced recently at the Palais Royal. Probably he designs it for the use of Gerald du Maurier, as the dual hero, who, under different names, controls two newspapers constantly at war with each other.

Sir Herbert Tree has decided to revive "The Darling of the Gods" at His Majesty's Theatre in London.

The repertory season of Lillah McCarthy and Granville Barker at the St. James's Theatre, in London, was so successful that it was extended from three weeks to a month.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore have just been acting again in "David Garrick" for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund.

Jules-Arsène-Arnaud Claretie, whose death at the age of seventy-four was reported last week from Paris, had for half a century occupied a prominent place in the list of France's literary men. His earliest work was done on such satirical papers as *Le Nain Jaune* and *Diogène*, which were strongly anti-Bonapartist. In 1868 M. Claretie, writing in the *Figaro* under the signature of "Candide," showed courage by denouncing the execution of Martin Bidauré; for this he and his paper were fiercely persecuted. In the war of 1870 he followed the Army of the Rhine and acted as correspondent of the *Rappel* and *L'Opinion Rationale*. He then became attached to *Le Temps*, and for many years his *causerie* was one of its distinguished features. When Emile Perrin died, Claretie was selected to succeed him as director of the Comédie Française. Three years later, in 1888, he was elected a member of the French Academy and was "received" by Renan. Under his rule at the Française, from which he resigned the past year, the famous company retained its ancient prestige in spite of the occasional defection of such eminent players as Coquelin, Bernhardt, and others. His rejection of certain plays, at various times, on political and other grounds, led to some severe criticism of his policy, but in all crises of this sort, whether the struggle was in the courts, the press, or his own society, he displayed both tact and resolution. His written works include, in drama: "Les Muscadins," "Les Ingrats," "Raymond Lindey," "Le Régiment de Champagne," "Les Mirabeau," "Monsieur le Ministre," "Le Prince Zilah," "Le Père," and "La Navarraise." History: "Les Derniers Montagnards," "Le Champ de bataille de Sedan," "Paris assiégé," "La Guerre nationale," "Camille et Lucile Desmoulins," and "Histoire de la Révolution en 1870-1871." In addition he wrote "La Fontaine et Lamartine," "Béranger," and "Molière."

Music

Great Pianists on Piano Playing. By James Francis Cooke. Philadelphia: Theo. Presser Co.

How the Piano Came to Be. By Ellye Howell Glover. Chicago: Browne & Howell Co. 50 cents net.

First Studies for the Piano. By Rafael Joseffy. New York: G. Schirmer. $2 net.

Not a few of the world's greatest pianists were and are persons of exceptional intellectual gifts—thinkers and wits as well as players. James Francis Cooke, editor of the *Etude*, has known some thirty of them, and with eighteen he has had talks on their art. These "study talks," as he calls them, make a book of exceptional value to students and teachers. His list includes three women: Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Teresa Carreño, Katharine Goodson; and fifteen men: Bachaus, Bauer, Busoni, Gabrilowitsch, Godowski, Hofmann, Lhévinne, de Pachmann, Pauer, Rachmaninoff, Reisenauer, Sauer, Scharwenka, Schelling, and Stojowski, besides the boy prodigy, Pepito Arriola. Each of them contributes food for thought; on one point they all seem to agree—that the persistent playing of Bach is the surest way to true musicianship.

Harold Bauer warns against using Bach merely as "a kind of technical elevator," using the word technical in the common sense. Mr. Godowski, whom the critics have accused of being a mere master of technique, maintains that technique "has properly to do with the intellectual phase of the subject rather than the physical"; that it includes rhythm, tempo, accent, phrasing, dynamics, agogics, touch, etc.; and that it thus differs from the mere "mechanics" of playing. But it would create no end of confusion to accept this distinction. The conception of technique as that which relates to the mechanical part of a performance has become universally accepted by musicians and will remain in use, even though it be less flattering to Mr. Godowski than his own suggested amendment. His ideas on touch also differ from those of some of the other pianists represented in this volume; but in this case his views are more acceptable, even though Ossip Gabrilowitsch, *e. g.*, attains surprisingly good results in other ways.

Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler utters a protest against the exploiting of wonder-children. She gives a brief but admirable summary of Leschetizky's way of teaching, talks suggestively about programme-making, the art of hypnotizing an audience, and explains the secrets of successful appearance in public. Mme. Carreño repeats the advice Liszt gave her, not to imitate any one but to cultivate one's individuality, and she illustrates the importance of this with reference to the career of her pupil, Edward MacDowell. Her remarks on the importance of the study of musical history are also worth noting by students. Mme. Goodson warns against the wasting of time and money in sending beginners to famous artists. She, also, is a pupil of Leschetizky, and has interesting things to tell about his ways of making his pupils musical. If one of them, for example, had difficulty with rhythm, he advised her to go and hear Strauss, the king of rhythm and dance.

Wilhelm Bachaus discourses specially on two great musicians. One of them is Bach, the other Rachmaninoff, whom he considers "the giant of today." In his opinion, he is "writing the greatest original music for piano of any living composer." He is also very partial to Debussy, whom he admires because he "manages to put so much color into his piano pieces without suggesting the orchestra. Much of his music is wonderful in this respect, and, moreover, the musicians of the future will appreciate this fact more and more." Mr. Lhévinne discusses the musical situation in Russia, and Josef Hofmann expresses his conviction that there has been no progress in piano playing since the time of Liszt.

Besides recording the opinions of prominent pianists in diverse aspects of their art, Mr. Cooke contributes two valuable chapters of his own, in which he discusses, among other things, the advantages of domestic life over that of a virtuoso, and the special disadvantages to which players are subjected in this land of magnificent distances. In the case of some prominent artists the managers have the greatest difficulty in inducing them to come more than once. Rubinstein declined $100,000 and Grieg made prohibitive conditions. On the magic of magnetism, as illustrated by Paderewski, Mr. Cooke has some suggestive pages. Of special interest is his explanation of the reason why American students are apt to make more progress in Europe than at home. It is because over there the same students willingly subject themselves to strict discipline, against which they rebel at home. Thus has come about the curious situation that "teachers who have taught for years in America have returned to Europe, doubled and quadrupled their fees, and, under Old World surroundings and with more rigid standards of artistic work, have produced results they declare would have been impossible in America."

"How the Piano Came to Be" is a booklet of sixty pages, in which the history of the piano is traced from its supposed germs in the sinews stretched across the shell of a dead tortoise to the modern American grand. It is not a mere compilation from the dictionaries, but contains evidence of wide reading, with entertaining details. One of these is the odd fact that a century ago a Boston maker of pianos had to put a false English or French stamp on them before he could sell them. There are pictures illustrating the evolution of the clavichord and harpsichord into the pianoforte.

Some years ago the Schirmers published a "School of Advanced Piano Playing" by the greatest of foreign pianists and teachers who have made their home in America, Rafael Joseffy. This is now followed by "First Studies for the Piano" by the same authority. The text and the footnotes are printed in both English and German. "First studies" must not be taken too literally; it is not a book for pupils who still have to learn their a, b, c, but for those who have had some experience and can use their own brains. For these, the book is invaluable. Among the many things considered are varieties of touch, rhythm, eye-training, accompaniment figures for the left hand, scales in thirds and sixths and in chromatics.

For the first time in its history of more than a century the Philharmonic Society of London gave, a few weeks ago, a concert with an "all-British programme." Sad to relate, it "fell flat." The composers represented were not those best known; they were Frederick Austin, Von Holst, Vaughn, Williams, and Arnold Box.

At the Berlin High School of Music Prof. Georg Schumann has been appointed teacher of composition to succeed the veteran Max Bruch.

There are two things in particular that impede the progress of opera in English: the scarcity of acceptable singers and the inability of most of them to enunciate distinctly, which seems to be a growing infirmity. At any rate, Robin H. Legge makes some remarks on this point in the London *Daily Telegraph* which are worth pondering:

A number of correspondents write to point out that the diction of opera singers in English was at its highest point of excellence in the great days of the Savoy operas. It certainly was then very high. Those who are interested in the matter may hear for themselves if the Savoy tradition is still upheld by attending the various performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas during this week at the Crystal Palace. As a matter of fact, the now common complaint as to the difficulty of hearing the sung words when the operatic singer is English is, I think, quite a modern matter. I have no recollection of it in my early days.

Art

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

LONDON, December 22, 1913.

The New English Art Club has just opened its fiftieth exhibition. When it opened its first, it represented all that was most advanced—according to British standards—all that was most independent, most revolutionary among British artists. It flaunted its opposition to the Academy and the Academic. The little inner group, its chief strength, went so far as to call themselves London Impressionists at a time when London still shrank from the scandal of French Impressionism. At its shows the younger generation was heard knocking at the door, in the Ibsen phrase then in everybody's mouth—powder was smelt, as a Frenchman said to me one day at one of its early press views. In its members' hands, everybody thought, lay the future of art in England; it was a society full of promise. And now that it has lived long enough for that promise to be fulfilled, now that with the round and imposing number of fifty exhibitions to its credit, it seems as if the time had come to reckon up its achievements: what does it represent, what does it stand for?

To tell the truth, it stands for little save the ease with which middle age shakes off the ambitions and hopes of youth. The powder is all but spent, the new younger generation knocks louder from without its fold than from within. Of the older generation some are dead, some have ceased to exhibit on its walls,

some have been gathered into the Academy. Wilson Steer remains, from the beginning the most faithful. He has seldom contributed to other exhibitions, he has always reserved his best for the New English, and, in consequence, has made a much more distinct impression on the public than those members who have scattered their work in many exhibitions; and it is reported—with how much truth I cannot say—that the Club at last recognizes the wisdom of his policy and proposes passing in self-defence a law to prevent members from showing anywhere save with their own society.

This year even Steer can scarcely redeem the New English from the commonplace into which it is drifting. He sends two paintings: one, a rather garish Sunset over a broad space of water full of shipping, a conscientious, painstaking statement of facts without the selection that would give them artistic value, so that it becomes a question whether the restless and chromo-like effect—the foolish sunset—Nature sometimes indulges in is worth recording at all; the other, a Breakwater stretching out an unlovely line into an empty gray stretch of water under an empty gray stretch of sky; both suggesting the weariness of the painter who, rather than continue wrestling with problems, is content to state his facts as he finds them. Indeed, signs of weariness betray themselves on every side among the older men. Prof. Fred Brown and Henry Tonks have only water-colors, and these might pass unnoticed at Burlington House. David Muirhead is gradually reducing his landscapes to a formula, and forgetting his sense of color in the process. Ambrose McEvoy's portraits are so invertebrate, so without flesh and blood and muscle to give them life, that you feel as if with the first puff of wind his sitters must blow away. Altogether, this group of painters—long since exalted into the great modern leaders by the Slade School, with which most of them are associated—now they have reached the age when they should be in the fulness of their powers, appear to have lost grip, to have come to the end of a convention that could produce agreeable results while it was fresh, and not yet staled by repetition, but that, like all conventions, cannot take the place of the sound knowledge, unwearied study and research, and continual experiment of the true master, and must, sooner or later, lead to feebleness and anæmia. This is the trouble with so many men who start out brilliantly—far more brilliantly, many of them, than the founders of the New English Art Club—and from whom much is expected, but who, with success, become content to reëcho themselves or the masters whom they follow—at a distance.

If the older men are disappointing, little more can be said for the men who, when elected some few years since, were relied upon to infuse new life and vitality into the Club. John is still a name to conjure by, but he still seems satisfied to justify his reputation by his projects rather than his performance. His chief work at the New English is a large cartoon, The Flute of Pan, a design apparently for an important mural decoration, and perhaps it would be fair to reserve a final judgment until it is finished and in place. In its present stage nothing is more obvious than the influence of the old masters. Against a rocky background which recalls Leonardo and his school, figures are grouped: to one side, three women reminiscent of Botticelli and the Florentines; to the other, men whose presence is scarcely explained since, in type and treatment, they seem born of Post-Impressionism; in one corner, a boy who is evidently John's own invention. This inconsistency, this incongruity, in detail might pass had the artist, after borrowing so much from the old Italians, gone further and appropriated the great essential of fine decoration which it is so well within their power to have furnished him. For these Italians had, above all, the sense of design which does not seem ever to enter into John's scheme of things; they understood the imperative value of composition and never sacrificed it to detail. Their figures and landscapes, however beautiful in themselves, are always subordinated to the beauty of the design as a whole—are but beautiful parts of a beautiful harmony. The figures and landscape in John's cartoon have no relation to each other, are not bound together by any rhythm of lines or any relation of spaces. John, as far as I have seen him in his work, is much where he was when, as a student, a few drawings made his name a fetich for the worshippers at the shrine of the New English Art Club. The drawings were said to be guarantees of masterpieces to come. And yet to-day one looks in vain for the masterpiece in this large, ambitious work, while the notes and studies hanging in another room have the same skill of draughtsmanship as in the old days when his every drawing was hailed as a guarantee of his triumphant future. The fault of his big design is emphasized by the contrast with the cartoons of Mrs. Sargent Florence, whose reputation cannot be compared to his, but who has studied the old masters of decoration with greater sympathy and intelligence. Her cartoons are for frescoes to decorate the school-hall at Bournville, the Cadburys' model workmen's village, and the subjects are Suffer the Little Children and The Baptism. In both, the groups are well balanced, the spaces harmoniously distributed, the lines expressive, with the result that the design tells in the working drawing, as it must eventually if the color scheme is as carefully studied.

Orpen, who became a member of the society about the same time as John, is the more distinguished painter of the two, though this year his only painting strikes one as a piece of sheer bravado—a puzzle intended to bewilder the public and trip up the critic. Sowing the Seed is the title, and those who love a story in paint may make what they will of the nude figure that, to the left of the canvas, sows the seed, the two purely grotesque figures of a man and a woman that, to the right, stand under a branch of a withered tree where a magpie perches, and the two little naked children who, with their reflections in a little pool, are the centre of the composition. But if these figures are deliberately provocative in their grotesqueness on the one hand, and their inappropriateness on the other, the canvas has the unity that John's cartoon lacks, the harmony, the balance in the placing of the figures that holds the composition together, making a fine decorative design against the cool gray of the flat background; and there is the quality Orpen almost always gives to his paint. Its self-conscious eccentricity, however, is irritating, and he is seen to better advantage in two large, simple water-colors that hang near John's drawings. In fact, both artists are most successful in their least important exhibits—one cannot help a sneaking suspicion that Orpen is ready to let the New English play second fiddle to the Academy, and to hold back his more serious paintings for the more popular institution. Certainly, neither shows anything to lend special distinction to so important an event as the fiftieth exhibition of a society supposed to represent the most distinguished and independent group of artists in the country.

If the New English in its fiftieth exhibition were positively bad, it would be to me less depressing. The regret is to see it falling into a rut where it is losing even the courage of its own traditions. For this reason I find more vitality in a respectable body like the old Water-Color Society that never dreamed of revolt in the beginning, does not now, and never will, and in its unshakable fidelity to its highly respectable, peaceful, and mediocre ideals, gives an impression of stability, permanence, like the Tower of London or Madame Tussaud's. But the New English was created for revolt, for opposition; there was no other reason or excuse for its existence. And it has long ceased to revolt, it is as academic in one way as the Academy in another.

In the late nineties, the International Society was formed as the most formidable rival the Academy ever had to fear,

the nucleus of every new movement and phase, not only in England, but on the Continent, though the International, year by year, is shutting its door upon the all-important, the international, element that gave it its name, with the result that it also is losing its original vigor. Rumors are about of the formation of another new society of the younger men, who think they have as little hope of adequate representation in the International as the New English. This means a further splitting up into groups and the consequent strengthening once more of the Academy which has triumphed again and again over the independents, partly by absorbing them, partly by ignoring them. Had the New English followed the more practical policy of uniting under its protection all the independents, all the protesting bodies, instead of degenerating into little more than an exhibiting society for the Slade School, it might have proved invincible. But it has narrowed its scope and interests until the question is whether it can get the better of its present inertia and survive a younger and more energetic society as successfully as the Academy has, up till now, survived every secession and rival institution.

N. N.

Among the twenty plates of rare works of art published in the last number of the *Archiv für Kunstgeschichte* (Leipzig: Seemann) the most remarkable are a Goya aquatint of monkeys, a Madonna by Nerocclo, a portrait drawing by Montagna, a splendid Tiepolo, the Miracle of the Manna from the Church of Verolanuova; a Nattier portrait, a Tintoretto Annunciation, a French primitive from the Fogg Museum, two delightful sheets of landscape sketches by Hans Baldung Grien, a very fantastic Cranach—the Mass of St. Gregory. An especially interesting feature is the reconstitution on one plate of a very fine Gaudenzio Ferrari triptych, of which the parts are scattered among Leipzig, Milan, and Moscow. There are also minor drawings and sculptures by early German masters. Most are chosen from little-known private collections, and in a few instances from public museums or dealers' stocks.

Hugh Arnold's "Stained Glass of the Middle Ages in England and France" (Macmillan) is the best popular work on the subject that has come to our notice. Mr. Arnold's descriptive and historical chapters are sober, accurate, and interesting. The especial superiority of the book lies, however, in Lawrence B. Saint's water-color sketches. There are fifty color plates after famous windows. Frequently a single plate contains a composition sketch and a group of significant details. Mr. Saint's water-color memoranda give the effect of stained glass better than photographs and the older colored lithographs. For minute information the student must go to the older sources, but it is surprising how much Mr. Saint has managed to convey in sketches apparently slight. For a person of antiquarian taste it would be hard to imagine a more acceptable gift.

Finance

RETROSPECT.

In glancing back over the past twelvemonth and endeavoring to determine what it has really signified in American finance, account must first be taken of the noteworthy governing influences under the sway of which the year began. On January 1, 1913, every intelligent observer knew that there were three distinct influences of the sort at work; whose actual results it was impossible to measure in advance; whose operation, in our financial markets, was certain to be conflicting, and whose concurrence left the question entirely open, which would actually play the greatest part in shaping the history of the year.

One of these dominant influences was the European money market crisis, brought to a head by the Balkan War and emphasized by dread of a general conflict and by resultant money-hoarding throughout Europe. Another, very different in its nature, was the enormously profitable crops harvested in this country towards the close of 1912, and marketed during the early part of 1913. The third influence was the new Administration and the new Congress.

It is because of the perplexing and frequently unexpected manner in which these influences have operated, and because of the fact that some movements on the markets could logically be ascribed to either of two causes in the above summary, that Wall Street has found so confusing the current explanations of the year's finance. At one time, Wall Street would learn that business was prosperous; in the next day or month, that the country was face to face with panic.

When our security markets were breaking, in the spring, one group of experts would point out that frightened forced liquidation by American investors was in progress; another, that Europe was raising money in New York, which the foreign bankers rightly regarded as the only stable market of the world, by selling its own investment holdings. When we sent gold in unprecedented sums, to France in the spring and to Canada in the autumn, people would be informed on the one hand that capital was taking flight from America because of its dread as to what might be done at Washington. Yet, on the other hand, they would hear that our own financial position was so strong that we were helping the Bank of France to restore its gold reserve, and assuming London's obligations at Montreal—both in spite of a foreign exchange market really in our favor.

The truth is, that all three influences have had at least some bearing in every important financial movement of the year. The American stock market, for instance, was beyond any question primarily depressed by the reaction on us of Europe's financial troubles. But the resultant break would certainly have been far severer, had it not been for the sound position and abundant resources carried over from the great harvests of 1912—in sequence also to a period of prolonged retrenchment and economy. And yet again, after this foreign pressure had relaxed, the Continent's political fright abated, and the great European banks regained a strong position, our own recovery would presumably have been far more rapid, but for the third and important element of political misgiving.

Taken as a whole, and with all the adverse influences, real or imaginary, kept in mind, the past year in the United States has been marked by an astonishing show of financial and economic strength. We have absorbed (as we did under similar circumstances in 1900) enormous quantities of the European holdings of our own securities. We passed through the spring with the European market closed to our own new stock and bond issues; through the summer with a minimum of financial assistance by Lombard Street to move our crops, and through the autumn without the slightest suggestion of London's relieving our "autumn money squeeze" or financing a Wall Street "boom in stocks." Instead of this, it has been America which was helping out Europe, directly or indirectly, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December.

Gratifying to our financial pride as this may be, it nevertheless has another side. The man who spends a year drawing on his personal resources to help out an embarrassed neighbor, is likely to be forced to retrenchment on his own account, and the market which takes care of the liquidated securities of another, and sends gold in return, has a similar experience to undergo. A point is sometimes reached where even a strong and powerful market will be crushed by such a process. Our own was not; but it had to accept the alternative of a distressing lack of capital to spare for its own new enterprises, and of a Stock Exchange year so dull as to amount at times to suspension of business.

All these considerations add exceptional interest to the change in the aspect of the markets in the last weeks of the year. That this change should have been ascribed unanimously to the removal of the one adverse influence which had prevailed without intermission until then—the acute misgiving as to sweeping hostile legislation against capital—gives a singular balance to the year, which began with every one pointing to Europe as the one cause for our troubles, which presently saw that influence offset by our own material pros-

perity, and which finally found Wall Street pivoting everything on politics.

As to which of these three considerations had actually the most important part in shaping the history of our markets, it is still too early to decide. Possibly it will require the lapse of another year or two—as it did after 1900 and 1904 and 1906 and 1909—before all will agree as to what was the real controlling financial influence in the year now ended.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Archiv fur Kunstgeschichte. Herausgegeben von Detlev von Hadeln, Hermann Voss, und Morton Bernath. II. Lieferung. Leipzig: E. A. Seemann.

Baldwin, J. F. The King's Council in England during the Middle Ages. Oxford University Press.

Bigg, Charles. The Christian Platonists of Alexandria. Second edition. Oxford University Press.

Boppe, A. L'Albanie et Napoleon (1797-1814). Paris: Hachette.

Brunner, Karl. Der Mittelenglische Versroman über Richard Löwenherz. Vienna: Braumüller.

Bryce, James. Promoting Good Citizenship. (Riverside Essays.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents.

Caldwell, William. Pragmatism and Idealism. London: Macmillan. $2.

Duckitt, M., and Wragg, H. Selected English Letters—XV-XIX Centuries. (World's Classics.) Oxford University Press.

Edwards, M. B. The Lord of the Harvest. (World's Classics.) Oxford University Press.

Harvard College, Annals of the Astronomical Observatory. Vol. 78, Part 1, Variable Stars in the Cluster Messier, by S. I. Bailey. Cambridge: Observatory.

Hythe, Viscount. Problems of Empire. New edition. Longmans. $1.75. net.

Arabian Nights. The Arabian ✤ nights' entertainments, based on a translation from the Arabic by Edward William Lane; selected ed., and arranged for young people by Frances Jenkins Olcott. 1913. 294 pp., illus. $1.50 net.

Aladdin and Ali Baba are also included, taken from the Scott translation of the Galland version. Illustrated in colar by Monro S. Orr. **The best edition for a children's library.**

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The American Library Association Booklist (Dec., 1913)

Henry Holt & Co., 34W. 33 St. New York

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The Nation

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

Some Important Announcements

Articles by Price Collier

The late Price Collier, author of "England and the English from an American Point of View," "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," etc., had completed several of his projected articles on the SCANDINAVIAN countries. These are expected to appear in the Magazine during the coming year.

By Richard Harding Davis

"Breaking into the Movies"

How "Soldiers of Fortune" was put on the films at Santiago.

Short Stories

By Rudyard Kipling, Sir Gilbert Parker, Henry van Dyke, Richard Harding Davis, Katharine Holland Brown, James B. Connolly, Mary R. S. Andrews, Gordon Arthur Smith, Mary Synon, Barry Benefield, Abbie Carter Goodloe, and many others.—A remarkable group of stories by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, author of "Vain Oblations."

A Short Serial: Maje

A Love Story by Armistead C. Gordon. A tender idyllic story of the old South.

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Theodore Roosevelt in South America

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From the *New York Sun:* COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN HIS MOST ATTRACTIVE ROLE.—No living American can be better qualified to explore the wilds of South America and to describe its flora and fauna and its savage and tremendous scenery with a sympathetic and kindling interest than Theodore Roosevelt.

A Famous Writer's First Long Novel

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The Great National Road Schemes

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The Illustrations

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1914.

The Week

If any further doubts exist of the fitness of tbe Democratic party, and of Democrats, to rule, they will be removed by the test for efficiency made in the office of the Public Printer and recorded in thc New York *World*. Of thirty-one employees reduced in rank and salary by the Public Printer, just thirty-one are Republicans. Of thirty-nine employees advanced in rank and salary, no less than thirty-nine are Democrats, twenty-five of them from south of Mason and Dixon's line. The Public Printer refuses to give out the efficicncy reports on the basis of which the changes have been made. This is a loss to the world; for an efficiency test that functions witb 100 per cent. of accuracy is something we have not yet found. It is our earnest bope that President Wilson, with the heavy portion of his programme out of the way, will turn his attention to this formidable outbreak of efficiency in the public service which manifests itself in the form of Pindell Ambassadorships, and the exemption from civil-service rules, by means of rider legisiation, of Government positions.

The virulence of tbe figbt between factions in the Socialist party of the State of Wasbington is evident from the labels attached to tbem—the "Yellow Socialists" are arrayed against the "Red Socialists." A "yellow" orator, clearly not speaking from the tail of a cart, declared that "the contention of the 'red' faction tbat a man has to be cracked over the head with a bluecoat's billy, or occupy a berth in an obscure corner of a box-car, before he understands the needs of the working class, is all bosh." But has not the grandson of a celebrated American poet proved that a course in penury and abuse will alone bring, by inner light, a conviction of the higb justice of Socialism? Can't such a man bctter expound the esoteric in Comte and Bebel than any silk-stocking waiting in his library for inteilectual conversion? Yet one is shocked to learn tbat the city offices of Seattle and Tacoma have obscured the question of principle. A "get-together meeting" two weeks ago closed witb a widened gulf, the "reds" flinging at the "yellows" the question how they reconciled sympathy for tbe downtrodden with an itching to reserve the city plums for pockets already well lined, the "yellows" casting aspersions of the same kind on the "reds." After ali, Socialists are not so different from the ordinary man when it comes to office-bolding.

For a genuine case of the courage of conviction, commend us to the *American Economist*. In its closing issue for the year 1913 appears a column which by its extraordinary typographical display must attract every eye, and which we can here but feebly reproduce in ordinary print. Its heading is "The Tariff —Cause and Effect." Then come a series of "boxes," headed Prosperity or Adversity, as the case may be, with the date of the beginning and the ending of that state of things, and finally the designation of the tariff condition of the country at the time. Thus Prosperity and McKinley Protection went hand in hand from October 1, 1890, to September 27, 1894, at which latter date Adversity instantly took possession of the field along with Wilson Free Trade. Many people, as we all know, felt that there was a pretty bad break in the reign of Prosperity when the panic of 1893 set in, in the first half of that year; but to any one firmly planted on the rock of protectionist conviction it is plain that this impression was a mere delusion of the senses. Bank failures, bankruptcies, railway receiverships, etc., have an ugly look, but in reality prosperity continued unbroken for some fourteen or fifteen months after the panic started, and only came to an end on September 27, 1894. As for the so-called panic of 1907, it remained a mere hallucination from first to last, for it is safely tucked away in the Dingley Prosperity era July 24, 1897, to August 5, 1909, which was followed by the Payne-Aldrich Prosperity era August 5, 1909, to October 3, 1913. So long as we have journalists who show such unflinching adherence to cardinal principles in the face of the worst that facts can do by way of discouragement, the country's institutions are safe.

The deliberate remaking by the Ohio Reference Bureau of the recently passed Direct Legislation bill is an interesting example of expert mending of amateurish legislation. All the remedies proposed for the last summer's scandals are highly instructive as to the workings of the initiative and referendum. The principal suggestions number no less than eight, and tbe Governor is insistent that tbe amendments shall pass if the measure is to remain on the statute books. The perjury and forgery laws must be so broadened tbat false petition is a felony. No circulator of petitions may work outside his own county, and none—to exclude professionals—may collect above 200 signatures. Oath as to the genuineness of a petition must be made before the County Clerk, not a notary public. All petitions must be filed with the County Board of Elections, and tbat body must have power to investigate the signatures. Only registered electors, as by a recent Oregon reform, may sign petitions, so that the man who does not take trouble to vote is barred. Expenditures in bringing about a direct election must either be totally prohibited, or the corrupt practices act be made to cover them, and circulators required to make sworn financial reports. Tbese are broad changes, but Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, and Senator Bourne, of Oregon, testify that they are in the main essential, and the Ohio press agrees that frauds have made the present measure intolerable. Critics will remark that if a deliberative and informed Assembly moves so faultily in an important matter, a wide electorate ought to be more than cautious in drawing up and voting on essential laws.

Justice Hughes had a forcible passage in his remarks at a dinner to Judge Cullen on Saturday nigbt. Tbe general tone of tbe speeches, as was natural enough at a gathering mainly of lawyers and judges, was that of deprecating anything like an attack upon the judiciary. But Judge Hughes, while abundantly sympathizing with thc view that the courts must be upheld as a necessary part of our system of government, and as, on the wbole, a great bulwark of justice, dwelt upon thc fact

that the repute of judges is largely within their own keeping. He pointed out that an able and vigilant judge of high character and great personal weight has it in his power to cut down the law's delays and ignore a lot of legal red tape and really expedite trials. English judges are all the time doing this. Ah, yes, we are told, but this is not permissible under our "system." It is a grave question, however, whether the system is so much at fault as personality. If we were to adopt the English system, yet were to go on putting poorly equipped and self-distrustful judges upon the bench, it is doubtful if we should see any decided improvement.

The report of Senator Borah on the reign of martial law in the West Virginia coal strike confirms every main contention of those who brought about the Congressional investigation. With the civil courts in full operation, and without evidence that the popular bitterness would impair their function, the military authorities arrested, sentenced, and punished men in violation of the Constitution of the State and the nation. Even arrests made outside the zone of martial law resulted in military trial. Worst of all, penalties in excess of those permitted by law were imposed on the arbitrary ground that public intimidation was demanded. Certain aspects of the Governor's attempt to preserve order and stop rioting and murder by use of the militia may have been justifiable; but certainly the outline of the situation furnished by Senator Borah shows that decision upon the guilt or innocence of those charged with violence could have been, and should have been, left to judge and jury, and that in the light of the statutes.

It may not be entirely regrettable in the public interest if the general method of railroad promotion and construction here employed should be found unprofitable.

This unsympathetic sentence from a 16,000-word report by the Massachusetts Public Service Commission on the Hampden Railroad follows a decision by which the promoters are left many dollars out of pocket. They had asked for authority to raise their capitalization to $3,900,000, but were allowed only $3,300,000. Whereas the company's officials averred they have spent $4,400,000 in constructing the road, 14.85 miles long, in the opinion of the Commission "the reasonable and proper cost incurred" was $3,367,789. Thus it not merely scales down the expected profits of the builders, but leaves them with an admitted loss of $67,789. The Massachusetts press notes the decision as checking a threatened "flagrant scandal." More instructive to the outsider is the moral warmth with which the Commission actually gloats over a loss involved in extravagant and inflated construction methods. A minority report indicates that the incident will give an impulse to the movement in Massachusetts for making actual value, not cost, the basis of railway capitalization.

Thrifty New England is summoned to go itself one better. It has capitalized its summer and autumn, confesses a writer in the Boston *Globe*, by drawing visitors to "its picturesque mountains, its vast forests, its rocky shores and sandy beaches," so that "its mild, temperate summer of glorious sunshine has been a stream of gold pouring all over the five States." What remains to be done is to capitalize the winter as successfully. For an example, New England is pointed to Switzerland. A few years ago, it is reminded, only invalids visited the Alps in any season except summer. But "St. Moritz awoke to the glorious possibilities of the Swiss winter. Mammoth coasting slides and skating rinks were made, and the crowds came." Now, what Switzerland has done, cannot New England do? Let her build "a double-runner slide from the top of Mt. Washington to Sebago Lake." Let her construct "a skating rink with a fine pavilion and orchestra where young and old could skate to music." As for rivals, "the South has no winter. The Western plains are bleak and dreary. Winter in Canada is like summer in the Sahara, in that it is too much of a good thing." The conclusion is irresistible. "It would mean millions to New England." How the shivering Pilgrims would have been comforted if they could only have known!

It is no new criticism that Dr. Pickering, director of the Harvard Observatory, makes of the Government's policy in relation to its astronomical work. The national observatory at Washington is called the United States Naval Observatory. It has always been part of the naval establishment, and its director, under the law, must be an officer of the navy. The consequence is too well known: the work of the observatory falls far short of accomplishing the results which the liberal appropriations made for it would justify the astronomical world in expecting. It seems next to impossible to get Congress to move in the matter. The reason for this lies partly, no doubt, in the maintenance of the conventional pretence that the researches carried on by the observatory are called for by the interests of the navy or of navigation; a thing which is true in only an extremely small degree. But of course there is a more solid obstacle in the persistent clinging of the navy to its prescriptive privileges. It is an absurdity that this great national institution of pure science should be under the control of a series of men successively "detailed" to take charge of it as a mere episode in a naval career, instead of being directed by one of the foremost astronomers of the country, chosen for his special ability in such work, and devoting his life to it. The fact that astronomy is a science in which American achievement has, from an early period in our history, been of eminently distinguished character only emphasizes the anomaly of having the Government's own observatory work carried on under the direction of amateur officials.

Wisely administered, the chain of banks to make small industrial loans which Julius Rosenwald announces should help meet a pressing need. State and city legislation, protective associations, and alert public prosecutors have done much in a negative way to combat the ubiquitous loan-shark. But positive attempts to drive rapacious moneylenders from their field have been almost entirely limited to the work of institutions like our thirty-five "Remedial Loan Associations," which last year loaned $22,000,000 to the poor of our thirty largest cities. In spite of protective legislation, wrote President Ham, of these federated associations, recently, "there can be no advance of permanent value until philanthropic citizens provide sums, subject to a limited return, by which the urgent needs of wage-earners may be provided for." In Europe this function of issuing money to de-

serving borrowers, secured by personal property, assignment of wages, or even a mere pledge, has in great part been assumed by the State. Mr. Rosenwald's scheme is founded on one originated by the present Italian Minister of Finance. In France, the *monts de piété* have been a shield of long-tried adequacy against extortion.

The growth of the registration area for American vital statistics is slow but sure. Thus, the Census Bureau's mortality figures for 1912 report the lowest death-rate yet—13.9 per 1,000—in an area now covering 63 per cent. of the population. Missouri, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Minnesota are among the latest States to enforce the registration of births and deaths. In 1880, when the mortality rate was 19.8 per 1,000, the registration area was 17 per cent. of the population; in 1900 the mortality rate was 16.5, while the area had risen to 37.9; in 1910 mortality had dropped to 15 per 1,000, and the registration area increased to 58.3 per cent. The connection between a growth in area of accurate statistics and the betterment of national health is narrow, but clear; one of the most potent weapons of State, city, and national sanitation must be trustworthy measures and standards of population, birth, sickness, and deaths. For this reason it is urgent that the Census Bureau and the various humanitarian and medical agencies should succeed in their endeavors to widen the field in which such figures are available. At present it includes but twenty-two States. Even great commonwealths like Illinois and Kansas have only city regulations on the subject.

The small boy must begin to feel that a conspiracy exists against him. The latest piece of evidence is the establishment of a scientific test for the distinction between hunger and appetite. That there is such a distinction is no news, but hitherto it has not taken a vast amount of cleverness to obscure it. Now all that the doubting parent has to do when his child asks for something to eat between meals is to have the victim swallow a small cigar-shaped rubber balloon, fitted with long rubber tubes, inflate the balloon through the tubes, and attach the latter to sensitized paper. If the muscles of the stomach grip the balloon and drive out the air, the amount of hunger is automatically registered on sensitized paper, and the parent may act accordingly. But if nothing happens, then the parent knows that his doubts are justified, and that his child is not suffering from hunger, which is a sensation arising in the stomach, but is merely subject to appetite, which is an affection of the brain. All that he will then need to do is to explain this distinction to the child, and go back to his book.

There is obviously something like a propaganda against Philippine independence now carried on in this country, and some persons are curious enough to ask what interests are behind it and are footing the bills. No one objects to fair argument on the subject. The thing is in politics, and public discussion of the Administration's plans for the Philippines is fully in order. Nor need there be any suspicion of the entire sincerity and disinterestedness of some of those who stoutly hold to the opinion that it would be a great mistake to set up an independent Filipino government short of a generation or two hence. Ex-President Taft maintains this view, no doubt honestly, and he is quite within his rights in presenting it as forcibly as he can on every fit occasion. But quite apart from this kind of advocacy, there is evidence of an organized movement, with lecturers, etc., designed to create a public opinion adverse to turning the Philippines over to the Filipinos. And in connection with the cost of this undertaking, there are unpleasant stories afloat about development companies and concerns engaged in exploiting the resources of the islands. If they are, indeed, paying out money here so that they may be able to make a great deal more money there, their course is one that needs only to be stated to be severely condemned.

Americans will have to school their lips in order to say Viscount Bryce. Probably most of them will continue to speak of James Bryce, just as they do, despite his elevation to the House of Lords, of John Morley. But that the honor which has come to Mr. Bryce was fairly earned, not even his political opponents in England deny. One reason that he may have had for accepting it is the fact that it will close those foolish English mouths which have prated about his not having been a successful Ambassador in this country. It may be, also, that a delicate compliment to the United States is intended. This could have been rendered explicit if the title had been made, in accordance with the practice in the case of Wellington and Kitchener, Lord Bryce of Washington and Baron of the American Commonwealth.

A "Polterabend" dinner given by a rich family at Berlin, to which a New York newspaper thought it necessary to devote a half-column of cabled description, brought together guests "the aggregate wealth of whom was estimated by one of those present at $100,000,000." But this only shows what a poverty-stricken city Berlin is. In New York it would be a poor-spirited *parvenu* who could not rally at his table representatives of at least $1,000,000,000. At a really glittering affair of the kind no one would be admitted at all if he had less than $50,000,000. Mention of that sum recalls the fact that, full forty years ago in New York, a religious editor, describing a church wedding, wrote in an awed way that the group in front of the altar was worth at least $50,000,000. It was expected that the Almighty would be duly impressed. But nowadays the figure has gone up and it would take $500,000,000 to make much of a sensation in Heaven.

The balance of power in the Balkans is threatened and the European chancelleries are said to be disturbed by Turkey's attempt to purchase a fifteen-million-dollar Dreadnought now building in an English shipyard for the Brazilian Government. Because Turkey's plan for regaining her lost islands is so simple it may be assumed that it will not be allowed to come to pass. The Powers may find it necessary to lay an embargo on such sudden acquisitions of naval material by small nations in time of peace. On the part of Brazil and Argentina, such action would be received with vehement protest. Speculation in Dreadnought futures seems to be a well-established business with these South American republics, which always have a ship or two on the point of completion and are always ready to sell for a fair price to a Government hard beset.

TRANSCENDENTAL FOREIGN POLITICS.

There is a story of a man asking after a friend of his youth, and expressing surprise that he had not gone far in public life, because, he added, "when I knew him as an undergraduate in college he was a great expert in foreign politics." One knows the callow type. The expertness consists in remaking the map of Europe at will, in launching navies and armies at each other, and, in general, in working out the conceptions of destiny and historical inevitableness and race-clashings and world movements which form themselves in the imagination of a young man, possibly a little touched in the head. But a similar tendency is sometimes met with in children of a larger growth. Men much better entitled than a college student to be known as experts in foreign politics occasionally allow their brooding over possible complications to betray them into an unreal and almost fantastic treatment of their subject. The whole thing becomes to them transcendental—something in which pure theory may operate. In their absorption in study of the weapons and potential fighting power of nations they forget the men and women of flesh and blood who make up the nation.

Of this weakness in a certain class of writers and publicists we are just now having instructive examples, both in this country and in Europe. In England, for example, the question of the great burden of taxation for increasing armament is becoming acute. It is getting into politics. A large delegation of Liberals recently waited upon the Prime Minister to protest against any enlargement of the naval estimates. And Lloyd George, with his instinct for discovering what the plain working-people of the land are thinking about, has lifted up his voice against spending more money on battleships. Now, this is the juncture which Admiral Mahan seizes for putting before the British public his conviction that the British navy is alarmingly weak. It is not possible to follow his reasoning, in the fragmentary reports of it given by telegraph. But we would not make light of it. Whatever Admiral Mahan writes is pretty sure to be worth serious attention. If he asserts that the British navy is not strong enough to be dominant both in home waters and in the Mediterranean, he no doubt can give reasons for that opinion. But the point is that he expresses himself merely as an abstract student of naval power. He discusses not likelihoods but possibilities. His writing is that of a transcendental philosopher. It will interest theorists; but whether it should much influence English statesmen saturated in the facts of the situation at home and abroad, aware of the failure of past naval prophecies, and conscious of the intense strain caused by excessive Dreadnought-building, is highly doubtful.

In connection with our own Mexican problem there has lately been a starting up of the high-priori theorizers. At their head stands the London *Spectator*, which draws a fancy picture of the United States conquering and annexing Mexico and extending American jurisdiction all the way from Canada to the Panama Canal. Such articles have a way of appearing in the *Spectator*, which is, as a rule, sober and learned, but now and then seems to find restraint irksome and gives its imagination a fling. This is easier in foreign politics than anywhere else; and accordingly we get apocalyptic visions of vast reshiftings in the Orient, sweeping readjustments in Europe, and now this dream of the United States taking over Mexico with ease—we seem to remember that the *Spectator* had previously said that we should need an army of 500,000 men and several years' time—and instantly bringing about order and settled government. A few other visionaries almost as sanguine are appearing among the persons with whom the New York *Sun* is obtaining interviews on the subject of our possible armed intervention in Mexico; though most of the opinions gathered are strongly against any hasty step in that direction. It is notable that nearly all those who favor aggressive military action towards Mexico do so with their mouths filled with large phrases about civilization and race-qualities and the book of fate. Sentiment has before now joined with sordid interests to bring war or the peril of war.

Now, we do not affirm that all this transcendental way of looking at the matter is pure folly. Some of the considerations advanced may yet appear to have weight. But what seems perfectly clear to us is that the present is no time for our statesmen to be rhapsodizing about world-movements and race-struggles, or to be speculating dreamily on how their policies will look a hundred years from now. Their problem is of the day. What they should fix their gaze upon is the facts as these actually exist. If this makes their course seem a little grandiose, so be it. They need not stand in fear of criticism if they only keep the peace, while seeing to it that our national obligations are honorably met. This policy will be called hand-to-mouth and rule of thumb, but no matter for that. It is better to be cautious, to advance step by step, and to deal with each situation as it arises, than to run blindly off with some swelling phrase of vanity, some formula of *Weltpolitik*, which may land us in unforeseeable miseries. It may not be magnificent, but it is common-sense to wait and watch and hope for a better turn in Mexican affairs.

THE MORGAN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Mr. J. P. Morgan, in announcing Friday his firm's decision to withdraw from the corporation directorships now held by members of the firm, admitted that the action was taken largely in deference to public sentiment. He referred to the undoubted mistrust with which the general public has come to look on representation by a few great banking institutions, on the boards of the great railway and industrial companies, so extensive as to suggest the possibility of uniform domination or control. This popular dislike must be admitted to have taken at times a highly exaggerated form. Public men like Senator La Follette, not being content with pointing out visible or potential evil arising from the practice, have allowed a vivid imagination so far to run away with them as to conjure up a financial organism of their own, peopled by wicked spirits who, in the Senator's own words, can "create artificially periods of prosperity and periods of panic."

The Congressional "Money Trust debate" of 1912 was full of such strange conceits and superstitions. But the Money Trust crusade was nevertheless not a movement without a cause, and the cause lay in company management and affiliations, concerning which even conservative and cool-headed observers confessed misgiving.

The danger in the system did not lie primarily in what was done through these so-called "interlocking directorates," and nothing is more certain than that the allegations of malicious conspiracy, put forth by the La Follettes and the Lindberghs, were mere raving. But a condition was created by this machinery of representation, on two or three dozen boards, by a few great banking interests, which had the potentiality of undoubted danger. For such a statement we do not need to rely on the arguments even of hostile critics. It was one of the most powerful financiers who shared in this distribution of control from whom the Pujo Committee was informed that "excess of power in a limited number of men is always a menace," and it was another, the head of a great New York financial institution, who told the same Committee that "it has gone far enough," and that while in good hands the system might do no harm, "if it got into bad hands, it would be very bad."

But the truth also was that the machinery which had been constructed was of a kind which its own authors were themselves scarcely able to control. That is to say, they might, as Mr. Baker did, deprecate further extension of its scope; but they were nevertheless swept along with it. Its extension seemed to be carried on, despite their own willingness to let the movement stop where it was. It probably could not have been stopped, except either by absolute force of prohibitory law or by such outright abandonment of the system which made the movement possible, as has been formally announced, in his own firm's behalf, by Mr. Morgan.

Such financial episodes as that which now seems to be somewhere near its end do not occur accidentally; but, on the other hand, they are by no means always the result of deliberate design. The much-discussed Money Power, in the shape of representation of a few great banking interests on the boards of all the great corporations, was primarily an outcome of the period from 1893 to 1897, when the country's largest railway and industrial companies had gone into insolvency and when the task of setting them on their feet again devolved on the international banking interests. That those interests should be personally represented on the boards of the companies, pending their financial rehabilitation, was a condition positively fixed by the capital, home and foreign, which was needed for the undertaking and without which it was not possible.

To an extent, similar representation on the boards of the huge railway and industrial combinations of a few years later was stipulated by the capitalists who "underwrote" the stock. But it is hardly possible to deny, as a simple historical fact, that in the turmoil of financial ideas which then prevailed the original purpose of such directorships—the guaranteeing of sound and conservative policies, as against the recklessness and incompetency which had previously prevailed—was quite lost sight of, in the new conception of companies with perpetual directorates, so manned as to prevent either change of control or inconvenient competition. The people have been pretty steadily occupied, ever since 1901, in doing away with the theories which grew up then with such portentous suddenness.

The Northern Securities decision stopped the progress of the movement through the "holding company" device. It seems to be the spirit of the day to solve the later problems, inherited from the period of financial infatuation, through frank recognition of, and concession to, the public's attitude by the financial interests themselves. In this respect, the action, taken with much dignity and straightforwardness by Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., is as impressive a sign of the times as last month's voluntary dismantling of the Telephone and Telegraph combination.

THE LIFE EXTENSION INSTITUTE.

In a brief prospectus, the Life Extension Institute, just incorporated in New York, sets forth its object, its plan of operation, the personnel of its organization, and the prospects of usefulness which its founders see before them. The object is "to lengthen life by applying modern science." The means by which this object is to be promoted are of twofold character. The Institute has "a Hygiene Reference Board of nearly a hundred leading experts on various subjects pertaining to health," the purpose of which is "to help determine the truth on hygienic questions referred to it"; and the Board "will aim ultimately to settle scientifically, so far as possible, the many disputed questions of personal hygiene" and will endeavor with "the cooperation of savants throughout the world to solve such fundamental problems as how best to ventilate our houses and how best to clothe and feed our bodies." The distinctive feature of the Institute, however, is its system of health-inspection of individuals, which is set forth as follows:

> The method to be used to prolong life is very simple and the same as applied to ordinary machinery—inspection and repairs. Any person, whether a policyholder in a company which employs the Institute or as an outside individual, may have an expert examination made of his physical condition. If he is entitled to the examination as a policyholder, he has it without cost to himself.
>
> After the human machine has been inspected, the individual will be advised to see his family physician, who will be furnished a full statement of the results of the examination—high blood pressure, or whatever the disability or disabilities may be.

Thus the Institute is designed to be a self-supporting business enterprise; but two-thirds of any profit there may be above 5 per cent. on the capital invested is to be applied to "extending its public usefulness." Finally, the names of the men prominent in the organization are such as to offer strong warrant for the expectation that its work will be carried on upon a high plane. Among them we note ex-President Taft, Col. Gorgas, Dr. William H. Welch, Prof. Irving Fisher, and others of national and international eminence. Mr. E. E. Rittenhouse, whose devotion to work of this nature in connection with the Equitable Life and the Provident Savings is well known, will be president of the Institute.

That such a provision for competent medical examination of individuals, at little or no cost to the person examined, is capable of doing a vast amount of good will hardly be questioned. The early discovery of slight impairments, which would induce the man involved to consult his doctor before it is too late, cannot fail, in thousands of cases, to avert developments which, in default of such timely knowledge, result in disease, disability, and premature death. But it will not do to ignore the objections to a general resort to the practice, even from the standpoint of physical health, pure and simple. So long as there is selection—so long as only those go to the medical examiner who person-

ally feel that it is advisable for them to do so—the benefit doubtless vastly outweighs the harm; but there is room for harm as well as good. There is, to begin with, the danger of a false diagnosis—and diagnoses may be mischievously false in degree even when they are right in kind—which is far from being a negligible quantity; but even if the diagnosis is perfect, it is by no means certain that imparting of it will be of physical benefit to the person examined. The knowledge of a slight "impairment" may, through its psychic effect, do the individual vastly more bodily harm than the measures prescribed by his physician will do good. We believe that it is distinctly an open question whether the introduction of yearly medical examination as a universal practice would increase the average term of human life.

Nor will it do to look upon a question of this kind as conclusively determined by its physical results. Even if it were demonstrated beyond a doubt that the average length of human life would be increased by the universal practice of periodical medical examination, it would still remain a question whether the establishment of that practice was desirable. There is such a thing as paying too dear for a few added years of life. A hearty man who goes about his work and his play, his duties and ambitions and pleasures, without a thought of his health, may, through having this or that unsuspected danger thrust upon his attention, suffer an impairment of happiness, and even of usefulness, for which no mere prolongation of existence, and no ordinary improvement of physical health, can supply a recompense. In this matter, men present an infinite variety. There was a world of wisdom as well as of wit in the reply of the old lady to a great hygienic expert who wrote to ask her how she accounted for living to the age of a hundred. "Account for it," she said, "what nonsense! I have done just as I pleased, and the Lord has kept me alive."

By an odd coincidence there appeared in one of the New York papers on the same day with the publication of the prospectus the announcement of a forthcoming article by a physician, long connected with the Health Board, who "believes that institutes to examine each citizen annually should be established. Whether Dr. Biggs's idea is that such examination should be obligatory we cannot say, but the use of the word "citizen" seems to look that way. The truth is that there are a number of "movements" in our day that point to the kind of control of personal life of which such a proposal would be an illustration. Compulsory vaccination and other sanitary regulations stand in an entirely different category; they are measures for the protection of the public health or the maintenance of such standards of living as are indispensable to decency or civilization. But that a man should be compelled to have the condition of his own health officially investigated in order to prevent a possible shortening of his own life would be an intolerable invasion of reasonable personal liberty. There is no danger that anything of the kind will be attempted in the near future, but there is no telling to what a point the fanaticism of race culture—or whatever the particular cant may be that fits this case—may be carried.

A GREAT PHYSICIAN.

It is because he combined with a great career as a physician the production of a notable series of works in prose and verse that the death of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell attracts such general attention throughout the country. But if he had never published a story or a poem, his name, though it would have been on far fewer tongues, would be hardly less deserving of a place of extraordinary honor and distinction. In this day of systematic and organized research, making almost daily advances in the science and art of medicine, the type of which he was one of the finest examples is overshadowed by another from which mankind is receiving measureless benefits and to which it owes unstinted praise. But the time has not come, the time never will come, when personal qualities of mind and heart and character like those of Dr. Mitchell can lose their priceless value or cease to command the affection and homage which are their due. After scientific research has done its utmost, there will still remain the need for that peculiar intuition which is the mark of the born physician, and for that combination of sympathy and force, of careful thought and unflinching will, which are essential to the highest work of the great practitioner. And in no field of medicine are these qualities of more vital importance than in that of nervous diseases, to which nearly the whole of Dr. Mitchell's life was devoted.

It would be misleading, however, to think of Dr. Mitchell as in any sense representative of a contrast between the type of the research student and the type of the practitioner. On the contrary, the foundation of his medical reputation was laid in several remarkable and original investigations which he made early in his career; investigations not belonging to the domain which he afterwards made his specialty. Nor in this domain was his work only that of the able and devoted physician bringing succor to thousands of individuals whose cases had baffled the efforts of less gifted or less masterful practitioners; for it was the originality of his methods as well as the power with which he applied them that constituted the distinction of his practice. But in research, and in the initiation of new methods, he was but one of a multitude; it was in the qualities of his personality that he stood as one of an extremely small group, the representative of a type which must ever be rare but without which the world would be infinitely poorer. In quite a different way, but perhaps even more strikingly, the power of sheer personal qualities is illustrated by another American medical career, that of Dr. Osler. It was to his rare gifts of intuition, sympathy, judgment, and personal charm, rather than to any extraordinary scientific equipment, that he owed his preëminence as a medical consultant; and the powerful influence which he exerted on the progress of medical education in America was due, above all, to the enthusiasm and loyalty he inspired in those with whom he was associated, and especially in his students.

Dr. Mitchell's literary achievements did not, like Dr. Holmes's, put his medical fame into the shade. This is both because his medical work was of more signal importance and continued to the last to absorb his energies except during his professional vacations, and because his literary productions in prose and verse, though of a high order of merit, do not possess the distinction or excellence which place Dr. Holmes's

works among the chief treasures of American literature. But in the case of neither of these eminent medical men was the turning to literary production in middle life an accident. In both cases the talent and the desire for writing manifested itself in short but striking productions in early manhood. In both cases a fuller indulgence of that desire was postponed for many years. But Dr. Mitchell continued to be chiefly absorbed in the exhausting labors of his strenuous practice; while Dr. Holmes, after the phenomenal impression made by the Autocrat, became chiefly a man of letters. In both instances we have illustrated, what it is always a great pleasure to see, the combination of literary talent with the acuteness and precision of the scientific temperament. That the combination is not so unusual as is generally believed the *jeux d'esprit* of a number of great scientists—Clerk Maxwell, for example—bear witness.

Dr. Mitchell was the last of a group of three Philadelphians, of nearly the same age, who, each in his own department, occupied a position of peculiar eminence. He was born in 1829; Henry C. Lea, who died four years ago, was born four years earlier, and Horace Howard Furness, who died in 1912, was born four years later than Mitchell. The three men were warm friends, and it is not many cities that can boast of a trio of old men at once so distinguished and possessed of such admirable and delightful traits of character. Different as were their fields of activity, there was one thing common to them all, besides their high aims and their interest in humanity. They were all three filled with the spirit of scholarship, and represented its finest traditions. If there is growing up in Philadelphia a group of men who in their old age will be worthy of being classed with these three whom she has recently lost, she is fortunate above most of her sisters.

DIALECTS ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

To the recent British lament over the decay of the so-called popular tongue, the first pamphlet of the new Society for Pure English adds its voice. After outlining the Society's hope "to assist conscientiously in the development of English," it lays down certain preliminary principles. These chiefly look to a restoration of the old popular sense for native expression—for a speech rich in localism, dialectic raciness, naturalness in idiom and diction. Recital of the fact that in Cornish, Sussex, Northumbrian, and the other dialects is the land's real reservoir of fresh, energetic English and its best mint of new words is not new; and the statement that they are the last refuge, in their vowel sounds and syllabic rhythm, from the current slurred pronunciation, only reflects Dr. Bridges's long-familiar views. But the pamphlet falls in with a general concern over the drying-up of the sturdy vernacular, and its encrusting by an artificial, town-bred speech. Correspondents have lately gone into remote districts, only to ascertain sadly that "journalese" had thrown a mortal dart at dialects once as vital as in Eliot's Lancashire rustics, or Scott's lowlanders, or the Devon of Blackmore, or Wessex of Hardy. Some tributes paid to the indigenous tongues are only less extravagant than Yeats's claim for the unpolluted speech of the Irish peasant.

To maintain that our American problem of preserving dialects is equally important would be absurd. Diffused education and currents of democratic thought have hindered the birth of true dialects on our soil, as the migratory habits of our population have refused them sustenance. So, too, the growing dominance of urban life has worked against them. Our local colorists have reflected in fiction dozens of distinct forms of dialect, but rather by accentuating the extreme individuality of New England, or the South, or the Far West, than by faithfully reproducing the vernacular of even the most rural community. Any American understands any of our dialect writers, while he would be gravelled by the first line of modern Cheshire or Kentish or Norfolk. Our fiction does, however, indicate popular forms of speech, nowadays much endangered. The Government has reported the inroads made by the moonlight schools of Kentucky upon the sturdy negligence of the mountain tongue. The picturesque acridity of New England speech, now swamped by foreigners, was vitally distinct from the broad humor of prairie diction, now fast being urbanized; the explosive West of Bret Harte has been civilized to a degree; even in the South, the old Creole-land and the old Virginia are becoming traditional. That these lines of cleavage represented a native vigor is beyond question. The chief agents in their destruction are the schoolmaster and the newspaper abroad. The newspapers could not be written in the style of Sir Thomas Browne or De Quincey, even if such writers were available; but it is unfortunate that they and other agencies are making current a standardized speech that is driving idiomatic coin out of even remote circulation.

Such idiom smacks of the soil. Wedded to localities, its preservation seems, in theory, feasible. The life of every section is reflected in its speech. In glory of cadence no American dialect equals "The Shadow of the Glen" or "Riders to the Sea." But we have a storehouse on which we can never afford to turn the key. Take a lower-Mississippi sentence that Clemens might have copied: "There's been a fray on the river—I don't know how the fraction began, but Dan and Bill feathered into the Joneses with their rifles." Agincourt bowmen would have understood "feathered into." In the tongue of the Appalachians storm is tempest, gay is gamesome, strong is sur-vigorous, the air is the element, agriculture is tilth and husbandry, medicine is physick. The people speak in metaphor as readily as the Tudors. One can hear in the Great Smokies, as in Marlowe, of cowards whose blood is snow-broth and heroes bold as brass. To become ashamed of speech with a colloquial flavor is to become ashamed of the very speech that has primitive thews and muscles. To read the country conversations of that random walker, Clifton Johnson, in his Highways and Byways Series, and compare the shrewd point of talk in "unprogressive" with the stilted flatness of "progressive" localities, is as instructive as to compare the Lincoln-Douglas debates with present-day Congressional oratory. The homespun language has a past; in it beats the heart of deep feeling, and its sayings and phrases have a race-old distillation of wisdom.

FUN IN LATIN.

The scholars of Westminster in London have been in the habit of giving an original Latin play every year, of the nature of a "review." That is to say, the chief events of the past twelvemonth,

political and social, are made the subject of skits and jokes in Latin verse. This year's performance, which was so successful that it was given three times, had a great many amusing grinds on persons in public life, with witticisms about current fads in society. When one says that all this is good fun-making, allowance has to be made for the peculiar titillation which always comes from catching the point of a joke in a foreign language. And a special humor, of this derived sort, seems to lie in the fact that gibes at Lloyd George and jests at Larkin and puns and sly allusions at the expense of fashionable folk are found in school-boy elegiacs.

In the play, Davus, a "Misaristocrat," is easily recognizable as the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He and Simo, plainly Sir Rufus Isaacs, are discovered at table, drinking healths to "Marcone" and to a colleague absent "in urbe Bogota." This was Lord Murray, of course, whose absence in Colombia at the time of the Marconi inquiry was much remarked upon. To his health Davus drinks enthusiastically, with the hope that it will be a long time before he gets back:

Absenti socio! longa sit usque via!

Presently Chremes comes in, the "plebis turbator Hibernæ," and excitedly demands how they dared put him in jail. But Lloyd George reminds Larkin that he is there a free man, and Sir Rufus Isaacs points him to the new inscription over the prison door: "Who enters here leaves *fear* behind." And a bystander adds the comment that Larkin got out more quickly than he got in:

Exitus hinc citior quam datur introitus.

But Larkin Chremes declares that he must go on with his "fiery cross" (*ignea crux*), whereupon Sir Rufus warns him that he will himself be burned by it, if he is not careful. At this point news comes that the Lord Chancellor has resigned, and Sir Rufus says that he is willing to accept the office. Lloyd George asks him, doubtfully, if he is able to pronounce the judgment of Paris, whereupon Charinus enters, a "Chameleon Authority on Dress," and Davus exclaims: "Atque eccum Paris ipse!"

After this the fun is diverted to suffragists and modern costumes and dances. Lesbia appears with a slit skirt, and Sir Rufus offers to aid her, it being apparent to him that she had "torn something" in getting out of her "Teutonic chariot" (query, automobile?). But Davus cries out to him:

O asine! hunc mulier fert hodierna modum.

To add to the confusion, a dancer comes in and makes advances to Larkin, who cries out upon the "Gallican" and protests angrily:

Nil ego tango te; ne tu me tange.

The samples given will suffice. But the enterprise of making a Latin play as snappy and "topical" and up-to-date as a French "revue" deserves a word of comment by itself. It might be thought to prove that Latin is not so dead a language, in every sense of the term, as has been asserted. To make it a vehicle for jokes of the day would seem to show that it is very much alive. And it is not merely a question of the students, who perhaps laboriously wrote and learned their parts, but of the auditors. If the hall could be three times filled with an audience quick to see and applaud each thrust, are we right in thinking that the habit of Latin quotation has so nearly gone out because there is nobody left to understand it? For our part, we should greatly like, if we honestly could, to draw comfort for the lovers of the classics from this Westminster play; but truth compels us to state that every one who attends the performance is furnished with an English translation, and also with a sort of little "book of the play" giving the gist of it. This seems like a dashing of the last hope, yet it must not be forgotten that many a good Latin scholar, judged by modern standards, cannot easily understand the language when it is spoken, or speak it himself. A tongue that is taught as "dead" inevitably becomes dead in this sense. And so it is, as the London *Times* remarks, that a "great instrument has been lost, which should have continued to be, as it was throughout the Middle Ages, the common means of understanding and fellowship for all educated men."

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

HANOVER, N. H., January 2.

Charleston, S. C., was the historic town chosen for the twenty-ninth meeting of the American Historical Association, beginning December 29. The four-score members who went by special train from New York enjoyed on the way a morning's visit at Richmond; in the afternoon, at Petersburg, they were whirled out by automobile to the scenes of the great conflict about that town; standing on the edge of "The Crater," as the peaceful rays of the descending sun fell through the trees, they listened to the picturesque narrative of a veteran who had lived through that calamitous day. At Charleston, likewise, the historic houses, the visit to Fort Sumter, and the military papers read at the meeting were vivid reminders of the past. At Columbia, where a final session was held, the members of the Association, as guests of the Board of Trade, greatly enjoyed a luncheon and an automobile view of the growing city and its thriving cotton mills.

A notable feature of the Charleston meeting, aside from the prominence of American history on the programme, and aside from the pleasant Southern flavor lent by the locality, was the devotion of many discussions to subjects other than the old-fashioned strictly political sort of history—to special conferences on religious, commercial, military, legal, and social and industrial history. These special conferences emphasized the breadth and many-sidedness of present historical study among the members of the Association. A word or two in regard to these.

The study of American religious history was commended by Professor Jameson to laymen, especially in view of the fact that the management of church affairs in America has been so much more in the hands of laymen than in Europe. He also urged that the various denominations, especially the Catholics and the Protestants, should try for a fuller and more sympathetic understanding of each other's history in America. M. W. Jernegan, of Chicago, on the basis of a careful study of letters from American missionaries, analyzed the un-Christian manner in which the early Christian colonists treated their slaves. J. S. Bassett, of Smith, dealing with the development of popular churches after the Revolution, shed a light on the heroism of the little pioneer churches as they pushed out on the frontier.

A large attendance evidenced much interest in the conference on Social and Industrial Aspects of Modern History. W. P. Hall, of Princeton, in a paper pleasing in style and sound in content, explained how *laissez-faire* doctrines in English politics broke down in the early nineteenth century under the influence of factory legislation, Malthusianism, trade-unionism, and Owenism. James Sullivan, of the Boys' High School in Brooklyn, gave an amusing account of the inadequacy of most of our history textbooks—of their failure to interest pupils because they contain too many dry political and military facts which have no direct relation to the pupil's every-day experiences and training for

practical life. He succeeded in stirring up a vigorous discussion, of which the upshot seemed to be that political history must be retained as the backbone of history; that some greater emphasis may profitably be given to the social and industrial side of history, especially for the period since the great economic changes wrought by the Industrial Revolution; but that historians must be careful not to draw, nor allow their students to draw, analogies between the past and the present, which at first sight seem attractive and interesting, but which, upon careful investigation, may prove to be wholly fallacious. Teachers interested in present economic forces must be careful not to fall into the unhistorical pitfall of reading twentieth-century motives into fifteenth-century men. To one who thinks that the present enthusiasm for socializing and industrializing history is excessive and unstable, it was noticeable that the enthusiasts denied their faith by their works. For the next morning, when C. M. Andrews, of Yale, read a careful paper on colonial commerce, none of them was present; they were either in the overcrowded room below, listening to excellent papers on the much-abused subject of military history, or at a conference on methods of teaching, or elsewhere. Yet Professor Andrews was analyzing, out of his abundant knowledge of colonial manuscript material on both sides of the Atlantic, the exports and imports, the trade routes, and the resultant social and industrial aspects of colonial life two centuries ago.

In an entertaining paper on "Legal Materials as Sources for Modern English History" A. L. Cross, of Michigan, indicated how rich for the general investigator of modern English history, as well as for the historian of the English law, are the records of the cases decided in the common-law courts, the rolls of quarter sessions, and the records of manorial courts. Some of the latter existed into the nineteenth century, even such a great city as Manchester, for instance, being under the jurisdiction of a manorial court until 1846, when the corporation of the city bought out the rights of the lord of the manor for £200,000.

In the conference on the teaching of history, out of a discussion by F. L. Paxon, James Sullivan, H. D. Foster, and others, there grew a resolution looking towards the coöperation of the American Historical Association with the local associations of history teachers for defining the content of the fields of history in the secondary schools.

In the presence of a large evening audience the president of the South Carolina Historical Society, Mr. J. W. Barnwell, gave an eloquent address in which he touched the high places of South Carolina history. Professor Dunning's presidential address, which followed, was, as one would expect, charmingly witty, keen, and convincing. Disguising his subject as "Truth in History," he showed how the critical scholarship of the nineteenth century since Niebuhr has destroyed the legends and myths of ancient Roman history, and how yet it was this legendary "untrue" history which influenced the motives of the makers of history from Dante and Machiavelli to Luther and Montesquieu. It was not the actual events at Ems, of which we now know the truth, but the untrue version of them, which occasioned the Franco-Prussian War. "The course of human history is no more influenced by what is true than by what is supposed to be true." Fortunately, Professor Dunning's address is appearing in the current number of the *American Historical Review*, where its reading is commended to all, and especially to those who believe in the economic, the geographical, or other "sundrylogical" interpretations of history.

Space will fail if we tell of many other excellent papers, of the archivists and the local historical societies, and of the business meeting, with its discussion of the system of electing officers. Suffice it to say G. L. Burr becomes second vice-president to follow A. C. McLaughlin and H. Morse Stephens in regular succession to the presidency. Evarts B. Greene, of the University of Illinois, becomes secretary of the Council in the place of C. H. Haskins, who has resigned. The regular December meeting of 1914 will be at Chicago; that of 1915, at Washington, with an extra meeting on the Pasific Coast in the summer of 1915, and that of 1916 probably at Cincinnati.

S. B. F.

THE SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE AND EXEGESIS.

New York City, Dec. 31, 1913.

The annual meeting of the Society, held on Monday and Tuesday, December 29 and 30, was the most successful in its history, by virtue both of the large attendance of members and of the number of papers announced in the meetings. The host of the Society this year was the Jewish Theological Seminary, in the admirably equipped building of which institution the meetings were held, as was also the dinner on Monday evening, tendered by the authorities of the Seminary to the members of the Society. The dinner brought more than sixty members of the Society together and gave an opportunity for pleasant social intercourse. A brief address of welcome was made by President Schecther, of the Seminary; and two distinguished visitors, Professor Dobschütz, of the University of Heidelberg, who is the exchange professor at Harvard University this winter, and Prof. Arthur Ungnad, who is at present filling the chair of Assyriology at the University of Pennsylvania, were called upon for brief addresses. Both scholars emphasized the pleasure that it gave them to witness the present activity of American scholarship in so many fields.

At the first session of the Society on Monday afternoon, after the routine business had been dispatched, Prof. George A. Barton, of Bryn Mawr College, delivered the presidential address, which was devoted to a survey of the literature during the past year in both Old and New Testament, as well as in Biblical archæology and some adjacent fields. Professor Barton emphasized the growing tendency both in Old and New Testament fields towards agreement on large essential questions of literary criticism, together with a frank recognition on the part of the more careful scholars of the existence of problems not yet ripe for a solution. At the same time Professor Barton condemned in no uncertain terms the endeavors made in some quarters to raise a doubt as to the foundations of modern Biblical criticism. Referring to the recent effective answer given to critics of the modern school by Principal Skinner, of Cambridge University, Professor Barton added as his own contribution the proof that the attacks upon modern scholars rested on a misconception. The critical theory, he insisted, is not in any way affected either by the circumstance that it has not yet succeeded in solving all the problems of Old and New Testament study or by lack of agreement among scholars in regard to questions of detail. Professor Barton also paid his respects to those who in misguided zeal use "Biblical archæology" as a weapon of attack against critical scholars. He showed that this kind of Biblical archæology was entirely unscientific and either misapplied or misunderstood the real bearings of excavations and other phases of archæological study.

No less than thirty-five papers were announced in the printed programme, to which number several more were added after the meetings had begun. It was impossible for all the papers to be read in the three sessions arranged for. A compromise was effected by curtailing the time allotted for the reading of the papers and limiting those who had announced several papers to reading only one. If the activity of the Society continues to grow in the same proportion as during the past few years it will be necessary to arrange for one or two additional sessions. As on former occasions, there was a preponderance of papers in the field of Old Testament study over those in the New Testament. Indeed, this time the number of New Testament papers was so small, barely a half-dozen, that one is tempted to

ask the question, What is the matter with the New Testament scholars in this country? Are they so much occupied with teaching and routine duties as not to find time for investigation, or is the small showing of New Testament scholarship at the meetings of the Society due to timidity, or to other causes? To be sure, what the New Testament papers lacked in numbers was made up by the quality, though all but one or two of these papers were of too technical a character to be reported here.

Professor Bacon, in a brief abstract of his paper on "Jesus as the Suffering Servant in Paul," remarked upon the fact that there appeared to be scarcely any appeal in New Testament writings to the famous 53d chapter of Isaiah. Professor Torrey, of Yale University, placed convincing evidence before the members for his thesis that the Book of Acts reverts to a Semitic source, and that this source was in all probability Aramaic.

Of the papers relating to the Old Testament the same general remark applies as to those in the New Testament field, namely, that the majority were of a technical character; some of them, indeed, technical to a superlative degree. Of most general interest was the address by Prof. Warren J. Moulton, of Bangor, Me., giving an account of the year spent by him in Palestine as the director of the American School of Archæology at Jerusalem. Professor Moulton made no less than five different tours with the students of the school in Palestine and Egypt, and was fortunate enough to discover an exceedingly interesting painted tomb, at Bêt Dschibrîn, which, while dating from the Christian period, contained many symbolical representations that were clearly survivals of an earlier age. Such painted tombs are quite rare in Palestine, and the one found by Professor Moulton forms a valuable complement to a still finer specimen discovered a number of years ago by Professor Thiersch, of Munich, and Dr. Peters, of New York.

One of the most important announcements made at the meeting, though not bearing directly on Biblical studies, was by Professor Clay, of Yale University, who was fortunate enough to come into possession recently of a fragment of a cuneiform tablet which proved to be part of the Sumerian original (or prototype, as Professor Clay calls it) of the famous Code of Hammurapi. It was known that this Code, the Babylonian text of which was discovered in 1900, was a translation from the Sumerian, and it is of great interest now to find portions of the original language of the Code turning up through dealers in antiquities.

An unusually interesting communication was that presented by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, on the Sins of Jezebel, which showed conclusively that the accounts of this queen in the Book of Kings represented in part distorted facts and in part involved such incredible assumptions as to reveal their late origin; the purpose was to reflect on the character of the wife of Ahab, who as a foreigner was not looked upon with favor by the pious compilers of later days.

Another paper of real value was that by Professor Friedländer, of the Jewish Theological Seminary, who, on the basis of a plausible interpretation of Jeremiah iii, 16, sets forth new reasons for believing that the Ark of the Covenant actually disappeared at the time of the destruction of the Temple in 586 B. C., and that at the time of the catastrophe it was thrown or placed in the chamber in which the wood for the temple sacrifices was kept.

An interesting feature in connection with the meeting was the exhibition of manuscripts and early Hebrew prints in the upper floor of the building of the Jewish Theological Seminary. This collection was merely a sample of the rich treasures acquired by the Seminary during the less than two decades of its existence. Among the 141 specimens displayed there were such treasures as a copy of the Genoa edition of the Psalms, of 1516, in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and Aramaic, with a Latin commentary in the course of which there is a mention of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus—interesting as the first reference to the event in any printed work. The exhibition also included a copy of the edition of the Psalms with Kimhi's commentary printed in Bologna, 1477, which is generally regarded as the first Hebrew print. There was also the copy of a Hebrew Bible printed in Brescia in 1494, the second complete edition of the Old Testament, which is of special interest as the one used by Martin Luther. A Hebrew book issued from the press of Soncino in 1491 is noteworthy as the first Hebrew print with woodcuts. A work of Petras Niger, printed in Esslingen in 1475, contains the first Hebrew characters printed in Germany. The exhibition gave to members an opportunity of seeing what is now the third largest collection of Hebrew and Rabbinical litreature in the world.

At one of the business sessions announcement was made of the appointment of Prof. James A. Montgomery, of the University of Pennsylvania, as director of the American School of Archæology in Jerusalem for the coming year, 1914-15.

By unanimous vote Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, was elected president of the Society, and Prof. Charles C. Torrey, of Yale University, vice-president.

The report of the managing committee of the American School at Jerusalem gave an account of the activity of the school during the past year, and emphasized once more the need of gathering an immediate fund of at least $100,000, to erect a suitable building and provide for a permanent director of the school. Land for the proposed building was purchased some years ago, and it is to be earnestly hoped that efforts will be made during the coming year to obtain the necessary funds for the erection of a suitable home for archæological research in so important a centre as Palestine.

M. J., JR.

Correspondence

ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS IN HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of those who take the College Entrance Examination Board's examination in history, a very large proportion fail every year. In June last 70 per cent. of the candidates in American history failed to pass. This fact, of course, creates no little comment, and some indignation; and the demand for some explanation of so great a mortality is reasonable. The explanations are various. It is charged that the questions are too difficult. When an investigation of the questions shows that this charge is not true, the blame is laid on the persons who read the answers. These readers are said to be too severe. The last explanation to date is that the American Historical Association is trying to use the College Board to elevate standards of history teaching "unduly." The following paragraph is from the New York *Evening Post's* (November 22) notice of the annual meeting of the College Board:

> The committee on examination ratings presented a report, in which the Board's history examinations were discussed. It was pointed out that the results in history were poorer than in any other subject, and that secondary schools were evidently not doing the work called for by the requirements recommended by the American Historical Association. It was said by some that through the influence of the American Historical Association the College Entrance Examination Board had been used as a lever in an attempt to elevate unduly the standards of history-teaching, and that the standards set up were unattainable, not only from the point of view of the maturity of the students in the secondary schools, but also from the point of view of the time that can be given to history in the programme of study in even the very best schools.

Now it may easily be conceded that history is badly taught in many secondary schools, as in many institutions of other grades. It may even be conceded that the American Historical Association has been guilty of trying, very modestly, to improve the teaching, though there are many who would deny that this compliment is deserved. It might be conceded, though it cannot be proved, that the secondary school pupils are too immature to study history properly, or to meet the sort of examinations set. All of these things are largely matters of opinion; and all of us

can, this being the case, lay the blame as far from us as our arms will reach. The last clause of the paragraph quoted, however, has in it a statement the accuracy of which is open to somewhat more definite discussion. What about the time assigned to history in the secondary schools? Is it sufficient? Is it reasonable?

It is assumed that the schools had in mind by the writer of the paragraph are those which prepare boys for the College Board's examinations. Therefore they know what the examination is meant to embrace. History is what is called a one-unit subject. It is understood in all educational circles now that the College Board's units stand for the result of a year's work in a subject on which the student recites five times a week. Yet it is perfectly well known to every one who has looked into the matter that those who complain about these examinations in history are giving their students three-hour courses in history and expecting them to pass an examination based on a five-hour schedule. Physics, for example, is more likely to receive six hours than three or four. It should receive five, since it is a one-unit subject. The languages and mathematics receive at least five hours a week for each unit.

Now this is no plea that history receive five hours. It is not even a plea that history be recognized as a college-preparation subject. It may not be. The field may be too large and too indefinite. This is not a plea for anything but an honest recognition of one or two elementary facts: First, whether or not a unit is to represent a five-hour course; secondly, whether or not the examination in a five-hour course should be so set that those who take three-hour courses can pass it; thirdly, whether it is fair or reasonable for the principals who send up students with a three-hour course to try to lay the blame for failures where the blame does not belong. One of the first things our boys and girls need is candor and fairness. One doubts whether such an attitude towards standards is likely to train them in these qualities.

EDGAR DAWSON.

Normal College, New York, January 2.

TITIAN'S PHILIP II.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: The newspapers yesterday gave us news of the sale by Sir Hugh Lane to an American lady of Titian's original portrait of Philip II. The portrait is of so great interest that it is worth while to have every detail of its history, so far as may be, correctly recorded. This was not done in most of the newspaper accounts over here, which stated that "since it left the painter's easel in the sixteenth century the work has only passed through four hands" (*Daily Telegraph*), and further that before Sir Hugh Lane "acquired the canvas it had been the treasured possession of the late Professor von Lenbach, who purchased it from the original owners, the Giustiniani family, of the Palazzo Barbarigo, Padua."

The picture has certainly passed through more than four hands since Titian's death, nor did Sir Hugh Lane purchase it from the Lenbach family. On the painter's death, in 1576, the canvas passed to his son, Pomporio Vecelli, who squandered his patrimony and finally sold his house and its contents to Christoforo Barbarigo. Ridolfi (see "Maraviglie dell' Arte," Venice, 1648, p. 181) mentions the portrait as owned by Gli Signori Barbarighi di San Polo. Later this picture and the original portrait of Francis I (the original of the picture in the Louvre) passed to Count Sebastian Giustiniani Barbarigo, of Padua. When they were in Padua, they were seen by Dr. Bode, of Berlin, who (as the story has been told me) desired to purchase them for Berlin, the price then being only a few thousand marks for the two. Not being able to procure the money, he persuaded Professor von Lenbach to buy them, hoping to get them later from him. The professor, however, refused to part with them (though they were the cause of litigation in the German courts), and after his death they were sold by his widow, through Heinemann, the Munich dealer, to Messrs. Agnew, of London. This was in 1911. While in Agnew's hands they were offered to various buyers, among others the late Mr. Morgan and the Boston Museum, for a price considerably less than the Philip is now reported to have brought. Finally Sir Hugh Lane bought the Philip, and it has been in his "collection" only a few months, he being the fifth and not the fourth owner. RICHARD NORTON.

London, December 23, 1913.

JEFFERSON AS ARCHITECT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Every student will heartily second your praise of Dr. Lambeth's "Thomas Jefferson as an Architect" for its service in reproducing certain of Jefferson's architectural manuscripts. Unfortunately, however, your review gives the impression that the book is a thorough presentation of Jefferson's achievements in architecture. The neglect of important documents previously published, which have been held to lessen Jefferson's part in the design of the University of Virginia, leaves this considerable aspect of the question for further discussion, while an evident lack of familiarity with other circumstances at the time prevents Dr. Lambeth from pointing out Jefferson's most vital significance.

Dr. Lambeth's speculations as to what Thornton may have sent Jefferson in reply to Jefferson's request for sketches for the University should have been rendered unnecessary by the publication of Thornton's answer by Mr. Glenn Brown in the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects* for January, 1913. Mr. Brown, who, as author of the official history of the Capitol at Washington, is familiar with Thornton's work, even makes the statement that the drawings preserved at Charlottesville are exactly the kind of drawings that Thornton made for the Capitol and other buildings, and that he feels confident they are the ones Thornton sent Jefferson. In this matter, at least, we must take Jefferson's part, for Thornton himself states that he sends only two "specimens of the orders," and comparison of the Corinthian capitals in the Virginia MSS., for instance, with those in drawings of Thornton's, leaves no room for doubt that the former were the work of one relatively an amateur in draughtsmanship. To Jefferson is due the credit for the design of the University, in spite of his adoption of several of Thornton's suggestions. Such absurd superiority to Thornton as Dr. Lambeth ascribes to him (p. 93), however, is discredited by the most casual comparison of the published documents.

Jefferson's real distinction is one at which Dr. Lambeth merely hints; it rests in the first instance on his design for the Capitol of Virginia, which Dr. Lambeth mentions only in passing. This design, the exterior of which followed as closely as possible that of the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, he sent from Paris in 1785 with the expressed purpose "of introducing into the State an example of architecture in the classic style of antiquity." Both in form and in principle this was the beginning of the classical revival in the United States. The architectural career of Thornton here did not begin till 1793, that of Latrobe till 1797 at earliest. Neither of these men, moreover, though they used pure classical forms, followed the method of the true revivalists who later covered the country with literal reproductions of ancient buildings, their interiors converted to modern uses. It was Jefferson who initiated this method, calling down on himself the just complaint of Dr. Dunglison, the medical lecturer he brought from England, that he was used to "planning the architectural exterior first, and leaving the interior to shift for itself." However much we deplore the revivals of earlier architectural styles during the nineteenth century, we must recognize that such revivals were not less expressive of contemporary culture, dominated as it was by the newly discovered historical method, than previous styles have been in their own periods. Of this characteristic tendency in American architecture Thomas Jefferson was pioneer.

SIDNEY FISKE KIMBALL.

University of Michigan, December 31, 1913.

REVERSED INSTRUMENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: The January number of the *Century Magazine*, on page 377, reports the following interesting incident: "Many thousands of the poor Russians followed while a military band with reversed instruments played Tchaikovsky's dirge." Beresin, in his "Skizze der Inneren Organisation des Dschudschi Ulus" (Arb. d. Orient abth. d. Ak. d. Wiss. 1864, p. 387), mentions the weird music fashionable at the Court of the Khan of the Golden Horde at Kiptchak. Can it be that the Russians, under Tartar domination, have invented musical instruments which upon solemn occasions can also be played upside-down?

I am neither very musical nor very familiar with Russian history. Can any of your readers tell me what sort of effect a reversed band has, and is there a chance of hearing such music well played in this country?

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

Washington, December 28, 1913.

PROFESSOR PEARSON'S CONCLUSIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: Your article on "Eugenics and Common-Sense" (December 4, 1913), is timely and excellent. The writer has, however, fallen into serious error in his reference to Professor Pearson's conclusions respect-

ing the effect of alcohol on offspring (Galton Laboratory, Memoir, No. 10, 1910). Professor Pearson did not personally conduct any direct investigation on this subject similar to those carefully made by Drs. Rudolph Demme, Taav Laitinen, W. C. Sullivan, and others, who have shown clearly the extensive ruin of children by parental drunkenness. What Professor Pearson and his associate, Miss Elderton, did was simply this: They took the somewhat carelessly collected data relating chiefly to a slum district in Edinburgh, gathered by charity workers for another purpose, and drew elaborate conclusions, without using any corrective factor—the facts respecting an equal number of children born of abstaining parents. Practically all the children studied were those of drinking parents. There was no comparison with children in normal, temperate families. Conclusions so reached are obviously most untrustworthy and misleading. All this was pointed out by many eminent specialists some three years ago, in the controversy which followed the publication of the Memoir, in such papers as the London *Times*, the *British Medical Journal*, the *British Journal of Inebriety*, and others. These criticisms completely discredited the so-called "findings" of Professor Pearson.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Boston, December 25, 1913.

Literature

THE FAR SOUTH.

Scott's Last Expedition. In Two Volumes: Vol. I, The Journals of Capt. R. F. Scott, R.N., C.V.O.; Vol. II, The Reports of the Journeys and the Scientific Work Undertaken by Dr. E. A. Wilson and the Surviving Members of the Expedition. Arranged by Leonard Huxley, with a Preface by Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $10 net.

Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for.

So closed the last message to the public of Capt. Robert F. Scott. Thanks to the recovery of his journals, the tale has been told in spite of his own tragic fate, and the hearts that have been stirred know no bounds of race or tongue. It hardly needs to be added that his appeal to his countrymen to care for the material wants of those dependent upon himself and his companions was at once and abundantly granted. And it was fitting that after this was done the friends of Capt. Scott and his party should see to it that the story should go to the reading world in a dress worthy of its inherent nobility. Typography, paper, and binding are all admirable, but the wealth and excellence of pictorial illustration are especially to be commended. The frontispiece of the first volume reproduces in photogravure an oil portrait of Capt. Scott by Harrington Mann, a lovable face, with the highest grade of British devotion to country, duty, family, and friends unmistakably stamped thereon. Dr. Wilson holds the same position in the second volume, the plate being reproduced from a photograph. There are sixteen colored plates from water-color drawings by his hand, and a half-dozen photogravures from his sketches, in addition to above two hundred and fifty photographic illustrations, mostly by Herbert G. Ponting, the official photographer of the expedition. Eight well-defined maps make it easy for the reader to keep his geographical bearings, and the dates are indicated at the head of the pages right through the two volumes, aids which any reader will appreciate who has tried to keep his chronology and geography in hand in his perusal of Stefánsson's new volume. The index, however, is surprisingly weak at important points. For instance, nowhere under the names of Scott or Wilson or Bowers will the reader find any reference to the story of the discovery and burial of their bodies, related on pages 237-8 of the second volume.

Capt. Scott went into the southern ice with an unusually congenial and well-assorted band of companions. Each was well qualified for his particular part, all had faith in him and he in them. Given such weather conditions as Amundsen found, sledging from the Bay of Whales, thirty degrees to the east, a few weeks earlier, and Scott's arrival at the Pole and safe return, by the route which he actually took, would have been sure and fairly speedy. Against his choice of McMurdo Sound as a base, no criticism can justly be offered. It had its proper place in the general plan of a comprehensive scientific expedition, and there was as yet no known reason for suspecting that the western portion of the Ross Barrier, where it encounters the mountain slopes of South Victorian Land, might present weather conditions incomparably more severe than those obtaining on the meridian of the Bay of Whales. Antarctic weather is at best an uncertain quantity, however, and one cannot read this tragic story without coming to the conclusion that Capt. Scott and his party took too great chances in the amount of food and fuel left at the various depots, at all events as far as to the Beardmore Glacier. Evans and Oates, the two who died before the final catastrophe, had given grave signs of weakness before the serious shortage of food and fuel came on, but it is plain enough that with a gallon or two of oil and a few pounds of food in their little tent, Scott, Wilson, and Bowers would easily have worn out the blizzard which caught them only eleven miles from the next depot on March 21. Here, with but two days' food and fuel enough to make tea but twice, a continuous howling gale with blinding snow outside their tent, they lingered at least until the 29th, the last day on which Scott's freezing arm could move the pencil. And the last words were: "We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more. For God's sake, look after our people." Over this closing sentence were written the words "Last entry." When found, eight months later, Scott's sleeping-bag was open and his arm thrown across the body of Wilson, possibly never drawn back into the bag after that last entry was made. There were letters to his wife, his mother, and other relatives and friends written during those terrible days of cold and hunger, but no single word betraying any break in that absolute self-mastery which has fixed the place of Capt. Scott as an example of noble manhood for untold ages to come. And when their sledge was digged out of the snow, upon it was found thirty-five pounds weight of geological specimens from the moraines of Beardmore Glacier, dragged wearily along for the benefit of science for days after the party had given up all but the slenderest chance of life.

While it is true, as we have indicated, that a bit more of food and fuel at the proper points would have turned disaster into victory, yet the story as Capt. Scott's own journals tell it, even before a score of pages have been read, brings an impression of impending ruin and keeps that impression alive and growing almost as steadily as a tragedy of Æschylus marches to its catastrophe. If one imagines that Scott himself did not feel this, let him read the journal entries carefully for, let us say, the six or seven weeks leading up to April 17, 1911, when a new manuscript book is headed with the words of Sir Humphrey Gilbert: "He is not worthy to live at all, who, for fear and danger of death shunneth his country's service or his own honour, since death is inevitable and the fame of virtue is immortal." Twelve miles from Beardmore Glacier, on the way to the Pole, he writes: "A hopeless feeling descends on one and is hard to fight off." And at the Pole: "Now for the run home and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it." These were no words of weakness, but a clear-headed conception of the meaning of the unexpectedly severe atmospheric conditions with which the expedition had been struggling almost continuously since its arrival in McMurdo Sound. Indeed, the struggle had been

so severe that Capt. Scott would have had ample excuse for deciding not to attempt the Pole at all, and still no one can feel like blaming him for following his original plan to the end, nor would any of his party have received with favor a suggestion to do any less.

He was quick to see the probable outcome of Amundsen's appearance in the Bay of Whales. "There is no doubt," he writes, "that Amundsen's plan is a very serious menace to ours. He has a shorter distance to the Pole by sixty miles. I never thought he could have got so many dogs safely to the ice. His plan for running them seems excellent. But above and beyond all, he can start his journey early in the season—an impossible condition with ponies." Not for a moment, however, did he think of altering his plans and entering into a scramble for priority. "The proper, as well as the wiser, course for us is to proceed exactly as though this had not happened. To go forward and do our best for the honor of our country without fear or panic." And so he was not really surprised when, on the afternoon before his arrival at the calculated location, a small black flag flying from a sledge runner stuck into the ice told him of Amundsen's success. "This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. Many thoughts come, and much discussion have we had. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole, and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day-dreams must go: it will be a wearisome return." Scott's calculations fixed the location of the Pole within a fraction of a mile of the point indicated by the marks of Amundsen. This, together with the fact that their converging paths of approach met so short a distance away, tends to increase confidence in the substantial trustworthiness of such observations, in spite of the inherent difficulties, which serious explorers do not deny or minimize. Readers of Peary and Amundsen will remember their admissions on this point.

The journal for the remaining seventy days wrings the reader's heart at every point, as the spectre of oncoming disaster looms ever larger and gloomier through the whirling snows. The drop of 10,000 feet from the plateau to the Ross Barrier, which was expected to bring some relief from the severe temperature, is followed only by a marked change in the opposite direction. Edgar Evans, his strength all run down, his extremities frozen, his mental faculties giving way, dies at the foot of the Beardmore Glacier from concussion of the brain, through a fall. Oates struggles on for four weeks, and then, seeing that the end is near in any event and that his weakness is lessening any slight chance that the others may have, deliberately walks out of the tent into a whirling blizzard and disappears, some twenty miles south of the point where their fate overtook the remaining three. One searches the journal in vain for any word of Scott indicating a suspicion that the disaster came through censurable action or inaction on the part of any one concerned. The oil that he found in the Barrier depots was less than he had expected. He did not know why, but it did not occur to him to blame any one. The explanation now given for this fatal shortage is this: The tins of oil left for the return journey had been exposed to extreme changes of temperature. The oil was especially volatile and the occasional outbursts of bright sunlight tended to vaporize it and thus allow its escape through the corks. This process was facilitated, we are told, by injury to the leather washers about the stoppers, due to the extremes of cold. One can hardly avoid the thought that more careful consideration in advance would have suggested the possibility of just such losses and provided against them by better protection of the tins, but it is a satisfaction to know that there is no warrant whatever for any suspicion that the tins were depleted by members of the supporting parties who returned before the Pole was reached.

In all this tale of tragedy the one thing that grips the mind most powerfully is the strong manhood and lovable personality of Capt. Scott. When the proper time comes, and that ought not to be long, the first volume of this work, his own journals and last letters, should be presented in an edition cheap enough to be within the reach of all. We do not mean by this to depreciate the importance of the second volume, telling of the various lines of exploration and research undertaken apart from the Polar journey; but in these busy times of many books, the strong moral tonic of the first volume, with its essential unity and comparative brevity, should have its broader chance at the public attention by itself.

CURRENT FICTION.

Fascination. By C. C. Lowis. New York: John Lane Co.

The title is due to a minor part played by an East Indian snake charmer, the story being of Burmese life. The general theme is one Kipling has often put into far less verbose form: the marital entanglements brought about by the narrow scope of white society in the over-sea empire. Mr. Cavisham, wife, and daughter no sooner arrive at Mindaung, where the tottering old man is to engage upon some ethnological work, than the young wife and the resident Governor, Chepstowe, who tells the story, feel an irresistible attraction towards each other. The remainder of the book, excluding small parts dealing with the love affair of the daughter and the Vice-Governor, is concerned with this fatal triangle. The wife is quite willing to accept the situation, to the point of encouraging Chepstowe to wait for the death of the failing old man. But the sturdier fibre of the Governor finally asserts itself. "I looked into the future. I saw old Cavisham a confirmed invalid, failing slowly, fading away, bed-ridden; and his wife, sprightly and unconcerned—forever, as I had uncouthly phrased it, 'out in the veranda with the other beggar.' And that philandering other beggar, who waited, smirking there with his indecent cold-bloodedness, to step into a dead man's shoes, was always—myself." And he cuts the knot by marrying a young woman who comes out from home. A sense of humor atones for lack of varied incident.

The Lure of the Little Drum. By Margaret Peterson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The insidious appeal of Eastern sensuality to what is vicious in the Occidental nature, is personified in Ishat Khan, a young Indian prince, who has acquired at Oxford the manners of a gentleman and the mental processes of a Mephistopheles. The victim of his wiles is an Englishwoman who has inherited a streak of bad blood from a disreputable mother. Upon her introduction into Anglo-Indian society, Esther immediately becomes acutely conscious of two natures struggling within her, one responding to the seductions of the subtle Ishat Khan, the other crying for protection to a certain nice, thick-headed, kind-hearted English boy. She marries the latter. Ishat Khan bides his time. The little drum of the title is his wedding gift to her, a toy which symbolizes the fascination upon which he relies. The husband proving more chivalrous than helpful, Esther at length succumbs to temptation and consents to be carried off to Ishat Khan's harem. Redemption obviously can only come through death.

The author is surprisingly free from any tendency towards the Kiplingesque; she makes no pretence of penetrating very deeply into the mysteries of the Asiatic mind. Her theme is developed in a competent and, we might say, business-like fashion. It would need more profound insight into character, or a more potent suggestion of exoticism, to make the story memorable.

The Egotistical I. By Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This book in no wise falls into the

class which its name suggests. It is rather an uncommonly refreshing compound of personal memoirs, little nature-talks, and philosophic revery brought down to a very practical, homely level. The hero or narrator is a simple gentleman arrived at the youthful age of sixty years. He is not even redeemed from positive ugliness "by a pair of keen, penetrating eyes overshadowed by bushy eyebrows." As he says, "One must possess at least one such characteristic to rise above the average, and it is one of my proud boasts that I am a simple American gentleman, clean-shaven, and endowed with a generous supply of common-sense." In his quaint old-gentlemanlike way, he tells of his acquaintances, the Imaginary Listener, the Youthful Pessimist, the Chance Acquaintance, the Young Doctor. His pursuits and the incidents of his life have their share of interest—his garden and his fowls, his summer trips, and his match-making. In his moments of revery he describes the efforts of his mental or "other self" to free his physical self from the commonplace. He laments over the dying art of conversation, and defends the rôle of fibbing in society. In short, the book contains many pleasing ideas expressed in clear terms of everyday life. Its charm lies in a simple flowing style and in the very ordinary nature of the incidents and reflections. The love-story of the Young Doctor and the Youthful Pessimist is a recurring theme.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The Life of Florence Nightingale. By Sir Edward Cook. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

The author of "The Life of Octavia Hill," which was recently reviewed in these columns, has had here a kindred task, and has discharged it with equal zeal and discretion. Miss Nightingale's fame has rested upon a wrong, or at least an insufficient, conception of her character and achievement. Nothing is more difficult than to persuade the world of its error in such a case. The truth is, it does not care to be bothered with a re-judgment of its idols. The legend of Florence Nightingale is a very pretty legend as it stands; but it is a pity that a great figure should be remembered as merely romantic or picturesque, and the present biographer has at least made it unnecessary that Miss Nightingale should be so remembered.

"The popular imagination of Miss Nightingale," he says, "is of a girl of high degree who, moved by a wave of pity, forsook the pleasures of fashionable life for the horrors of the Crimean War; who went about the hospitals of Scutari with a lamp, scattering flowers of comfort and ministration; who retired at the close of the war into private life, and lived thenceforth in the seclusion of an invalid's room—a seclusion varied only by good deeds to hospitals and nurses and by gracious and sentimental pieties." Such, when she went to the front, was the impression seized upon by England, which had been horrified by reports of the neglect of her soldiers in the field; and the impression has never been outlived. It was fixed by the romantic tributes of Longfellow and Miss Yonge, as well as "by the fact of Miss Nightingale's seclusion, by the hidden, almost the secretive, manner in which she worked, by her shrinking from publicity, by her extreme reticence about herself. It is only now, when her papers are accessible, that her real life can be known."

Even Miss Nightingale's service in the Crimean War was far from being, what fancy made it—a sort of glorified "fluke." The frontispiece to the first volume of this work seems, in the light of the past, to have a prophetic value. It is taken from a water-color sketch of Mrs. Nightingale and her two daughters. The mother and her elder daughter (elder by a year) have the furbished and sidelong prettiness of born members of the fine world. The younger child, at eight, though she wears, by fate, the family smile, looks straight forward, with serious brooding eyes: even her dress is plain. Her father was a man of wealth, who loved and succeeded in the rôle of country squire on the grand scale. Her mother and her elder sister were all that the wife and daughter of such a man should be. They asked for nothing better than the life of luxury and social diversion which had been allotted to them. The child Florence, on the other hand, seems to have been early aware of a "call." She exhibited the strange spectacle of a pretty girl with nothing to worry about refusing to be contented with that nothing. She was not an ascetic or humorless person, and enjoyed dancing, and dining, and visiting, as far as they went. But they did not go all the way with her; she was still only a child when she began to astonish and distress her family with aspirations for some career of usefulness. She was frowned upon; and her loyal affection for her people, her whimsical appreciation of their total inability to understand her, long prevented anything like an effectual escape into her own world. The problems of nursing and sanitation had fascinated her even in girlhood, but she was a woman of thirty-four when the need in Turkey freed her to the full exercise of powers carefully trained and developed against all sorts of obstacles to meet precisely the necessity of that hour. She was still beautiful, graceful, an aristocrat in appearance and in manner. No doubt these qualities, with her gentleness and self-sacrifice, acted beneficently upon the poor fellows who lay wounded and helpless in far Turkey. But her more important service was a service of wise administration, of unfailing attention to detail. She came back to England after the campaign a physical wreck, not as a result of the more obvious hardships of camp life, but because she had denied herself all rest of mind and body while the task was in hand.

Her subsequent career, through years of semi-invalidism to extreme old age, was distinguished for its exercise of the same unusual powers. The present record shows that her Crimean experience was in a sense the beginning of her active life—a spectacular episode which served as a starting-point for more valuable achievement. The whole problem of the health of the British soldier had been opened up to her; the foundation of her later work as hospital reformer and pioneer in modern nursing methods had been laid. Later, her interest in the health of British troops in India led to absorption in the wider questions of sanitation in the East—questions which for forty years occupied much of her time, and to which she gave all the vigor of her mind and will. The record of these activities is an essentially sober one; but derives charm from the keen and flexible humor which shines from the correspondence of this remarkable woman, and which always safeguarded her from the extravagances of the mere theorist and reformer.

Monarchical Socialism in Germany. By Elmer Roberts. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Mr. Roberts is a master of the art of condensation. He compresses twelve chapters within the limits of 176 pages, and he accomplishes this without being baldly terse. He etches rather than photographs, and we read him almost as much for himself as for his subject. He begins with a distinction between "paper Socialism," which represents the aims of the Social-Democratic party, and "monarchical Socialism," the Socialism in being, the only collective ownership of mines, railways, lands, forests, and other means of production existent by acts of the Crown in coöperation with Conservative Parliamentary majorities. This distinction between theory and fact immediately arouses expectation, which is no sooner aroused than satisfied.

In 1911 the Imperial Government and various German state governments took profits of $282,749,224 from the industries which they conducted. Estimating the capital value at a 4 per cent. ratio, we find the value of the productive state-owned properties to be $7,068,729,600. The federated states being taken together, 38 per cent. of all the financial requirements for governmental purposes were met out of profits on Government-owned enterprises. Including the

Imperial Government, a newcomer with relatively few possessions, about one-quarter of all the expenses of the state and the Imperial Governments for the army, the navy, and for all other purposes, were paid out of the net profits on Government businesses, not including the tobacco, spirit, or match monopolies.

Such astonishing facts would seem to imply a profounder distinction between the economic and social conceptions of the Germans and those of other nations than most persons have supposed. Nowhere else do we find collective ownership an actual working force to the extent that we do here. The representatives of the monarchical principle in association with the conservative classes have accepted this way of thinking, and it has entered into the very texture of their ideas of government, and is supported by the great orthodox economists, such as Schmoller and Wagner. Indeed, the author of the present work is convinced that it is slowly making Germany fundamentally different, industrially and politically, from the United States, Great Britain, France, or any country that comes into comparison with the Fatherland.

Mr. Roberts's brief but graphic chapter on the German railway policy concludes with some expressions singularly timely, in view of recent utterances in the United States. Notwithstanding the immense differences between American and German railways in ownership and in variety of conditions, it may be, he thinks, that partly by legislation and partly by the coöperation of some of the powerful railway managers in the United States, a close national control might be developed from the foundations already laid. Political considerations and the permanent well-being of the wealth massed in railways might cooperate in building a system of control, subordinating railways, to their ultimate advantage as dividend-payers, to industrial, commercial, and farming interests as an entirety. The railway captains, declares our author, would lose something of the joyousness of free-lance independence (as a matter of fact, it would be hard at the moment to find a railway captain with any signs of joyousness about him), but they would be more solidly effective as corps commanders in a coördinated army. They might also draw larger allotments of revenue for their shareholders as a result of saving the waste of working alone and by "concentrating attention upon service to economic unity rather than to economic war."

The industrial spirit of the German people seeks, we are told, to prepare the growing generation for "achievements in production as imposing in contrast with the present as the work of to-day is compared with that of the eighties. Compulsory sanitary living and other legislation requiring a minimum of social well-being have lengthened the average life and increased the height and bodily frame of both sexes. The German mind has now a stronger physical instrument with which to work than the generation that fought with France. The training of that instrument is expressed intensely in relation to skilled production by the work of the continuation and trade schools. Mr. Roberts's description of this aspect of German state Socialism, in the chapter entitled The Passing of the Unskilled, is more than interesting—it is inspiring. He touches upon the labor exchanges and unemployment insurance with vitalizing effect. The friendly spirit towards the Trusts and the taxing of the increase in land values are among Mr. Roberts's subjects in which Americans can at this time find much to interest them. There are also some entertaining remarks about the growth of the German navy and about the play instinct in Germany.

Mr. Roberts has done his work so well that it is easy to forget the heavy burden of taxation that rests upon the German people, and the complaints, deep if not loud, which one hears from time to time regarding the effects of certain features of this programme—State insurance, for example—on the economic welfare of the Fatherland.

Railway Problems. Edited by William Z. Ripley, Ph.D. Revised Edition. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.50.

This second edition—the first appeared in 1907—contains much new matter. In the introduction Professor Ripley points out that a good deal of railway history has been made in the last few years, and he has now recast the 1907 collection of cases and documents so as to allow room for some of the principal new developments; such, for example, as the dissolution of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, the Minnesota rate case, and a number of important decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He has also included some interesting descriptions of early railway building taken from Mr. H. G. Pearson's life of John M. Forbes and a paper on the complexities of interstate rate-making by Mr. Theodore Brent. The aim of the book has been to enable advanced students of transportation to work by the "case system," so generally used in law schools, and those who wish to penetrate below the surface of the question will find Professor Ripley's collection of large and timely interest.

In the case of such a book as this the reviewer's chief concern is necessarily with the scope and character of the matter brought together, consisting, as it does, so largely of judicial decisions and commission rulings. It is not easy to suggest any very important improvement upon Professor Ripley's selection, having in mind his purpose in making it. So far as the question of court decisions and the like are concerned, the cases chosen seem to be the leading cases. It may be suggested, however, that in the next edition the decisions in the "advanced rate" cases in 1910 and in the case now pending should be given, for the reason that they will undoubtedly prove to be a landmark in the history of transportation in the United States. The present case (that of the railways in classification territory) is of enormous importance, by reason of the principles involved and the precedents that may be established, and as it is an outgrowth of the 1910 case, both should be included. Doubtless, the fact that the 1910 decision left the main points unsettled governed Professor Ripley in omitting it, but when the present case is decided, that will no longer be the case. It may also be suggested that among the documents of historic interest which are well worth attention of transportation students are the discussions of Prof. Dionysius Lardner, in the very early days, of the principles governing the industry, and also the famous Louisville & Nashville annual report of 1873-4, written by the late Albert Fink, in which the question of the "operating ratio" was thoroughly explained, once and for all.

Notes

Mr. Harry W. Laidler is bringing out this week, through Lane, "Boycotts and the Labor Struggle," with an introduction by Prof. Henry R. Seager.

"Bransford in Arcadia" is the title chosen by Eugene Manlove Rhodes for the appearance in book form (Holt) of his "Little Eohippus," which ran as a serial.

Dr. Neville Figgis's book on "The Divine Right of Kings," which has for some years been out of print, will shortly appear in a new edition containing three further essays —Jus Divinum in 1646; Bartolus, and the Development of European Politics; and Erastus and Erastianism. It will be published by the Cambridge University Press (Putnam).

Early in February McBride, Nast & Co. will publish the following books: "Panama, Its Creation, Destruction and Resurrection," by Philippe Bunau-Varilla; "How France is Governed," by Raymond Poincaré; "Lord London," by Keble Howard, a tale of achievement which closely follows the career of Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe; "The White Gate," by Warwick Deeping; "The Autobiography of a Princess," by Charlotte Amelie, and "Cecil Rhodes, the Man and His Work," by Gordon Le Sueur, one of his confidential secretaries.

A limited edition of the Keats relics bequeathed by the late Sir Charles Dilke to Hampstead is in preparation by Dr. Wil-

liamson, who will be responsible for the editing and facsimiles. Mr. Buxton Forman will contribute an introduction; the publisher is John Lane.

Prof. C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Virginia, makes an appeal in a pamphlet issued by the Bureau of Education at Washington for the coöperation of all who desire to see the old European folk ballads, still surviving in this country, collected and classified. In his great work on "English and Scottish Ballads" Professor Child noted incidentally that versions of seventeen ballads in his list were to be found in the oral tradition of Eastern States, ranging from Maine to South Carolina. Through concerted effort, thirty-nine others have now been discovered, and it is requested that the search be continued while there is yet time and that the results be sent to Mr. P. P. Claxton, Commissioner, Washington, D. C.

Specialists in Elizabethan literature will be grateful to Charles Crawford for his scholarly reprint and editing of "England's Parnassus" (Oxford University Press). The text of this reissue has been made from a copy in the Bodleian Library, and from two copies in the British Museum one of which was possessed by Dr. Richard Farmer. One of Dr. Farmer's marginal annotations confirms, in Mr. Crawford's judgment, an old rumor that the initials of the compiler of this anthology found on the title-page stood for Robert Allot; for we read in Dr. Farmer's hand, "I have since seen a copy with Robert Allot's Name printed at length." Allot, it appears, was an honest but careless workman and was hampered by a slovenly printer. "Out of thirty-one cases in which the same passages are used twice, Allot makes no less than twenty-two differ each time that he writes them down." He also seems to have got his manuscript copy badly confused. Mr. Crawford argues plausibly that Allot, in writing down the selections, used large sheets of paper, and then for the sake of convenience cut them into pieces. This would have been proper if he had not employed so many "idems"; naturally when the passages were shifted about an "idem" often became misleading. But by consulting so far as possible the editions which the compiler used, Mr. Crawford has succeeded in bringing some sort of order out of Allot's confusion. His corrections are put in the notes, which also contain much interesting speculation. A single instance of Allot's or his printer's carelessness in handling text speaks volumes. Markham in one of his poems had written,

Although they crown'd his valure by accord.

This is printed,

Although they chain'd his valour by a cord.

Yet "England's Parnassus," with all its sins, furnishes numerous interesting problems of bibliography and literary history, and Mr. Crawford, both by this convenient reprint and by his copious notes, has appreciably lessened the difficulty of solving them.

If "studies" is a rather large word for the articles and addresses making up the two volumes of the late Whitelaw Reid's "American and English Studies" (Scribner), they show, on the other hand, a thoughtfulness and insight that one is not accustomed to find in such collections. One turns to the opening address, for instance, with some apprehension for the outcome of an attempt to deal with The Rise of the United States in an hour. But Mr. Reid could be concise without heaviness; he could handle familiar material without making it dull, and he manages to paint a real picture of a vast scene on a small canvas. These qualities are more strikingly displayed in the address on Lincoln. By skilful selection of such comparatively neglected points as Lincoln's ambition, his low ideals of civil service, and his life in Illinois previous to the debates with Douglas, the American Ambassador contrived to give his Birmingham hearers a fresh and yet undistorted view of a hackneyed theme. This address opens the second volume, which, for most readers, with its estimates of Jefferson, Burke, Byron, and the virtues and vices of journalism, will be more interesting than its companion, which in the main expounds its author's ideas of the Monroe Doctrine and the problems arising from the war with Spain.

Upon Jefferson's inconsistencies, Mr. Reid was hard, while not forgetting his unique position in history. There was nothing of the mere diplomat in what he had to say of the author of the Declaration of Independence. Indeed, one very seldom has occasion to remember that a diplomat is speaking. This consciousness obtrudes itself, however, in the address on The Scot in America and the Ulster Scot [*i. e.*, Scotch-Irish]. For, while the Ambassador did not fail to remind his Edinburgh auditors of the existence of unworthy emigrants from their shores to America, he employed most of his time in reciting a list of notables that leaves one wondering whether we have ever had a public man who, if his ancestry were investigated minutely, would not be discovered to have Scotch blood in his veins. Mr. Reid avoided any difficulties in the subject of the Revolution by taking the now-familiar position that the war was for the rights of all Englishmen. Of Talleyrand, for whose memoirs he wrote an introduction, and of Byron, he uttered commonplaces. The concluding portion of the second volume is headed "An Editor's Reflections," and contains two addresses delivered in the seventies, and the first Bromley lectures, given at Yale on two days in February, 1901. It is interesting to observe how his prophecies in the earlier lectures as to newspaper tendencies were unfulfilled, although in the later ones he stuck to his doctrine of less quantity and better quality of news than are now provided. His notion of editorial independence was qualified to mean party loyalty without subserviency, but in general he upheld higher ideals in both preaching and, one is glad to say, in practice than most newspapers even yet have seen fit to follow.

John Kenlon has written a readable book about an interesting subject in the volume "Fires and Fire-Fighters" (Doran). The sub-title, "A History of Modern Fire-Fighting, with a Review of Its Development from Earliest Times," explains its scope. The book would have benefited, we think, by the elimination of much of the earlier historical part, for which space allowed only the most abbreviated review at best. In his presentation of modern methods and conditions, which he might be expected to know most thoroughly in his office of chief of the New York Fire Department, Mr. Kenlon is clear and convincing. He deals with the fire perils and problems in garages, in hotels and schools, and takes up the special conditions of seaport cities. The appalling disasters which have taken place in factories and theatres in recent years, with terrible loss of life, lead him to urge the need of better fire protection, chiefly by use of automatic sprinklers and improved exits. Public opinion in many States has forced the adoption of more stringent laws for protection of human life from fire, but there remains much to be done in this respect, and the enforcement of fire laws is lamentably lax. Perhaps the ordinary reader will find his greatest interest in the narrative part of the book, in which Chief Kenlon graphically describes some of the great fires of modern times. The San Francisco, the Baltimore, and the Equitable building conflagrations have their lessons, either in the field of fire prevention, by improved building construction and equipment with extinguishing apparatus, or in methods of fire fighting. The last chapters in the work are devoted to a description of apparatus and the organization of a modern fire department. He makes a strong argument against the proposed two-platoon system.

Patience Pennington's "A Woman Rice-Planter" (Macmillan) is a book that gets close to the ground and to the negro, and mingles unusual agricultural and sociological interest. Its literary value is in its picture of what Owen Wister, who writes the introduction, calls "the highly accentuated characteristics" of the rice-plantation coast of South Carolina, and in a story of really heroic effort. The writer, daughter of an ex-Governor of South Carolina, invests all her slender funds in the family plantation of Cherokee, and with the uncertain aid of hands and renters, and in the face of many natural obstacles, successfully manages the huge enterprise. Her dangers, her ventures, the patience-exhausting performances of the colored folk, her interest in the growth of the crops and in the animals which are her only real companions, are related in simple and vivid diary form. Not heavy tomes of sociological exposition could give so vital a picture of Southern life and problems. The courage of the book is notable. Her hands would get into debt, and neither cajolery nor threats could move them to payment; hired to plough by the acre, they would turn up just a sufficient number of furrows to cover the ground with an appearance of fresh earth; they would row for miles to steal her harvested rice by night; they would do nothing by directions, and nothing right; their communal morality was of the most primitive, distorted kind; and yet she always feels hopefully that in keeping their cabins erect, their burying grounds clean, their rice-fields green, their sons out of the urban gulf, her indomitable efforts are their own reward. Under her hand some of the unsophisticated negroes become friends well worth her and the reader's attention. Without deep resources of description or narrative talent, her faithfulness to detail and her enthusiasm in her work have made a book of genuine historical value to the South.

"History of Ohio, the Rise and Progress of an American State" (Century History Co.), by Emilius O. Randall and Daniel J. Ryan, in five volumes, is a "popular" work written to glorify Ohio and Ohioans. Accuracy is sacrificed to pride of State. Yet there are some good portions in this book, particularly the first two volumes, which treat the history of Ohio before the State was founded; although such a disproportionate amount of space devoted to the territorial period gives the work a curious perspective. Mr. Randall, author of this part, has long studied the period and has produced a readable narrative. At times, however, he shows a surprising ignorance of general American history, as when on several occasions he hopelessly mixes the Quebec act of 1774 with the Proclamation of 1763. The last three volumes are not so well organized and show a very conscious effort to attract subscribers by the exploitation of the lives of individual citizens at the expense of the general narrative, and many subjects which should have found a place have been inadequately treated or crowded out. The excellent school system of Ohio, for instance, is neglected, as is the even more important mingling of the Southern and Northern elements in the population.

It is highly improbable that any one will read through "The Lawyer, Our Old-Man-of-the-Sea" (Dutton), by William Durran, with a "foreword" by Sir Robert F. Fulton, unless he is impelled by the strong sense of duty of a reviewer. Nearly one-half of its contents is found in the twenty-six appendices which follow the text, and which consist largely of newspaper clippings of a miscellaneous and sensational character. Not infrequently, foot-notes to the text are again printed in the appendices. Why they are repeated is not explained. Certainly this repetition is not to be justified on the score of their worth. The professed purpose of the author is to aid in the reform of the English legal system. He assumes that "the common law" is the equivalent of "legal chaos"; that "law and justice were living in unity" until the Norman Conquest, when a foreign judiciary was imposed upon the English people, and the lawyer began his career of domination. Now, with a barrister as Prime Minister of Britain and another as President of the United States, the lawyer "bestrides Empire and Republic, one foot in either hemisphere, a bewigged, begowned, bespectacled Colossus."

Every chapter in this volume is pitched to the same note—the utter balefulness of the lawyer and all his works. "Our Old-Man-of-the-Sea" must be cast off. We must stop recruiting our bench from the bar. We must exchange our common-law principles for the continental code, that we may have less need of consulting lawyers. We must abolish jury trials, because "success with juries is the passport for the lawyer's promotion to the bench or to high office in the legal hierarchy." We are assured that—

> Advocates are the spoilt children of the State. Juries are the special pets of advocates. The jury system is the palladium of the Bar. Its vested interest, its special pleading, have contrived to cast a glamour of pseudo-sanctity around farcical verdicts. The Judge knows they will be reversed on appeal. Precisely. Appeals and fresh trials bring grist to the Bar. That is the vicious circle of Legalism. Our Continental neighbors have found and applied the remedy.

The author seems blissfully ignorant of the fact that one of the greatest historians of Continental Procedure is as devoted to the jury as the most perverse English lawyer. Professor Esmein declares that "a great civilized nation cannot renounce it, without losing its rank." Mr. Durran seems to be equally ignorant of the fact that, while he is advising his countrymen to exchange their legal institutions for those of the Continent, a body of German reformers is anxious to substitute the English legal system for their own. The attitude of these reformers, we are told, is "one of extreme pessimism, not only in respect of the quality of the work done by the courts, but also of the merits of the Civil Code." It is safe to wager that if Mr. Durran will read German and French periodicals with as sharp an eye to legal scandal-mongering as he has kept on English publications, he can gather quite as many clippings as he has reprinted in this book; clippings which will show that what he calls "the craziness of our outfit of private law" is equalled if not excelled upon the Continent.

The second volume of Worthington C. Ford's "Writings of John Quincy Adams" (Macmillan) covers the five years from 1796 to 1801. At the beginning of the period Adams was still Minister at The Hague; but in June, 1797, he was transferred to Prussia, arriving at Berlin early in November. It was France, however, and not Prussia, that held the centre of the stage; and the correspondence, both before and after the transfer, is mainly occupied with the aggressions of France on American commerce, the shifty course of the Directory, the X. Y. Z. affair, and the vexatious question of claims. Adams early noted the suggestion that France might attempt the conquest of Louisiana, but rightly concluded that the project would give way to more pressing concerns at home. His intense patriotism, growing visibly in fervor as the devious course of European politics unfolded before him, did not prevent him from perceiving and weighing the hostile opinion about him; as when, for example, he notes a widespread impression, "propagated with great zeal and industry in every part of Europe," that the union and prosperity of the United States depended upon the personal influence and popularity of Washington. For Monroe's diplomatic performance he expresses only contempt, and condemns unsparingly his relations with Thomas Paine. Adams was convinced that the Directory intended to force a war between the United States and Great Britain, and that it was willing to dismember the Union in the hope of procuring an alliance with a new confederacy of the Southern States. Aside, however, from their well-informed comments on the newspaper and official opinion of the day, the letters do not shed a great deal of new light on the diplomatic history of the period. The forty-two Silesian letters, written during a three months' journey in 1800, and published in the Philadelphia *Portfolio* the following year, are not reprinted by Mr. Ford; and numerous other letters are, as in the first volume, given only in part or relegated to foot-notes. In February, 1801, Adams was recalled, but the letter of recall did not reach him until April 26, the day after the last entry in this volume.

"Word-Formation in Provençal," by Edward L. Adams (University of Michigan Studies, Humanistic Series, Macmillan), is an expansion of a doctoral thesis presented in the department of French and other Romance languages at Harvard University. Its purpose is to study the various processes by which new word-formations occurred in Provençal, an offshoot of Latin, and to give a good tabulation of all such formations. The details of the subject are considered and set forth clearly. Especial emphasis is laid upon word-formation by means of suffixes and prefixes, the most common of all processes in the development of the Neo-Latin vocabulary. To cases of parasyentheta, of post-verbals, of compounds, and of hybrids, the requisite space is given. The book is a model of painstaking investigation and lucid exposition. The task involved was not one likely to tax the fancy, but it called for long and patient endeavor in the collecting and sifting of scattered facts, and this the author has bestowed upon it with praiseworthy result. We have here a valuable addition to our manuals for the study of specific problems within the domain of Romance philology.

Apparently the demand for books on South America has become so great as to make it worth while to publish even the most superficial travel sketches. Every publisher must have a "South America" on his list. If the exterior of the book is sufficiently attractive, it seems to have all that is necessary from the bookseller's point of view. Alas for the unwary purchaser of "Two on a Tour in South America" (Appletons), who, caught by the lure of the pretty colored map on the front cover, expects to learn something about South America from the contents! Mrs. Anna Wentworth Sears and her husband took a flying trip a couple of years ago and touched at the principal ports. Most of the time was spent on board ship, and naturally a large part of the volume deals with shipboard gossip. In places this is lively and entertaining, but when a woman can write a whole volume about a voyage taken with her husband and refer to him on every page as "Orange-Blossom," the day of marvels is not over.

"Crime and Its Repression," by Gustav Aschaffenberg, translated by Adalbert Albrecht (Little, Brown), is the sixth number of the Modern Criminal Science series of translations, and is perhaps the number first to be recommended to one seeking a general acquaintance with the field of criminology. The treatment of the subject is comprehensive, and statistical rather than philosophical, and the book is marked on the whole by sober judgment and an avoidance of extreme views. Naturally, the writer rejects Lombroso's theory of the born criminal, although he admits that a large number are mentally defective. In his view the chief cause of crime is alcohol—here he is doubtless extreme, and the book is a rather sweeping condemnation of the drinking-habits of his German race; and the next cause is poverty, mainly, however, as the cause of overcrowding in tenements. As for remedies, the only permanently hopeful remedy will be an improvement in economic conditions. As an actual deterrent, punishment has accomplished little, yet the idea of deterrence should be

retained because of its educational value. More hopeful is the possibility of reform through the inducements offered by indeterminate or suspended sentences. In any case, the immediate centre of gravity is not the law, but the execution of punishment. And here he quotes from Krohne: "Even if you have the best law, the best judge, the best sentence, and the prison official is not efficient, you might as well throw the statute into the waste basket and burn the sentence."

Superstitions of the ages regarding gems and jewels have been assembled in an astonishing compilation in "The Curious Lore of Precious Stones" (Lippincott), by George Frederick Kunz. While the book is devoted primarily to the lore of precious stones the text and illustrations give the author a legitimate chance to display his knowledge and appreciation of the artistic and technical qualities of the stones themselves. Æsthetic considerations, nevertheless, are quite properly subordinated to details of the fabled properties of amulets, luminous stones, crystal balls, religious gems, and stones believed to possess planetary and astral or therapeutic influence. The quest goes back to the early Stone Age where "there is no trace of either idols or images." It emphasizes the virtues attributed to stones in classical antiquity and the Middle Ages, and it includes lore of the present age which, Mr. Kunz urges, "could afford us nearly as many examples of faith in talismans and amulets as any epoch in the past, if people were willing to confess their real beliefs." The descriptions of these superstitions reveal prodigious erudition, involving citations from many literatures, sacred and profane, ancient and modern. They constitute a work that is not less extraordinary in its way than Mr. Kunz's sumptuous "Book of the Pearl."

The practical spirit of the University of Wisconsin upon which Prof. John R. Commons touches in the opening chapter of his essays, "Labor and Administration" (Macmillan), is well exemplified in his own work. It is in his dealings with the concrete facts concerning labor matters that he is at his best; his philosophic and more abstract disquisitions are the least satisfactory portions of his book. He is, in fact, more what he himself calls a "social engineer" than he is a "college professor," as most people understand the term; and the reviewer is confident that he will not resent this characterization. Chapters vi to x, inclusive, bearing upon labor unions and their characteristics; chapters xii and xiii, dealing with municipal affairs, and chapters xx to xxii, inclusive, describing Wisconsin's methods of dealing with industrial education and industrial conditions within the State, are well worth study, for they convey to the reader the results of first-hand knowledge and personal experience. Especially is this true of the Wisconsin experiments in which Professor Commons has himself borne large part. It is perhaps in the chapters on organized labor that the reader will find most food for thought, especially in the chapter on the Union Shop (vii), that on Unions of Public Employees (viii), and that on Unions and Efficiency. Professor Commons leans with some partiality to the side of "labor," but notwithstanding this, what he has to say is worthy of attention. The general impression left on the reader's mind is that coöperation by means of organization on both sides offers the best solution of the problems arising in the relations of capital and labor. Education —on both sides—is an indispensable preliminary to this coöperation.

Students will be glad to learn of the appearance of a new French edition of Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "History of Spanish Literature" (Colin). The original English edition (1898) has never been revised; the same is true of the Spanish translation; and the original French translation is now nine years old. The present book, however, is far from being a reissue of the other editions. It is an entirely new work, recast and rewritten from beginning to end. The author has brought his subject abreast with the times, having utilized all the important monographs which have appeared in the years since the last issue. During that interval also a whole new school of poetry and fiction has sprung up in Spain. These authors are thoroughly treated in the final chapter. The serviceable bibliography of Spanish literature which has accompanied the previous editions has now grown to such proportions as to demand a supplemental volume. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has given an unusual proof of virtuosity by acting as his own translator, a *tour de force* in which he seems to have been very successful. His book in its newest form will continue to appeal equally to the literary specialist and the general reader.

During the Middle Ages and period of the Renaissance no Latin author, save Virgil alone, enjoyed a greater vogue than Ovid. In his "Ovid and the Renascence in Spain" (University of California Press), Prof. Rudolph Schevill tests that author's influence upon Spanish literature. During the Dark Ages Ovid was banned by the austere, but the "Ars Amatoria" offered the charm of forbidden fruit to many a choice spirit. Soon the discovery was made that Naso's licentiousness was not what it seemed, but was, instead, a profound reservoir of moral truth. Specious allegorical elucidations of the text made the pagan poet respectable, and even Christian. In the twelfth century his works held a prominent place in the school curricula. Troubadours and Minnesänger drew from them much of their conception of love-making as a fine art. In Spain, Juan Ruiz, Archpriest of Hita, is the supreme exponent of the Ovidian influence during the Middle Ages. Mr. Schevill proves that he not only knew Ovid at second hand through the "Pamphilus de Amore," but also enjoyed a direct acquaintance with the source. In an "Ovidian tale" the interest centres on an attempted seduction of the heroine. This seduction is always carried on according to fixed precepts. The characters generally belong to the lower or bourgeois classes. The tone is realistic. Fiction of this sort found a wide vogue in Italy earlier than in Spain. Mr. Schevill regards it as "a logical outgrowth of the peculiar social life of the Italian cities in which highly centralized activities were dominated by the prose of mercantile interests, and yet colored by an artistic and passionate interpretation of every-day life." The *genre* is as easy to isolate as the romance of chivalry, the pastoral, or the picaresque novel; though, of course, the Ovidian influence may appear sporadically in these other *genres*. The author gives a careful analysis of the works of Boccaccio and Æneas Silvius Piccolomini and their influence. In Spain the most celebrated and characteristic "Ovidian tale" is the dramatic novel usually called the "Celestina." The *genre* finds its most artistic expression in the "Celoso Estremeño" of Cervantes. In these and later works it is not always easy to determine whether the Ovidian influence is due to direct acquaintance with the author, whether it represents a continuance of the mediæval tradition, or whether the impulse came from Italy. Mr. Schevill also enumerates the various translations made of the "Metamorphoses" into the Spanish and the influence of this poem upon Spanish writers, notably Cervantes and Lope de Vega. He has given us a thorough and stimulating study in comparative literature. Important generalizations are reached. Monographs like this, coördinating ancient and modern culture, are all too few in America.

Wallace Bruce, author, and former United States Consul to Edinburgh, died Friday at his winter home in Florida. He was a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., and was sixty-nine years of age. Among his published works are the following: "The Land of Burns," "The Yosemite," "The Hudson," "Old Homestead Poems," "In Clover and Heather," "Scottish Poems," and "Leaves of Gold."

Science

"The Efficient Kitchen," by Georgie B. Child, is announced for publication next month by McBride, Nast & Co.

Another State list of birds is always welcome, especially when available at cost, as is the concise, paper-bound volume, "The Birds of Connecticut," by John H. Sage, Louis P. Bishop, M.D., and W. P. Bliss (Bulletin No. 20 State Geological and Natural History Survey). The authors have brought within the limits of 350 pages a summary of the State's knowledge of the birds, leaving identification keys to more general bird books. After a brief account of the topography, and of the history of Connecticut ornithology, Part I gives a list of the three hundred and thirty-four recorded species. Under each we find its status, the earliest and latest records, the breeding dates, and a few lines describing the nest, eggs, and any important or unusual observations. The most noteworthy of the appendices is an elaborate bibliography of the State ornithological literature. Part II is by Dr. Bishop, and deals with the economic side, treating of each group in turn. Very careful consideration is given to the game birds, hawks, crows, blackbirds, and English sparrow. "Regarding the Crow," Dr. Bishop writes, "the evidence is about the same as with the Blue Jay; and it is probable that the good this bird does in destroying grasshoppers, cutworms, etc., is far outweighed by the evil in killing the young of insectivorous birds." The starling and English sparrow are unqualifiedly condemned, and elaborate directions for trapping and poisoning are given. The farmers and lovers of birds of Connecticut will

find much of value and interest in this excellent State publication.

At the second international conference on the world map held in Paris in December, thirty-three Governments, including China, Guatemala, and Siam, were represented. Noteworthy features were the considerable part taken in the proceedings by the delegates of the Latin-American states, and the announcement that the Chinese Government intended to make topographical surveys.

Dr. Charles Phelps, who for many years had been surgeon to Bellevue and St. Vincent's Hospitals, died in New York last week, aged seventy-nine. During the Civil War he served as volunteer surgeon on the Arago, when that ship was fitted out for conflict with the Merrimac. He wrote, besides various monographs, "Traumatic Injuries of the Brain."

Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell died at his home in Philadelphia, Sunday morning, in his eighty-fifth year. His death was due to an acute attack of grip. After a public-school training in Philadelphia, where he was born February 15, 1829, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, but did not graduate, owing to illness in his senior year. He took the degree of M.D. at the Jefferson Medical College in 1850, and in later years received the following honorary degrees: M.D. from Bologna; LL.D. from Harvard, Edinburgh, Princeton, and Toronto Universities. An early incident in the life of the young medical student, who was hesitating between two professions, in both of which he was destined to become famous, has often been told. He had sent a portfolio of verse to Ticknor & Fields; the publishers referred the manuscripts to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who advised the poet of twenty-seven to make secure his position in medicine before attempting literature. Thus, in 1856, Weir Mitchell turned his undivided attention to the profession in which his father, himself a physician and professor of note as well as an author of some success, had predicted he would fail. For twenty-five years he worked and studied, practiced and wrote. Experience in the Civil War directed his attention to the care and cure of nervous diseases, and he began those especial researches which resulted in the "rest cure" and brought him world-wide fame. More than a hundred publications on physiology, toxicology, and various troubles bear his name. His published works include: "Researches upon the Venom of the Rattlesnake," 1860; "Gun-shot Wounds and Other Injuries of the Nerves," 1864; "Wear and Tear," 1873; "Rest in the Treatment of Disease," 1875; "Fat and Blood," 1877; "Researches on the Venoms of Poisonous Serpents," 1886; "Doctor and Patient," 1888; "Clinical Lessons on Nervous Disease," 1895; "Relations of Nervous Disorders in Women to Pelvic Disease," 1897; "Nurses and Their Education," 1902; "The Evolution of the Rest Treatment," 1904; "Rest Treatment and Psychic Medicine," 1908; "Hephzibah Guiness," 1880; "Thee and You," 1880; "A Draft on the Bank of Spain," 1880; "In War Time," 1882; "Hill of Stones," 1883; "Roland Blake," 1884; "The Masque," 1886; "Prince Little Boy," 1887; "Far in the Forest," 1888; "Cup of Youth," 1889; "Psalm of Death," "François Villon," 1890; "Characteristics," 1892; "Francis Drake," 1893; "The Mother," 1893; "Philip Vernon," 1895; "Mr. Kris Kringle," 1896; "Collected Poems," 1896; "Madeira Party," 1897; "Hugh Wynne," 1898; "Adventures of François," 1899; "Dr. North and His Friends," 1900; "Autobiography of a Quack," 1900; "The Wager," 1900; "Circumstance," 1901; "Pearl," 1901; "Comedy of Conscience," 1902; "Little Stories," 1903; "Youth of Washington," 1904; "Constance Trescot," 1905; "A Diplomatic Adventure," 1905; "The Mind Reader," 1907; "A Christmas Venture," 1907; "The Red City," 1907; "The Comfort of the Hills," 1909; and "John Sherwood," 1911.

Drama

The radical label on conservative goods is so attractive in certain quarters that one would feel no surprise if Mr. Henry Rose's little book, "Henrik Ibsen: Poet, Mystic and Moralist" (Dodd, Mead), which deals almost wholly with Ibsen's ideas, and treats even these in a highly selective and idiosyncratic fashion, should attain a considerable popularity. The first trait of this expurgated Ibsen is respectability; he is insistent on contracts, especially marriage contracts, and he disapproves of Nora's departure from home; he wishes people to be *innocent* and *useful* (the italics are ours); he favors truth and freedom, but only under the supervision and chaperonage of the still higher ideals of love, duty, and service; he is as truly a religious mystic as any saint in the Roman hagiology; we have good hope that he believes in personal immortality, and even in redemptive and providential accident. "Et duræ quereus sudabunt roscida mella." Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Hemans herself, would be satisfied with these impeccable credentials. The hysteria which recoiled in groundless alarm from the mild precepts of this orthodox gentleman is fittingly rebuked. The destiny of Ibsen in the next generation is to supply texts for the birthday book, the autograph album, and the worsted sampler; to be read by the Pastor Rörlunds of the coming decade (with whom one instinctively associates Mr. Rose) in the garden-room to Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Rummel at afternoon meetings of the Society for the Lapsed and Lost.

We have no wish to ridicule ideals some of which have earned the respect of mankind by undoubted contributions to its welfare, but merely to indicate the bias which has gone far to frustrate the excellent intentions of Mr. Rose in his conscientious and carefully written book. He ignores or discredits or re-interprets whatever disagrees with his personal conviction, and is aided in the task of self-beguilement by a singular courage to which a constitutional mildness serves both as mitigant and support. His literary sense is not delicate; he draws a parallel, for instance, between "The Master Builder" and "Macbeth," in which Solness's vague and indirect responsibility for the deaths of the two children is counterpoised with the murder of Duncan, and Hilda Wangel figures as the analogue of Lady Macbeth. He concedes that the correspondence in the latter case is not minute. The reasoner in Mr. Rose is much ahead of the critic; he has patience, order, and coolness, and, where the intellectual demands are not too heavy, he can reason justly, even happily. The fallacy of Dr. Stockman's "majority" argument has never been more deftly exposed than in the following sentence: "The fact that the leader is ten years ahead of the majority no more proves that the majority is wrong than it proves that the leader himself was wrong ten years ago." In point of style, Mr. Rose has made himself rare in our perverted generation by the practice of a method which ought to be normal and prevalent; he has written an English at once thoroughly careful and absolutely plain.

It is plain that "The Legend of Leonora," by J. M. Barrie, which was produced in the Empire Theatre on Monday night, must have been subjected to radical alterations since it excited the "boos" of a London audience, as it did on its first representation. As it is played here, the greater part is in a mood of burlesque, which might confuse, but would not be likely to excite serious opposition. Briefly put, the theme of it is the feminine tendency to be governed by emotion and instinct rather than by logic and moral sense, and the chivalrous disposition of man to sacrifice both conviction and interest when subject to feminine emotion and feminine appeal. Leonora, the heroine, an exquisite creature, representative of all that is best and most dangerous in her sex, has thrown a man out of a train and killed him, because he refused to shut a window when she told him that her little girl "had a cold." She is unaffected by remorse, and neither she nor her friends can discern any discrepancy between the punishment and the offence. When she is tried for murder she takes possession of the whole court, entertains her friends, directs the procedure, establishes confidential relations with the judge and jury, confounds the counsel on both sides by her explanations and admissions, and, having hopelessly ruined her own case to the consternation and despair of the judge, kindly accompanies the jury when they retire, and, of course, induces them to give a verdict of "not guilty." All this is sheer burlesque, but burlesque of a highly superior kind, extravagant in incident, but full of humorous fancy, close observation, keen analysis of motives and manners, and entertaining satire upon conventions of English court procedure. But the main theme, the quality of unexpectedness in the feminine character and the inevitable submission of chivalrous man to feminine appeal and glamour, is enforced by all sorts of ingenious device. If the piece is too light in texture to stand the test of criticism as serious drama, it constantly supplies food for reflection and is productive of admirable entertainment. It is uncommonly well played at the Empire.

H. B. Irving is busily engaged in the preparation of the new version which he and Max Pemberton have made of Sardou's "Patrie." The late Henry Labouchere had an unfortunate experience with this play when he produced it in the St. James's Theatre, of which he was then manager, forty years ago. A modified spectacular adaptation of it had a long run in this city not long afterwards under the management of Augustin Daly, at the Grand Opera House.

The Drama League Series of Plays, announced by Doubleday, Page & Co., are to

he selected by a committee whose members are drawn from the Drama League and the publishers. The first two volumes of the series will be "Kindling," by Charles Kenyon, and "A Thousand Years Ago," by Percy MacKaye.

D'Annunzio's "Le Chèvrefeuille," which has just been produced at the Porte St. Martin in Paris, is a drama of love and intrigue which is supposed to take place in an ancient castle. One critic characterizes it as "often beautiful in detail, but in the mass vague and baffling, devoid of any real dramatic vigor."

The site in Bloomsbury, London, which now has been definitely acquired for the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre, is about 47,700 square feet in extent, and has at present only three street frontages —Gower Street, Keppel Street, and Malet Street. Another roadway, which will be made parallel to Keppel Street, will furnish a fourth frontage, and it is probable that the theatre will be surrounded by a margin of garden. The idea of an island site, to which the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre committee has remained fairly constant, will thus eventually be carried into effect. At a comparatively moderate price a site has been obtained which far exceeds the utmost requirements even of a very large building, and which will place the theatre in the centre of what may well be a handsome open space. Dignity is, of course, an important consideration in the scheme, but whether the gain in that respect is a sufficient set-off to the disadvantages that may arise from the distance of the site from the theatre zone is a point to be proved by experience.

The demand of the eminent French tragedian Mounet-Sully for the right to present himself as a candidate for election to the French Institute has created a stir in Paris. During the past thirty years the Institute has refused to admit actors, first on the ground that they "created" nothing, and, secondly, because of a law dating back to the Revolution. This point of law is explained by a French correspondent to a London journal as follows:

When the Institute was organized in 1795 by the National Convention, it was divided into three groups: the physical and mathematical sciences, the moral and political sciences, and literature and the fine arts. The third group of seats was divided into eight groups of six, the last being assigned to "music and declamation." Accordingly three actors, Molé, Préville, and Monvel, were elected to the Institute. Strangely enough they were all comedians, and Talma, the great tragic actor, was passed over in their favor. Seven years later, in 1802, an order of the Consuls completely altered the constitution of the Institute. The fine arts were separated from literature, and the three seats which had been assigned to "declamation" were given, without any compensation to engraving; and, finally, when the Academies were restored in 1816, the actors had no longer any place at all in them. In 1910 M. Maurice Faure reopened the question in his report on the Budget des Beaux Arts, by recommending that the three seats should again be assigned according to their original constitution.

M. Mounet-Sully has announced that if he is not elected to the Institute while he is still exercising his art, he will refuse any appointment which may be made thereafter; and he demands that the ancient constitution of the Institute "by which there should always be three actor members shall be restored by the Government."

Music

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA.

Dozens of new operas are staged in Italy every year, but it is very seldom that one of them crosses the boundary of that country. In April, 1912, there was produced at a provincial theatre an opera entitled "L'Amore dei tre Re." It attracted sufficient attention to be accepted for the Scala in Milan, where it was produced last season with such favorable results that it has been kept in this winter's repertory, while fifteen other opera houses in Italy and Spain are said to have accepted it. Its first performance in America was given last Friday at the Metropolitan Opera House. The first act fell flat, but the second was applauded enthusiastically, and the third also pleased the audience, wherefore the opera may be recorded as a genuine first-night success. Nevertheless, it is not likely to remain in the repertory, for reasons to be given.

The story on which the opera is based is admirably suited for operatic treatment. The three "kings" who give the opera its title are Archibaldo, a mediæval feudal lord, head of a band of barbarian invaders who have taken possession of an imaginary part of Italy called Altura; his son, Manfredo, who has married the native Princess Fiora, who does not love him; and the man she does love, Avito, the Alturian Prince who has been bereft by the invaders of both his throne and his fiancée. In the first act Archibaldo, though blind, discovers that Avito has been making love to Fiora. In the second act Manfredo has returned from a military expedition, but soon is obliged to leave again. He gives Fiora a scarf, begging her to wave it as a farewell from the battlements. While she is doing this, Avito once more appears. She begs him not to tempt her any more, but his passionate pleadings finally weaken her and she yields to his embraces. Again Archibaldo appears on the scene, and this time she does not deny her guilt; whereupon, in an excess of fury, he strangles her. In the last act her body lies in the crypt of the chapel, surrounded by flowers and mourning women and men in white. Seeing Avito approach, they hastily withdraw. He kisses Fiora's lips and instantly feels the effect of the poison that had been put on them by Archibaldo to trap her lover. Before he dies, Manfredo also appears. "Avenge yourself!" cries Avito; but Manfredo, believing in his wife's innocence to the end, also kisses her lips, and Archibaldo enters to find his son dying.

Sem Benelli, the author of this tragic poem, is among the best-known of Italy's contemporary poets. Its one weakness —and a serious one—is that there is not sufficient action for a three-act opera; but what plot there is is constructed with consummate skill. The scene where Fiora confesses her guilt and the enraged king commits the murder is one of the most impressive tragic episodes on the operatic stage. Its effect on the audience was greatly heightened by the combined personal charm and artistic achievement of Lucrezia Bori. This young Spanish prima donna has the freshest and loveliest voice of all the singers now engaged at the Metropolitan. Vocally, her Fiora was flawless; she has the gift of acting with the voice, which only two or three other singers possess, and in the potency of acting and the charm of facial expression she rivals Geraldine Farrar, whom in many ways she resembles. Even death does not end her art, for she shows herself the superlative actress still while her lifeless body lies on the bench, and when it is carried away by the King.

Should "The Love of Three Kings" prove a success here, it will be chiefly due to the way this scene is presented, and to the marvellous art of Mr. Toscanini in building climaxes and revealing the charms of orchestral coloring in the score. For these, to be sure, the composer must have first credit. His name is Italo Montemezzi. Though he is barely thirty years of age, this is his third opera, the other two having been failures. They doubtless served their purpose in developing his operatic instincts. In his new opera he shows a genuine talent for dramatic effect, for suiting the music to the poem, line by line, and for rising to heights of tragic grandeur. Unfortunately, it is merely talent, not creative genius. Scholarly he is, and conscientious, as well as ingenious, a master of effects and impassioned in pleading; but to an expert it is obvious that there is no real creative power. All the good qualities that can be credited to Signor Montemezzi are things that can be taught and learned; what he lacks is the one thing that cannot be taught—the gift of creating original melodies—the same old story, alas!

It is this lack of individual melody in both the vocal and the orchestral parts that made the first act fall flat; most of it is surprisingly dull. In the second act the fact that the music is melodically uninspired is hidden, even from some trained ears, by the growing interest of the drama, culminating in a thrill. In the final scene the contrast of the two mourning choruses, one at the bier, the other in the distance, is remarkably impressive; yet in this music, too, there is not the note of crea-

tive genius. Nevertheless, the opera was worth producing. Besides the points in its favor already noted, it has the merit of brevity, and the composer is to be commended for not imitating Debussy, Strauss, or Puccini, as well as for avoiding the cheap and silly cacophonies of the musical "cubists."

The *International* has issued a musical number, with contributions by Daniel Gregory Mason and Cæsar Serchinger. Hereafter there will be a regular department of music in this readable magazine. It will be conducted under the auspices of the National Society of Music, which is engaged in preparing an extensive work entitled "The Art of Music." Among the contributors to this are Debussy, R. Strauss, Elgar, Ernest Newman, and Reginald de Koven. In the December number of the *International* Mr. Serchinger takes up the cudgels for Arnold Schönberg. He thinks that all talk about that bold composer's "insanity" and "viciousness" is silly.

Of Mascagni's many operas only one, "Cavalleria Rusticana," has proved a lasting success; nevertheless, he keeps on adding score to score, and his failures seem to be as profitable as most other people's successes. His latest work, "Parisina," had its first performance anywhere on December 15. The Scala at Milan was crowded to suffocation, although the price asked for an orchestra chair was $20. Probably the fact that the libretto was provided by Gabriele D'Annunzio had something to do with this result. The story is, of course, an unsavory one, and while it was not recognized as a poetic masterwork, the verdict of the critics was that it offered the composer good opportunities. Of these, we read, he did not take advantage to the fullest extent. The vocal parts contain a good deal of uninteresting recitative. The treatment of the orchestra shows the influence of Richard Strauss, whose "Salome" seems to have become a model for Italian composers. The love duos frequently suggest Wagner's "Tristan," and the harmonies of the modern Frenchmen also are in evidence. On account of its extreme length and the scarcity of original melodies, it is not believed that "Parisina" will survive long. The composer conducted the first performance and some of the scenic arrangement had been made under the poet's directions.

Mozart's birthplace, Salzberg, has a new Mozarteum building, the opening of which will be celebrated by a music festival lasting from August 12 to 20, 1914. The programme is most alluring. The Philharmonic Society of Vienna will give three symphony concerts under the direction of Arthur Nikisch and Dr. C. Muck. These concerts will show the development of symphonic music in Austria, from the classics to Brahms and Bruchner, with three Mozart symphonies as the centre of it all. Under Madame Lilli Lehmann's artistic direction "Don Giovanni" will be given in Italian (three performances); Dr. Muck will conduct; Mmes. Lilli Lehmann, Geraldine Farrar, Joanna Gadsky, and Messrs. John Forsell, McCormack, and A. de Segurola will appear in the principal parts. With the gracious permission of his Majesty the Emperor, the Viennese Imperial Court Opera will give two performances of Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail," Franz Schalk, conductor.

Among the many chamber-music associations, that which styles itself the Capet Quartet of Paris has, since it began to travel to all parts of musical Europe, come very much to the fore. Even in the large capitals of Germany and Austria, which nearly all boast their own indigenous artists famous for ensemble playing, the Frenchmen have been admitted to be inferior to none in their special field. Greater delicacy of execution, nicer balance of tone, or a truer understanding of the entire classical repertory can be found nowhere, it is asserted by those who have heard them.

Sir Frederick Cowen has been invited to conduct a concert of his own compositions at Monte Carlo next month. The pieces he has chosen for this occasion are, doubtless, what he regards as his best works: the "Scandinavian" symphony, the "Phantasy of Life and Love," and "The Butterflies' Waltz."

With the exception of Camille Saint-Saëns, the most prominent pianist in France for some decades was Stéphane Raoul Pugno, who died on Saturday in Moscow, during a Russian tour. He was of Italian descent on his father's side, and was born at Montrouge (Isle de France) on June 23, 1852. His mother was from Lorraine. His father was a dealer in musical instruments in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and among these Raoul grew up. His talent developed early. At the Conservatoire he was a special protégé of Ambroise Thomas, and he won prize after prize. The Prix de Rome he could not get because of his not being of French descent. He successively held the post of organist and choirmaster in several churches in Paris. For some years he was professor of harmony and the piano at the Conservatoire. He also became known as the composer of some operettas, an oratorio, and piano pieces. But after 1893 he became best known as pianist. He made several successful tours of the United States, the first being with Ysaye.

Art

Charles Conder, His Life and Works. By Frank Gibson. New York: John Lane Co. Illustrated. $6 net.

Charles Conder was one of the most brilliant members of that self-admiring and self-indulgent group of young geniuses who twenty years ago found fame through the press of Leonard Smithers and through Mr. John Lane's *Yellow Book*. Poets and painters alike, they were saturated with the current French symbolism. Except in a somewhat strenuous bohemianism, they cannot be called a robust lot. Almost to a man they died in the thirties, leaving rather exquisite intimations than complete and consistent works. In temperament—and they were all very strong on temperament—they were classic pagans, or mystics, or exquisite decadents, after the French type—in short, the most un-British set that may well be imagined. Pictorially, Charles Conder, New Zealander by birth, Australian by education, French decadent by preference, and Londoner by residence, was a faithful representative of the mood of the group. They repaid his leadership with an extravagant admiration, in which his brilliant and winning personality naturally blended inextricably with his art. The cult spread, and for a matter of fifteen years Conder has been a shibboleth. To possess some scrap of silk delicately tinted with his brush was to hold a patent of æsthetic nobility. Five years after his death the spell is still strong. Charles Conder and Augustus John, these are the names that are unfurled before the skeptic as to a worthy English art.

From Frank Gibson's memoir and essay it seems possible to us to surmise a very definite artistic temperament. To do so becomes something of an act of divination, for Conder's uneventful life is merely sketched, and his work is passed in somewhat descriptive and perfunctory review. Still, what is done is done carefully. The work is listed with surprising thoroughness. Campbell Dodgson has catalogued the prints. Then the charming little folio contains more than a hundred plates representing Conder's work in all its phases. It is upon these reproductions and memory of the New York exhibition of two years ago that we must rely. Mr. Gibson's work is dignified and adequate, the fitting tribute of an old friend, but precisely its discretion is its weakness. Let us indulge a reasonable indiscretion in the hope of genuine portrayal.

Charles Conder was born in 1868 in New Zealand and trained chiefly as a landscape painter in Australia. At the age of twenty-two he was a Parisian, and a Parisian he remained through residence for a matter of four years, and by æsthetic inclination always. It was the Paris of Verlaine and the Japanese Club, of the glory of the symbolists in letters and of the impressionists in painting. Conder drank deeply of it all. Watteau seen through Verlaine's "Fêtes Galantes," a modicum of Whistler and the Japanese, later a strong tinge of Goya—these are the influences delicately combined in Conder's work. Anquetin became in a degree his guide, Toulouse-Lautrec his friend. Through his early years in France he continued to paint landscapes, but by his twenty-sixth year he had developed the peculiar style and medium that brought him fame. By the slightest iridescent indications on silk, in water-color, he could create a little pastoral world. Such drawings were usually in the form of fans, but occasionally in more conventional forms. Now and then he painted strips of silk

for wall decorations, and sometimes penciiied the ribbons that adorned a frock. A sultry and quite entrancing feminism is the note of this work. The embodiment is the most superficial—in a technical sense Conder never mastered the trade of the figure-painter—but the emotion is fully conveyed. It is the specific nature of this emotion that must occupy us.

In pearly silken regions women pass slowly or more languidly recline. Some are clothed, but their bosoms strain under the light coverings. About the half-revealed forms of other women the draperies cling as they fall away. The postures and motions of all are hesitant, ambiguous. These fair denizens of pearly realms seem bewildered by half-sensed desires. Their world is saturated with the warmth of sex, but they know not to whom to give themselves. The mood is a curious middle stage between the wistful muted amorousness of a Watteau and the frank sensuality of a Goya. The light is often crepuscular, but rarely at all specific, and occasionally the whole design is shot with crimson, green, or blue, after the fashion of an illumined stage. It is a woman's world. There is no struggle in it except perhaps the eternal struggle between mind and temperament. Which is to win, no spectator will doubt for a minute. Unmistakable as are the sensuous implications of Conder's art, they are also very subtle and diffused. What is present is not desire for a particular person, nor even of sex; rather an urgent and smouldering desire for desire. It is precisely the languid dulcet note of a book that to Conder personally and to many of his generation was a gospel of beauty, "Mademoiselle de Maupin." No painter has caught the mood so completely as Conder, and this implies a consummate artistic tact. To steer with Gautier a course between perversity on one hand and grossness on the other, to elevate green sickness to an æsthetic, to present the bewildered human animal without waiver of pathos and grace—all this requires a sentimentality most highly intellectualized.

Obviously, such feats are proper to times of decadence. And, in fact, Conder's exquisite and personal gift could assume importance only in some interspace when the sense of great art was lost. Despite a few charming Whistlerian landscapes, there is little of the open air about him. The roses which he sheds so generously about his women might better be orchids. He himself is an exotic in England. His single note is sounded with such vibrant exquisiteness as, once heard, to be quite unforgettable. Among the minor lyrists of an age that overvalued the lyric cry, he is one of the most complete, distinctive, and accomplished.

His later years were passed between his delightful home at Chelsea and dearly loved spots in France, Italy, and Spain. Like most of his companions, he had burned himself out prematurely. He died in 1909, only forty-one years old. Nothing but repetition of his successful vein is promised by his last works. With most of the group to which he belonged his quality remained that of a charming and perverse adolescence. He never developed an adult style and was fortunate in going before his youth had wholly passed.

The following volumes are promised early next month by McBride, Nast & Co.: "The Art of Nijinsky," by Geoffrey Whitworth, with ten illustrations in color by Dorothy Mulloch; "The Craft of Hand-Made Rugs," by Amy Mali Hicks, and "Baroque Architecture," by Martin S. Briggs.

The British Museum has recently purchased a Roman mosaic of great interest. It was discovered at Romain-en-Gallia, the site of a Roman town on the bank of the Rbone, opposite Vienne (Isère), to the south of Lyons. The mosaic is distinguished by completeness, only small portions being restored. It measures about 12 feet by 10 feet 6 inches, and formed the floor of a room. The design consists of a central panel with four medallions, one at each corner. Tbe central panel contains a nude figure with a hound; the medallions respectively Dionysus, wreathed; a bust of a young Satyr; busts of an old Satyr and a Mænad, and busts of a young Pan and a Mænad. Each of these medallions is surrounded by a square border, the corners of which are filled with birds. The prevailing colors in the mosaic are black, wbite, red, and yellow, but other shades are also introduced. Though not comparable with the finest work in this style in Naples and Rome, tbis mosaic is of finer workmanship than tbat of the provincial work found in Britain and Africa. The squares employed are indeed exceedingly small, particularly in the panel and the medallions, and they have been pieced together witb extraordinary skill.

A. E. Gallatin has done a useful thing very well in "Tbe Portraits and Caricatures of James McNeill Whistler, an Iconography" (Lane). Twenty-nine self portraits are recorded, of which three have been challenged by various authorities. Many of the self-portraits are slight or in small groups, and none represents the mature man satisfactorily. For this one must look to such portraits as Chase's and Boldini's and to tbe photographs, which Mr. Gallatin faithfully registers. There is a tantalizing mention of a collection of unfinished self portraits at London, access to wbich was denied the cataloguer. Whistler was a shining mark for the caricaturist. It is surprising tbat only thirty-five examples have been found. Tho diligence of Mr. Gallatin's iconograph quest is shown by the fact that he records the cover design for a Whistler cigar. There are twenty cuts, ten of which are first publications. Like its attractive predecessors from Mr. Gallatin's hand, the little book is fastidiously made and the edition limited.

"Animal Sculpture" (Putnam), by Walter Winans, is a book of terse practical advice by an artist who has won high awards. Modelling should be from memory, and the all-important matters are right placing of the main muscles and right slant of the chief planes. If this bo done, and it must be done not from immediate observation, but from analytical knowledge previously acquired, the contours will take care of themselves. Mr. Winans advises making two plaster casts of the model thus blocked out, one to keep in reserve, one to be used for adding details in plastacine. The method proposed is highly intellectual and disciplinary. Its use would do away with absurdities of pose and balance which have disfigured much of the animal sculpture of the past. We agree with Mr. Winans as to the value of sheer concentrated observation fixed by slight sketches. One models what he knows rather than what be sees. Mr. Winans's position is that of the realist. His scorn of Greek animal sculpture, supported by a single illustration which is not Greek, will not be shared by many art lovers. It is disconcerting to find Barye barely mentioned in such a book, and the Colleoni statue called Colonna and located at Rome. Such opinions and errors suggest lack of culture, but culture is not the point of a book intended for craftsmen. The practical counsels seem to us almost without exception sound, and the whole tendency makes against the superficiality of much modern sculpture.

The sub-titles of books seldom attract attention, and the ordinary reader of the volume on "Charles Follen McKim" (Houghton Mifflin), by Alfred Hoyt Granger, will be likely to overlook the fact that it claims to be no more than "a study" of the life and work of the great architect. To those who knew McKim most intimately, however, the book must seem inadequate on the one hand and somewhat misleading on the other. Biographically it is clearly too slight a sketch to have great value; and as a discussion of McKim's mode of work, and of the results accomplished by him, it can scarcely be said to be accurate. An author nowadays who produces a profusely illustrated book should remember that many of those who open its pages will judge of it very largely by its pictorial contents. And in this Mr. Granger does both McKim and those who worked in partnership with him no little injustice. In bis text he indeed tells his reader that a number of the plates presented are included rather to show tbe influence of McKim upon the work done by his firm than to suggest that the buildings referred to were his own creations; but this fact will be overlooked by the casual reader who is certain to be led to impute to McKim certain buildings that bear no trace of his authorship. Injustice is thus done not only to McKim, but also to his partners, especially to his younger partners, whose personality is lost in the firm name, and to whom he was ever ready to accord the very fullest credit. It is nothing less than a serious blunder, for instance, to have included among the illustrations a photogravure of the new Municipal office building in New York, which was not designed until after illness had compelled him to withdraw entirely from practice. McKim's great influence within and without his atelier is not to be ques-

tioned; and it was an influence which always pointed to perfection. But he was associated throughout his career with other men of strong individuality; and it is neither fair to him nor to them to suggest, even by indirection, that their personal taste was subordinated to his. The book, however, has its value as an enthusiastic appreciation of a great architect, and we may, therefore, overlook the fact that it is defective in critical acumen. It is, as it were, a wreath of laurel laid upon the tomb of McKim by one who feels that his own life was enriched by contact with him; and it may be accepted as representative of the respect and admiration of that large number of the younger architects who feel that they owe a debt of gratitude to the master who inspired them with devotion to ideals. The book is beautifully printed, and the illustrations are well made.

Finance

BEGINNING THE NEW YEAR.

The first business day of the new year was marked by curiously opposite movements in the home and foreign money markets. At New York call money rose to 10 per cent., a figure not surpassed at any time in 1913. At London, on the contrary, discount rates declined ½ of 1 per cent. to the lowest figure since the opening of October, and at Berlin a decline of ⅜ brought actually the lowest rate since the outbreak of the Balkan War.

High call loan rates at New York for the opening of the year are not altogether unusual—14 per cent. was quoted at the opening of 1910, 20 per cent. at the opening of 1908, 40 per cent. at the opening of 1907, and 125 per cent. at the opening of 1906. But in 1910, when January opened with 14 per cent., such an inflow of cash to New York ensued that the maximum rate from the middle of that month to the end of March was 3½ per cent. In the preceding year, with 20 per cent. for call money, the highest quotation for the two next months was 3.

To many people who scanned the tape between ten and three o'clock on the first business day of the new year, or who ran their eye over the afternoon newspapers' financial pages somewhat later, the action of the markets was undoubtedly disappointing. There had been such an outburst of cheerful talk and prophecy, in the financial comment and forecast of the several preceding days, that it seemed the plain duty of the Stock Exchange and the money market to act in character. That prices on the one should have moved uncertainly, and that rates on the other should have risen to a figure higher than any in 1913, was unpleasantly like a dash of frigid water on the glowing expectations.

One is not compelled, however, to take it immediately for granted that this introductory movement is the keynote of 1914, or to apply to the financial situation the analogy of the traditional citizen who constructs on January 1 a new programme for his life and conduct, and on January 2 has to report a day's performances closely resembling those of the previous year. A market has to put some distance between itself and the "year-end readjustments" before it can begin to show its actual character. Even the year of easy money and after-panic revival, 1908, was ushered in with the Wall Street call-money rate at no less than 20 per cent.

The calendar does not always settle the course of events, and the passing into another year is no guarantee that another set of governing influences is in operation. Yet it is hard to shake off the belief that events have combined, at this particular turn of the year, to alter rather strikingly the complexion of affairs. Wall Street, which always likes to have its superstitions fulfilled, may have had a certain satisfaction in the outcome of such a numbered year as 1913; but gratification that the ill-omened Wall Street year is ended will undoubtedly be the leading sentiment of the hour. This feeling certainly will not be weakened by the unanimous admission that, whatever may be the general forecast as to 1914, the actual situation has necessarily been changed by the bewildering succession of important occurrences in the past three weeks.

The financial community may, in its own judgment, prophesy good or ill from the enacted Banking and Currency law, from the Telephone Company's truce with the Government, and from the long step made towards the peaceful and harmonious ending of the "Money Trust" agitation, through the announcement, by the Morgans, of their firm's retirement from "interlocking directorates" on which it is personally represented. It is possible enough for the reasoners of Wall Street to insist that each of these developments may mean derangement of an agreeable *status quo*. But even the discontented critics will be the first to recognize that through these changes we at least part company with some important underlying factors in the uncertainties of 1913, and that now it is possible to look ahead.

It is possible also, in contemplating the more recent of these occurrences, to set up a very fair argument that they are bringing American finance in general, not from a safe and normal anchorage into an unknown sea, but from an exceedingly tempestuous course, whose end could be surmised by no one, into the old and well-charted channels of the past. The markets and the financial community have been observing, listening, and learning, since they were informed with angry exaggeration, during the exchange of political compliments in 1912, that to abandan these hazardous financial experiments of the decade past would be to "revert to the business methods of half a century ago."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, E. S. The Awakening of the Hartweils. American Tract Society.

Bacon, B. W. Theodore Thornton Munger: New England Minister. Yale Univ. Press. $3 net.

Beaumont, E. T. Ancient Memorial Brasses. Oxford Univ. Press.

Bell, P. D. Gloria Gray, Love Pirate. Chicago: Roberts & Co. $1.25 net.

Blake, William. Poetical Works. Edited by John Sampson. Oxford University Press.

Braithwaite, W. S. Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913. Cambridge, Mass.: The Author. $1 net.

Coppée, François. On rend l'argent. Edited with notes by P. W. Harry. Boston: Ginn. 50 cents.

Cromwell, Oliver. Speeches, collected and edited by C. L. Stainer. Oxford Univ. Press.

Dawbarn, C. Y. C. Uncrowned: A Story of Queen Elizabeth and the Early Life of Francis "Bacon." Longmans. $1.75 net.

Fassett, J. H. The Beacon First Reader. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.

Fenn, R. W. Horacio: A Tale of Brazil. American Tract Society.

Gerstäcker's Germelshausen. Edited with notes by R. W. Haller. Merrill Co. 40 cents.

Griffin, G. G. Writings on American History: A Bibliography of Books and Articles published during 1911. Washington: American Historical Association.

Hare, M. C. Norris Wright Cuney. Crisis Pub. Co. $1.50 net.

Harvard University Catalogue—1913-14. Cambridge.

Harvey, Alexander. The Toe, and Other Tales. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Hepburn, A. B. The Story of an Outing. Harper.

Hunt, T. W. English Literary Miscellany. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. $1.50 net.

Jackson, H. C. Black Ivory and White: The Story of El Zubeir Pasha. London: Blackwell.

Jenks, J. W., and Lauck, W. J. The Immigration Problem. Third edition revised. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.75 net.

Jerrold, W., and Leonard, R. M. A Century of Parody and Imitation: A Compilation. (1812-1912.) Oxford University Press.

Johnson, S. W. Letter-files, edited by Elizabeth A. Osborne. Yale Univ. Press. $2.50 net.

Macaulay, Lord. Historical Essays, and Literary Essays contributed to the Edinburgh Review. 2 vols. Oxford Univ. Press.

Macaulay's War of the Succession in Spain, Edited, with notes, by C. T. Atkinson. Oxford Univ. Press.

Martin, P. F. Maximilian in Mexico: The Story of the French Intervention. Scribner.

Maxwell, W. B. The Devil's Garden. (Advance copy.) Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.

Miller, G. S. Fifty-one New Malayan Mammals. Smithsonian Institution.

Morgan, C. L. Spencer's Philosophy of Science: A Lecture delivered at the Museum. November, 1913. Oxford Univ. Press.

Moser, Gustav von. Der Bibliothekar. Edited by F. W. C. Lieder. Boston: Ginn. 45 cents.

Oxenham, John. Bees in Amber. American Tract Society.

Philip, R. G. A Vision and a Voice. London: Robert Scott.

Phillpotts, Eden. From the Angle of Seventeen. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.20 net.

Prain, D. Index Kewensis—Supplementum IV (1906-1910). Oxford University Press.

Reboux, P., and Muller, C. A la Manière de. . . . Three series. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

Richardson, A. O. The Power of Advertising. Lambert Pub. Co.
Royal Historical Society publications. Selections from the Correspondence of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex—1675-1677. Camden Third Series, Vol. XXIV. London: The Society.
Shakespeare. Plays edited, with notes, by G. S. Gordon. Richard II. Oxford Univ. Press.
Venn, John. Early Collegiate Life. Cambridge, England: Heffer & Sons.
Vinogradoff, Paul. Essays in Legal History. Oxford University Press.
Wallis, A. F. Idonia: A Romance of Old London. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.30 net.
Whittier, J. G. Selected Poems. (World's Classics.) Oxford University Press.
Wildenbruch's Kindertränen. Edited by Carolyn Kreykenbohm. Merrill Co. 50 cents.

The Jan. number of a new quarterly

THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW

Contains

The New Irrepressible Conflict
The Majority Juggernaut
The Democrat Reflects
The New Morality
Prof. Bergson and Psychical Research
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The Week

We are loath to credit the statement, although it appears in the Progressive Chicago *Evening Post*, that Gov. Johnson of California has been forced to reconsider his decision to retire from politics because of failing health, on account of the upheaval the announcement caused in the ranks of the California Progressives, "with several party leaders anxious to fill Mr. Johnson's shoes." He finally decided to remain in politics, we read, "to save the Progressive State machine, as it was popularly understood," but has only now let it be known which office he will try for. As he has chosen the Governorship again, this leaves the Senatorship the prey of what we should have to call Progressive politicians, if there were or could be such a thing. They manage these things much better in Kansas, where a few Progressives who were unable to attend a meeting called to consider the question of candidates for Governor and Senator, simply endorsed the candidacy of Victor Murdock and Henry Allen for any office, State or national, for which they might run. The heart-burnings in California are duplicated in Massachusetts, where the six Progressives who made the election of a Republican Speaker possible are suffering verbal discipline by Charles Sumner Bird and others. Perhaps this bitterness is increased by the fact that only the refusal of three Democrats to vote for the Progressive candidate prevented his election on the first ballot.

In a letter to the New York *Herald* no less an authority than Capt. H. C. McClellan, of the Revenue Cutter Service, retired, now superintending the construction of lifeboats and apparatus for the Life-Saving Service, denounces in severe terms the provision of the Seamen's bill requiring passenger vessels to carry "two able seamen" for each lifeboat. Shipowners and experts at the London Conference have already pointed out that this provision is doubly vicious—it lays an unreasonable burden upon commerce, and it utterly fails as a measure of safety. In recognizing only able seamen as boatmen, it overlooks the fact that these men may never have had occasion to go into a boat, and may be utterly incompetent oarsmen. In excluding stewards and hands below decks from the boats, it disregards the fact that they are frequently the best of oarsmen, who have proved their superiority in actual competition. The test of boatmen should be a practical demonstration before the inspectors, and, as Capt. McClellan recommends, the bill should be modified with this end in view. This would also relieve the shipowners. As the bill stands, great liners with fifty or more boats will have to carry a force of deck seamen with virtually nothing to do but wait for some marine disaster. Mr. Robert Dollar vouches for the statement that "it would be an utter impossibility to get seamen enough of three years' experience to man the boats." To permit the use of qualified stewards would be only just. Despite certain merits of the bill, such faults as this go far to justify the opinion expressed in a letter which we print to-day, from Prof. Herbert C. Sadler, of the University of Michigan, that it is a tissue of contradictions and special legislation.

Ten of the twelve States whose Legislatures meet this year are to be objects of effort by the National Child Labor Committee to improve the laws relating to that subject. No one of the ten has the eight-hour law for all workers under sixteen, and three, Georgia, Maryland, and Virginia, allow children under sixteen to work at night. Georgia is also in agreement with South Carolina and Mississippi in allowing children under fourteen to work in factories; in Georgia the age limit is as low as ten years, and even this is not enforced. Stricter inspection is needed in more than one State, and the Committee is urging a State Bureau of Factory Inspection in Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi. In a few States the laws are weakened by exemptions, as in New Jersey, which enforces a fourteen-year limit for factories only, and permits children of any age to be employed in other pursuits during the day out of school hours. Upon these exemptions the Committee is severe, but it is in reference to them that impartial observers may have two opinions. Much depends upon local conditions. Moreover, one of the larger educational movements of the day is vocational training, which often takes the form of combining teaching with practice.

The snarl in the administration of the Mothers' Pension law in Massachusetts seems a flat contradiction of the main claim made for the bill—that it would put a new leaven into local charity. At its passage there was hot debate whether its aid should be distributed through local overseers of the poor or through special appointees. It was asserted that the appointees would be sociological experts, fully conversant with the theory and methods of poor relief. On the other hand, it was felt that to put it in the hands of the regular overseers would educate each community into a gradual revolution of its attitude towards the destitute. It would learn to help them as a matter of public policy. Yet the overseers have imbibed so little of this "broad public spirit" that the private sources they once represented are all dried up. In plain violation of the law's provision against State aid for less than one year, they are clamoring for funds in temporary cases—as when a husband goes to jail for six months, leaving his family in want. The merits of the case are clear, for the law was not meant to supersede, but to supplement, existing relief agencies. The Massachusetts press is doubtless justified in its hope that the local officials will see the light; but meanwhile the situation is of interest to other States, where the chief opposition to mothers' pensions comes from private or organized charities.

The Pittsburgh Morals Efficiency Commission has found in eight months' work the basis for recommending a potpourri of reforms—the censorship of motion pictures, the sterilization of criminals, the inspection of employment bureaus, a minimum wage, and the use of schools as social centres. Chief interest, however, will attach to its cham-

pionship of eugenic marriage legislation, especially in the light of considerations joined with it. The one most potent weapon in the reduction of vice the Commission believes to be early marriages, to encourage which it emphasizes good housing, cheaper living, and even vocational education, as permitting the easy conversion of youth into self-responsible, wage-earning manhood. If it can reconcile "eugenics" legislation with this principle of early marriage, the Commission will have done much for the enlightenment of such bodies as the Wisconsin Legislature. The most vicious aspect of such laws as that now meeting general condemnation in Wisconsin, and driving hundreds of couples across the border, is that they place artificial barriers before the very contract which fosters all the virtues of family life, from thrift up. It is the duty of lawmakers to recognize the old discovery new made by the Pittsburgh Commission—that marriage itself is a force unrivalled in making for social purity. This is not saying that safeguards of somewhat the character of those aimed at in the Wisconsin and other laws are necessarily in conflict with this principle; but the matter is one to be approached with the utmost caution.

We believe that the right sort of sex education is greatly needed. When we come to the specific definition of what is the right sort, or of how it is to be given, we find ourselves less inclined to speak dogmatically. Mrs. Young seems satisfied that sex hygiene has made a place for itself of acceptable value in high-school instruction, but she holds in abeyance her opinion as to its place in the primary schools. —[Chicago Evening Post.

An honest statement of a problem on which there is a vast amount of loose and disingenuous chatter. Out of the laboring mountains of talk not even a respectably sized mouse of concrete suggestion emerges. Just what of sex knowledge are you going to impart to the child, and at what age? What answer will you give the child on specific questions that he is always asking? At what age are the lessons of elementary biology that he has been studying in plant life to be brought home to him? Just what kind of ignorance is it the object of sex education to remove? How ignorant in reality is the child of the things he is assumed not to know? How derelict have the schools been hitherto in dealing with the problem to the extent that schools can be expected to deal with it? A definite statement on this subject from educators who have given their minds to the subject would be welcome. If in the interests of the child we have decided to abandon our supposedly prevailing reticence, let us be thorough about it. Let the honest facts be discussed instead of burying them under euphonious and vague terms like "sex hygiene."

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young favors instruction in sex hygiene in the high schools. She is in doubt as to the elementary schools. The question thus resolves itself into one concerned not with children at all, but with adolescents. But if it is with boys and girls of fourteen we must deal, the problem takes on a much simpler aspect. What "education" is necessary for children of this age that could not be conveyed in a single half-hour's talk on the subject of physical cleanliness, on the respect the individual owes to his body, and on the social implications of the violation of the laws of right living? One could cite the case of intelligent school principals twenty years ago or more, long before sex hygiene got into the headlines, who now and then gathered their boys into general assembly just for such a brief word of caution and appeal. A mere quarter of an hour twice a semester by the head of the school or the school physician would probably meet the requirements of the situation.

Canada's established reputation for enlightened treatment of the Indians can but gain from a departmental report showing them to be increasing at the rate of 2,000 a year. In 1912 there were 104,956, while 1913 closes with 106,490. Nearly all of them live in good dwellings; they have 326 schools, enrolling 11,144 pupils; while in spite of their supposed susceptibility to disease, the death-rate has been cut to 21 per thousand in the most populous communities. They earn wages amounting to $6,000,000 yearly, and cultivate 60,000 acres. "Industrious and contented," says the Montreal *Gazette*, "they compare favorably with the Dominion's other residents." In their prosperous absorption into civilization is a constant proof of the wisdom of Canada's policy of letting them shift for themselves, within certain protective regulations. Their present estate would certainly compare favorably with that of the tribes once confined so closely by the strict American reservation system. Of this, the merit was to protect the Indian while it educated him; but it also treated him as irresponsible, and cut him off from actual contact with civilization.

A pathetic personal interest, rather than political importance, attaches to the announcement that Joseph Chamberlain will not again accept election to Parliament. Chosen to this one, he has never been able to take his seat, though he dragged his broken frame to the Speaker's desk in order to sign—or, rather, pitifully to make his mark upon —the roll. It has long been evident that his public career was closed by the cruel physical disabling which fell upon him; and now his definite retirement will be taken merely as one sign more that his political battles are over. In the spectacle of so strong and masterful a man compelled to spend his last years in gray and hopeless invalidism, there is a theme for a tragic poet.

On the same day that Mr. Chamberlain announced his retirement from public life, another statement was issued, of a quite routine character, but having a close relation to the leading feature in the last phase of Mr. Chamberlain's public career. The returns of the British Board of Trade for the year 1913 show that the exports of the United Kingdom for the year increased by about $180,000,000 above 1912, and imports by $120,000,000, an increase in the entire foreign trade of $300,000,000. The aggregate of that trade, accordingly, was somewhat above seven billions of dollars, the exports being $3,200,000,000 and the imports $3,800,000,000. Mr. Chamberlain launched his "tariff reform" campaign in 1903; the total foreign trade in that year was slightly more than four billion dollars, and in the ten years that have since passed it has grown to the tremendous figure of seven billions recorded in the figures just published. And exports have increased at a decidedly more rapid rate than imports. In 1903, they were less than a billion and a half; ten years later, they are nearly three billions and a quarter. This great growth, both in exports and imports, is partly to be accounted for by the world-wide rise of prices; yet this goes com-

paratlvely but a small way towards explalning it. There has been, ever since Mr. Cbamberlain began hls protectionist crusade, a steady and enormous growtb of British foreign trade; yet the very centre of his attack rested on his confident assertion that the growth of the foreign trade of England was bound to come to an end if sbe persisted in her free-trade policy.

Tbe London "verdict" which by compromise convlcted Edwin Drood's uncle of manslaugbter, coupling a plea for mercy with a recommendation for judicial severity, partook of Dickens's own satiric hostility to legal inconsistencies. "Notbing serious ln life!" exclaimed Mr. Snitchey. "What do you call law?" "The one great principle of the English law," says "Bleak House," "is to make business for itself." Most of Dickens's lawyers, from Dodson and Fogg down, are what we should call shysters. Tbe face of Quilp's attorney—low forehead, a wen-like nose, deep red hair—was "one of nature's beacons, warning off those who navigated the shoals and breakers of the world, from that dangerous strait, the Law." But if the youth who had been a reporter in Doctors' Commons knew of what he wrote, it was of conditions that were already beginning to dissolve. Shaw, Chesterton, and all the eminent Drood "jury" are witnesses that the spirit of ridicule for any social fault persists in England; but in legal procedure, at least, it has an insubstantial target. Whether this spirit did more in mending matters than the downright assaults of men like Bentham, is scarcely debatable. Much as didacticism in literature is out of fashion, the writings of men like Mr. Alger and Judge Swann might furnish our own fiction a hint. While not bad to the Dickensian degree, some of our court procedure would still justify Mr. Snitcbey's further retort to the man who thought law a joke: "If you ever went into it, you would change your mind."

The entire citizen militia of the Transvaal has been called out because of threatened disorders arising from a general railway strike. South Africa ls a remote spot, and in this country we have been catching the merest echoes of a bitter labor warfare which began last year and seems to have been only temporarily allayed. In the recent mine strike in the Rand, the situation approached that of civil war. In one riot a hundred lives are said to have been lost. As a result of that conflict the mine owners were made to recognize the existence of intolerable conditions under which the gold-diggers carried on their work. One of tbe main objects of the present sojourn of Col. Gorgas in South Africa is to combat the ravages of disease among the Rand workers. The railway strike is wider in its scope. It has affected both of the former Boer republics and may easily extend to the whole of United South Africa. Time brings its revenges when the national militia, largely made up of men of Boer descent, is called upon to maintain order against the industrial and railway workers, of whom the white element is predominantly of British origin.

The acquittal by the court-martial of Col. von Reuter and Lieut. Schad, the Zabern military tyrants, is a grievous thing and one that will react upon the German army throughout the Empire. It illustrates clearly how firmly militarism is in the saddle and the army clique stands by its own. To judge from the testimony cabled to the American newspapers, the guilt of these officers seemed beyond question; indeed, Col. von Reuter openly avowed his deeds and assumed the responsibility therefor. In his speech to the Reichstag at the time of its censure of him, the Chancellor went out of his way to emphasize his regret that trouble-makers were seeking to cause a break between the army and the people by exploitation of the happenings at Zabern. But this decision of the court-martial will do that very thing, and to a tremendous degree; for it makes it clear that the army holds itself above all civilian law and entitled to arrest civilians, sabre them, break open tbe doors of their houses, put tbem in jail for merely laughing at the military, and generally to exercise complete autocratic power. It is inconceivable that the German people as a whole will submit to anything of this kind. Tbe verdict will also intensify the difficulties of the Chancellor, whose position is shaky enough already.

The Terrible Turk seems determined to be the *enfant terrible* of the Balkans. Constantinople's reported intentions to equip herself with a full-sized Dreadnought for the recovery of the Ægean Islands has put Greek nerves on edge. Now comes active Turkish intervention in Albania, the newest of the world's kingdoms. Albania makes a very attractive kingdom on paper, but there is to be no particular rush among cadets of Europe's royal houses to assume sovereignty over a nation of excellent marksmen from behind a rock, and chronically opposed to the payment of taxes. Turkey no doubt counts upon the resistance of the Mohammedan majority in Albania to any Christian prince whom the Powers may impose on them. This mountain-land, which for long was the bane of its Turkish masters, seems likely to prove a thorn in the side of the Powers who brought the new kingdom into being, and particularly of Austria. There is no likelihood that the Ottoman will recover anything of the territory he has lost. But there must be sweet revenge for Turkey in the fearful price which her conquerors have already paid for their prize, and seem likely to pay.

Greece's new Ambassador to the United States is Agamemnon Schliemann, a name which cuts across the boundaries of race and time. The son of the distinguished scholar who wrote the modern epic of Troy and Mycenæ with his spade would seem to be peculiarly qualified to act as representative of the newer Greece which as a result of the Balkan wars is stretching out towards the boundaries of ancient Hellas. His qualifications do not end there, for the new Ambassador is the son of an American citizen. The elder Schliemann was in California at the height of the gold rush, was naturalized, and never gave up his rights. This is a fascinatingly complex situation, which at the same time calls up and refutes much tbat has been said about the "mongrel" character of the modern Greek people. It may be that little of the blood of the men who fought at Salamis and Arbela runs in the veins of the modern Greeks, who are most frequently described as a mixture of Slav and Saracen elements. Yet there is such a thing as spiritual heritage, and it finds expression in statesmen of the Venizelos type, to whom the glories of twenty-five hundred years ago are both an ideal and a fulcrum for moving popular sentiment towards the attainment of that ideal.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE NEW HAVEN.

The announcement, Saturday afternoon, of an agreement between the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company and the Government is primarily important as another evidence that the peaceful and amicable enforcement of the Anti-Trust law is the order of the day. It is also of particular interest because, in the case of an exceedingly complicated combination of properties subject to the law, the terms of the agreement prove, first, the willingness of the corporation to conform to the principle of that law; secondly, the Government's disposition to take a reasonable attitude in regard to solving the practical difficulties of the proposed dismemberment; and thirdly, the belief of the railway's officers that such difficulties can be surmounted.

A year ago, it is probable that a good part of the community would have questioned the likelihood of any of these three results. The New Haven's attitude then was, to fight to the last ditch against any surrender to the law. This attitude has been voluntarily reversed. It was then assumed in many quarters that the Government would impose conditions—as to instantaneous disposal, on an unwilling market, of holdings of stock in other corporations—which would involve a ruinous financial loss. But the chairman of the New Haven now declares, in outlining the plan of settlement, that the Attorney-General is "broadminded in considering the business and commercial welfare of New England and of the railroads in New England"; that he "recognizes the obligations incumbent upon the directors to conserve, just as far as circumstances will permit, the full value of all of the properties," and that, "so far as the department properly may, it will help the directors to discharge their obligations in protecting the stockholders in working out the details of the plan for the various properties."

This means that abundant time will be allowed for the necessary liquidation. And as for the very prevalent idea of a year ago, that such dismemberment would inevitably injure the property itself, the New Haven's chief executive further states that, despite the practical difficulties of the problem, the properties eventually will, "without doubt, be made not only good properties to serve the public, but in due time better properties for returning an income to the owners of the securities."

It would be difficult to exaggerate the significance of the episode, in the light of these three considerations. The settlement need not even be described as a compromise, as the Government's "meeting the company half-way." It is an absolute agreement, by both Government and company, on the principle of the law, on the practicability of enforcing it, and on the application, in such enforcement, of the "rule of reason" already vindicated by the United States Supreme Court. We imagine that, in the New Haven's case, it will not be many years before the financial community itself will look back at the Government's intervention in the company's affairs as having saved the enterprise from a disastrous future. For such an outcome was clearly foreshadowed, if the policy were to be continued whereby the company, in the nine years between 1903 and 1912, had increased its own capitalization from $93,000,000 to $417,000,000; of which increase, as the Interstate Commission showed, $204,000,000 "had been expended in operations outside its railroad sphere."

We have indicated that the paramount teaching of the incident is the fact that the peaceable enforcement of the law, in other quarters where its application has been doubted or resisted, is now reasonably assured. Pending such general readjustment, there is, indeed, no reason why the Administration should relax its firm insistence on obedience to the law, or should abandon such active measures as may in any single case be necessary to insure obedience. But the events of the past few weeks no less positively teach, in our opinion, that the era of peaceable settlement is not the time for piling up new and drastic remedial legislation, or for throwing fresh agitation into the field of American finance, at the moment when these sufficiently delicate problems of undoing the errors of the past are patiently working out.

There are, no doubt, some questions of company legislation which remain for early consideration, as a natural supplement to what has already been accomplished. These questions are pretty well understood, and are purely constructive in their nature. Even they will need ample time for proper consideration—notably the matter of regulation of security issues of the railways. But legislation which involves the further great unsettlement of existing financial institutions, and especially legislation which infers the introduction of new and debatable experiments, can safely wait until time has worked out the process, now under way, of bringing back our financial methods to the sound and normal basis which existed before the rash undertakings of a dozen years ago.

The growing spirit of confidence, in the business community at large, has had its principal origin in the belief and hope that a period of rest from the political uncertainties of the past few years is now at hand. That this confidence should be maintained is of the highest necessity, not only to the successful solution of the problems relating to the dismembering of illegal combinations, but to the successful application of the two great laws which the Wilson Administration has already placed upon the statute books.

FREE SPEECH AND PROFESSORS.

PHILADELPHIA, January 6.—Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania will undertake at a meeting on Monday, it is said, to establish boundaries within which certain members of the faculty will be required to restrain themselves in their public utterances.

Whether anticipation of this particular situation had anything to do with the action taken by the American Political Science Association the other day in regard to professorial freedom, we are not in a position to say. But there occurs, every few years, some case of the kind which attracts national attention; and the Association was therefore, in our judgment, well advised in appointing a committee to report on the broad question of the situation in American educational institutions as to "liberty of thought, freedom of speech, and security of tenure by teachers of political science." That the report of this committee will wholly remove the trouble is too much to expect; but there is every reason to hope that it will serve to stamp upon the minds of university authorities a better knowledge and a fuller recognition of the demands of academic freedom and the grounds on which those demands are justified.

In the comprehension of the subject, both by university authorities and by the public generally, there has been a

great advance within the past twenty years. There was a time when many persons of intelligence and standing, and in particular many college trustees, were content with saying that to dismiss a professor for the enunciation of unwelcome opinions was not a denial of his right to free speech, but only of his right to the institution's money. One sees this notion still cropping up occasionally, but it has quite lost its vogue. The question is not an abstract question of the legal right of free speech; it is a question of the status and character of the university professor. It is the business of the professor to teach the truth, as he has come to see it through his study of the subject he is discussing. It is an indispensable part of the validity and integrity of his work that he shall feel this to be his duty. To tell him that if in the performance of this duty he runs counter to the opinions or desires of the holders of the purse-strings he will be discharged, is to penalize honesty and independence, to reward servility and cowardice. What the upholders of academic freedom maintain, in so far as it relates to the "rights" of the professor at all, is his right to membership in an honorable profession. To say that he can hold his place only on condition of suppressing judgments that are not to his paymasters' liking would be to degrade the professorate in much the same way as the judiciary would be degraded under a régime in which the recall was not merely permissible, but was habitually resorted to whenever a judge's decision was not to the popular taste.

But the principle of academic freedom rests on broader grounds than the personal rights of professors. The question touches deeply the whole spirit of university life; even more for the sake of the students than for that of the professors the intellectual integrity and independence of the professorate must be upheld. Moreover, the influence of university professors, taken as a whole, is one of the powerful factors in the moulding of public opinion. It is safe to say that, in this respect, it stands, or at least is quite capable of standing, next in power to the newspaper press. The influence is less direct, but it is more steady and continuous; it is less perceptible, but it has a way of filtering out, through successive strata of the population, until it leavens a great lump. And this influence is, on the whole, beneficial, tending to the preservation of sane and wise views of political issues. No doubt there are among the professorial body a certain number of foolish extremists, a certain number of shallow and sensational ranters. No doubt, also, there are a certain number of strong men who, from the point of view of the conservative, are sadly in error. But it must be plain upon a very little reflection that in order that the opinions of the sober and conservative shall have weight with the nation, it is indispensable that the heterodox and daring shall have the right to speak as they think, and to retain their chairs. Let it be known that nobody can keep a university professorship unless he conforms to a given code of opinion, and any appeal to university opinion must necessarily become a farce. There is a point, of course, beyond which freedom becomes pure license and where, for obvious ethical reasons, the trustees of an institution must intervene. All things human are in a way a matter of compromise. But in practice the point of unquestionable license is seldom reached, and it is safer to err on the side of liberty.

As for the actual status and attitude of professors of economics and political science in this country at the present time, we believe that it is, on the whole, very nearly all that can be desired from this standpoint. Of this, Columbia University is a striking example. We have taken occasion to find fault with its government in regard to a different aspect of the professor's freedom—the question of teaching methods and of the free play of personality. But as to freedom of opinion, and particularly in the field of economic and political science, it would be difficult to find any fault. The president of Columbia is one of the leading conservatives of the country, and the trustees are doubtless in the main of his way of thinking. Yet almost every professor in those departments is a good deal of a radical, and several of them have been among the earliest champions of what a few years ago were generally regarded as very advanced radical policies. None of them is in the slightest danger of molestation. And a similar condition exists in many of our leading universities. So far from being fortresses of capitalism, as many people imagine—and as perhaps they were, to some extent, a quarter of a century ago—the American universities have been distinctly responsible for a considerable part of the impetus behind the "progressive" movement which has come to the front in recent years. The reason for the action of the Political Science Association is to be found less in existing conditions as a whole than in the evil that shows itself here and there, and in the essential importance of asserting a principle which is always in more or less danger of being lost sight of.

PROFIT-SHARING OR LARGESSE?

Referring to the announced distribution of $10,000,000 out of the prospective profits for the year 1914 to the wage-earning employees of his company, Mr. Henry Ford has stated that he regards it as not at all an act of charity, but simply a fair division of the net returns of the business. Upon the abstract question there is room for a great deal of pretty disputation. But the practical issue which this extraordinary distribution presents relates not to the moral quality, or the social quality, of the act, but to its bearing on the subject of profit-sharing in general. Call it fair division or call it largesse, as you will; the question is whether the act of the Ford Motor Company is calculated to promote or to discourage the spread of the profit-sharing plan in the industrial world.

Without trying to answer this question we may note some of the factors that enter into the case. One of these is the psychological element involved in the immediate spectacle. In the past few days profit-sharing has been discussed by thousands of persons who until then had scarcely heard of the term. Among them are probably many employers who are thinking of it, if not as a practical probability, at least as something more than a mere academic fad. Some of these may go so far as to inquire into the history of the subject in France, in England, in Germany, in this country, and look up books or Government reports relating to it.

But while the mere stirring up of interest is calculated to promote the spread of the profit-sharing idea, there is much in the particular exemplification that is calculated to have the opposite effect. Anything comparable to

the bounties which are to be given by the Ford Company is so obviously out of the question in general as to give fresh point to one of the standard objections raised against the profit-sharing plan. An article in a recent volume of the *Economic Review*, by a thoroughly friendly writer, puts this objection to the schemes very clearly:

> They would, if generally adopted, introduce a great inequality in the remuneration of one and the same grade of labor. The inequality, in fact, would be exactly proportioned to the inequality of the realized profits of the various firms employing that grade of labor. . . . Now, *inequality* of remuneration is very soon felt to be *insecurity*, since the weekly wage comes to be taken as a minimum, and the standard remuneration (*i. e.*, the sum which a man will complain of if he does not get) is the wage plus the average share of profit in the industry. For this reason the trade unions are not as unreasonable as they might appear to be when they choose to work for a rise of wages throughout the industry rather than for a state of things in which each firm should give its employees a share of the profits.

In the case in hand, the inequality here referred to is exhibited on a scale far beyond anything that this writer could have had in mind; and accordingly the very plethora of the success which the profit-sharing plan seems to have at its disposal in the Ford plant is the cause of its serving to accentuate not the feasibility, but a conspicuous difficulty, of that plan. As actually pursued in the many establishments which have successfully tried it, this difficulty has been hypothetical rather than real. Thus Mr. T. C. Taylor, who is one of the most ardent advocates of the plan in England, and whose firm has practiced it upon a very just plan for thirty years, says: "In twenty years the number of our workers has increased from 600 to 1,400, and we have apportioned as the workers' share near £100,000." This is pleasant, but it means an average distribution of only about $25 a year to each worker. Taking all the profit-sharing enterprises in the United Kingdom on which data could be obtained, the Labor Department of the Board of Trade finds that the average amount thus falling to the working people forms an addition of 5½ per cent. to their wages—which is not very different from the experience of Mr. Taylor's firm. Additions ranging all the way from nothing to this amount, or even several times this amount, would constitute no seriously disturbing inequality. It is precisely in such a highly exceptional case as that of the Ford Company that the adoption of the plan brings in a discouraging factor which may more than counterbalance any stimulus that it furnishes to the profit-sharing system.

In favor of that system, in one or another of its forms, a great deal is to be said. Its central recommendation, both from the narrowly economic and from the human standpoint, is its capacity for infusing into the ranks of the workers the feeling that they have a personal stake in the prosperity of the enterprise for which they are laboring. In that modification of the profit-sharing idea which is embodied in the Taylor method of "scientific management," the case is somewhat different, for there the stake of each worker is expressly measured by the quantity of his own individual output. But whatever particular form it may take, the idea of introducing, wherever it is practicable, such a relation between employer and employed as makes for a keener interest in his work on the part of the worker, and a more human interest in the worker on the part of the employer, is one that is worthy of encouragement. If the Detroit episode shall stimulate the study of the practical possibilities of profit-sharing, it will have been so far of good service to the country.

THE HARVARD-TECHNOLOGY MERGER.

The news that an alliance between Harvard University and the Institute of Technology has at last come to pass is striking chiefly by its unexpectedness. After the failure of the attempt of President Eliot and President Pritchett to amalgamate the institutions in 1904-05, and the receipt of the McKay millions by Harvard, it was supposed that the project was dead—as it was in the form in which they had urged it. Now their successors, Presidents Lowell and Maclaurin, have brought about a union which is in several aspects one of the most original and remarkable developments in our university evolution, if only because we may now see the extraordinary phenomenon of a student who has spent four years at the Institute receiving a Harvard degree as well as a Technology one. If we understand the terms of the merger—to which, happily, the Sherman Act does not apply—some of the Institute's students will hereafter be studying for two degrees in two different institutions, while some will be qualifying only for the Institute's degree, and all will be taught by a corps of professors holding rank in both institutions.

This is obviously the very opposite of what was planned during the years 1904 and 1905. The scheme which was then considered was the physical removal of the Institute to Harvard and its becoming in its entirety a college of Harvard, as Oxford and Cambridge have their numerous colleges with separate entities. It was hoped that near-by Tufts, too, would ally itself on similar terms, since President Eliot's idea was that Harvard would naturally develop upon English university lines. But the Technology alumni and faculty would have none of this, and a Supreme Court decision prohibiting the corporation from selling its land for these purposes came to their rescue. There followed the McKay bequest of $4,000,000 to Harvard, with promise of much more after the passing of certain lives, and so Harvard, lamenting as it did the growing up of two great engineering schools almost within sight of each other—the Technology is building superb new quarters on the Cambridge side of the Charles River basin—established in 1906 the Graduate School of Applied Science, with the idea that it should become for science what the Harvard Law School and Medical School are for their branches of learning.

In this there has been the completest disappointment. Harvard has to-day less than sixty graduate students of applied science, while the Technology has 250 graduates, or former students of other colleges, seeking its degrees. It is a pretty clear case that not means and able teachers alone can create a great school, and now Harvard wisely evacuates the whole field. Its fifteen professors of civil, mechanical, mining, electrical, and sanitary engineering go over to Technology, and Harvard by itself will offer no further instruction within its domain in these subjects. With the professors go the funds of the Lawrence Scientific School and about three-fifths of the McKay money, or about $60,000 a year—eventually it should approximate $250,000 a year—to be used, if the will is followed, for salaries, upkeep of

buildings, and scholarships for meritorious students.

For President Maclaurin this is an extraordinary achievement; for slight concessions to Harvard he obtains great means for the Institute and leads in the movement to avoid needless duplication in institutions of learning. Moreover, in the five years of his presidency he has also obtained the new site and a magnificent group of educational buildings. More than that, he has accomplished the seemingly impossible: he induced the State of Massachusetts to vote $100,000 a year for ten years for the support of the Institute. He has still to obtain the money for dormitories, and he has yet to prove that he can develop a great educational leadership.

One regrettable feature there is. We learn from Boston that the Technology and Harvard faculties had but two days' warning, and were not officially consulted. This executive haste savors quite too much of some of our big business mergers, with their "vote first and discuss afterwards" policy. What does an American faculty exist for? It used to be held that a prime purpose was the discussion and formulation of large educational policies, such as are involved in a momentous move like this. But we are out of date. A faculty is now but a technical staff; our presidents are captains of industry. What would fifteen Munich professors say to being switched to Halle without their assent on two days' notice? But if that is unthinkable, it is at least possible to congratulate our college world upon a great and memorable advance, whatever the mistakes of the manner of accomplishment. Particularly, President Lowell deserves credit for willingness to face the fact of Harvard's non-success in the field of applied science.

IS AMERICAN VITALITY DECLINING?

The meeting of the National Conference on Race Betterment will doubtless direct attention once more to the question of the increase of American mortality in the higher age-groups. Mr. E. E. Rittenhouse, president of the newly formed Life Extension Institute, and other insurance authorities have for some years insisted on the gravity of the conditions. The outstanding fact, which nobody disputes and which is certainly very striking, is that while in ages below forty-five the rate of mortality is steadily diminishing, at about that age this tendency not only ceases but is reversed. The mortality in the ages from forty-five to fifty-four is somewhat higher now than it was in former times, and in the ages from fifty-five to sixty-four it is markedly higher. The conclusion drawn is that there is something about our way of life which grows worse instead of better from year to year. The advance of medical science and sanitary regulation has saved the lives of infants and of persons formerly carried off by infectious and zymotic diseases; but against this gain must be set an increase in the number of deaths among people of middle age.

In point of fact, however, the increase in the death-rate at the middle ages of life does not prove the deterioration alleged. We are not asserting that the conclusion is false, though we are inclined to think it so; but we do say it does not follow from the premises. A simple and extreme hypothetical case will suffice to show this. Suppose that, under a given state of things, out of every thousand persons taken at the age of twenty-five, ten died every year for the following forty years, so that at the age of forty-five eight hundred were living, and at the age of sixty-five, six hundred. Now imagine that through some advance in medical science every one of the persons who had formerly been carried off between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five had his life prolonged exactly twenty years, while the rest lived just as long as before. The consequence would be that among persons of the ages from twenty-five to forty-four the death-rate would be zero, while for the ages from forty-five to sixty-four the rate would be greatly increased above what it had been. At the age of forty-five, instead of 10 deaths among 800, a death-rate of 12½ per thousand, we should have 20 deaths among 1,000; and at the age of sixty-four there would be 20 instead of 10 deaths among the 600 survivors.

It is by no means improbable that what is thus grossly indicated on a magnified and impossible scale has in fact been going on in a degree sufficient to account for the actual statistics without the supposition of any increase of evil in our ways of life. Take the figures given in an article by Lewis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in the December number of the *American Journal of Public Health*. They relate to the whole of the registration States as constituted in the year 1900, and give a comparison of the mortality of various age-groups in that year with the mortality for the year 1911. Among females, singularly enough, the phenomenon we have been discussing does not present itself at all. Among males, the death-rate in the age-group forty-five to fifty-four advanced from 15.8 in 1900 to 16.1 in 1911. In the age-group from fifty-five to sixty-four it advanced from 28.9 to 30.9. It is almost exactly stating the case, therefore, for the entire group of twenty years, if we say that there was one more death annually among every thousand persons in the year 1911 than in the year 1900. Now, as the general death-rate in this country has been steadily declining as far back as the records go, it is certainly an extremely reasonable conjecture that this one additional death among a thousand persons is to be ascribed not to worse conditions destroying some lives which in the older time would have continued longer, but on the contrary to the survival for many years of some life less hardy than the average, which in the earlier days would have disappeared much sooner. Or rather, to carry the war into Africa, is it not probable that much more than this increase of one death was brought about in this latter way, and that the death-rate for the ages between forty-five and sixty-five would have increased more sharply than it has were it not for the actual improvement of conditions?

Into the statistics of mortality from the various degenerative diseases by which the conclusion that we have been questioning is supported, we cannot enter. We must content ourselves with saying that similar considerations cast doubt on the validity of the argument drawn from these statistics. But there is one point of signal importance to which we must draw attention. Among the causes that affect the death-rate in any given age-group is the composition of that group as regards occupation and economic conditions. It is quite possible that the increase in the number of deaths at the ages above forty-five may be due to a larger number of persons reaching these ages among the classes engaged in hard and life-shortening toil.

The effect of increasing the usual duration of life in these classes would be to increase the death-rate at the middle ages of life; and, owing to the great number which such an improvement would affect, a very slight prolongation of life among them would be sufficient to make quite a perceptible change of this kind. So far from concluding, therefore, from the increased death-rate between fifty-five and sixty-five, that the conditions among the working classes are worse than they formerly were, it is at least a probable supposition that this phenomenon arises from the prolongation of life among the least-favored classes into ages which in former times they comparatively seldom reached.

INDUSTRIAL LABOR IN ART.

It is fitting that Pittsburgh figures in the brief list of cities where the sculptures of Constantin Meunier are to be exhibited. People familiar with steel-mills, foundries, mines, and manufactories should respond to an art that specializes in the materials of this industrial age. Meunier's Melting Steel, The Miners, The Smithy, Factory Work, Returning from the Pit, with his unfinished Monument to Labor, represent the heroic in industrial labor. In closest touch from his youth up with the mines and mills of his own Belgium, he has put the dramatic intensity of toil into a new setting. In the pleasure evoked by his work, a main element has been its novelty. That the industrial was synonymous with the ugly, that the æsthetic eye could look only with aversion upon the harsh lines of factories and the black clouds which their chimneys rolled against the sky, has been almost a convention. Yet into the tense groups about the pouring-ladle and the electric drill Meunier has put a vividness and a sympathy that make his sculptures popular wherever seen.

Unusualness of background and action does not alter the fact that Meunier's main claim to attention is not his tincture of iconoclasm, but an element as old as life itself—man laboring and overcoming. His work has suggested Millet more than any one else. Each strove to reflect human toil, and to convey a conception of the dignity of primitive labor. Largeness and serenity are keynotes of most of the productions of both. But in giving his types a touch of the august, Millet invoked the help of old traditions of the soil. The husbandman, in youth, is archetype of the earth's fruitful vigor; in age, of its patriarchal dignity. So far as toil has been the subject of treatment in any art, linking it to the earth whence it and man sprang together adds the poetizing touch. The harvester of Millet joins hands with Virgil and Theocritus, Boaz and Abraham. But Meunier puts in a transforming light toil that has been held brutalized. When the laborer went up to the city, he passed from the sweetness and grace of the fields to grubbing under man-made conditions. The change was like that of Ruskin's little plot of grass, beautiful in its surroundings till an iron railing made it ugly. At the present day, as no less than a century ago, the dignity of hard work is not in the mechanic, working amid clangor and competition and fret, but in the one whom Dr. Wakefield pronounced, after the priest, the noblest of men—the tiller. Just here come Meunier's sculptures to enlarge this dignity to the point of universality.

Such art has especially a function in helping a working age adjust itself to its newer conditions. The spirit behind the work of Meunier and his fellows is the healthy impulse to follow life into its ramifications, searching for new ways of giving it artistic treatment. It necessarily deals in the unconventional; but in the end it carries its message home. A part of its usefulness may be in showing that those who work at the forge, in the mine, at marble, bronze, or coal, no less than the hewers of wood and drawers of water, are dressing and keeping the wilderness; but it points the larger lesson that to cut off, in the division of mankind's pursuits, any considerable body from artistic idealization, is suicidal narrowness. An American philosopher once spoke of the world's rough and dirty work as necessary but ignoble employment to which it might be well, in time, to draft men turn by turn. The emergence of a Meunier from a coal-pit rebukes such utterances. His production can distil out a soul of goodness from the rankest tangle of modern steel and brick. The catholicity and democracy which they spell sustain the self-appreciation of burdened groups, while broadening their sympathies.

THE AMERICAN PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

New York, January 4.

The forty-fifth annual meeting of the Association was held at Harvard University, December 29-31, in conjunction with the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association. It had been thought that the interruption of the joint meeting with the Archæological Institute of America, which had been the habit of the past eight or ten years, might interfere seriously with the attendance. Such fears, however, proved groundless; the attendance was uncommonly good.

Of the seven sessions, three were held with the Modern Language Association. Of these two were evening sessions, one of which was devoted to the annual address of the president of the American Philological Association, the other to the annual address of the president of the Modern Language Association. The former, Professor Harold North Fowler, of the Western Reserve University, dealt with "The Present and the Future of Classical Studies in the United States." He considered the causes that lead students away from the classics, and dwelt on the special need in our times and in our country of such studies, and held, with refreshing optimism, that devotion to the study of the classics would surely continue if teachers of the classics remained enthusiastically convinced of their value and their abiding vitality, and communicated that enthusiasm to pupils.

An important part of the third joint session was the address in memory of Francis A. March, for many years professor at Lafayette College, a scholar of the highest distinction in ancient and modern languages, a teacher of consummate skill, and an active member of the two associations. This address was by Prof. James W. Bright, of the Johns Hopkins University.

The joint meeting with the Modern Language Association was voted a great success. In point of fact the scholarly and the material interests of the two associations touch at many points. The profounder work, both in Romance philology and in English, is impossible unless laid on a classical foundation. Nor can a thoughtful student of German literature forget that to the vivifying influence of Greek language and literature, at the end of the eighteenth century, Germany owes the impulse which made her one of the dominant intellectual forces of the nineteenth century. In the pedagogical field, too, the attention now given to the application of the direct method to the teaching of Latin and Greek has caused teachers of the classics to give increased attention to the teaching of the modern foreign languages.

One most impressive result of the

great numbers in attendance was the spectacle presented at the informal smoker held in the great hall of the fine new building of the Harvard Club in Boston. The hundreds of men gathered there joined in the singing of various songs; the singing of Gaudeamus Igitur, led by the great organ in the hall, was especially inspiring.

The papers presented at the meeting of the American Philological Association, whether actually read or merely read by title, numbered forty-five. They deal with a very wide variety of subjects. At one session papers concerned with the Greco-Roman theatre were grouped; at another there were successive papers on Greco-Roman religion.

The American Philological Association is a national association, but geographical considerations (the distances to be travelled and the cost of such travel) prevent many of its members from attending its sessions. Indeed, such difficulties led to the formation of a Pacific Coast division of the Association, which has had an active life for some years, and is planning now to hold two meetings in each year. Bearing in mind these considerations, one finds interest in the following table showing the number of papers emanating from the classical teaching staffs of various colleges and universities: Brown, 1; Chicago, 2; Columbia, 3; Grove City, 1; Harvard, 3; Illinois (Univ.), 1; McGill, 1; Michigan, 2; Minnesota, 1; Missouri, 1; Northwestern, 2; Pennsylvania, 4; Pittsburgh, 2; Princeton, 1; St. Stephen's, 1; Texas, 1; Union, 1; Vanderbilt, 2; Vassar, 4; Virginia, 1; Washington and Jefferson, 3; Western Reserve, 2; Wisconsin, 1; Yale, 1.

Questions dealing with the pedagogy of the classics never receive real consideration at the meetings of the Association; and this circumstance lent special interest to that part of the address of Professor Hohlfeld, of the University of Wisconsin, president of the Modern Language Association, in which he urged that Association to make proper provision for the pedagogical interests of the teachers of modern languages, especially those in secondary schools. In the classical field these interests are amply cared for by such organizations as the Classical Association of New England, the Classical Association of the Atlantic States, and the Classical Association of the Middle West and South.

Twice recently, however, the American Philological Association has been invited to lend its approval to movements primarily pedagogical in their nature. At the recent meeting the joint committee on grammatical nomenclature, appointed several years ago by the National Education Association, the Modern Language Association of America, and the American Philological Association, presented a report recommending the adoption of certain grammatical terms for use in all language teaching, in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and English—on the ground that the terms endorsed by the committee gave identical terms for identical grammatical phenomena, so that the general adoption of them would make for economy of time and labor in the teaching and the learning of these languages. Since the copies of the report did not reach the members of the American Philological Association till its meeting was half over, and there was therefore no opportunity to examine thoroughly the sixty-three pages of the report, it was felt by many members that all consideration of the report should be postponed to the next annual meeting. A motion for such postponement, without prejudice to the merits of the report, was presented. However, after a debate of nearly two hours, which at all times was deliberately kept away from the merits of the report itself, and from the more fundamental question whether uniform grammatical terminology was necessary or desirable, the following resolution was, by a vote of 36 to 19, substituted for the motion of postponement:

> Resolved, That the Association express its sense of the desirability of uniformity of grammatical terminology in the work of the schools; and recommend that the schools follow the general lines of the report of the Joint Committee on Grammatical Nomenclature, with the understanding that this recommendation does not carry with it approval of all the terms proposed in the report.

The officers elected for the year 1914 are as follows: President, Edward Capps, Princeton; vice-presidents, Carl Darling Buck, Chicago, and Edward P. Morris, Yale; secretary-treasurer, Frank C. Moore, Columbia; executive committee, Charles Knapp, Columbia; Henry A. Sanders, Michigan; John A. Scott, Northwestern; Kirby Flower Smith, Johns Hopkins; Arthur L. Wheeler, Bryn Mawr.

Charles Knapp.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

New York, January 4.

The annual meeting of the Institute was held in Montreal, at McGill University, January 1-3. The attendance of members, aside from those in Canada within easy reach of Montreal, was less than normal. All of New Year's Day and all Saturday morning were given to the business of the Institute—affairs quite unrelated to the reading and discussion of papers. The most important items of business transacted were the re-election of Prof. F. W. Shipley, of Washington University, St. Louis, as president, and the passage of a motion authorizing the executive committee to enter upon the publication of a bi-monthly non-technical journal, to be known, probably, as *Art and Archæology*, as soon as a guarantee fund of $4,000 shall be actually in possession of the Institute. Further details concerning the journal, such as the selection of a managing editor and associate editors, were referred to a special committee.

The total number of papers presented was thirty-two. An interesting point is the circumstance that a considerable number were not archæological at all: at any rate, they did not deal with those works of form and substance with which it is the special province of archæology, in the accepted sense of the term, to deal. Further, the complete stoppage of excavations at important sites in Greece, Asia Minor, and Africa, as the result of the wars involving Greece and Turkey, made the current year somewhat barren of important new discoveries. One other fact was made clear, at least to the present writer, by the experiences of the meeting just closed: some plan must be worked out by which the business of the Institute may be transacted in full before the reading of papers begins. This is necessary in order that a speaker may have among his auditors the leading members of the Institute, those, in a word, best competent to value and to discuss his paper. At the recent meeting their time was consumed in committee meetings which, though begun before the reading of papers was in order, continued long after such reading was under way.

Charles Knapp.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

Easton, Penn., January 3.

Well above three hundred members and their "gests" (as the official programme has it), probably the largest number in the history of the Association, attended the thirty-first meeting on December 29, 30, and 31, held under the auspices of Harvard University. The meeting was a joint one with the Philological Association; the last occasion on which the two societies met together was in 1900. The admirable way in which the wants of all were met and their pleasure administered to speaks well for the care of the local committee of the University. There were the reception and the luncheon at the Harvard Union, the opening of Mrs. Gardner's house in Fenway Court on Tuesday afternoon, and the smoker at the Harvard Club of Boston, at which Dr. Crothers furnished the "smoke-talk" to the delight of his four hundred hearers.

At the joint evening session of Tuesday Prof. A. R. Hohlfeld, of the University of Wisconsin, president of the Modern Language Association, discoursed on "Light from Goethe on Our Problems."

Goethe, he said, sympathized with *Weltlitteratur*, with its implication that those who study a foreign language and literature come to have a broader tolerance for other nations and a deeper knowledge of their own. Goethe also recognized that there should be a harmonious synthesis of conflicting ideals, so that one should sympathize with research as well as with teaching. In the work of the Association there had been a marked decrease recently in articles dealing with broad pedagogical subjects; in 1884 half the articles of the *Publications* were of this nature, whereas since 1892 there had hardly been one. The college ideal of teaching has given way to the university ideal of research. An effort should be made to restore the balance, and this could best be done by the establishment of a journal that would seek to give the many teachers of the country expert advice on matters of broad pedagogical interest. The third matter in which, according to Professor Hohlfeld's view, Goethe can illuminate our ideas is in the outlook for the future. The real promise lies not in a return to the old humanism, but in a richer and deeper study of the natural sciences. Goethe, the poet-scientist, took a broad outlook upon nature and got from his study of natural science æsthetic and moral direction in his life and art.

The more specialized papers of the meeting varied in interest and in range, and were read by representatives of nineteen institutions, extending from Harvard University to the Universities of Texas and California. Only two could be called philological in the narrower sense, one on the Germanic preterit by Professor Prokosch, of the University of Texas, and the other on "*Ye* and *You* in the King James Version" by Professor Kenyon, of Butler College.

A paper of more than specialized interest was on the myth of the "noble Indian" by Professor von Klenze, of Brown University. Early travellers to America described the Indian sometimes as savage, sometimes as kindly, since they had no thesis to prove. Later writers, however, who would extenuate the atrocities of the Spaniards in Central and South America, made the Indian savage and bestial. This injustice evoked a defence by the Spanish Bishop Las Casas in 1552, who represented the Indian as gentle and kindly in contrast to the cruel Spaniard. The Bishop's book was at once taken up by the enemies of Spain and Catholicism, so that it went through forty editions in seven languages, and gave rise to the widespread conception of the noble red man that prevailed through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that played a great part in the imagination of Europe.

Two other papers were concerned with America: one was a strong plea by Professor Mead, of Wesleyan University, for concentrated, systematic, and immediate work on an American dialect dictionary; the other was a report by Professor Lomax, of the University of Texas, on his rescuing of American folk-songs. Professor Lomax has nearly a thousand ballads, most of them for the first time now reduced to writing, which he took down from oral delivery. The ballads belong to eight marked types: those of the miner, the lumberman, the canal-boatman, the inland sailor—especially of the Great Lakes—the soldier, the railway man, the negro, and the cowboy; to which may be added those of the "down-and-out class"—the "dope fiend," the "jailbird," the convict, and the tramp. The ballad is full of life in the open, vigorous, expressive of supreme physical endeavor, and is composed by men away from home, like the Arizona cowboy thus described:

I've seed a lot of places where I'd like to stay,
But I gits a-feelin' restless an' I'm on my way;
I was never meant for settin' on my own door sill,
An', once you git the habit, why, you can't keep still. . . .

The sun is sorter coaxin' and the road is clear,
An' the wind is singin' ballads that I got to hear;
It ain't no use to argue when you feel the thrill,
For, once you git the habit, you can't keep still.

Almost identical ballads will be found in widely separated parts of the country.

There are many war songs still unprinted, especially from the Civil War, and the rebel songs are better than the Yankee.

Professor Scott, of the University of Michigan, in a paper on "Vowel Alliteration in Modern Poetry," combated Professor Saintsbury's contention that there is no such thing as vowel alliteration. He argued, chiefly from his study of the verse of Milton and Tennyson, that it is genuine and effective. The alliteration is not due to the sonority of the vowel sound, but to the glottal catch, or the unmarked sound of consonantal value before the initial vowel. This catch is not so marked in England as in Germany; it is fairly common in America, especially in the West.

Probably the most original contribution presented at this meeting was on "Chaucer and the Seven Deadly Sins," by Prof. Frederick Tupper, of the University of Vermont. It was a continuation in very much condensed form of his article in the *Nation* of October 16, 1913, on Chaucer's treatment of love in the "Canterbury Tales," and it sought to show that certain of the pilgrims in their persons, prologues, and tales illustrate the seven deadly sins, and that the Parson's tract is the culmination of a long-sustained *motif*. Parallels with Gower, the marked pointing of the moral in each of the tales dealing with a particular sin, the assigning of each of these narratives to the representative of the vice under rebuke, the linking of these tales with the Parson's sermon, are the proofs by which the conclusion is reached. A new irony is discovered in the fact that the story-teller sometimes incarnates the very sin he preaches against, as in the cases of the Pardoner, the Wife of Bath, and the Manciple.

Professor Kittredge presented a motion, which was almost unanimously carried, that the secretary of the Association should ascertain by post-card the wishes of the members concerning the use of the so-called reformed spelling, which had been adopted some years ago and is now employed in the publications.

The president of the Association for the coming year is Prof. Felix E. Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, and the vice-presidents are Professors von Klenze, of Brown University; Bourland, of Western Reserve University, and Tatlock, of the University of Wisconsin. The place of the next meeting has not yet been decided upon.

JAMES W. TUPPER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Some time ago the Paris weekly, *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, offered prizes for sonnets which were to be addressed to French authors, living or dead. It is not remarkable or especially important that this call elicited 2,872 responses, nor even perhaps that of this number all but half a dozen contained fourteen lines of twelve syllables each; but it is a matter of real significance that a competition instituted by a periodical of popular character and of modest circulation in a country which is no longer one of the most populous, should call forth twenty such genuinely poetical and uniformly perfect sonnets as are now published in *Les Annales*. The result in this country, if it were possible to imagine a popular American illustrated weekly instituting such a contest—in view, especially, of the difficulty of making clear to the ordinary reader of such an American periodical just what a sonnet is—would have been very likely to be a mass of fantastic nonsense, and the judges would probably have selected the most fantastic for distinction; but Auguste Dorchain, himself a graceful poet and as sane as any Philistine, has chosen to reward twenty candidates whose work is entirely free from the grotesque and the violent. The list, which, by accident or design, shows exactly ten classic titles and ten names of contemporaries, has at least two sonnets that deserve to live. One is the noble apostrophe to Corneille, with the stirring end-lines that warm the blood:

Et nous sentons les vers, comme les mots d'un juste,
Claquer au vent de l'âme ainsi que des drapeaux!

And the sonnet to Edmond Rostand, beginning

Nous t'aimons à genoux, gravement, tendrement,

shows an admirably sustained beauty.

The prefatory statement by Auguste Dorchain is worth translating. His definition of the sonnet is extremely well done:

That which is lacking in the work of those candidates whom I have qualified as simply respectable is the knowledge of what I will call the interior laws of the sonnet, which make of this poetic form a sort of drama in four acts, with its exposition, its intrigue, its dénoûment, arriving, by a skilful progression, at a final climax which, by the idea, the image, or the stamp of the line, reverberates, concludes, illuminates all the rest. And many of them are not clear, either, that throughout these fourteen lines there cannot be one weakness of rhyme or of language. A sonnet must be a finished and perfect work of art.

And more valuable than all definition is the story how Dorchain himself once helped finish the faultless structure of one of José-Maria de Heredia's "Trophées":

Ah! if I had time, I should tell you how Heredia often left a sonnet on the stocks for years, simply because he had found one weak word in it, and because he knew that the strong word, the characteristic word, the only true and possible word, existed, and that he should find it sooner or later. And I would even tell you how one day I had the happiness—and I am very proud of it—to find for him one of those words, without which he would not have included in his "Trophées" one of the sonnets he loved the most. It was the one called "Tranquillus," and consecrated to Suetonius and his villa at Tibur. "C'est là," said the condemned text:

. . . C'est là
Que l'ont hanté Néron, Claude, Caligula
Et Messaline *errant* sous la stole pourprée. . . .

"Errant! what a feeble word, my friend," cried the master, "to express the shame of that Empress prowling about among the dives of Suburra. I shall never give my sonnet to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* with that word in it. Find me the word I should have, and I will try to find for you a better line than that impossible third line in the poem you have read me."

Two hours later, a "petit bleu" brought me three excellent substitutes for my line; and at the same time Heredia received from me a pneumatic dispatch with this proposition:

Messaline *rôdant* sous la stole pourprée.

which is the definitive text.

How many contemporary versifiers could duplicate this charming experience?

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Correspondence

THE SEAMEN'S BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The resignation and return of Mr. Furuseth, president of the Seamen's Union, from the International Congress on the Safety of Ships, compels attention once more to the Seamen's bill, now under consideration of a House Committee.

Why did Mr. Furuseth resign? Simply because he found that the combined opinions of representative thinking men of all nations of the world—men who are thoroughly sincere and well qualified by training and experience to form opinions on all matters pertaining to ships—did not agree with his own. The presumption of a man who has never designed, built, operated, owned, or commanded a ship—at any rate during the last nineteen years—in stating that in his opinion the International Congress was not doing the right thing simply because it did not follow his prejudiced ideas as to lifeboats and manning the same, is naïve, to say the least of it.

Mr. Furuseth expects to appear before the House Committee and try to force his ideas upon them. The hearings will be resumed shortly, and it is to be hoped that the future meetings will be conducted in a fairer and more truly American manner than heretofore, and less as a one-sided criminal court. One member, a shrewd lawyer, for reasons best known to himself, is evidently bent upon bringing out only those things which are favorable to the bill, and is endeavoring to confuse most of the shipowners who have appeared, and who, on their side, have no lawyer to bring out the points they wish to take in rebuttal. He would not allow one of our best-known naval architects even to mention anything in connection with the effect of the bill upon the operation of vessels, because, foorsooth, he was not a steamship manager. Every one who has even the remotest knowledge of shipbuilding knows that this very question of operation is one that enters into the design of every ship, and it is often the naval architect who advises the shipowner as to the type and design of vessel that should be built for his service.

If we follow such methods of procedure to their logical conclusion, Senator La Follette had no right to bring up the bill in the first instance, because he has confessed that he knows nothing about ships and has obtained his knowledge second-hand—not from those who design, build, operate, sail, or own ships, but from a man (Mr. Furuseth) who has been haunting the galleries of the Senate for the last nineteen years.

It will also be interesting to see if Mr. Furuseth will be allowed, without question, to give testimony on many points upon which he has at present an obsession, but upon which he can scarcely qualify as an expert according to the present methods adopted by the Committee.

To any thinking man the whole matter has been conceived in ignorance, forced to an immature growth by the milk of ambition of its mother and nurse, and in its present weakly adolescent state and inability to stand upon its own feet, is receiving the necessary support in the way of artificial legal props. Let us hope that in these days of eugenics both it and those of a similar breed may never be allowed to reach the adult stage.

It is one of the most obvious plays for the labor vote, at the expense of our none too prosperous mercantile marine, that has ever occurred; and the most amusing, if not pathetic, thing about it is the way that the leaders of this party seem to be able to "bluff" our lawmakers at Washington. The real opinions of the rank and file of labor are by no means always those of their loquacious representatives, and any man who stands out for fair play and justice will, in the end, get the reputation and following that he deserves, without selling his birthright for such a *"mess* of pottage" as the Seamen's bill.

HERBERT C. SADLER.

University of Michigan, January 7.

THE SENSE OF SMELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I deplore with a recent contributor to one of our leading literary magazines the fact that our sense of smell seems of late years to have lost caste. But I particularly lament the effect this state of things has had upon our fiction. Our writers nowadays rarely draw on this sense; or if they do, it seems to be merely in a perfunctory manner. They feel, apparently, that for convention's sake it is still necessary to refer certain odors to certain situations, but trusting that their readers will not be able to smell the difference, they content themselves with using any trite formula. Most of these formulæ are too well known to need specific instances. For example: the complementary smell of a New England spinster story, lavendar; of a tale of camp life, pines; of a June romance, roses. If the question were to be put—What is the odor of the Maine coast?—any reader of American fiction would answer unhesitatingly, "cod." And I fancy that more than one of us crossing the Vermont line for the first time has been surprised that he did not at once smell maple sap!

But, fortunately, those who mourn the decline and fall of the sense of smell at home may find solace abroad in the work of the Russians—which leads one to infer that, as a people, they still have good noses. One could multiply without end examples from their great story-tellers of cases in which the sense of smell gets its due. Their perceptions, far from being conventional, are keen and fresh, and they are not dragged in simply for form's sake, but are an integral part of the matter. The impression on the reader is correspondingly deep. Every one who has read Turgenev's "Smoke" will remember the heavy fragrance of the violets which was so oppressive to the hero and played so important a part in the story. And who can ever forget the mouldering smell of that cellar-bakery in Gorky's "Twenty-six and One"? It is as strong as the story itself. Or of those dens of darkness and drink which Dostoievsky's villain-hero haunts?—degrading, nauseating smells of the underworld that are part and parcel of Raskolnikoff's terrible punishment.

What is more, the Russians lay this neglected sense under contribution for delicate and subtle, as well as for striking and theatrical, effects; and to this end they follow their noses with analytical sensitiveness. Tcheckov's Kvaschin, in "A Rainy Day," smells not simply of drink, as he would have done to an American novelist, but of "Madeira and fine liqueurs." In the corners of Shoemaker Anton's shop in Artzybachev's story of that name hangs a stale stench, not of leather alone, but of "leather, oil, and wax." Along with such an obvious smell, the same author thinks it worth while to note in another place the evasive *odor of melting snow.* But for sheer refinement of impression, I know of no instance equal to the following, which occurs in that most remarkable of all Russian stories of revolution, Artzybachev's "Shadows of the Morning": It is a February day, and the heroine has just come from a walk into the room of her lover.

"She remained standing by the table," the text reads, "and from her soft black jacket radiated the fresh, sweet smell of the cold." The tribute here paid by one of the greatest living artists to the frosty fragrance so beloved of children (and such others as have not yet been overtaken by adenoids) will perhaps bring some small comfort to those who, like the writer, regard with dismay the immense loss to our literature resulting from our failing appreciation of the sense of smell. HELEN MCAFEE.

New York, January 10.

JOHN DAVENPORT AND LADY VERE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article by Franklin B. Dexter, entitled "The Life and Writings of John Davenport," in the New Haven Historical Society Papers, Vol II, p. 216, it is said:

In 1628, we have the first two which are preserved [in the British Museum] of a series of nine letters from Davenport to Lady Mary Vere, whose religious life appears to have been under his direction.

A search in the British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books does not appear to show that the British MSS. to which Dexter refers or any calendar of them has been printed. Five of the letters are in A. B. Davenport's "History and Genealogy of the Davenport Family in England and America." They are dated as follows: 26 December, 1629, written from London to Lady Vere at The Hague, where her husband's "military exploits" had taken her; November, 1633, written from Amsterdam, where Davenport had gone after his resignation from St. Stephen's Church, London, to Lady Vere at The Hague; 21 July, 1635, written from Amsterdam to Lady Vere at Hackney; 25 December, 1635, written from Rotterdam to Lady Vere in England; 28 July, 1639, written from New Haven to Lady Vere in England.

A careful search has thus far failed to locate printed copies of the other four letters. Dexter mentions two as having been written in 1628, and states that one of them, dated June 30, makes reference to Davenport's quarrel with Bishop Laud. In the list of Davenport's writings given at the end of Dexter's article, the remaining two letters are dated January, 1636, and 13 November, 1647.

I should be glad to know if these letters, or any others not noted by Dexter that throw light on the relations between Davenport and Lady Vere, exist in print or in any manuscript collection outside of the British Museum. HELEN L. SULLIVAN.

No. 66 College Street, Providence, R. I., January 9.

Literature

ANCIENT EMPIRE.

Greek Imperialism. By William Scott Ferguson, Professor of Ancient History in Harvard University. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Readers of Professor Ferguson's "Hellenistic Athens" will expect in the present study a fresh and vigorous restatement of historical problems partly complementary to, partly in extension of, his former theme. Nor will they be disappointed. In his introductory chapter, Imperialism and the City-State, he defines empire as "a state formed by the rule of one state over other states. It is immaterial in this connection what form of government the ruling people prefers." This both provides for the imperial democracy of Athens and explains how Sparta, usually thought of as a self-contained oligarchy, came to assume, in her turn also, the imperialistic rôle. Mr. Ferguson, with all his scholarly interest in his theme, rarely shows any tendency towards special pleading. He states the case for the Athenian democracy as well, perhaps, as it can be done. And, at the very outset (p. 2), he shows himself alive to the presumptuous arrogance of our cant phrase—"the white man's burden." His book, cut short by no artificial break before or after Alexander, is a discussion of the entail of imperialism passed on from Athens to Sparta, from the orthodox Hellenes to Alexander and the Diadochi, with their far-flung empires ripening for the Roman harvest.

The Athenian empire, as Thucydides represents Cleon's words, was "a despotism exercised over unwilling subjects." Athens, as Mr. Ferguson points out, denied her "allies" the right to secede. And Athens had not even the excuse of a debatable interpretation of a Constitution binding upon sovereign and federated states. The specific objections most often urged against the imperial democracy of Athens Mr. Ferguson considers unwarranted. His candid discussion is not, however, equally convincing at all points. Arguing, as is perhaps natural, from the side of the home government, he speaks of the economic give and take. Impecunious Athenians were settled on lands taken from the allies. "In payment therefor reductions of tribute were given." This was, no doubt, sound economic expediency for the imperial government, but it is not clear how the dispossessed inhabitants were beneficiaries. The general objection that the democracy resulted in moral and intellectual mediocrity is more successfully met by a résumé of the contemporary intellectual output. The notion that Athenian history played itself out upon a miniature stage must be revised by the statement (p. 43), fortified by the context, that "the world which Athens under Pericles sought to dominate must have had a population of over 20,000,000."

In the chapter From Sparta to Aristotle Mr. Ferguson, after a needless fling at the English excavators in Laconia, points sharply the contrast between Athens and Sparta. Athens inoculated her whole democracy with the spirit and culture of the aristocracy, "the whole people, thus ennobled, being supported on the shoulders of the tributary allies." In Sparta the nobler art of the earlier day—whether native or imported—together with the aristocracy was destroyed in the sixth century B. C. Sacrificing all of this, together with certain fundamental instincts of civilized humanity, to the "vocational training" of the military barracks, Sparta escaped the episode of formal tyranny only to subject herself perennially to the ephorate, which, like the tribunate at Rome, was "tyranny in commission" (p. 84).

Certain strictures on the political ideas of Plato and Aristotle form the transition to the treatment of Alexander's empire. Mr. Ferguson points out (p. 102) that Plato's model in his "Laws" was "an emended and perfected edition of Sparta." Again (p. 113): "The birthmark which we have noted on Plato is an unreasoning hatred of democracy. That which mars above all the political thinking of Aristotle comes from the aversion instinctively felt by his age for imperialism." Mr. Ferguson would doubtless be right in implying that Plato's ideal justice, despite his apotheosis of Spartan militarism, would hamstring the sinews of imperial expansion, but his "youthful" Republic is profoundly constructive for the imperial democracy of the intellectualized conscience. His Recall is the "recall of the noblest in the soul to a vision of the most excellent in the ideal" (Rep. VIII, 532, C); his Referendum the revising of shifting opinions according to "the pattern that is laid up in heaven" (Rep. IX, 592, B).

Alexander the Great, overleaping the circumscribed walls of Aristotle's city-state, transmuted into material empire his master's suzerainty over the physical and metaphysical universe. He displayed a feverish energy in founding Greek city-states. Hellenized "towns by the score sprang up behind him on his line of march." Nor did he shrink from unhellenic practices in order to inoculate the Orient with Hellenism. With well-advertised and well-staged ceremony he had himself deified among his new subjects. As their incarnate god he became fully naturalized. In this *proskynesis* of cities our author sees "an absolutism such as Europe—and for that matter Asia—had never known before and has never ceased to know since." The "signal service" of this *proskynesis* was, he adds, "that it made possible the lasting union of all the city-states of the world in a single great territorial state."

Mr. Ferguson's analysis of the varying practices pursued by the Diadochi is instructive. Ptolemy Lagi discarded the Persian bride, imposed upon him by Alexander's policy, and married a Macedonian princess. Thus the splendid Ptolemaic dynasty, lasting 271 years,

showed from its inception a return to Hellenism. Even the soldiers, "multiracial though they were, . . . all spoke Greek." And in religion there was established a *rapprochement* between Greek and Egyptian. Later on, however, under stress of military necessity, the Greek element was diluted by native intermarriages, "so that a considerable half-breed and bilinguai population developed—Greek in the outward things, fellaheen, according to Polybius, in character and culture."

In the chapter on the Seleucid Empire is clearly brought out the persistence of Alexander's projection of Hellenism upon the Orient. The Greek language and laws, Greek cities, gymnasia, and musicai contests grew and multiplied. Over all presided a motley choir of native and Greek deities with the living Emperor as chief city-god. "Greek ideas and customs became a ferment which stirred the peopies of Asia to the depths" (p. 207). As was inevitable, the Hellene succumbed in the end. The Seleucid empire was weakened by internal revoits, but it was crushed from without by the ever-advancing Roman, on the one hand, and the Indo-Scythians on the other. To the latter Mr. Ferguson assigns a large rôle. As the Roman conquerors carried Greek influence to the West, so these Indo-Scythians—the Yue Tchi of the Chinese—acted, after the collapse of Greek sway, as purveyors of Hellenic influences to the Orient. "It is an amazing spectacle," he says (p. 194), "to observe how Hellenistic civilization flowed simultaneously back the channels to the springs of Italy and China whence came the floods which overwhelmed the Seleucid empire."

Finally, in the Empire of the Antigonids a more genuine Hellenism reasserted itself. "It was not Macedon but Greece which took the proud Roman victor captive and bore the arts to rustic Latium" (p. 216). Mr. Ferguson does well to elaborate the character of Antigonus Gonatas. Unlike Alexander, Antigonus, a worthy pupil of Zeno, did not see fit to outrage and nullify real Hellenism by posing as a god.

We are reminded, too, of the passing of the city-state and how even the ethnic bond is cancelled and replaced by a federal bond. Why this empire also succumbed is aptly illustrated: "In the art of government the Antigonids were resourceful, but to lift up a jelly-fish on a spear-point is an impossible task. Yet that is what they had to do in Hellas." It might be fair to add, in the spirit of Shelley's "Hellas," that a more esoteric imperialism remained uplifted on the bronze spear of Athena Promachus.

One matter of style might raise question. How far is it desirable to strain the English reader's vocabulary by seminaturalized Greek words? *Proskynesis*, explained and italicized, is justified as a technical term, but other non-resident aliens, like *ethne*, *hegemon*, and *Perioecs* (*sic*), seem much in evidence. "Zoo" (though a "dictionary" word) is an intruder on an otherwise dignified context, and "piazza" (in the Italian sense) might be better provided for. "Chronus" for Kronus (p. 143) is a natural confusion. It was already known in antiquity, but is now edited out of the verse of Cratinus cited by Plutarch.

But such matters are insignificant in a book which is welcome alike to the special student and to the general reader.

CURRENT FICTION.

Circe's Daughter. By Priscilla Craven. New York: Duffield & Co.

John Ward, M.D. By Charles Vale. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Devil's Garden. By W. B. Maxwell. London: Hutchinson & Co.

The time is now comfortably past when Albion could be accused with justice of subordinating her fiction to the taste and morals of her Young Persons. Perhaps this is so because her Young Persons no longer exist; or perhaps they no longer exist because this is so. At all events, the reader of liberal mind has now a two-to-one chance of finding the latest English novel unfit to pass around the family circle. This is true, to be sure, of the latest American magazine. But in the novel—despite the efforts of an enthusiast here and there—we remain, as usual, somewhat behind the English fashion. Give us a little more time, and we shall doubtless be devoting our best local talent to the physiology of the human goat.

The Circe of Priscilla Craven is *hirca humana*, the female of the species. We do not follow her through the detail of her more active career. We simply learn that she has passed through youth to middle age with distinguished success in her chosen *métier:* that is, she has been the mistress of many men without ceasing to be the wife of one, and consequently without sacrifice of her social position. That is a charming scene in which we are introduced to her in conversation with her eldest daughter (by one of the many). Mrs. Iverson rather prefers Claudia to her younger daughter because she is of her own physical type:

"You and I are just the right height. I think this modern girl by the yard is a mistake. None of the famous women such as Jeanne du Barry and Ninon de Lenclos were very tall. Patricia will make most men look ridiculous."

"Perhaps Pat doesn't want to be a Ninon de Lenclos," suggested Claudia with a twinkle.

"Nonsense, every woman wants to be a Ninon de Lenclos, if she could have the chance. Don't be taken in with this talk of 'I wouldn't.' It's a case of 'I couldn't.' Most women have to be virtuous, because they can't be anything else, and they make the best of it."

Claudia desires to be virtuous, but she has her mother's blood in her, and a loveless marriage almost results disastrously for her. She is not a wanton, but "*une amoureuse*." Her symptoms are described minutely, and it is only because she has unconsciously given her heart (thank Heaven, she has a heart!) to a good man that she remains technically a good woman till her husband's death provides for a comfortable curtain.

The most vivid person in the story is hardly concerned with the main action—Fay Morris, the little music-hall singer, a bit of true and moving portraiture, a spade who is rightly (since we have disposed of the Young Person) described as a spade. One droll thing about this narrative is that, despite its very "modern" substance, its style is that of the gentle romancer, the William Black or the Mrs. de la Pasture of blameless memory. And there are lapses from sophistication into a delightful ingenuousness, as in the description of the American among Claudia's admirers: "In some ways he was not unlike Colin Paton, save that he had the American restlessness and nerviness, and that he lacked the fine polish and self-possession which a man may possibly acquire, but is usually associated with families that can count back many centuries, and that have always tried to uphold the best traditions of English manhood."

The problem of inherited sexuai taint, here treated as if it concerned merely Claudia, is the main problem in "John Ward, M.D.," and is presented as capable of no merely personal solution. John Ward is a country physician from choice. His grandfather, Lord Daventry, had planned for him a more ornamental career. The grandfather has lived the life of a voluptuary, and in age pretends to regret only his years and disability. Cynicism is his pose, and he is far from holding himself up as an awful example; but inwardly he is consumed with fear lest his grandson, who, he knows, inherits his temperament, shall succumb to it. Ward himself is conscious of his danger. Only will power and hard work give him a chance of salvation. Till well past his first youth he resists his familiar devil, makes himself indispensable in a rough mining community, and almost attains a state of peace. Then comes into his life a woman of the Circe type, a woman breathing sex. She casts her spell upon him. It is not altogether an evil spell. She has a "past," but it has been a past of seeking for the true love which John Ward at last embodies for her. But Ward realizes, and makes her realize, that they are both essentially abnormal and decadent, and that a mating be-

tween them would be a crime against the race. So he sends her away, hopeless but obedient. The verdict is ruthless: "She must deal with her own problem. Man had taken much from woman, for his lust and his desire and his love. But he had given more, pretending when illusion was gone; yielding to her weakness, as to a child's; deceiving her, for her vanity's sake; killing his soul, that her body might live. . . . Dreamily, he felt his kinship with those who do things, walking steadfastly in a known path. . . ."

John Ward's decision is as much the fruit of his mysticism as of his conviction that he is "the Beast." In Mr. Galsworthy's "Dark Flower" the physiology of passion has the floor. There also we find the older generation, conscious of the chances of heredity, discussing its erotic experiences with the younger. And there we find a picture of the belated passion of age for youth: that dreadful obsession of desire which no doubt does come to many men who have passed their physical prime. It is a theme which, a few years ago, no reputable writer of English fiction would have ventured to deal with. Mr. Galsworthy's restrained and imaginative handling deprives it of grosser offence.

In "The Devil's Garden" Mr. Maxwell puts himself under no sort of restraint. The story is this: A man long married to a woman whom he worships as the embodiment of purity finds that she has just yielded herself, to gain his advancement, to an old man who has seduced her in childhood, and whose mistress she has been before their marriage. He murders the old man. The crime is not brought home, and the pair are reconciled, have children, and pass quiet years. Then the man finds himself the helpless victim of a passion for a child who has been adopted into his family. She returns his feeling as instinctively and completely as the young girl of Mr. Galsworthy's story. Like Mr. Galsworthy's hero, and Mr. Vale's, he dismisses her. But he knows that nothing will keep them apart till they have fulfilled their natures. Loathing himself and life, he finds a way to death consistent with "poetic justice." The seducer of his wife (and of many others, including her aunt and her cousin) has not died without leaving a monument. A motive here seems taken pretty directly from Ibsen's "Ghosts." The old libertine Alving left money to found an orphanage. This aged reprobate leaves half his fortune to the founding of a home for unprotected girls. His murderer and successor in lustfulness dies in the flames of the burning "home" after saving seven of its innocents. This is the pleasantest thing in the story. Mr. Maxwell is most conscientious in recording the symptoms and progress of his patient's disease.

A NOTABLE EDITION OF DONNE.

The Poems of John Donne. Edited from the Old Editions and Numerous Manuscripts, with Introductions and Commentary by Herbert J. C. Grierson. New York: Oxford University Press. 2 vols.

A carefully prepared text of Donne's poems, with proper commentary, has long been a desideratum for those interested in the transition from Elizabethan to Jacobean and Caroline literature, and this want has been amply filled by the present edition. Mr. Grierson's work will take an honorable place among the scholarly editions by which the Oxford University Press is, in a way, reproducing for us the *corpus* of English letters. Donne has been well treated by E. K. Chambers in the Muses' Library and by C. E. Norton in his Grolier Club edition, but neither of these editors had the patience, or the opportunity, to go through the bewildering manuscript material which it was necessary to collate in order to establish an authoritative text, and they have not, in the judgment of Mr. Grierson, been always wise in their choice of readings from the various printed editions.

It is not expedient here to follow the minute analysis of the editions and manuscripts which forms the substance of the second, long section of Mr. Grierson's introduction. He has himself summed up his method of procedure under these heads:

> (1.) To restore the text of 1633 [the first collected edition, published two years after the author's death] in all cases where modern editors have abandoned or disguised it, if there is no evidence, internal or external, to prove its error or inferiority; and to show, in the textual notes, how far it has the general support of the manuscripts.
>
> (2.) To correct 1633 when the meaning and the evidence of the manuscripts point to its error and suggest an indubitable or highly probable emendation.
>
> (3.) To correct throughout, and more drastically, by help of the manuscripts when such exist, the often carelessly and erroneously printed text of those poems which were added in 1635, 1649, 1650, and 1669.

By the aid of the very full *apparatus criticus*, printed at the bottom of the pages, we thus have all the material that the most exacting student could require to form his own judgment of the words actually used by Donne. For the ordinary reader, who goes to such an author for literary profit and enjoyment, there is always a question whether the presentation of such details does not more bewilder than assist; for there is undoubtedly a certain annoyance in having the attention drawn from the poetic content of a passage to consideration of the choice among readings which for the most part, though not always, offer no substantial difference of meaning. But obviously such textual labor in the case of a poet like Donne, whose works did not appear under his own supervision, should be done once for all and exhaustively, and it will now be comparatively easy for Mr. Grierson himself, or another, to produce a popular edition better than any we yet possess. Such an edition would also properly adopt modern spelling and punctuation, and avoid the repulsiveness of a *literatim* reprint, whatever may be the value of pedantic exactness in such a task as Mr. Grierson has at this time undertaken to accomplish.

It is, of course, a debatable matter whether so much weight should be given to the volume of 1633 as Mr. Grierson thinks proper. Under the conditions of publication no one of the four principal seventeenth-century editions, as Mr. Chambers says, "is of supreme authority," and, in preparing his text for the Muses' Library, he might plausibly argue that he "had no choice but to be eclectic." In particular a special claim might be set up for the edition of 1650 [virtually identical with the unique copy of 1649 in the Harvard Library used by Professor Norton], which was the first to appear with the sanction of the younger Donne. But Mr. Grierson has had no difficulty in showing that "Donne's son did nothing to fix either the text or the canon of his father's poems," and a comparison of the present edition with its modern predecessors will convince most candid readers that the general adherence to the *editio princeps* of 1633 is justified by the results. For evidence of this we may open Mr. Grierson's "Commentary," which occupies the major part of his second volume. Two examples, taken almost at random, will set forth the nature of this evidence, and will at the same time illustrate the character of the bulk of the annotations.

The first note comments on the thirteenth line of "The Relique," as follows:

> *Where mis-devotion doth command.* The unanimity of the earlier editions and the MSS. shows clearly that "Mass-devotion" (which Chambers adopts) is merely an ingenious conjecture of the 1669 editor. Donne uses the word frequently, *e. g.*:
>
> Here in a place, where miss-devotion frames
> A thousand Prayers to Saints, whose very names
> The ancient Church knew not, &c.
>
> *Of the Progresse of the Soule, p.* 266, *ll.* 511-13.
>
> And: "This mis-devotion, and left-handed piety, of praying for the dead." *Sermons* 80. 77. 780. [Query: Is "miss" an etymological variant for "mass," from Latin *missa*?]

The second example we will take deals with the twenty-fifth line of "Elegie VII," as follows:

> *Thy graces and good words my creatures bee.* I was tempted to adopt with Chambers the "good works" of 1669 and some MSS., the theological connection of

"grace" and "works" being just the kind of conceit Donne loves to play with. But the "words" of 1633-54 has the support of so good a MS. as *W*, and "good words" is an Elizabethan idiom for commendation, praise, flattery:

> He that will give,
> Good words to thee will flatter beath abhorring.
> Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, I. i. 170-1.

> In your bad strokes you give good words.
> Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, v. i. 30.

Moreover, Donne's word is "graces," not "grace." "Your graces and commendations are my work," *i. e.*, either the commendations you receive, or, more probably, the refined and elegant flatteries with which you can now cajole a lover, though once your whole stock of conversation did not extend beyond "broken proverbs and torne sentences." Compare, in *Elegie IX: The Autumnall*, the description of Lady Danvers' conversation:

> In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
> You may at Revels, you at Counsaile, sit.

And again, *Elegie XVIII: Loves Progresse:*

> So we her ayres contemplate, words and heart,
> And virtues.

These are strong matters for those who go to a poet for delight, but are well done, once for all. Add to such textual discussions an abundance of other erudition, such as the reprint of the music for one or two of the songs, and some notion will be had of Mr. Grierson's second volume.

This second volume contains also an introduction which deals with "The Poetry of Donne" from the point of view of literary criticism. It is an excellent piece of work, and judicious, but it naturally leaves much to be said.

National Supremacy: Treaty Power vs. State Power. By Edward S. Corwin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

In the opinion of Professor Corwin, the supremacy of the national Government attains its highest reach in the exercise of the treaty-making power. He holds Senator Root's view that "in international affairs there are no States; there is but one nation, acting in direct relation to, and representative of, every citizen in every State." But he presses the doctrine much further than Mr. Root does. He insists that the treaty-making power extends to many things to which the legislative power of Congress does not extend by the Constitution. Accordingly, if the President and Senate enter into a treaty covering such things, Congress may pass all laws necessary and proper to carry the treaty into effect, although in so doing it deals with subjects which the Constitution expressly reserves to the States. It follows that while Congressional legislation is limited ordinarily by the police power of the States, it is not so limited when it is enacted to carry into effect the provisions of a treaty.

The author admits that there is much authority opposed to this conclusion, and endeavors to explain it away as obsolete. The view which he discards, however, has received the emphatic approval of a writer whom he cites frequently. (See Butler's "Treaty-Making Power," Vol. II, pp. 48, 49, 52, 64, 245.) It has been reaffirmed, within a few months, by the Supreme Court of Oregon in these words:

> The power of the State by proper legislation to protect health, to promote the morals, and to prevent the introduction of infected articles of trade that would necessarily injure property or affect persons is a matter of self-preservation, and such rights are not intended to be invaded under any clause of the Federal Constitution. (Spaulding vs. McNary, 64 Ore. 491, 496.)

On the other hand, the doctrine contended for by Professor Corwin was championed by the retiring president of the American Bar Association, in his annual address at Montreal, last summer. Both Mr. Kellogg and Professor Corwin admit, however, that Congress has not felt disposed to exercise the power which they claim for it. After referring to the demands made by the Chinese and Italian Governments on behalf of their citizens, who had been outraged in Wyoming and Louisiana in violation of their treaty rights in this country, both writers point to what they consider a humiliating fact, that Congress has refused to enact legislation for the enforcement of such rights in the Federal courts. Mr. Kellogg does not hesitate to characterize this Congressional neglect of duty as shameful. And Professor Corwin, though more courteous, is equally critical of our default in Federal legislation. May not the unwillingness of Congress to enter upon this kind of enactments indicate its doubt of the unlimited supremacy of the treaty-making power?

Even our author feels it necessary, or, at least, desirable, to close his volume with a statement of his reasons for believing that the police power of the States will never be endangered by the doctrine which he champions. One reason is that Congress has the power to abrogate treaties. Another is "that it is of primary interest to the United States that the police powers of the States shall not be essentially abated by treaty."

In other words, the President and Senate may be counted on not to press the unlimited power of treaty-making unduly. If they do, Congress can formally abrogate the treaty or can refrain from enacting legislation necessary and proper to its enforcement. Whether it is worth while to fill a volume with arguments and authorities for the existence of a governmental power which ought not to be exercised, is questionable. If "it is of primary interest to the United States that the police powers of the States shall not be essentially abated by treaty," it should seem to follow that a treaty purporting so to abate them would be an attempt (to quote the words of Mr. Root) "to make provisions regarding matters which are not proper subjects of international agreement, and which would be only a colorable, not a real, exercise of the treaty-making power." At any rate, the practical consequences of the author's doctrine that the treaty-making power is unlimited, but ought not to be so exercised as to abate the police powers of the States, are not very different from those of the doctrine that the treaty power is limited by State police powers.

My Father: Reminiscences of W. T. Stead. By Estelle W. Stead. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50 net.

William Thomas Stead was one of the most striking figures of later Victorian England. By birth and education he belongs in that long line of dissenters through whom from generation to generation the English conscience has found one outlet for expression. From Browne the Separatist, John Cotton and the Puritans, through Fox, Bunyan, and Wesley, down to Gen. Booth and Stead, these rebellious witnesses have had certain common resemblances which more than outweigh their differences. In Stead's case the point of chief interest is the use he made of the modern tool—journalism.

He was born July 5, 1849, one of a dozen children of a Congregational minister, settled in a poor parish near Alnwick. He got his chief schooling from his father. A vivacious intelligence, healthy curiosity, and a very real religious sense were his salient characteristics. At fifteen he was apprenticed as an office-boy in a merchant's counting-house at Newcastle-on-Tyne. There he invested his penny savings in the *Sporting Life*—he was passionately fond of cricket and other sports—and in cheap reprints of Shakespeare's plays. The book which, next to the Bible, made the most lasting impression upon him was James Russell Lowell's Poetical Works, bought with part of a guinea prize which he won for an essay in the *Boy's Own Magazine*. Lowell's poem, "Extreme Unction," "changed my life," Stead says. "The idea that everything wrong in the world was a divine call to use your life in righting it, sank deep into my soul."

In 1871 Stead became editor of the *Northern Echo* of Darlington, with which he stayed until 1880, when, to his surprise, John Morley invited him to join the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The Bulgarian atrocities had given him his opportunity, his vociferous denunciation of the Tory attitude towards them bringing him to the notice of Gladstone and the Liberal leaders. In

1884 Stead took full command of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The following year he gained for himself and his journal a world-wide notoriety through his exposure of the organized traffic in young women for immoral purposes. Thenceforward, until 1890, when he sold the *Gazette* and established the English *Review of Reviews*, he was regarded by the public much as one regards a stick of dynamite which may go off unexpectedly and injure friends and foes alike. So, too, during the last twenty years of his life he engaged in many agitations, social or political, which his sensational manner made easy to criticise as crankish, if not crazy.

The distrust which a large body of the public felt for him was increased by his infatuation, as they called it, for spiritualism, which he carried to the point of introducing a "Borderland" section in the *Review* and of making his office a sort of clearing-house for spiritistic records. If spiritualism ever proves its case and converts the world, Stead will doubtless figure among the faithful few who, in the early days, were unshaken by ridicule and misrepresentation. To his contemporaries, however, it seemed that Stead's efficacy as a reformer decreased in proportion as he spent more and more time across the border. For a long time before his death he waited on premonitions, and he believed implicitly in the reality of the spectral "Julia" and her messages. To students of psychic phenomena, his experience has some interest.

But it is Stead the publicist and editor who deserves most attention. Unquestionably, he exerted for a time wide influence on the British public. His support of Gladstonianism, his friendliness towards Russia during the period when Russophobia was John Bull's favorite malady, his stanch support of the peace movement, his championship of the oppressed regardless of their race, creed, or party, are among the positive achievements of Stead's career, while his attack on the "Maiden Tribute" seems to the present reviewer the most courageous act in modern journalism. To-day, when "white slavery" has become the topic of conversation in the nursery, and the agitation is carried on in ways which may do more harm than good, it is almost impossible to imagine the effect produced by Stead's "Apocalypse of Evil" in 1885. In England, as in other Anglo-Saxon countries, the policy had long before been adopted of assuming that the social evil did not exist because it was tacitly agreed not to mention it. When Stead broke through the silence, there was a momentary consternation among the partisans of Cant, and then they recovered their nerve and punished, not the monsters whom he had exposed, but Stead himself for exposing them! A legal quibble sufficed. Even Thomas Hardy has not imagined so fine an instance of the sardonic humor which sometimes comes uppermost in the affairs of men.

Stead took his imprisonment with religious rejoicing. "You have now the crown upon your work," Cardinal Manning wrote to him. The cynical said, of course, that he was a sensation-monger, who exploited his righteousness in order to procure notoriety. We moderns have grown skeptical of the business man who avowedly takes the Ten Commandments down to his office. So far as appears, however, Stead sincerely believed that in this crisis, and throughout his career, he was doing the Lord's work, and, certainly, he lost pecuniarily more than he gained by his fidelity to his visions. That vanity and piety may be intermingled, the lives of many very good men teach us.

Through his voice and pen the conscience of England found utterance on several matters of vital importance. Posterity, knowing him by his works, will probably value him more highly than did those of his contemporaries who judged him by his mannerisms or who suspected his motives. As the man who set himself to realize Lowell's "Pious Editor's Creed," just at the time when other editors began to see their profit in yellow journalism, he will not soon be forgotten. By one of the rare instances of poetic justice, his life, which had been crowded with dramatic incidents, closed in the wreck of the Titanic. One of the survivors, who put off in the last life-boat, says that Stead, having done all that he could for the embarkers, "stood alone at the edge of the deck, in silence, and, what seemed to me, a prayerful attitude, or one of profound meditation."

These reminiscences consist of many autobiographical passages, letters of more than personal interest, and the recollections furnished by friends—all put together and made clear by his daughter. She writes with simple fervor.

Notes

Dr. Benjamin Rand, of Harvard University, has two philosophical books in the Cambridge University Press (Putnam). One, entitled "Shaftesbury's Second Characters," will appear during the present month; the other, containing the "Unpublished Correspondence of Bishop Berkeley," will be completed in the spring. Both are the result of his researches in England and contain entirely new material on these great English philosophers.

Included in the announcements of Frederick A. Stokes Co. are the following: "Whispering Dust," by Eldrid Reynolds; "The Color of the East," by Elizabeth Washburn; "The Intriguers," by Harold Bindloss; "Sanctuary," by Percy MacKaye; "The Two Americas," by Rafael Reyes; "The Wine-Press," by Alfred Noyes, and "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard," by Elizabeth Cooper.

We may expect shortly a new mystery story from the pen of Mary Roberts Rinehart, entitled "The After House." Houghton Mifflin Co. is the publisher.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co. will bring out this season: "The Education of Karl Witte, or the Training of the Child," translated by Professor Wiener, of Harvard, and edited by H. Addington Bruce; "The Message of New Thought," by Abel L. Allen; "How to Rest," by Grace Dawson; "The Deaf, their Position in Society," by Harry Best, and a large-type, thin-paper edition of Roget's "Thesaurus," edited by C. O. S. Mawson.

Among the publications promised by McClurg for January are "Will o' the Wasps," by Margaret W. Morley; "A Primer of Political Economy," by Alfred Bishop Mason, and "Earmarks of Literature," by Arthur E. Bostwick.

In the spring Desmond Fitz-Gerald will bring out "The Song of Labor," translated from the hundredth edition of Rudolph Herzog's "Die Wiskottens." Later the same house will bring out Herzog's collection of short stories entitled "Es giebt ein Glück."

The following volumes are announced for early publication by Small, Maynard & Company: "Mrs. Brand," by H. A. Mitchell Keays; "More About King Edward," by Edward Legge; "A Lady of Leisure," by Ethel Sidgwick; "Sunrise Valley," by Marion Hill, and "The Dog and the Child and the Ancient Sailor Man," by Robert Alexander Wason.

"The Treasure," by Kathleen Norris, and "The Philippines, Past and Present," by Dean C. Worcester, are among Macmillan's forthcoming books.

Mr. Clarence M. Burton, of Detroit, Mich., has presented to the Detroit Public Library his large collection of books and manuscripts relating to the history of the city. The collection contains 30,000 bound volumes, 100,000 pamphlets, 500,000 manuscripts, and 27,000 photographs of Detroit scenes, buildings, and personages. Included in Mr. Burton's gift are his home at No. 27 Brainard Street, and the three fireproof buildings used for his library. He has spent forty years in making the collection, and he now wishes to be sure that it shall be preserved intact.

The output of books in Great Britain in 1913, according to the *Bookseller*, was 8,473, or 595 less than in 1912. With the exception of annuals and serials, the only increase was in children's books and music. The greatest falling off was in political economy, the works on this subject numbering only 394, against 621 the previous year. There were also fewer works on law, art and architecture, travel, and religion.

The Oxford University Press issues a report of "The Celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Royal Society of London." The volume contains the many addresses, in Latin and English, sent to the Society on the occasion.

To the series of Literary and Historical Atlases in Everyman's Library (Dutton) has now been added a volume on Africa and Australasia.

Scribners have now in hand the fourth "carefully revised" edition of Baedeker's "Spain and Portugal."

A "Who's Who in Japan" has reached its second annual edition, and shows a bulky volume of 1,317 pages with 134 additional pages as a supplement. The text is in English, although the names of Chinese and Japanese are given also in the native script. The book is imported by G. E. Stechert & Company.

Among George Meredith's later excursions into journalism was a series of dialogues contributed to the *Graphic* in 1873-4, under the title of "Up to Midnight," now reprinted in a thin volume by Luce. Their interest is bibliographical, not intrinsic, and the author would probably have felt as warmly upon their resurrection as he did towards the "ghoul" who threatened to search out his early leaders, in whose ears he wished the Commination Service thundered. A dozen men converse through five distinct evenings at the home of Sir John Saxon, upon such topics as the Franco-Prussian War, the Geneva Arbitration, Arctic Exploration, and Stanley and Livingstone. No character-drawing raises the attention above these outworn subjects, for the whole circle speak patently for Meredith. Nor has the talk even Meredithian merits. The author's esoteric qualities are distinctly out of place upon subjects proper to journalistic clarity, and an occasional glinting epigram scarcely lights up the waste of his pedagogic style.

An entertaining compilation is "A Century of Parody and Imitation" (Milford), by Walter Jerrold and R. M. Leonard; the title's significance lying in the fact that the publication of the "Rejected Addresses" of Horace and James Smith virtually established modern parody, which is brought down to the death of Andrew Lang. Living authors are excluded, and a few excellent examples, as R. F. Murray's "The Banished Bejant" and Aytoun and Martin's "The Queen in France," may be missed. But general completeness marks the book, even to the inclusion of poems valuable only as historical missteps in the growth of parody towards general good taste, while all, from Hogg's "The Flying Tailor" to Bunner's "Home, Sweet Home," are well indexed and well annotated.

Thomas Medwin's "Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley" was originally published in 1847. In later years Medwin amused himself, and worked off some of his accumulated rancor against Mary Shelley, by making large revisions of the work for a second edition, which was expected to appear, but did not appear, about the time of his death, in 1869. His copy of the book, with the revisions on the margins, fell, like so many other good things of this sort, into the hands of Mr. H. Buxton Forman, who has now issued an admirable reprint (Oxford University Press) with the author's proposed changes incorporated into the text. For annotations he has drawn largely on his extraordinary library of Shelleyan books and his no less extraordinary knowledge of the literary vagabondage of the period. Nothing is so obscure in Medwin's pages as to evade his elucidation; a book of which most fairly well read students of the romantic movement may never have heard is to him something which should be in any gentleman's library. In regard to Medwin himself he has no illusions; there is scarcely a quotation in Medwin's pages to the inaccuracy of which he does not call attention, and Medwin's mendacity and conceit would escape no one. But Mr. Forman is right, nevertheless, in placing high value on this biography as giving insight into the character of Shelley and his circle, though, as an ardent and full-souled worshipper of the poet, he apparently quite fails to see the damaging nature of such an admission. Medwin, indeed, was of his age, and there is in his views of life and in his manner of writing not a little which might be described as Shelley without Shelley's genius. On pages 139 and 140 of the present edition there will be found, for instance, as perfect an utterance of the romantic notion of sympathy, with its consequent sense of embittered isolation and its nature cult, as can be found in Shelley himself. It is romanticism bared to the quick.

One could scarcely get a more striking exhibit of the revolution which has taken place in the past decade in American office methods than that furnished in the volume, "The American Office," by J. William Schulze, assistant secretary of the Alexander Hamilton Institute of New York city, which has just been issued by the Key Publishing Co. It would be difficult to mention a single phase of office activity, whether relating to organization, physical arrangement, records, communication, distribution of activity and responsibility, or psychological factors, which the book does not consider. The scope and purpose of the work may be inferred from some of the chapter headings: Office Employees, Office Appliances, the Physical Office, How to Lay Out Floor Space, Creating the Office Organization, Training Office Employees, Supervision and Salary Plans, Methods of Arousing Enthusiasm, The Human Touch, Welfare Work, Office Records, and Systems. The book is full of charts and diagrams illustrating the relations between branches of the organization, photographs of model offices, and graphic devices for enforcing the points made by the author. Of course it is all in the nature of counsel of perfection; but he must be a dull person who cannot find here many practical suggestions, as well as a general spirit of enthusiasm likely to increase his interest in his own work. This book, says the author in his preface,

is intended primarily for three groups of people: (1) The young man in the office who is anxious to succeed and who is desirous of studying a book that will teach him standard office methods; (2) the student in the university or business school who aims to start his business career with a knowledge of American office practice; (3) the executive who realizes that, no matter how well he may believe his office is being managed, there are ideas and suggestions to be gathered from a study of other men's methods.

Prof. Leon Kellner, of the University of Czernowitz (Austria), who published four years ago, in German, a valuable history of "English Literature during the Age of Queen Victoria," has now supplemented this work with two tiny volumes, entitled "Geschichte der nordamerikanischen Literatur" (Göschen Collection). He has compressed into barely two hundred pages an extraordinary amount of information concerning American literature, and sketches its development with rapid strokes. Best of all, he contrives to let the great writers stand out in bold relief. His judgments are independent and incisive. Oliver Wendell Holmes evokes his greatest admiration. "The world has perhaps never seen so penetrating, keen-eyed, and, at the same time, so warm-hearted an optimist." Professor Kellner, known as an admirable translator, quotes a number of passages from the "Autocrat," aptly characterizes Holmes's address on "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," and remarks that the reader often enjoys Holmes's wit too much to appreciate his scientific importance and his deep seriousness. In Lowell Herr Kellner admires mainly the satirist and humorist, with his "pyrotechnics of delicious puns," though he does justice to his "glowing love of his country." In Longfellow he sees "the Herder of English literature," though he says that Longfellow "has perhaps taken Goethe's world literature somewhat too seriously." Herr Kellner speaks of Emerson's wide influence on modern German thought. His aphorisms are everywhere eagerly read, "while the great transcendental systems of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, on which Emerson's philosophical views are based, slumber, undisturbed by the great public, in the dust of the libraries."

In his chapter on our transcendental movement Professor Kellner speaks of the curious tendency in literature to put a common label on writers whom mere accident has brought together. "Emerson is miles apart from Alcott and Channing, yet they are mentioned together as 'transcendentalists,' just as Wordsworth and Southey, who intellectually had but little in common, have been handed down to posterity as members of the Lake School of Poetry." Nevertheless, in some way, striking if not altogether convincing, Herman Melville and Walt Whitman are drawn by Professor Kellner himself into intellectual kinship with the transcendentalists. Howells and James come in for discriminating appreciation. Of their "self-conscious art," it is said that "artists, in their endeavor to escape the yoke of their subject, often commit the mistake of working without any material, and thus trying to make bricks without straw." We can only allude to the telling characterizations of Hawthorne, Poe, Whittier, and Mark Twain, the last of whom, of course, occupies the most prominent place in the chapter on The Humor of Exaggeration. That on The Literature of the Soil is appropriately ushered in by Bret Harte, and is continued through Edward Eggleston, Joel Chandler Harris, and James Lane Allen to the present day, closing with a brief survey of the writers produced by individual States. Even Iowa and Wyoming are not missing from Professor Kellner's list. As evidence of his familiarity with all the phases of his subject, we may point to his remarks on Sidney Lanier, Eugene Field, and Henry C. Bunner. The American short-story gets its full share of attention, and even George Ade's "Fables in Slang" are remembered. But nearly everything in the two little volumes will be found full of interest to German readers, and much deserves to be read by Americans. We know

of no similar manual of American literature in the English language, as a comparison with some such volumes as Henry A. Beers's "Initial Studies in American Literature" and with the American addition to Stopford A. Brooke's "English Literature" will disclose.

Mr. John Masefield's "Salt-Water Ballads" and "A Mainsail Haul" (Macmillan) are not likely to affect his reputation particularly in one way or the other. They are earlier productions and are now reprinted presumably in view of their author's amazing popularity. The second volume consists of a rather miscellaneous collection of prose, much of which seems like hack work. The first volume is sufficiently characterized by its title; its verse is comparatively inoffensive—hardly more than a little tarry in patches. The best thing in it is what Mr. Masefield calls "A Consecration," wherein he defines his mission as poet:

> Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
> The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;—
> Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!

The seventh volume of "The Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances" (The Carnegie Institution of Washington), edited by H. O. Sommer, offers as a supplement to the vulgate cycle the "Merlin" continuation or "Livre d'Artus" of MS. 337 (Bibliothèque Nationale), in so far as this continuation differs essentially from that of the vulgate cycle. The contents of this continuation are well known from the very minute analysis of it which was given by E. Freymond many years ago in the *Zeitschrift für französische Sprache und Literatur XVII;* but no analysis, of course, can take the place of the text itself, so that the present volume constitutes a welcome addition to our materials for the study of the evolution of the prose romances. One might imagine from Dr. Sommer's prefatory note that the title "Livre d'Artus" was applied exclusively to the text which he has here published. But, as a matter of fact, Paulin Paris, who invented it, first employed it of the "Merlin" continuation of the vulgate cycle; and ever since it has been used as a general designation of works which were composed with a view to connecting the prose version of Robert de Boron's "Merlin" with the prose "Lancelot." Indeed, Dr. Sommer's volume does not contain the whole of the "Livre d'Artus" as given in MS. 337, for he omits (very properly) the earlier portion which does not differ in any noteworthy respect from the ordinary text of the vulgate "Merlin" continuation. But apart from the unwarranted restriction of the term "Livre d'Artus" to the text here printed, why should he say that its place in MS. 337 suggests that it is "a suite or continuation of the Vulgate-'Merlin'"—that is, a continuation of a continuation? Obviously not. The manuscript arrangement merely suggests that the present text was to be substituted for what we may call the second division of the vulgate "Livre d'Artus" or "Merlin" continuation. Dr. Sommer expresses the opinion that both the vulgate continuation and the present text are "*redactions* of an account of the reigns of Uterpendragon and Artus made at different dates for the purpose of linking Robert's 'Merlin' to the 'Lancelot.'" If he means by this that the two works are connected with each other, only through a common hypothetical source, we believe that he will find few Arthurian scholars to agree with him. It has been generally assumed that the present text was dependent on the vulgate, and we see no reason to call that view into question.

Dr. Sommer advances also the theory that this text in an earlier form "already figured in the *Joseph-Perceval-Lancelot* cycle as such a link and markedly influenced the *Lancelot*. The present text is part of a later *rifacimento* added by some scribe to the Vulgate-Cycle and—paradoxical as it may sound—it is considerably influenced by the *Lancelot*." That a lost "Perceval" romance ever constituted an integral part of the cycle of prose romances which in its extant form we call the vulgate is, itself, by no means an established fact, but apart from this the hypothesis here stated by Dr. Sommer is extremely improbable. We have no manuscript evidence of an earlier form, and no one is likely to accept so complicated a theory of the relations of our romance to the "Lancelot" except in the face of the strongest proof. Now, as in the present publication the editor makes virtually no effort to supply such proof (for one or two brief footnotes cannot be regarded seriously in that light), we believe that current opinions on the subject will for the present remain what they have been. As in the previous volumes, Dr. Sommer reproduces his text from the MS. without editing it—only in this case he has capitalized proper names, which is an improvement, inasmuch as in some degree it aids the reader in following the story. On the other hand, he has omitted the analysis of the narrative in side-notes which has been so useful a feature of the earlier volumes in the series. He was doubtless compelled to do this by the considerations of health which are mentioned in the publisher's note inserted at the beginning of the volume. We hope sincerely, however, that he will be able to complete his work with the "General Analytical Index" which he has promised. Such an index would be of inestimable service in the study of these vast prose romances.

The death at the age of sixty-one is reported from Glasgow of the Celtic scholar, Henry Whyte, better known under the pen-name "Fionn." A number of volumes on Celtic subjects, translations of Gaelic literature into English, and his preservation of many Highland melodies comprise his contributions to scholarship.

We record with regret the death of William Edward Armytage Axon, which took place at his home in Manchester, England, on December 27. Mr. Axon was a valued contributor to the *Nation's* Bibliophile columns, where he displayed an extraordinary familiarity with pleasant byways of literature. He was born in Manchester in 1846. At fifteen years of age he became an assistant in the Manchester Free Libraries and from 1874 to 1905 he was on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian* as office librarian. Though lacking a college education, his constant association with books, joined with unremitting industry, made him a scholar in a noble sense; he was admitted to many learned societies, received from the Wilberforce University the degree of LL.D., and—a degree which he greatly prized—the master of arts (*honoris causa*) from the University of Manchester, which was presented to him during his last illness. Mr. Axon contributed to encyclopædias and magazines too numerous to be here recorded. He also wrote and edited a number of books, linguistic, religious, archæological, and poetical.

Henrietta Keddie, the novelist, who wrote under the name of Sarah Tyler, died last Thursday in London, in her eighty-seventh year. She began her literary work while conducting a boarding school for girls at the town of her birth, Cupar-Fife. A list of her works includes the following: "Citoyenne Jacqueline," "French Janet," "The Macdonald Lass," "Miss Nance," "Women Must Weep," and "Three Generations."

Samuel Augustus Binion, who died suddenly in New York last Thursday, was born in Suwalki, Poland, in 1853, and was the author of several books, among them "Ancient Egypt," "The Babaliah," "Phyllanthography," etc.

The death is reported from Dublin of Dr. Patrick Weston Joyce, an Irish scholar of repute, who was born in 1827. He was educated in private schools and entered the service of the Commissioners of National Education of Ireland in 1845. He occupied successive positions with the commissioners until 1874, when he became a professor in the Commissioners' Training College at Dublin. He subsequently became principal of the College. In 1893 he retired from that position, but later became one of the commissioners for the publication of the Ancient Laws of Ireland. He received the degrees of M.A. and LL.D from Trinity College, Dublin. Dr. Joyce's published works include "The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places," "Ancient Irish Music," in which he collected hitherto unpublished Irish airs and songs; "Old Celtic Romances," a collection of thirteen Irish stories translated from the Gaelic; "A Short History of Ireland to 1608," "A Child's History of Ireland," and "Social History of Ancient Ireland."

Science

ALEXANDER AGASSIZ.

Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz. With a Sketch of his Life Work. Edited by G. R. Agassiz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

Seldom does a biography record a more extraordinary personality and career than that of Alexander Agassiz as told by his eldest son. During a boyhood of narrow means in Europe, after his father, the great naturalist, Louis Agassiz, had come to the United States, he walked from one town to another to visit his relatives, and slept on the way under a haystack or in the house of a friendly peasant, when "almost anybody would give such a tiny traveller a piece of bread or a bit of cheese," as he used afterwards to say. In his mature years in America he developed and became president of a great mining company, a man of well-earned wealth, a leader in

zoölogy and oceanography, builder of a great museum, and Fellow of the Harvard Corporation; in his later life he was the most active explorer of coral reefs the world has known, president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston and of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington, and honorary member of many foreign academies. He may well be regarded as the most eminent American of foreign birth that the present generation has seen: our country should be proud of having been his opportunity.

Agassiz was born December 17, 1835, in Neuchâtel, then belonging to Prussia. His father, Louis, a Swiss, our great teacher-naturalist, needs no introduction to American readers. His mother, Cécile Braun, a German, was a woman of "shy, sensitive, reserved, and artistic" temperament, and it was evidently from her, rather than from his father, that the son inherited certain well-marked personal qualities which tended to limit his acquaintance all through life; for while warmly regarded by the intimate friends who knew his charm, their circle was restricted, and upon outsiders he never exerted the wonderful attraction that endeared his father to thousands. It was only within this circle that he would show not only the superb Victoria Research medal, awarded him by the Royal Geographical Society of London, but also his delight in having it: to those outside the wall he showed neither. After his mother's death, the boy came to the United States in 1849, and was fortunate in loving and in being loved by his father's second wife, Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, a most admirable woman, who might well have been the prototype of the good stepmother, discovered as a new kind of heroine by modern writers; fortunate again in his wife, Anna Russell, a most lovely girl, his pupil in his mother's school, who "knew the speech of courage and of kindness," and whom he married in 1860, but who died in 1874, a week after his father's death, leaving him a saddened man, more reserved than before. He bravely found refuge in unceasing and increasing work. He had even as a boy abundant courage, and as a man great strength, though not of robust health. He always had his own opinions, and never feared to express them: in his early school years at Neuchâtel, he refused to receive certain prizes from an official whom he disliked, turned his back upon him, and walked out of the room. In consequence of the row that followed he led a band of young confederates to attack the castle of the Prussian Governor, and smashed the windows of the dining-hall on the night of a large party at which his father was present. The father, suspecting his boy of having a hand in the affair, hurried home, but there found Alex in bed and apparently asleep. The young Prussian was made to study the violin, which he loathed; so when he left Germany for America, he celebrated his departure from the land of compulsion to the land of freedom by jumping on his violin and smashing it. He was bow oar of the Harvard University crew in the middle 50's, and always retained his fondness for rowing: in later years he occasionally appeared at the Museum so hoarse that he could hardly speak, and would sheepishly admit that he had been to a boat race the day before, and perhaps he "had shouted too loud."

In spite of Agassiz's habitual reserve, he was of short temper, and easily provoked to "speak his mind," and on occasions did not withhold it even concerning one of his fellow-oarsmen, who gave Harvard, among several other things, its crimson color-emblem. Agassiz was, moreover, over-sensitive to adverse opinion, and less patient in discussion with those who differed from him than in his own work. He never sought to appear before the public, but rather withdrew from it, for he had nothing of his father's gift of scientific oratory; but he was of great force, long persistence, and enormous accomplishment. It is in this respect that his life was so altogether exceptional, and yet most of his work was done in comparatively poor health, and under the shadow of sad bereavement. His first large task was the development in 1867-68 of certain unsuccessful copper mines, later combined in the famous Calumet and Hecla Company, on Keweenaw Point in upper Michigan. Let it be here remembered that, just turned thirty, he had had almost no training in business methods or in mining technique; that he had been brought up by a father who "possessed a hazy idea of the value of a dollar," and whose money affairs were sometimes "in a more than usually deplorable muddle." He had, to be sure, after graduating at Harvard without distinction in 1855, studied engineering and chemistry in the Lawrence Scientific School, and he may have learned a little of bookkeeping when, as teacher in his mother's school for girls in Cambridge, he paid the other teachers and kept the accounts; he had for a short time worked for the United States Coast Survey in the Far Northwest, and on returning to Cambridge in 1860 he took charge of Radiates in his father's Museum, where for six years he had some more experience in accounts and in the "disentanglement of the financial difficulties into which the cheerful optimism of his father constantly plunged not only the Museum, but also the family purse"; and for a brief period he had the management of a coal property in Pennsylvania. It was on the basis of this largely irrelevant experience that Agassiz, early in 1867, was placed in charge of the Calumet and Hecla properties, an appointment probably influenced by the fact that his two sisters had married Boston men, of whom one was then and the other later became largely interested in the mines. He put in "every cent" he had—some of it borrowed—and went to work with the avowed intention of making money so that he could afterwards spend it in becoming a "productive naturalist." He met incompetence, misrepresentation, mismanagement, and disloyalty, and overcame them all. Expenses were unexpectedly great and assessments had to be levied; a brother-in-law provided the sum called on Agassiz's stock. He was "driven to death" at one time, "fearfully blue" at another, and "some days in utter despair." His brave wife joined him in the wilderness with a young boy and a baby; when she went out for a walk she carried a revolver strapped to her belt. Winter weather was severe, accidents in and about the mines caused delay and cost money, and put a heavy strain on the man in charge. In spite of all setbacks, the mines were in good working order near the end of 1868, when Agassiz returned to Cambridge. He was made president of the company in 1871, and held that office till his death, thirty-nine years later. Under his management the company paid its stockholders the fabulous sum of $110,550,000.

And yet this was only the by-product of a man whose real life interest was abstract science; for the mine once in running order, he set it aside, except for visits of a month, spring and autumn, and plunged into work at the Museum. On November 8, 1868, he wrote to seventeen scientific correspondents, and said to one, in reply to a letter of a year and a half earlier: "Thank Heaven, I am now done with copper mines, and have returned with all my heart to my studies, which I hope nothing again will interrupt." But the strain of work at the mines had injured his health; he was severely ill in the spring of 1869. A year abroad was then made possible by the generosity of a Boston friend, and he spent the time visiting museums preparatory to his famous work on sea urchins. It is interesting to note that he carried a letter from his father to Darwin, in which the elder Agassiz wrote: "You will find Alex more ready to accept your views than I shall ever be." He saw countless zoölogists, fretted over the unnecessary formalities and delays in many museums, felt melancholy on seeing how low the French had fallen through governmental corruption, was mistaken for Bismarck on the frontier during the Franco-Prussian War, and returned home in November, 1870. Although he lost a year's work by the

burning of many original drawings in the great Boston fire, his first large publication, the "Revision of the Echini" (770 pages, 87 plates), appeared in 1872 as a four-part memoir, of which he wrote: "Nothing pleased me more than to have been able to present the cost of these volumes to the Museum." Then with a great scientific career well opened before him, in the middle year of his life came an overwhelming blow, the death of his father and his wife, and for a time he could find no incentive for further study. But he soon set bravely to work to complete the great Museum which his father had planned and as his father had planned it, and then began an unrivalled series of explorations in all the oceans of the world. His voyages far exceed those of any other scientific investigator. Forceful as he was in these great undertakings, he was minutely painstaking and cautious in his work. His wide acquaintance with the outdoor world taught him the complexity of things, and forbade alike a hasty statement of conclusions of his own and a hasty acceptance of conclusions reached by more hurried contemporaries. This was particularly true regarding the theory of organic evolution, which, as his father foresaw, he accepted as a general principle, but without admitting the correctness of elaborate schemes of descent devised by others whom he thought over-rash. So in his study of coral reefs, he insisted on the great variety of the phenomena and on the necessity of recognizing many theories of origin, rather than only one. He was offered the position of Superintendent of the Coast Survey in 1885, but refused it because he felt himself unfit for a post that should be filled by a mathematician or a physicist, and also because he did not wish to sacrifice his own scientific work. In 1904 he was offered the direction of an expedition, to be liberally subsidized for five years by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, to explore the tropical Pacific, but refused because of his age, sixty-nine; had this opportunity come five years earlier he would have "jumped at it." It is more of a loss to science than to Agassiz that he declined it.

His death occurred in the mid-Atlantic, March 27, 1910, on his way home from a winter in Egypt, with his second son, Maximilian, his companion on many journeys: he was laid in Forest Hills Cemetery beside the wife of his youth, whom he had buried there thirty-six years before. Those who were privileged to know him well found a nature which they loved as much as they admired, and what they tell excites envy of their privilege among others to whom it was not granted.

McClurg has in press a new volume in the National Social Science series, entitled "The Family and Society," by John M. Gillette.

Dr. Edward O. Otis is the author of a new volume on "Consumption, its Cause, Cure and Prevention," which is announced by Crowell.

Prof. Winslow Upton, for nearly thirty years head of the department of astronomy at Brown University and director of the Ladd Observatory since its erection in 1891, died last Thursday at the Rhode Island Hospital, in Providence. He was born in Salem, Mass., in 1853. He received degrees from Brown University and the University of Cincinnati. He became an assistant at the Harvard Observatory in 1877; assistant engineer of the United States Lake Survey in 1879; computer of the United States Naval Observatory in 1880; computer and assistant professor of the United States Signal Service in 1881, and professor at Brown in 1883. He published a "Star Atlas" for schools in 1896.

Drama

The New American Drama. By Richard Burton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.25 net.

The author of this book, professor of English literature in the University of Minnesota, exhibits a thorough acquaintance with modern theatrical products in this country, of which he furnishes a scholarly summary, but some of the conclusions which he derives from his review suggest that his critical faculty is defective. His judgment is too subservient to his enthusiasm for the newest forms of drama and to a spirit of optimism which would confer the laurels of achievement upon every crude attempt. Yet he has a clear view of the true functions of the theatre, "with its rootages in play, in religion, and the universal love of life," and argues for it, ably and vigorously, at the beginning and end of the volume. He maintains that the tremendous influence of which the stage, in its different manifestations, is capable, should be subject to the same sort of intelligent direction that is employed in orchestras and libraries. He does not, however, solve the problem how such a beneficial censorship—more and more favored by thoughtful persons—is to be established. The principle is simple but the application of it intensely difficult. Professor Burton easily riddles the old managerial plea that the public must have what it wants, and points out that, even if it were sound, it would not militate against the more enlightened policy of helping playgoers to appreciate and look for superior entertainment. He adds, justly, that the managers are not alone to blame in this matter, but that a certain measure of responsibility rests upon the cultivated and respectable members of the community who remain apathetic.

When he comes to comparisons of the existing theatre and that of the preceding generation, the latest types of stage performers and their predecessors, he betrays the lack of personal experience and of intimacy with actual theatrical conditions. He is more of the theorist than the expert. He does not know the capacities of the older actors or the part which the old stock companies played in their education. Apparently, he imagines that a modern dramatic school can supply all the stage education really needed, and that the chief accomplishment of the old performers was artificial and monotonous declamation. The effect of this delusion, manifestly arising from inexperience, is shown when he undertakes, somewhat superfluously, to defend the general public from the charge of incapacity to appreciate the higher poetic drama. In advancing various reasons for the comparative failure of certain costly productions of poetical drama, he omits the most weighty of all, the present dearth of actors trained to speak verse decently or to interpret imaginative works with appropriate spirit and action. There is abundant proof, past and present, that the general public always has been and still is ready to support poetic drama when well played. It will not pay to see it butchered. The modern theatrical school, with which the Professor is so content, only produces actors fitted for the plays of modern life. Actors of the old school could be realistic or romantic as occasion demanded. If the stage is to reflect the manners and the literature of more than one time, and that the present, we must have actors who can embody other characters than their own.

In his chapter on Truth, dealing with plays of American life, he sings the praises of most of the native playwrights, from Bronson Howard and James A. Hearne to Eugene Walter, and no doubt they have contributed some solid material towards the foundations of an American drama. But in his zeal for actuality he fails to discriminate between the plays which have depended entirely on melodramatic violence—the mere shockers—and the much rarer serious works constructed upon legitimate dramatic principles, and reflecting the truth of nature in the conflict of circumstance and character. Many of the pieces which he enumerates have no real artistic or dramatic significance. The critical praise which he bestows, under the head of "Romance," upon the plays of Moody, MacKaye, Mrs. Marks, and Rann Kennedy, is amply justified, but his definition of "romance" must be extraordinarily elastic if it can be made to include the great majority of the plays which he groups under that category. Many of these are flagrant examples of a most pernicious variety of melodramatic extravagance. The char-

acteristic attributes of romance are beauty, imagination, and essential truth, the three qualities in which all such pieces are conspicuously deficient. In discoursing of humor and the social note, Professor Burton reveals powers of observation and comparison which might have been applied with profit to more than one of his preceding chapters. He is apt to be happier in the enunciation of his theories than in the illustration of them by particulars.

McClurg announces at an early date "The Green Cockatoo and Other Plays," by Arthur Schnitzler, and "Gerbart Hauptmann, his Life and Work," by Karl Holl.

Profs. W. A. Neilson and A. H. Thorndike, general editors of the Tudor Shakespeare, have brought this edition (Macmillan) to completion with a volume devoted to "The Facts About Shakespeare." As an example of what accredited American scholarship can accomplish, the book, as indeed the whole edition, is most instructive. What stands out is, as might be expected, the mass of details taken into account and the caution with which they are handled. Here is German industry combined with Yankee common-sense. The work differs from recent English editions of Shakespeare, for example, the Eversley, edited by Professor Herford, in the almost entire absence of æsthetic and philosophical criticism. It is a serious lack, especially in an edition designed for use in schools and colleges, which should endeavor to whet the student's imagination and zest. But of its kind the Tudor Shakespeare is by far the most trustworthy edition in existence. Its special virtues are perhaps best illustrated, in the present volume, by the chapter on Biographical Facts and Traditions. In no other place have we seen so succinct and orderly an interpretation of the credible documents bearing on Shakespeare's life; this is followed by an enumeration of the rumors and hearsay, the origin of each being stated, which for two centuries after his death strove to clothe the skeleton of fact with picturesque, often fantastic details. Everybody is familiar with the gossip which charged Shakespeare with poaching on the preserves of Sir Thomas Lucy, but interest is added to the rumor by knowledge of its source. In the chapter on Shakespeare's Reading, the list of books with which he must have been acquainted is also nicely based on the evidence. In this connection it might have been well to indicate more fully the advantage to which Shakespeare turned his reading, that is, the manner in which his imagination assimilated and recast it. There are enough striking instances of the sort which could have been drawn from Plutarch, Holinshed, and especially Sidney's "Arcadia" to warrant a few illuminating generalizations. In plan the book, though a work of collaboration, is thoroughly consistent and even; but the styles of the two writers are easily distinguishable, the one open, sometimes loose, the other compact yet clear.

Romance, in all its shapes, has been excluded from the local stage for so long in favor of the crudest forms of "realistic" melodrama that the successful production of such a piece as Percy MacKaye's "A Thousand Years Ago" in the Shubert Theatre is particularly welcome. This is not, in any sense, a great work, but it is entertaining and has literary qualities of an uncommon kind. The story is the very old one, of the princess whose hand was to be the reward of any suitor who might be willing to lose his head if he could not solve her riddles. Not long ago she was the heroine in a spectacle by Reinhardt, which had a great success in Europe, but failed badly in London, probably on account of inadequate performance. Now she is called Turandot, daughter of the Emperor of Peking.

Mr. MacKaye follows the ancient tale closely enough in its main incidents, but freshens it by bringing in the comparatively modern figures of the Italian Commedia del' Arte, Scaramouch, Harlequin, and Pantaloon, as inspiring motives. These, under the leadership of Capocomico, come as strolling players to Peking, having been banished from their usual haunts by modern materialistic critics, and virtually control the whole action. In a prologue, Capocomico bewails the banishment of romance from the theatre, its legitimate field, and cites the fantasy of which he is to be the protagonist as sufficient justification for its recall. He pledges himself to cure the princess of her aversion to matrimony in twenty-four hours, under penalty of death, if constituted emperor for that period, and the Chinese monarch promptly takes him at his word. Having discovered that the beggar with whom the princess is in love, and to whom she has thrown a rose, is identical with the Prince who is her latest suitor, Capocomico is able, of course, after the necessary complications, to fulfil his promise within the prescribed period. The element of suspense naturally is slight, as the issue is never in doubt, but Mr. MacKaye has handled his theme with a good sense of theatrical effect and has supplied dialogue of a vastly superior order to that of most modern spectacles. Several of his scenes exhibit graceful fancy, and one, at least—that in the prince's chamber—considerable dramatic force. The representation is also notable for some highly effective scenery, in which modern methods of lighting and coloring are employed. A dream scene, with shadow pictures, and the scene in the prince's chamber, with part of the stage lighted and part in cimmerian darkness, were especially striking. The City Gate at Peking and the Great Hall of the Emperor were also remarkable instances of the effects of spaciousness and gorgeousness to be obtained by the judicious disposition of simple draperies broadly painted. In their detail some of the sets were not altogether satisfactory, but in general design they were admirable and nicely appropriate to the fantastic theme. The acting was less felicitous than the play and its decorations, but Henry E. Dixey, as Capocomico, was a fascinating and graceful figure, and the veteran F. B. Warde demonstrated the value of an old-school training. He knew how to act and to speak.

The Scottish Repertory Theatre is to resume at an early date. The directors have arranged a spring season, which will begin at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, on January 19. Lewis Casson, who was principal producer for Miss Horniman's company at Manchester, is to be stage director and principal producer. The company will include several former members of the Scottish Repertory Company and others who have experience in repertory work. It is proposed to open the season with a revival of Arnold Bennett's comedy "The Honeymoon," with which there will be played a stage adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's "Badalia." Other productions will probably include, in addition to several entirely new plays, a characteristic example of the work of Bernard Shaw, one of Sir J. M. Barrie's earlier comedies, and an adaptation of one of R. L. Stevenson's short stories.

In the death of William Hawtrey the stage loses an actor of much sound capacity—if not much brilliancy—who was overshadowed by the popularity of his brother, Charles. He had acted in this country for fifteen years, and was associated with more than one emphatic success, but never established a position for himself in the first rank. Nevertheless, he knew his art, was capable of giving vitality to scenes of emotional power and pathos, and, in respect of versatility, was far superior to his more famous brother. But he lacked that peculiar vein of comedy which made Charles's fame and fortune. When they acted together in this city some years ago, William won his full share of applause without difficulty. "The Fire of Fate," "We Can't Be as Bad as All That," and "The Old Firm" were among the pieces in which he was prominent. He died in the New York Hospital, having been stricken suddenly in a trolley car. His age was fifty-seven years.

Music

"Richard Wagner, the Man and his Work," by Oliver Huckel, is announced by Crowell.

"Familiar Talks on the History of Music" is the title of a book just published by the Schirmers. The author is Arnold J. Gantvoort, of the Cincinnati College of Music.

Albert Spalding, the American violinist, has not only been winning fresh laurels abroad, but he has just given to his fellow players, through the publishing house of G. Schirmer, six pieces for violin and piano, which are worth considering. They are strongly reminiscent of Mr. Spalding's long sojourn in Italy, two of them (a "Siciliano" and a "Scherzo Giocoso") being dedicated to teachers under whom he studied in that country, and another ("Romance in C Minor") being built on the cry of a street-vender of oranges in Florence.

Frederick Corder and the London *Musical Times* are agreed that it is time to stop teaching counterpoint according to the artificial rules sanctioned by mythical authority, and follow the rules deduced from the practice of the acknowledged masters of the art. "We all," says the *Times*, "bow down to Bach as the great exemplar of the possibilities of counterpoint, yet at the same time our self-imposed rules show him to be so wrong that he would not pass an elementary examination."

The memory of America's great folksong

writer, Stephen Collins Foster, will be appropriately honored at a commemorative concert, consisting entirely of American compositions, to be given by the Modern Music Society (chorus of 100), and the New York Symphony orchestra, at Aeolian Hall, Friday evening, February 13, 1914. Maggie Teyte will be the soloist, and a feature of the programme will be a group of Foster's songs, including the universally loved "Old Black Joe" and "Suwanee River," in new harmonizations made by Benjamin Lambord, the conductor, which, while enriching the effect, entirely preserve the original spirit of the songs. Other numbers of the programme will be orchestral compositions by MacDowell and Henry F. Gilbert, works for chorus by Edward Burlingame Hill, Blair Fairchild, and Benjamin Lambord, and songs with orchestra by Arthur Farwell and John Alden Carpenter.

Mascagni was made famous largely by the winsome brevity of his "Cavalleria Rusticana." He has now gone to the opposite extreme. His latest opera, "Parisina," written in collaboration with D'Annunzio, lasted till two in the morning at the first performance in Milan. When it was repeated, the whole of the fourth act was left out.

Art

Mural Painting in America. By Edwin Howland Blashfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $2 net.

Ignoring the unsuccessful attempts to decorate the Capitol at Washington, we may date the revival of mural painting in America from John La Farge's decoration of Trinity Church, Boston, in 1876. Significantly it was the architect Richardson who got the commission for the painter. For thirty years to come La Farge was greatly to depend upon such architect friends as Hunt and McKim. In 1878, W. M. Hunt achieved the short-lived decorations for the Albany Capitol. Then, except for La Farge's steady activity, the movement languished until in 1893 the Columbian Exposition at Chicago employed, under F. D. Millet and C. Y. Turner as artist chiefs, Beckwith, Blashfield, Cox, Reid, Simmons, and others. The effect of these decorations, hastily improvised as they had to be, was such that mural painting came to be expected in all public monumental buildings. A few years later the completion of the Congressional Library at Washington still further popularized the movement.

Mr. Blashfield is an eminently fitting person to record and moralize a generation of achievement in which he personally has played a prominent and creditable part. His book, an amplification of the Scammon Lectures, delivered last year before the Chicago Art Institute, treats chiefly the business side of mural painting—the relations of artist, decorator, architect, and building commissioner. We feel that this is a just emphasis—and, for that matter, Mr. Blashfield deals also with the education of the mural painter—because the defects of the new movement are plainly chargeable in great measure to divided responsibility and ill-adjusted business relations.

Suppose a building commission safely piloted by the architect beyond local favorites and the alluring estimates of decorating firms to the choice of a capable mural painter, there are still many chances of failure. The mural painting is, after all, only the most important feature of a complex interior decoration. The professional decorator who does the minor work is not subject to the painter's control; both work under the remote and often indifferent jurisdiction of the architect. The estimates are cut so narrowly that the painter cannot provide the incidental and reinforcing decoration which would put his work in place. Indeed, he has no right to intrude in the decorator's field. The building commissioner and his associates are a constant source of difficulty. For reasons of convenience, the lighting of a room may be completely changed; for reasons of economy one lining stone or wood may be substituted for another. The mural painting meanwhile is in active progress, and for better or worse must fit into a light and surroundings for which it was never intended. In any case, the painting must often be adjusted to a room which is seen only in imagination. Puvis painted the designs for the staircase of the Boston Public Library from the architect's drawings and a sample of Siena marble. Had he seen the actual structure, we might have had quite a different color scheme.

Mr. Blashfield's remedy for this confusion is, first, that the architect should use his authority more strongly, and, next, that every room should be put in charge of one artist, who should be responsible for harmonizing all the details of the decoration. Undoubtedly, a certain relief might thus be procured, but these seem to us only palliatives. A mural painter's studio should be organized so that all the decorative work could be done by his own assistants. In the Renaissance this was a matter of course. At times John La Farge's studio approximated this perfection of organization. Nothing short of this as an ideal will serve, and if the amount of business involved be objected to, it should be said that no painter without organizing capacity has any business with mural painting. What is necessary is that the mural painter should work with artisans who know his ways and whom he can control. By allying himself with a decorating firm, this kind of assistance can be got. It is the obvious course for a mural painter who is unwilling or unable to organize a working studio. It should be said, too, that the best decorative ensembles in America, not necessarily the best wall paintings, have been those of the professional decorators. Their shops provide the only form of artistic organizations in which an artist of the Golden Age would find himself at all at home.

Either the architect should turn over the whole decorations of a room to the mural painter, or he should not order the pictures until the room is finished. The attempt to come out even results in painting pictures for paper rooms. A lamentable example of the practice is the Congressional Library. These are matters of common-sense and business technique. A graver defect of the present system of mural painting is that the work is done in a poor medium and in the studio. We have the absurdity of painters imitating the effects of fresco and tempera in oils, and the greater absurdity of painting a picture on a mere guess of what its lighting and surroundings are to be. We do not hold fanatically that all mural work should be done in place, but we do feel that a really competent decorator should be able to work in place and under conditions as taxing as those which confronted the fresco painter. In fact, nothing could better tone up modern mural painting than a revival of fresco painting. That would enforce methodical and competent execution with monumental simplicity of design. To-day the whole thing is too facile, and three-quarters of the mural painting in America betrays only the prevalent easy eclecticism. Very few have the gift of La Farge and Vedder of infusing such eclecticism with a distinguished and personal mood.

We agree with Mr. Blashfield in finding it a gain that mural painting is generally wanted. The infelicities of the product are perhaps no more than should be expected in work often produced under cruel limitations of money and time. At least opportunity is offered to the artist. His task is to achieve such higher gravity and competence that building commissioners will trust him more completely and treat him more generously. It is a question at bottom of culture and education, both for the artist and for his employers. On all these matters Mr. Blashfield offers advice well considered in substance and attractive in form. We wish his book a wide reading.

Mr. Percy Gardner is bringing out, through Macmillan, "The Principles of Greek Art."

A distinct land-mark in archæological research, and a new standard in publishing the results of South American archæology, have been set by Prof. R. Verneau and Dr. P. Rivet in their "Ethnographie ancienne de l'Équateur" (Paris: Gauthier-Villars). The treatment of the subject from the historical point of view is highly satisfactory;

the field work, carried on in connection with the French military commission, which measured an arc of the equatorial meridian in the years 1899-1906, has produced excellent results. The plates are marvels of the photographic art, and the authors are to be highly congratulated in having been able to reproduce stone, bronze, and pottery so artistically and with such verisimilitude. Two other volumes are promised, bringing the anthropology of Ecuador down to date. If they maintain the high standard which has been set by the present volume, the authors will indeed have earned a high place in South American research. The chief drawback to the utility of this scholarly quarto is the use, in the multitudinous notes, of numerical references to a bibliography "to be published later."

Finance

ALLOTTING "REGIONAL BANKS."

It was a foregone conclusion, when the conference committee of House and Senate decided on a minimum of eight regional banks for the new banking system (with a discretionary maximum of twelve), that a vigorous campaign would at once be started by each of the principal cities of the Union to procure the allotment of such a regional institution to itself. It should be evident that this competitive movement was bound to be more aggressive, and, on the whole, the adjustment of the rival claims more difficult, with the larger number of such Federal reserve districts.

In stipulating twelve such districts, the original House bill overlooked the necessity for strong institutions. It also missed the other considerations that harmonious action would be progressively more difficult in proportion to their number; that the disparity between the district including New York or Chicago and those covering less powerful industrial communities would be emphasized by it, and, not least of all, that a regional bank's rediscounting power would be greatly hampered if it served a district whose industrial activities were not diversified enough to distribute their demands on credit over more than a single season. The Hitchcock amendment, naming only four such districts, recognized these facts; but the conference committee compromised with its minimum of eight and maximum of twelve.

If the New York district were to be one of only four such banking areas, the task of geographical delimitation would not be difficult. But the larger number at once started controversy, in last week's hearings of the Organization Committee, named in the Act to arrange the districts. It raised the question, whether a regional institution at New York should serve the district of which this city is at present the central money market—a district including all of New England, New York, New Jersey, and possibly Pennsylvania—or whether, in order to equalize the strength of the several allotted districts, this Eastern territory should itself be divided.

The weight of testimony has undoubtedly been to the effect that the New York regional bank should be such as to possess a maximum of financial resources. It should be powerful enough, in capital resources and in its scope of authority, to perform the duties which will be imposed upon it, not only in serving a district which is already mainly tributary to it, but in conducting the country's relations with the foreign markets, in controlling the gold movement, and in dealing directly with financial Europe at an hour of home or international crisis.

Yet the argument may be pressed too far. Mr. Conant's statement that it would be better to have one powerful regional bank and seven puny ones, rather than eight puny institutions, is sound enough, if any such alternative were probable. But that is scarcely the case. Nor was the argument that a regional bank must overtop, in its capital and resources, the largest private institutions of its district, entirely convincing. The Bank of England's capital is $72,500,000; its deposits, public and private, $225,000,000. But at least two London joint-stock banks far surpass these figures; notably the London City and Midland, with its $114,500,000 paid-up capital and its $459,000,000 accounts current and deposits. When the Bank of France took on its shoulders the task of meeting the world-wide strain of 1907, its paid-up capital and surplus was $45,000,000; that of the Crédit Lyonnais was $75,400,000. The Deutsche Bank at Berlin is in such resources a larger institution than the Reichsbank.

Meanwhile, the testimony before the committee as it moves from place to place, on the question which cities shall possess the regional central banks, has its amusing side. In manner and motive, it is not unlike the presentation of claims by conspicuous individuals for knighthood on the King's birthday, or membership in the French Academy, or a niche in the University's Hall of Fame. The question is not entirely whether banking constituencies would be inadequately served without a regional bank at this or that particular city, but whether it would not be a humiliating slight for the city to be passed over. What would the character of the hearings have been, if conducted in the days when Chicago and St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Paul, Omaha and Kansas City, were hurling scornful epithets at each other's presumption?

New York may be said, in all frankness, to have played its own part in character. In the delimitation of its district it will doubtless get, and for the purposes of the law it ought to get, a highly important stretch of territory. Yet, taken as a whole, the incidents of this banking legislation, in their relation to New York, have an indisputably humorous aspect, and to the philosophic mind they may possibly explain that mystery baffling to the ordinary New Yorker—why the outside communities do not always love New York.

Before the bill was proposed, the New York banking community insisted, with emphatic warnings, that unless the banking system was reformed immediately (on the general lines later adopted in the bill) calamity was imminent. When the present bill came up, the same community joined in protest against any legislation which should take control of the system from the hands of the banks themselves. This being denied, a campaign of the most extraordinary misrepresentation of the actual provisions of the bill was carried on—proceeding, it must regretfully be admitted, from New York. The campaign broke down; the bill was passed. New York joined in the plaudits, and at once set forth to the official organizers that pretty much all of the commercial East must be allotted to its own exclusive sphere of influence.

This interesting episode proves nothing either for or against the allotment to New York of its proper share in the Federal districts. But, on the other hand, it certainly does not exhibit, on the part of the New York banking community at any rate, precisely that quality which is known in private life as tact. When the new banking system is well under way, New York will perform the important part in it which this city has always performed in the country's financial and commercial progress. Probably Wall Street will then forget about what preceded the introduction of the system, and will wonder at "the interior's" prejudice against New York.

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Currier, E. R. Type Spacing. J. M. Bowles.

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Fitzmaurice-Kelly, James. The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse. Oxford University Press.

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Royal Historical Society Transactions. Third Series. Vol. VII. London: The Society.
Royal Society of London. Celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary, July, 1912. Oxford Univ. Press.
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Tapp, S. C. Sexology of the Bible. Kansas City, Mo.: The Author. $2.
Tomkinson, J. R. Doris: A Mount Holyoke Girl. American Tract Society.
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The Week

The President's address to Congress repeats his policy of friendly coöperation with business which he announced seven weeks ago at the opening of Congress, and later in his speech on signing the banking bill. He assumes an "all but universal agreement in anticipation of our action"; speaks of the "atmosphere of accommodation and mutual understanding" as "a matter of sincere congratulation" which "ought to make our task very much less difficult," and asserts that "the antagonism between business and Government is over," and that, in squaring business methods to the law, "the Government and business men are ready to meet each other half-way." But what, then, of his explicit propositions? Some are concrete and positive; others more or less tentative in character. Interlocking directorates—described as such managing control of banking, railway, and industrial companies as must "result in making those who borrow and those who lend practically one and the same, those who sell and those who buy but the same persons trading with one another under different names and in different combinations"—are to be "effectually prohibited," though time is to be allowed in which to make the change "without inconvenience or confusion." Something will here depend on the full scope of the prohibitory law. Supervision by the Interstate Commerce Commission over new railway security issues is definitely advocated; and to this, we are inclined to think, even the railways will offer no objection.

Mr. Wilson's further proposal for a "more explicit legislative definition of the existing Anti-Trust law" must be judged in the light of what such a definition is to be. Ex-Senator Edmunds, a very eminent jurist and the real author of the Anti-Trust law, said two years ago of the plan for Congress to define more exactly its provisions:

> To whatever extent they change the law, they will spoil it. This for the simple reason that it does, in general terms, all that the Constitution permits it to do.

And further, on another occasion, that such an effort would involve the endless complexity of "a definition of the definition." The *Nation* has consistently maintained that a radical or sweeping amendment to the law would tend to weaken its force and confuse its application. The suggestion of a trade commission—not "empowered to make terms with monopoly or in any sort to assume control of business," but as an intermediary body for investigating and determining the actual status of a company, before invoking court procedure—is more obviously feasible. Difficulties will no doubt surround such an experiment, precisely as difficulties will surround the President's further distinct proposals for punishment of individuals rather than corporations when the law is violated, and for the absolute prohibition of the "holding company." "Personal guilt" can never be fairly established until what Mr. Wilson calls the debatable ground about the Anti-Trust law is conclusively removed.

We have thought it best to state thus frankly our feeling, not as to the merits of the President's new proposals, but as to their difficulties. It is not a programme to be hastily conceived and hurriedly placed upon the statute books, and, fortunately, no such purpose seems to be entertained at Washington. But there can be no reasonable doubt that a long step forward has been taken, through thus defining of the ends which should be, if possible, achieved by means of additional legislation, and by the new and friendly mutual attitude of Government and business.

Little attention has been paid to a change in the Senate rules which was made last Friday. It might seem a trifling affair, but is in reality of much importance; for it relates to that fundamental thing in the legislative procedure of the Senate, "unanimous consent." The change is this: hereafter no agreement by unanimous consent—for example, to file an order of business or to take a vote at a given time—shall be entered into unless there is a quorum of the Senate present. Moreover, even such an agreement can be rescinded later, if the Senate so votes. The effect is obvious. It will prevent tying up the Senate by one of those sly manœuvres such as compelled a vote on the Hetch-Hetchy bill on a fixed day. Clever managers in the Senate have been in the habit of watching their chance, when only eight or ten Senators were in their seats, and obtaining unanimous agreement that this, that, or the other thing should be done at a future date, and then this agreement instantly became as a law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not. Willy nilly, the whole Senate had to do what a half-dozen Senators had agreed that it must do. That little trick cannot be played again.

The Chairman of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads makes a gallant defence of the spoils rider to the Post Office Appropriation bill. If his argument has not much to commend it from the point of view of ordinary reason or practical good sense, it certainly has the merit of quite extraordinary elevation of thought. To the common mind, the question whether the 2,400 assistant postmasters are to remain under the rules of the competitive system or not does not touch the foundations of the Government, nor would it be thought to be intimately related to the methods by which we elect our Representatives and Senators or the President of the United States. But Mr. Moon takes a higher and broader view. Here is the picture that is drawn by his statesmanlike vision:

> Not a single representative of the Federal Government, save the members of the House, and, by recent amendment, the Senators, is chosen by the American people at the ballot box. Your President is chosen by the Electoral College. . . . If you wanted to make a monarchy of this republic, all you would have to do would be to apply the civil service to Congress, the President, and his Cabinet.

Thus that remote and short-lived past when the Electoral College was supposed to exercise a real choice in the naming of the President, receives in the Tennessee Representative's imagination the significance of an important present reality; and he dips into a future of which no man has dreamed, to conjure up a state of things when members of Con-

gress and of the Cabinet may be chosen by competitive examination. The spoils doctrine is hard pressed indeed if it finds itself obliged to fly to such distant realms in search of arguments in its support.

The action of the Senate Committee in seating Blair Lee, of Maryland, popularly elected, at the same time that it rejected the credentials of Frank P. Glass, of Alabama, appointed by the Governor, puts a common-sense construction upon the Seventeenth Amendment. It is decided that the amendment is self-executing, and that State legislation to make effective the direct election of Senators is unnecessary. The contrast between the two decisions points the implied rebuke to Gov. O'Neal, of Alabama. His State has nothing but the Governor's obstinacy to thank for the fact that it has so long remained with but one representative in the Senate. He might have convened the Alabama Legislature some months ago, to call and regulate the Senatorial election; or he might, as Gov. Goldsborough, of Maryland, has done, have issued writs of election on his own authority. Instead, in the face of general State sentiment and of the plainest warnings conveyed from unofficial sources, Gov. O'Neal chose to attempt filling by appointment Senator Johnston's old seat; and when his first candidate surrendered these dubious credentials, just in time to escape the Senate Committee's decision, stubbornly appointed another. It is gratifying that the Committee's action upon a matter of principle was decisively without regard for party lines.

How unavailing with respect to their ostensible end "pork barrel" river and harbor bills can be, is brought home to Louisiana by a decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission that Red River, except for a short distance from its mouth, is no longer a "navigable stream," and that, consequently, railways may fix their rates without reference to any possible river competition in its territory. Citizens of Louisiana may be excused for being surprised at this ruling, for as much as $3,000,000 has been spent by the Federal Government upon the river which the Commission now rejects. But what was the result of this expenditure? According to the New Orleans *Item*, it produced in a single year the stupendous commerce of one passenger and sixty-eight tons of freight upon the upper reaches of the river. Yet "the Red River ought to be a busy highway of commerce. . . . There ought to be lines of tank barges . . . cotton boats . . . packet boats." For these, the "pork barrel" way has been found a failure. The *Item* urges upon the disappointed inhabitants of the Red River district support of the idea in the Newlands "river regulation" bill, which looks towards cooperation between Federal and local authorities, not in merely spending money upon streams, but in making them navigable.

As vicious a bit of military legislation as has appeared in a quarter century comes up again in the report that the Militia Pay bill lobby has obtained the Administration's support. It is erroneously stated in certain newspapers that it is to supplant the bill providing for the organization of volunteers at the outbreak of war. That is, of course, not possible. The Militia Pay bill is a raid on the Treasury, pure and simple, on behalf of the existing National Guard, and does not affect the raising of troops not now existing. For a century and more our State troops have drilled without pay; the plan is now to get the Federal Treasury to reward them for appearing at the armories once or twice a week, the excuse being that readiness to serve the State is so wanting that men must be paid to do what has been done cheerfully and willingly since the foundation of the Republic. This assertion is false on its face and ought to be resented. Never, for instance, has militia duty been so well and so seriously performed as in some of our States to-day. Indeed, the bill is open to suspicion, or ought to be, because it is urged by the men who will *profit* pecuniarily by it; it is special legislation for them.

The great intellectual city of Boston is entitled to the widest condolence. Its voters have chosen Congressman James M. Curley as Mayor. It was a non-partisan election, the only candidates being two Democrats, and the less desirable one was elected. Some years ago the new Mayor of Boston spent a couple of months in jail for impersonating another at a civil-service examination. This act of pure kindliness and good will the voters of Boston do not seem ever to have held up against him; was it not a harmless bit of unselfish friendliness? Boston's plight is extraordinarily suggestive of New York's in the days when Grant and Gilroy and similar tools of Croker ruled the city. It is the same element in the population which rules Boston to-day, and this despite the modern charter which was expected to divorce the city from partisan or factional politics through an ideal ballot and an election remote from any State or national issue. The apathy with which the contest between Kenny and Curley has been followed by the general public is also strongly suggestive of the condition of public opinion in New York about 1890.

Whatever may be the chance that the bill offered by Mr. Works to repeal the Hetch-Hetchy grant will receive serious consideration in Congress, the California Representative did right in introducing it. He gives a compact summary of his reasons for doing so. Of these, the first is that "the bill granting the right of way was passed without any adequate investigation and under a complete misunderstanding and misapprehension of the facts." That it was passed without adequate investigation is a simple matter of fact; that it was passed "under a complete misunderstanding and misapprehension" may of course be disputed. And when we say that there was no adequate investigation we are by no means unmindful of the somewhat elaborate report of the House Committee; for it is impossible to read that report with care and not find that it utterly fails to meet the questions at issue, and that it is pervaded throughout with the spirit of the advocate instead of that of the judge. Although a considerable amount of time intervened between the introduction of the bill in the House and its passage by the Senate, yet that passage took place under a hasty agreement as to the date of final action. What happened in this case was what happens so generally when the question of the sacrifice of public parks or the like is at issue. The interests eager for acquisition get in their work before the slow process of accumulating vigorous opposition has time to become effective.

In a speech recently made in the Senate by Mr. Walsh, of Montana, there is a great deal about a Mr. Perkins, who, according to testimony cited by the Senator, played a conspicuous part in preventing the building of a railway in Alaska some years ago by private capital. Nor is it possible to ascribe this conduct on Mr. Perkins's part to any dislike to the exploitation of Alaskan opportunities by capitalistic interests, for according to the testimony the reason assigned by Mr. Perkins for the refusal of the Morgan interests to countenance the building of the railway was that the Guggenheims objected to it as an invasion of their own preserves. And as Mr. Perkins is quoted in the testimony as using the first person plural in this connection—thus, "we could not allow a railroad to be built through the Susitna Valley into the Tamana"—it will be seen that the Mr. Perkins in question is none other than George W. Perkins, the eminent Progressive. Some persons may, in their haste, be inclined to pass an unkind judgment on him for what looks like sad inconsistency; but they should remember that all this alleged sympathetic activity in behalf of the wicked Guggenheims occurred long before the day on which Mr. Perkins awakened to the necessity of making this country a fit place for his children to live in.

For the State distribution of textbooks, as a natural step in the programme of making education free, something may be said; but State entrance into the publishing business is a different matter. California's experience was denounced two years ago by the San Francisco *Chronicle* on the ground that "books printed at the State printery and sold at cost carry much higher prices than the same books are sold for in other States." She has now, during 1913, according to the State Printer, distributed 1,461,623 books at a cost of $316,000, or an average of about 22 cents each. This includes $87,371.52 paid in royalties to textbook companies and individuals. Mr. Charles H. Thurber, joining with certain newspapers in attacking the plan, has quoted figures of the United States Commissioner of Education to show that the average expenditure throughout the country is slightly above 60 cents *per pupil* annually. California will therefore have to show that not more than three books per pupil are consumed each year. It should seem this could be done, but it must be remembered that the State-published books are admittedly flimsier than the old ones, and the purchase of some by the pupils ought to be encouraged. The matter is of growing national interest, for Kansas has apparently followed California, and other Western States are contemplating the step. Considerations other than economy must be taken into account, for in the development of the complex art of textbook-making much may be claimed for private competition and enterprise.

"The extent to which he's winking at this moment!" whispered Caleb to his daughter. "Oh, my gracious!"

Very much after the same manner in which Tackleton the toy-merchant "winked" at Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter in "The Cricket on the Hearth," the Powers are now laughing at our Mexican policy. Congressman Gillett is the latest critic to voice the impassioned complaint that our relations with Mexico have made this nation the laughing-stock of the world. Everybody is doing it. The German Foreign Office positively rolls with laughter as it announces its intention to do absolutely nothing in Mexico that will be displeasing to Mr. Wilson. Peals of Gallic cachinnation ring out as Paris once more declares that it will in all ways follow our leadership with regard to Mexico. Great Britain, with tears of mirth running down its face, makes it known that the British Minister at Mexico City, whom we do not like, will be removed from Mexico City. The London *Times*, grinning like a Cheshire cat, declares that "President Wilson has enjoyed, and apparently will continue to enjoy, complete freedom from anything which can be called diplomatic pressure from other Powers." Poor Mr. Wilson, who is thus set up as a laughing-stock for every diplomat from China to Peru! Is his cup of shame to be filled when Huerta, laughing like mad, goes scuttling out of Mexico City?

The wide approval in Canada of the Government's announcement that it would temporarily abandon the bill for a $35,000,000 naval appropriation marks a triumph of popular sentiment. For one thing, the opening of Parliament sees the country anxious to deal with fiscal matters, the tariff, and the redistribution of seats in the House; for another, every effort to arouse enthusiasm for an Imperial navy, as by the visit of the battle-cruiser New Zealand, has signally failed. The Canadian people have not opposed the principle of an Imperial contribution, but by direct or indirect obstruction they have been glad to avoid the reality. Premier Borden's insistence last session upon an emergency bill for three Dreadnoughts was blocked by the Liberals on the ground that it placed the ships under Admiralty control, when both parties had declared in 1909 for control by the Parliament of Canada. But Canada has very complacently suffered the quarrel over the manner of contributing to suspend indefinitely the contribution itself. Papers like the Conservative Toronto *Globe* regard the present shelving of the Dreadnought programme as unavoidable in the light of the new Anglo-German harmony; it certainly relieves Mr. Borden of a great embarrassment as he advances to meet other very troublesome legislative questions.

The end of the Leeds strike has been long in sight, but that fact will not lessen British gratification at the unconditional surrender of the municipal employees. In part this is due to the sympathy evoked by the Leeds citizens, who manned the street railways, the gas and electric works, and other public utilities the moment the workmen stepped out; in part to the lesson afforded in the workings of Socialistic theory. As in the threatened Post Office strike, as in the South African railway strike, the workers were directly employed by the public; and they ought to have been peculiarly content with their position. They were better paid than those doing similar work in private employ, and—barring gross misconduct—were sure of their places for life. The whole affair is an interesting document in its bearing on the Socialist plea for universal Governmental employment. The crushing of the strike is especially pleasing in that the employees conspired to walk out so suddenly and unexpectedly as to inflict the greatest possible inconvenience upon the city; it is a victory of united public opinion over a kind of attempted extortion.

BRYAN AND WILSON.

Certain newspapers have been gravely announcing the speedy outbreak of a "war" between President Wilson and Secretary Bryan. It might come next week, or it might come next month, but come it must. The necessary preliminaries to hostilities have been duly noted. There have been differences and misunderstandings. The neat touch of the discovery by Mr. Bryan's friends of a "conspiracy" against him has not been lacking. Ere long, we are assured, a full-fledged *casus belli* will appear, and then the cruel war will begin. But if it takes two to make a quarrel, it takes at least two to make a war; and it might be well for our military prophets to stop and ask what possible motive Mr. Wilson can have for making war on Mr. Bryan. Put the Secretary aside, if you please, as a being of stratagems and treasons, but ask how the case stands with the President. Look at the relations of the two men, not as we may fancy they ought to be, but as they in fact are; consider, too, what are the actual services which Mr. Bryan has rendered and is rendering the President; the question is simply whether Mr. Wilson has any reason for regretting that he asked Mr. Bryan into his Cabinet, or for wishing him out of it to-day.

The plain and hard fact is that Mr. Bryan, as a member of the Administration, has been to the President a political asset of enormous value. If any doubt still lingers in anybody's mind that Woodrow Wilson is a skilful politician, it would disappear after a study of the way in which he has annexed and utilized Mr. Bryan, at the same time that he has done him high honor. It was not a question of obligations to Mr. Bryan, or of paying political debts. Those might or might not have been assumed to exist. But merely on the supposition that President Wilson had great measures of constructive legislation at heart, it is now clear that he could not have chosen a better aide in that work than Mr. Bryan.

This may seem a dark saying. But the facts throw light upon it. No one who has carefully followed the course of the tariff bill, and more especially the currency bill, through Congress can have failed to see what we mean—namely, that, given the conditions in the House and Senate, particularly in the House, President Wilson could not have got elsewhere the effective assistance which he has had from Mr. Bryan. This lay not so much in what the latter did as in what he prevented. It is a common remark about the currency bill, for example, that the great wonder is, not that so much which is good was got into it, but that so much which is bad was kept out of it. Congressmen were not lacking who wanted to stuff the bad things in. In the large body of Democrats carried to Washington on the flood of 1912 there was a considerable sprinkling of wild-eyed men. They were burning with desires to do something startling against the Money Trust and other monsters, and, if they had not been held in check by somebody, would have done their best to bedevil the currency bill. Who did most to hold them in check? William J. Bryan. This is the answer which the coolest observers at Washington make. Not that Bryan made himself conspicuous in laboring for the currency bill. He gave it his blessing, but he did not speak for it; certainly he did not lobby for it; there are those who say that he did not even understand it. But quietly and often indirectly, he exerted a powerful influence in maintaining its best features intact. He did it by discouraging the amending mania of some of the ogre-hunters in the House. And the very fact that he, the original champion of the people against the bankers and Wall Street, stood for a sound currency bill, undoubtedly brought many a fire-eater into line. If Bryan declared that the measure was all right, it was not for them to say him nay. But what they thought deep down in their hearts, and what they would infallibly have sought to do, had they not been held in leash, may be inferred from the things some of them are saying now. Thus Representative Henry is railing at Carter Glass as a tool of the bankers; and Senator La Follette affirms that the currency bill is a complete surrender to the Money Power. Now we only say that if Mr. Bryan was able greatly to aid the President in subduing the raging of these heathen, then he did him a high political service. It is one that by itself would justify his selection for the Cabinet; and this sort of influence, if it is to be continued, is one that the President has every motive for wishing on his side. When Mr. Bryan ceases to be a faithful adjutant of Mr. Wilson in procuring the passage of good laws, it will be time to talk about a "war" between the two.

It is said, we know, that the President is mortified at the ridicule which has been poured upon his Secretary of State. And there have been many funny newspaper stories about the relations of Mr. Bryan to the foreign diplomats in Washington. No doubt, the latter have their little jokes about Mr. Bryan's unconventional ways, and his unconscious importation of Nebraska methods into the State Department; but at bottom they have, in fact, a genuine liking for the man. He sincerely desires to be at peace with all the world, and that makes their tasks easier; while they have come to believe him absolutely candid in all that he says to them. This may be a novelty in diplomacy, but the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers do not find it unpleasing. There is certainly no friction in that quarter. And if there is any criticism, well or ill grounded, of Mr. Bryan's policy in Mexico or elsewhere, the sufficient answer—so far as relates to any supposed coolness between the President and his Secretary of State—is that Mr. Wilson is ultimately responsible for it all, and must shoulder it all.

All told, we are convinced that a political realist, intent upon seeing the facts as they are, could not help concluding that Mr. Bryan has been of very great usefulness to President Wilson. This may be admitted without retracting a single word about Mr. Bryan's flightiness or unsoundness in some matters. All that needs to be insisted upon is that, under the circumstances in Congress, and with Mr. Bryan's honorable view of his duty to be in all respects loyal to the chief under whom he has taken office, he has been of such demonstrable value to the President, in carrying out his policies, that the talk of Mr. Wilson's being about to open a war on Bryan is mid-winter madness.

THE COST OF MANIFEST DESTINY.

A brief dispatch from Sofia gives us an idea of what the people of the Balkans have paid for the victories of the Christian nations of the peninsula over Turkey, and over each other. The figures as they stand on their face are staggering. And when all necessary deductions and explanations have been made

the result is still one which can only leave the heart sick under the burden of human waste through human cruelty. A census of the Bulgarian territories acquired by conquest in the war against Turkey shows that the male population of Bulgarian Macedonia was reduced in the course of hostilities from 175,000 to 42,500. In Bulgarian Thrace there are 225,000 male survivors out of a population of 494,000. In the district of Mustapha Pasha to the north of Adrianople, and close to the old Bulgarian frontier, 4,000 men and boys remain out of a total of 33,000. These figures are only for Bulgaria. The complete account must take notice of what happened in the territories won by Greece from Bulgaria along the Ægean coast, what happened in Servian Macedonia, and in Albania. The figures are so appalling that the mind can only seek refuge in the feeling that they cannot be true.

One correction of these statistics of depopulation does suggest itself. The fighting in the Balkans was accompanied by a migration of the inhabitants. Especially in Thrace the Mohammedan villagers retreated before the victorious Bulgarian army in numbers that amounted almost to a *Völkerwanderung*. Newspaper correspondents have vividly described this retreat of the Ottoman nation back into Asia, as it has been characterized in somewhat exaggerated terms. So, too, in that part of Macedonia which has now fallen to Greece the inhabitants abandoned their homes according as the fortunes of war shifted. When the Bulgarians first poured down towards the Ægean, a large part of the Greek population, mindful of old racial feuds, took refuge within the Greek sphere of influence. Later, when the murderous war between the allies broke out and the Greek armies forced the Bulgarian lines backward, it was the turn of the Bulgarian inhabitants to flee. But, on the other hand, such migrations must have been of entire families. Only in rare instances is it believable that the men of the family would escape and leave women and children to their fate. And the figures we have quoted are of a decrease in the male population only. Evidently it is this that has been the salient feature; and a large part, therefore, of the enormous loss recorded must be ascribed to actual slaughter.

When the war between Turkey and the allies broke out it was inevitable that the sympathies of the civilized world should be with the Balkan nationalities. There were those who may have regretted that the war should have come at a time when the Turkish nation was entering upon the road of constitutionalism and modern progress. A great experiment was spoiled; an experiment that would have shown whether the non-European races have within themselves the capacity for modern civilization, or whether it is the fate of two-thirds of the human race to succumb ultimately to Occidental domination. But even regret for the frustration of so important a test in human capacities could not swing the balance of sympathy against the Balkan allies. After all, they were the representatives of the higher civilization. The war might be costly, but the price would not be an excessive one to pay for ridding Europe once for all of the blight of Ottoman rule. The argument was frequently brought forward that better one sharp blood-letting operation and a cure than the slow process of slaughter and oppression under which the Christian subjects of Turkey in Macedonia were agonizing. It was the inevitable price that must be paid for civilization. It was an unavoidable price, if the peoples of the Balkans were to realize their destiny.

Yet the horrible fact stands out that the price which has been paid by the Balkan peoples in appalling loss of life, in the indescribable misery of the women and children who were left behind, was paid only in minor part for the triumph of European civilization over the Turk. In greater measure the dreadful saturnalia of murder and rape was the price paid for the fierce jealousies that arrayed nations of the same creed and the same race against one another. There is no getting away from the evidence that the misery inflicted by Bulgarian and Turkish armies on the villagers of opposite faith hardly measures up to the play of bestial passions that broke loose when Christian nations and allies flew at one another's throats. It was then no longer a struggle between a higher and a lower civilization. It was a ferocious grapple for territory, harbors, and revenue. And if Turkey has been reduced to comparative impotence in Europe (though even now the peril of war between Turkey and Greece is acutely felt), there has arisen in place of the old Balkan problem a Balkan problem more threatening than the old. The next ten or twenty years in Bulgaria are bound to be a period of savage hatred for Servia and Greece, a period of preparation for the day of vengeance. Civilization in the Balkans will take the form of inflated standing armies, naval expansion programmes, and an exhausted populace crushed under the burden of taxes.

There is a lesson in the Balkans for our own cheerful people who speak lightheartedly of armed intervention in Mexico on these same grounds of national dignity and destiny. Pressing indeed must be the destiny that would drive a nation into war with its attendant horrors, the loss of life, the economic waste, the hatreds engendered, the menacing problems stored up for our children to toil with and to "settle" in their turn at fearful cost. Man's astounding ability to forget is exemplified in the readiness with which we forget, and shall probably continue to forget, what war means. To the unhappy people of the Balkans has been given the rôle of serving as a reminder.

A REAL SOCIAL EVIL TREATISE.

From the pen of Abraham Flexner has come the second notable volume in the series of four undertaken by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jr.'s, Bureau of Social Hygiene, entitled "Prostitution in Europe." Its publication is a noteworthy service. In the first place, it fills a great scientific need in straightforward, nontechnical form. For years past the desirability of such a study has been manifest; no modern book covered this field with any genuine authority. To understand anything about the subject, it was necessary to read a great amount of medical literature and numerous detailed studies of what is the most difficult of all social problems. The result has been that there has been the loosest sort of talk, not only in the public press, but by men in public life. Basing their beliefs on hearsay, or the most superficial examination, many have inveighed against American methods by the easy assertion that the European policy of toleration and sanitation was the best. These statements were difficult to refute, because of the lack of material at once accessible and scientific.

Hereafter there will be no difficulty

on that score. Mr. Flexner was selected for the task because he was a trained investigator, skilled in analysis and familiar with social and educational problems. Never having taken up this evil before, he brought to it an open mind, free from prepossessions, a fact which makes the results of his inquiry particularly valuable. Let it be said at once that those who have had a patent remedy for this social sore, like the Single Taxers and those Woman Suffragists who feel that the enfranchisement of women will end it all by the substitution of laws jointly made by men and women for those made by men alone, will obtain little satisfaction from this volume. While its note is distinctly hopeful, Mr. Flexner presents no magic remedy or cure. He has merely analyzed the problem, investigated supply and demand and the relation of the evil to the law and to public order, and has summarized at the end the outcome of all this European experience. If he finds prostitution far more extensive than is popularly supposed, he has discovered, on the other hand, like every other conscientious observer, new currents and tendencies, like those in our own country, which give ground for belief that the era of intelligent dealing with the problem is at hand. At last we are beginning, by such works as this and the studies of the various vice commissions in American cities, to know the problem as it really is.

To our mind, the greatest cause for thankfulness is that Mr. Flexner has dealt a shrewd blow to the theory that toleration, official approval, and medical inspection form the really scientific method of dealing with prostitution. They are nothing of the kind. Aside from the fact that this means government partnership with vice, and inevitable moral deterioration of supervising officials, Mr. Flexner finds that regulation is losing ground everywhere; its total abolition has been recommended in France by a special commission, while 48 out of 162 German cities have dispensed with it. The truth is that regulation never regulates, and medical control never controls. Besides offending all decency, the medical examinations are often anything but scientifically conducted, and are usually so superficial as to be worthless, as the spread of disease certifies. For the survival of regulation, Mr. Flexner declares, ignorance, tradition, misinformation, and baser motives are responsible. The officials connected with it naturally fight for their places. As for the morals police of Europe, they are in a position to sell favors, exemptions, and privileges, and, as W. T. Stead conclusively showed, are forever tempted to become procurers and abettors of the illegal system which the Government authorizes them to control. Particularly is Mr. Flexner impressed with the fact that wherever there is one registered fallen woman there are three unregistered.

Many another myth besides that of regulation does Mr. Flexner expose. The alleged brief life of the prostitute; the alleged benefit to the streets where there is toleration; the alleged relationship of economic necessity to the entering on immoral practices, upon all of these he sheds surprising light that will not gratify, among others, those who a few months ago were shrieking that a minimum wage law is the one thing needful to protect the virtue of women-workers. But he does admit the almost universal unchastity of European men. What, then, is his conclusion as to the whole problem abroad? It is that prostitution is a "modifiable phenomenon"; that summary repression offers little hope—it merely "penalizes an accomplished fact"—and is what the physicians call "symptomatic treatment," since it does not cure the disease. Yet he believes that intelligent study and scientific repression would vastly decrease human devastation, lessen disease, and render the demoralization of the woman "less complete, less overwhelming, less irretrievable"; surely very important gains, particularly if all this is done under "well-drawn, well-codified, well-executed laws." As for the rest, a slow process of social regeneration alone will bring the better day. As Mr. Flexner puts it:

> Further achievement depends upon alterations in the constitution of society and its component parts. In so far as prostitution is the outcome of ignorance, laws and police are powerless; only knowledge will aid. In so far as prostitution is the outcome of mental or moral defect, laws and police are powerless; only the intelligent guardianship of the State will avail. In so far as prostitution is the outcome of natural impulses denied a legitimate expression, only a rationalized social life will really forestall it. In so far as prostitution is due to alcohol, to illegitimacy, to broken homes, to bad homes, to low wages, to wretched industrial conditions—to any or all of the particular phenomena respecting which the modern conscience is becoming sensitive—only a transformation wrought by education, religion, science, sanitation, enlightened and far-reaching statesmanship can effect a cure. . . . Sooner or later, it [civilization] must fling down the gauntlet to the whole horrible thing. This will be the real contest—a contest that will tax the courage, the self-denial, the faith, the resources of humanity to their uttermost.

THE FIRST GARDEN CITY.

Just ten years after the founding of Garden City, or Letchworth, in England there appears a heavy volume, by C. B. Purdom, tracing its development. The tale unfolded is extraordinary. The original scheme was so goldenly idealistic; it was seized upon with such Utopian zeal, by men inspired half by Mill's social ideas and half by Morris's artistic theories; its growth to reality has been so swift, and yet so substantial. It is only twelve years since Ebenezer Howard's book, "Garden Cities of To-morrow," was laughed at by the *Times* as visionary. To-day Letchworth represents a corporation worth millions of pounds, stretching its 2,000 homes, factories, and workshops over three parishes, and inhabited by 10,000 loyal citizens, employed in works drawn from all over the United Kingdom, and even the United States. Mr. Purdom's sketch was itself printed there, in J. M. Dent & Sons' publishing plant. Every main feature of Ebenezer Howard's plan for organizing in rural surroundings a workman's city, to achieve "a healthy, natural, and economic combination of town and country life," and "to find for our industrial population work at higher wages, at more regular employment, and under healthier surroundings," has been realized.

The significance of Garden City to the outside world is as an attempt to revive the small town under twentieth-century industrial conditions. It is a mistake to think of it as a municipal or corporation enterprise, for it has been prosecuted by an association of private citizens. Nor is it to be confused with "garden suburbs," or extensions, often unwise, of existing cities. Were it this, it would only be of a kind with work long done in Germany, and now carried on in nearly every civilized land. Its idea is the daring one of building a new town, in the shortest time compatible with normal growth, "right out in the open"; a town with its own parks

and open spaces, its own agricultural belt, its own schools, theatres, and public utilities. Letchworth is itself situated on an estate of 4,500 acres, thirty-five miles from London, purchased by the Garden City Company with a subscribed capital of $1,500,000. The company lets building sites, with reservations for parks; builds and owns the roads, gas and electric plants, and water system; and enforces regulations on the height, construction, and artistic quality of all buildings. It thus shares in the government with the regularly constituted local bodies, to which, as its capital is paid in, it will gradually surrender its functions. It is assiduous in promoting communal activity and the immigration of proper industries. Their testimonials, from motor factory to pottery works, are gathered into the volume. The abundance of light and room for workshops, the healthy living conditions for the workmen, the low rents and water and lighting rates, are enumerated as making for a better class of employees, while the smallness of the town gives the staff cohesion. After Letchworth attains a certain size, further growth is to be discouraged, mainly by the establishment of rival Garden Cities elsewhere.

The spontaneity of Letchworth's growth is proof of the need it filled, a need that is felt in every populous industrial land. Seemingly, it required only the book to create the company, and the company to call the town into being; in reality it demanded a long train of conditions and circumstances. A main factor in its success has been its proximity to London; Londoners of means have invested in it, scores of trains a day carry its products to the metropolis, its people still feel a throbbing connection with the centre of English life. It should give an impulse to nothing so much as official city planning. "So far," writes Mr. Purdom, "we have seen in the new countries only a repetition of many of the follies committed in nineteenth-century Europe. In Canada, in Australasia, in New Zealand there are opportunities for building fine cities that, not in magnificence, but in their simple decent order, may secure . . . health and well-being, and be the envy of the world." Similarly, the factors that gave Letchworth its astounding development are but the factors that induce our corporations to build model employees' villages, of which there are scores in the United States and Canada alone.

This does not rob the individualism behind the Garden City plan of certain peculiar merits. The government of a new community by its founders and members should be at once more practical, and touched by higher ideals, than a government by outside authority. The choice of a fresh site, the divorce from existent cities, give scope for the expression of a real corporate personality. The circumstances of its organization, moreover, assist subsequent coöperation among residents. Letchworth has proved an inviting field for the British Co-operative Wholesale Society, which furnishes all the commodities of life at cost. Mr. Howard points out that it should also offer ground for many industrial enterprises carried on by combinations of workers in the interests of workers. Men who have planned and built for themselves a better living environment are a ready soil for other helpful social reforms.

"STIMULATING."

To-day the word is common currency, but one imagines it is the book-reviewers of a certain well-recognized class who popularized it. It supplied a long-felt want. Since pragmatism carried the day it has obviously been "unmodern" to speak of a thing or a book as being merely right or wrong, good or bad, beautiful or ugly. Literature, like the world, has become divided into books that tell the facts and books that are stimulating, books that uphold the ideal of moral goodness and books that are stimulating, books that concern themselves with the beautiful and books that are stimulating. It is only an old-fashioned book-reviewer who will point out that when a writer speaks on page 22 of the battle of Waterloo as won by Wellington and on page 54 ascribes the victory to Blücher, he must be wrong either in the one case or in the other. The modern book-reviewer will find the discrepancy merely stimulating. And if the author gives evident signs of being quite out of touch with the literature on the Napoleonic wars, and occasionally spells the name "Blutcher," he is more stimulating than ever. This is not mere kindliness of criticism. It is an entirely new conception of criticism, which finds no use for the old definite forms of appraisal. It refuses to enter into sharp distinctions between the sheep and the goats. In the modern vernacular, the sheep are "cautious" or "conservative" and the goats are stimulating.

There is a companion word: "suggestive." When a statement is obviously false, it is stimulating. When a statement has no meaning whatever, it is suggestive. To say that Queen Isabella was a pioneer of feminism when she sent Columbus on his voyage to the west, is stimulating. To write: "Ignorance is the *advocatus diaboli* in the swirl of cosmic evolution," is suggestive. Fortunate the book—and a great many books are fortunate nowadays—which lends itself to characterization as being both stimulating and suggestive! To say that the Fathers of the Constitution were a pack of rum-selling and slave-catching rascals is stimulating. To say that the Fathers of the Constitution were a body of unpractical idealists is also stimulating. It is the beauty of the new criticism that the two books which say these two precisely opposite things may be equally stimulating. But if the writer, after describing the Fathers of the Constitution as saints or blackguards, as the case may be, goes on to say that we are all the creatures of environment, and that consequently the recall of judges is imperatively necessary, he has met the requirements of criticism completely. Either as a stimulant or as a suggestive force he is a man to be reckoned with.

Stimulating to what? Suggestive of what? Heaven only knows. It is true that one can easily imagine how the sociological treatise which the up-to-date critic finds stimulating might stimulate the scholar brought up in the older tradition of truth and falsehood to a fit of apoplexy. One can imagine how the ordinary stimulating book and lecture and interview on cancer cures and eugenics and criminology would stimulate the true scientist to alternate rage and despair. But evidently that cannot be what the reviewer means. Does he mean, then, that the reading of one stimulating book stimulates the reader to the reading of another book equally stimulating? That is undoubtedly true. The flood of books which have eschewed the older methods of patient research, careful thought, and logical presentation, for the methods of stimulative authorship, is sufficient testimony on that point. The difficulties of authorship have, of course, been almost done away with by substituting stimulation for reason and fact. Only that there has arisen another difficulty. There is the inevitable law that stimulation, to remain effective, requires a constantly increasing dosage. And it is not every one, after all, that can keep on being more and more stimulating till we reach the tremendous hypodermic thrust of the stimulating Cubist and Futurist.

Fortunately, the men who are doing the serious work of the world in the sciences and the arts—and in criticism—are not particularly concerned with the ordinary book-reviewer's opinion. They are content to have their books described as cautious or conservative or even stodgy, by comparison with the stimulating writers who are busy turning out new worlds and new moralities and new artistic conceptions while you wait. Or they may even find the situation stimulating. The babel of ignorant talk and senseless talk, the revolutionary formulas that roll so smoothly off the tongue, the welter of loose thinking and unshaped speech, can only stimulate the honest worker to tighten his lips and bend over his desk or his test-tubes a little more determinedly. He can afford to wait. Time will have its toll of the stimulators and the suggesters and the provocators and the various dispensers of the various other

kinds of mental debauchery. Mr. Kipling's intuition was right. It is only in the other world that the honest workmen are allowed to splash at ten-league canvases with brushes of comet's hair. In this world the good workmen are content with humbler tasks. They are satisfied to leave the ten-league canvases and the ethereal brushes to the stimulators.

PUBLIC OPINION AND POPULAR GOVERNMENT.

OXFORD, January 7.

Mr. Lowell's "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe" is for Englishmen the best and the most trustworthy authority with regard to Continental constitutionalism. His "Government of England" is by far the most complete, as it is also by far the best, description of the English Constitution as it now exists and works. He and Bryce are, in short, for the whole English-speaking world the leading constitutionalists of the day; but I venture with some confidence to predict that Mr. Lowell's latest book,* when it has once become well known to English readers, will add a good deal to its author's already high and well-acquired reputation. The book looks at first sight like a course of lectures delivered some years ago to the students at Johns Hopkins University. But it is something much rarer than a good course of lectures addressed to intelligent youths. It is, in truth, the work of a constitutional jurist who explores with care and elucidates with success some of the many fundamental problems presented by the whole system of modern popular government as it is understood in the United States and in England. It shows that the writer of the book may be placed nearly on a level—and no greater praise can be given to any man—with Bagehot. The two writers are in some respects very unlike one another, yet they both have one quality in common: they both can take up old and well-worn questions and succeed in putting the inquiries with which they deal in a new light, and in a light gained, not by the use of paradox, but by the enunciation of plain though forgotten truths. My object in this letter is to justify my high estimate of "Public Opinion and Popular Government." It is impossible for me to follow out many of the most interesting suggestions with which Mr. Lowell supplies his readers. I shall therefore vindicate the soundness of my literary judgment by dwelling only upon two among the leading characteristics of a highly interesting book.

The first among the notable traits of this essay is that it contains a new and original analysis of the nature of public opinion.

The term "public opinion" is so familiar to us all that we feel astounded that it should need explanation. We fall into the common error of confounding familiarity with knowledge, yet the simple truth is that the things, and above all the ideas, to which we are used, are just the things which not one man in ten thousand understands; and this for the obvious reason that he never even tries to understand them. He takes them, if we may use the expression, as "matters of course." Yet from the moment that we are asked, as we are by our author, what it is that we mean by the word "public" as employed in the term "public opinion," or by the word "opinion" as forming part of the same term, we feel first surprised at the inquiry, and then acknowledge to ourselves that we have not got an answer thereto ready to hand. Let us now consider the sort of information, or, rather, suggestions, which our teacher supplies to hesitating and puzzled pupils, be they hearers or readers. He shows us that the word "public," when used, at any rate, to designate the kind of opinion which is supposed by most of us to be supreme in every democratic state, is certainly by no means easy to define. It certainly does not mean necessarily the opinion of a majority. To take an example suggested by Mr. Lowell, it would have been ridiculous to say at the outbreak of the War of Secession, that either the opinion of Southern Seceders or of Northern Federalists was the public opinion of the United States. The plain statement of the case is that there were two opinions or beliefs diametrically opposed, one of which prevailed for the most part throughout the Northern States, and the other of which prevailed in the Southern States, and neither of which could fairly be called the public opinion of the United States as a whole. It is again clear that public opinion does not require unanimity. If the public opinion, say, of France was an opinion entertained by every French citizen, we should soon find that in the first place no such public opinion ever existed on matters as to which sensible Frenchmen could dispute, and, further, that, as our author points out, the attempt to obtain a unanimity which never really exists, might, like the nominal respect for the *liberum veto* of a Polish Diet, turn out absolutely fatal to the maintenance of any rational system of government.

The public opinion for which we are in search comes somewhat nearer to the common will, which, according to Rousseau, ought to be sovereign in every democratic government. Whether, indeed, Rousseau himself ever succeeded, even in his own mind, in making clear the distinction between the common will and the will of the majority, may seem to many readers of the "Contrat Social" most doubtful. The Saint of Jacobinism, who, if he had lived during the Reign of Terror, would have been speedily sent to the guillotine by Robespierre, was a thinker the clearness of whose style often concealed the inconsistency of his thought. The truth towards which Rousseau obscurely points is made clear by Mr. Lowell. It is that men are not politically capable of maintaining a true public opinion unless they are agreed upon the aims of government, upon the principles by which these aims should be attained, and also upon the method by which the action of the government is to be determined. This kind of agreement is an essential condition for the existence of a true public opinion. It is a state of feeling which certainly may exist; it undoubtedly more or less existed in England during the greater part of the nineteenth century. Englishmen then, on the whole, agreed as to their conception of national prosperity or happiness. They agreed to a far greater extent than they themselves perceived as to the means by which national prosperity should be promoted. They agreed also that the will of the nation, that is to say the common will, or the public opinion of England, should be expressed by Parliament as representing the electors, and that the will of the nation thus expressed had a moral as well as a legal claim to obedience.

If the expression "public" needs explanation, a good deal more complete than considerations of space allow me to borrow from our author, the expression "opinion" itself receives from him, and assuredly deserves, equally careful examination. Opinion, even if it be public, is by no means always rational; it may often be more sentimental than reasonable. Yet it may be true opinion, though grounded on ideas which have little connection with logic. It may also be truly held, though adopted from others. It may be part of a man's real belief simply because (and this in itself is no bad ground) it falls in with a man's general view of life. But this general view is never perfectly true, and may be almost entirely false. Then, again, as to many topics a true public opinion can hardly exist. A sensible man, for instance, may be quite aware that on definite topics he ought to be guided by the results of scientific investigation, or, in other words, by the opinion of men who possess the best knowledge obtainable. But, then, since even scientific men sometimes disagree with one another, in this case the non-scientific ignoramus must feel that on a given topic true wisdom lies in his having no opinion at all. It causes me immense regret that I cannot follow out

**Public Opinion and Popular Government.* By A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University. American Citizen Series. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

for your readers the most interesting conclusions which Mr. Lowell suggests as to the questions in respect of which no public opinion can in reality exist, and the decision whereof should as far as possible be left to experts.

The second leading characteristic of "Public Opinion and Popular Government" is the proof that an analysis of the nature of public opinion may make it possible, at any rate, to understand, if not always to solve, problems which puzzle thinkers and often harass the statesmen of civilized countries.

Let me explain the meaning of this statement by one salient illustration drawn from Mr. Lowell's treatise. Most of the readers of the *Nation* have, it may be assumed, from time to time defended or attacked the system of party government. How many of them, I wonder, have distinctly asked themselves the question, How does it happen that in every modern democracy party government, whether we like it or hate it, exists? Our author, at any rate, forces this inquiry upon the attention of his readers. He shows us that men of rare ability have proposed very different answers. The existence of parties, says a German writer, is to be attributed to natural diversities of temperament corresponding to the different states of maturity in man from youth to old age. The youthful man, whether he be young in years or young in spirit, is by nature a Radical; a middle-aged man is a Conservative; an old man is a Tory, or a reactionist. Other writers hold that political parties are caused by the conflict of interest between different forms of property. Gabriel Tarde, who I am glad to see receives from Mr. Lowell the respect he so well deserves, traces the growth of partisanship to the contrast between the tendency to imitate traditional custom and the tendency to imitate new fashions, while Sir Henry Maine finds the origin of parties in the primitive combativeness of mankind. Each of these explanations of partisanship may contain an element of truth, but none of them exactly meets the question in hand, namely, why the system of party government exists with more or less vigor under every form of modern democratic government. Our author supplies an answer, whether wholly satisfactory or not, to this specific question. Democracy is, he lays down, in every modern state the attempt to govern in accordance with public opinion, and, further, to govern in accordance with the public opinion of the vast mass of the citizens. Now, in a state which consists of many millions of citizens who, after all, can from the nature of things answer to any public question laid before them, only by a plain "No" or "Yes," it is absolutely essential that the persons, whether Conservatives, Liberals, or Radicals, who on the whole agree together, should get the information and receive the discipline necessary for giving expression to their agreement. And party government is the best machine hitherto invented for collecting and expressing the opinion of millions of citizens. The party leaders, or the party managers, enable the voters to act in masses. Such leaders or managers are, in fact, to use a happy expression of Mr. Lowell's, politicians who act as brokers. They may be honest brokers, who act with a view to the benefit of their country; they may be respectable brokers, who act with a view to the interest of the party which they lead and who generally are persuaded that the interest of their party may be identified with the interest of their country; they may be dishonest brokers, who care for nothing except satisfying their own lust for power, or, in the worst of all cases, their own love of money. The party system, however, is, according to our author's teaching, the outcome neither of virtue nor of vice, but of necessity. It is the one method as yet invented for supplying to millions of voters the means, I might almost say the power, of common action. This, at least, is the inference which I draw from the teaching to be found in "Public Opinion and Popular Government"; it is an inference of immense importance; it cannot be properly separated from the number of most ingenious and original suggestions made by our author as to increasing the utility and as to lessening the evils of party government.

On some other occasion I may be perhaps allowed to criticise the doctrine which I have tried to expound. I trust I may have succeeded in justifying my assertion that a sound analysis of the meaning to be attached to the term "public opinion" does, in our author's hands, lead to conclusions both of theoretical and of practical importance.

A. V. Dicey.

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Urbana, Ill., January 10.

The Association held its tenth annual meeting in Washington, December 30 to January 1. Its headquarters were at the Shoreham Hotel. The first session, on Tuesday afternoon, was devoted to International Law, and papers were read by Mr. E. M. Borchard, Profs. Frank A. Updyke, N. Dwight Harris, and F. Wells Williams. In the evening of the same day presidential addresses were delivered by Prof. W. W. Willoughby, on behalf of the American Political Science Association, and by Prof. W. F. Willoughby, on behalf of the American Association for Labor Legislation. On Wednesday morning, December 31, a session was devoted to political theory, with papers by Prof. R. G. Gettell, Dr. Ernest Brunken, and Mr. Alpheus H. Snow. Mr. Robert Lansing, who was to have presented a paper, was unavoidably absent. His paper, however, will appear in the Proceedings of the Association. At the Wednesday afternoon session, which was devoted to legislative reference bureaus, papers were presented by Prof. Chester Lloyd Jones, Hon. Robert L. Owen, Mr. Donald Richberg, and Dr. Horace E. Flack. In the discussion that followed, Dr. Charles McCarthy, Mr. John A. Lapp, and Mr. Eliott H. Goodwin took part. Wednesday evening was devoted to Congressional procedure, with papers by Mr. A. Maurice Low, Prof. W. F. Willoughby, Prof. J. W. Garner, and Dr. J. David Thompson. Thursday morning was devoted to a conference on instruction in government. Papers were read by Profs. Edgar Dawson and J. Lynn Barnard, and a committee report was presented by Prof. C. G. Haines. The discussion at this meeting was participated in by Profs. Clyde L. King, J. Q. Dealey, E. M. Sait, Dr. Arthur W. Dunn, and Hon. P. P. Claxton, Commissioner of Education. The Thursday afternoon session was devoted to the business meeting of the Association, and reports were presented by Prof. C. G. Haines, chairman of the committee on instruction in government; Dr. E. A. Fitzpatrick, secretary of the committee on practical instruction in government; Prof. Ernst Freund, chairman of the committee on legislative methods; and Prof. Clyde L. King, chairman of the committee on city and county government.

Prof. W. W. Willoughby's presidential address on "The Individual and the State" discussed the philosophical conception of the sphere of State activity, and concluded that there were no limits upon governmental action for the accomplishment of social purposes. The state as an organ of society may properly be employed to effect social ends. The presidential address of Prof. W. F. Willoughby, of the American Association for Labor Legislation, dealt with the "Philosophy of Labor Legislation" and favored a broad activity of government in that sphere.

Dr. Ernest Brunken's paper on "Some Political Tendencies in Modern Legislation" was one of the ablest presented to the Association, and attracted much attention. At the meeting devoted to Congressional Procedure distinctly new suggestions were made by Prof. W. F. Willoughby and Dr. J. David Thompson. Professor Willoughby urged the more effective organization of Congress for the performance of its supervisory or non-legislative business, and Dr. Thompson presented among other things statistical tables of the actual work performed by the various committees of Congress.

The distinctly practical subjects discussed at the sessions devoted to legislative reference bureaus and to instruction in government attracted perhaps the greatest attention. Especially important was the session on instruction in government, at which a committee report was presented by Prof. C. G. Haines. Mr. Claxton, the Commissioner of Education, at this meeting pledged his support to the investigation undertaken by the Association with reference to political science teaching.

The discussion of methods of teaching insisted upon the practical element, and this was still further emphasized by the report of the committee on practical instruction in government. This committee was constituted for the purpose of considering plans for combining practical experience with academic training in government, and during the year it had accomplished a great deal in the investigation of this subject. Important committee reports on legislative methods and on city and county government were also made to the Association.

New committees were constituted to deal with the subjects of ballot forms and of freedom of teaching in American educational institutions.

The officers of the Association for the year 1914 are: Hon. John Bassett Moore, president; Prof. Charles E. Merriam, first vice-president; Prof. G. G. Wilson, second vice-president; Prof. L. S. Rowe, third vice-president; W. F. Dodd, secretary-treasurer. W. F. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Reports were received last year at the New York State Education Department from 477 free lending libraries in the State, showing a total of 4,707,472 volumes in stock and a circulation of 21,530,294. These figures show a gain over the previous year of 13 in the number of libraries reporting, 285,571 in their stock of books, and 1,221,-118 in circulation. Since 1893, when the present State system of supervision and aid for free libraries was adopted, there has been a five-fold growth in the number of volumes in free libraries, and a nine-fold growth in public use of the libraries. The per-capita circulation is now more than six times greater than in 1893, and notwithstanding the great increase in stock of books, the circulation per volume in stock has almost doubled. There are five times more books, and each book receives nearly twice the amount of use.

In their financial statements for the past year the libraries of the State show a total of $3,814,875 available for the year's expenses. Of this amount $1,738,420 was provided from local taxation, $687,955 from interest on endowments, $196,447 from the State (including $136,860 for support and rehabilitation of the State Library), $79,-023 from gifts, $21,317 from entertainments, and $1,091,710 from balances on hand and miscellaneous sources. Library appropriations from local taxation were greater by $116,988 than in the preceding year. The amount expended for books, periodicals, and binding was $1,030,804, and for library salaries $1,661,104. Estimating salaries in terms of circulation, it appears that the libraries are paying 7½ cents in personal service for each book issued. This, however, includes libraries where circulation represents perhaps less than half the service rendered.

Of the 52 cities of the State, 46 are now provided with free public libraries, two others have subscription libraries available to all on the payment of a small fee, two provide limited library service through the public-school library, and two provide no public-library facilities whatever. The latter, however, Lackawanna and Watervliet, are in a sense parts of neighboring cities, and individuals may obtain library privileges from those cities. There are 24 villages in the State having each a population of 5,000 or above. In all but three of these, free or public libraries have been provided. They have an average stock of 9,174 volumes and an average circulation of 29,651.

The total number of incorporated villages in the State is 456. In 224 of these, or just about one-half, there are regularly chartered free libraries, and in about one-half of the remainder the school libraries provide some free-library privileges. Outside of incorporated cities and villages, there are 134 communities or districts which have regularly chartered free libraries, supported in part by district or town taxes, but depending mainly on voluntary contributions, membership fees, and proceeds from entertainments.

Of the total of $1,738,420 appropriated from local taxes last year for library support, $1,651,324, or 95 per cent., was provided by the cities. Greater New York provided $1,232,366, or 70 per cent., of this amount. Reduced to a per-capita basis, the figures mean that Greater New York is paying for each unit of population a library tax of 25 cents, Buffalo 24 cents, Syracuse 32 cents, Rochester 14 cents, Utica 34 cents, Mt. Vernon 46 cents, Albany 14 cents, Yonkers 17 cents, New Rochelle 44 cents, Poughkeepsie 43 cents, Schenectady 15 cents, Binghamton 22 cents, Niagara Falls 25 cents, Watertown 26 cents, Troy 8 cents, Auburn 15 cents. The tax per volume circulated in these cities was: Greater New York 8.6 cents, Buffalo 10 cents, Syracuse 12.5 cents, Rochester 30 cents, Utica 14 cents, Mt. Vernon 9 cents, Albany 4 cents, Yonkers 7 cents, New Rochelle 10 cents, Poughkeepsie 12 cents, Schenectady 7 cents, Binghamton 6 cents, Niagara Falls 10 cents, Watertown 9 cents, Troy 6 cents, Auburn 9 cents. It is worthy of note that several of the cities which are paying the highest per-capita rate for their libraries are getting a more than corresponding circulation, so that their tax per unit of issue is among the lowest, illustrating the fact that in many cases an increased tax makes for positive economy in results.

One hundred and ten different libraries were benefited during the year by gifts or bequests, each valued at $100 or more, the largest number of libraries ever thus benefited in a single year. The total amount of gifts and bequests is estimated at $1,-123,291, the greater part of which was for buildings, grounds, or permanent endowments. The larger gifts were as follows: To Columbia University, a building to house the library of architecture and art, costing $500,000, from S. J. Avery; to New York Public Library, by will of W. A. Spencer, one-half his residuary estate and his private library; to Glens Falls, by will of Henry Crandall, estate worth $500,000, to be applied at discretion of trustees to public park, Boys' Saving Club, and public library; to Hamilton College library, $100,-000 for a building from unnamed benefactor.

Of the 110 gifts reported, only three were from Mr. Carnegie, and these represent less than 3 per cent. of the total value of the year's gifts. It is worthy of note also that for every dollar given to libraries by the State, $32 was given by private donors.

To complete this survey of the library resources and activities of the State, there must be added the statistics of library facilities and circulation provided by the State Library, with its unique department of travelling libraries, which serves as a free library for all the people of the State, particularly for those without other library facilities. Last year small libraries, averaging 41 volumes each, making a total of 45,651 volumes, were sent for local use to no less than 1,114 localities or groups of readers. This was a gain over any previous year of more than 250 libraries sent out, and is double the number reported ten years ago.

In the library situation of the State as a whole, the most striking feature is, of course, the rapid development and huge totals shown by the great city libraries. Thus of the total stock of 4,707,472 volumes in all the free libraries of the State, 3,459,-359 are in the cities and 2,051,743 in Greater New York alone; and of the total annual circulation, numbering 21,530,294 volumes, 18,300,454 were issued to city borrowers. But when it is considered that 76 per cent. of the population of the State is contained in cities, and that the population outside of cities is now actually less than it was twenty years ago, the development of libraries in the villages and rural districts of the State must be regarded as even more notable than that in the cities. Thus, of the 477 free libraries shown in the year's reports, 319 are outside of cities, and these have a total stock of books numbering 1,-248,113 and an annual circulation of 3,228,-840—an average for each of these libraries of 3,912 volumes in stock and 10,122 circulation. Of the total gain last year of 1,221,-118 in circulation from free libraries, 598,-077, or nearly one-half, was from libraries outside of cities, representing only one-quarter of the population.

The full strength of the showing in the smaller towns will perhaps best appear from a comparison with conditions reported in other States having State library commissions or bureaus of recognized efficiency. Thus, Wisconsin is generally recognized in the West and Middle West as a model for other States in its library system and its library propaganda. It has a population almost exactly equal to that of New York outside of cities. In the whole of that State, according to its last report, there were 165 free libraries, 90 library buildings, 987,254 volumes, and a property in library buildings amounting to $1,764,-000. The extra-city poulation of New York has twice the number of free libraries, twice the number of buildings, a quarter more books, and a greater valuation in library buildings than the whole State of Wisconsin.

Indiana, with a population greater than that of rural New York and a model library law and commission, reports 145 free or public libraries and 106 library buildings, more than one-half the latter being gifts from Carnegie. Both in libraries and buildings rural New York has twice the facilities reported for the whole of the Hoosier State.

California, with a population substantially larger than that of rural New York, and with a model library system, reports for the whole State 124 free libraries supported by city tax, 21 county library systems, 54 subscription libraries, and 60 association libraries, a total of 259, of which not more than 205 are free. It has 117 library buildings, 80 of which are Carnegie gifts. The total of free libraries and buildings is at least a third less than that of the smaller population in rural New York. Even Massachusetts, which was the first State to establish a State department for library extension, and which boasts a free library for every township, has fewer free libraries in operation in proportion to population than the village and country part of New York. ASA WYNKOOP.

(Head of Public Libraries Section, New York State Education Department.)

Correspondence

THE SOCIAL EMERGENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Concerning matters of sex and reproduction, there has been for many generations a conspiracy of silence. The silence is now broken. Whatever may be the wisdom or the folly of this change of attitude, it is a fact, and it constitutes a social emergency.

Throughout the nineteenth century the taboo prevailed. Certain subjects were rarely mentioned in public, and then only in euphemistic terms. The home, the church, the school, and the press joined in the conspiracy. Supposedly, they were keeping the young in a blessed state of innocence. As a matter of fact, other agencies were busy disseminating falsehoods. Most of our boys and girls, having no opportunity to hear sex and marriage and motherhood discussed with reverence, heard these matters discussed with vulgarity. While those interested in the welfare of the young withheld the truth, those who could profit by their downfall poisoned their minds with error and half-truths. An abundance of distressing evidence showed that nearly all children gained information concerning sex and reproduction from foul sources—from misinformed playmates, degenerates, obscene pictures, booklets, and advertisements of quack doctors. At the same time the social evil and its train of tragic consequences showed no abatement.

The past few years have seen a sudden change. Subjects formerly tabooed are now thrust before the public. The plain-spoken publications of social hygiene societies are distributed by hundreds of thousands. Public exhibits, setting forth the horrors of venereal diseases, are sent from place to place. Motion-picture films portray white-slavers, prostitutes, and restricted districts, and show exactly how an innocent girl may be seduced, betrayed, and sold. The stage finds it profitable to offer problem plays concerned with illicit love, with prostitution, and even with the results of venereal contagion. Newspapers that formerly made only brief references to co-respondents, houses of ill-repute, statutory offences, and serious charges, now fill columns with detailed accounts of divorce trials, traffic in women, earnings of prostitutes, and raids on houses. Novels that might have been condemned and suppressed a few decades ago are now listed among the best sellers. Lectures on sex hygiene and morals are given widely, above four hundred such lectures having been given under the auspices of a single society. Fraudulent doctors, while obeying the letter of new laws, are bolder than ever in some directions, and use the alarm caused by the production of "Damaged Goods," for example, as a means of snaring new victims. Generations of silence, enforced by the powerful influence of social custom, have been suddenly followed by a campaign of pitiless publicity, sanctioned by eminent men and women, and carried forward by the agencies of public education that daily reach the largest number of human beings—namely, the press, the motion picture, and the stage.

This far-reaching change in the customs of society is fraught with immediate dangers, because we do not know whether the mere knowledge of facts concerning sexual processes, vices, and diseases will do a given individual harm or good. The effect of such information upon any person is unquestionably determined by his physiological age, by his nervous system, by the manner and time of the presentation of the subject, above all by his will power and the controlling ideals that are acquired along with scientific facts. We have not discovered thoroughly trustworthy pedagogical principles, administrative methods, and printed materials for public education in matters of sex. So difficult and complicated are the problems, and so disastrous are mistakes in this field of instruction, that the home, the church, and the school—the institutions to which young people should naturally look for truth in all matters, the agencies best qualified to solve the problems—are extremely cautious and conservative.

Great as are the industrial and political revolutions of modern times, it is doubtful if anything so deeply concerns the coming generations as our measure of success in confronting the present social emergency.

Here mistakes will not do; here incompetent teachers cannot be trusted. Ill-advised efforts to teach sex hygiene may aggravate the very evils we are trying to assuage. Because the subject is of vital importance, education in sexual hygiene and morals must proceed cautiously and conservatively; according to tried methods, psychologically sound; always under the control of men and women of maturity, who see the present emergency in its many phases, who know how to teach, whose character is in keeping with the highest ideals of their work.

Unhappily, not all of those who have been stimulated by the new freedom of speech to thrust themselves forward as teachers of sex hygiene and as social reformers, are safe leaders. Some are ignorant and unaware that enthusiasm is not a satisfactory substitute for knowledge. Some are hysterical. At a recent purity convention a woman said, "I know little about the facts, but it is wonderful how much ignorance can accomplish when accompanied by devotion and persistence." That declaration was applauded. Some people appear to believe that they will arrive safely if they go rapidly enough and far enough, even though they may be going in the wrong direction. Young people of opposite sexes, finding evidence on every hand that the traditional taboo is removed, discuss the subject for personal pleasure. The books in the field of social hygiene which have most scrupulously and successfully avoided everything that might be sexually stimulating are not the ones bought by the largest numbers. The demand for erotic publications is so great as to warn us in advance that the new freedom will prove dangerous for many whose minds are already unclean. The propaganda for chastity is unlike many others, in that there is special danger of doing injury to the very ones in special need of help.

The American Social Hygiene Association and affiliated societies have arisen to meet the present social emergency. They are temporary expedients. Their chief aim is public education. They should frustrate the efforts of all dangerous agencies and hasten the day when the home, the church, and the school shall meet their full responsibilities in the teaching of sexual hygiene and morals.

WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER.

(Vice-President Social Hygiene Association, President Pacific Coast Federation for Sex Hygiene.)

Reed College Portland, Ore., January 14.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE QUARTERLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention is drawn to the appearance of my name in the *Constructive Quarterly* for September and for December in the list of the Editorial Board. Will you kindly permit me to say in your columns that I resigned my connection with this publication last May and at that time requested that my name should be removed from the list? DICKINSON S. MILLER.

New York, January 17.

THE NATIONAL GUARD OF PENNSYLVANIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 1 you refer to the National Guard of Pennsylvania, and in the next paragraph you say: "In the street-car strike in Philadelphia in 1910, a company of militia was disarmed and made ridiculous by a mob of women, which was promptly handled and made to behave by a small body of police."

To a person reading your article, who did not know the truth, it would appear that the company of militia was a part of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, it is no more a part of the National Guard than it is of the State constabulary. It is called the State Fencibles, and at the present time it is merely a social organization of which most of the members are young boys. It receives no support from the State and is supported by the city of Philadelphia.

As a reader of the *Nation* and for seven years a member of the National Guard, I think it right that you should correct this wrong impression. In the coal strike of 1902 the National Guard of Pennsylvania proved its worth and showed that it is as good as any other citizen soldiery in the country. THOMAS A. WOOD.

Bristol, Pa., January 19.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of January 8 there appeared an account of the Charleston meeting of the American Historical Association, in which a well-defined movement against certain existing methods was dismissed as a "discussion of the system of electing officers." This movement was an important feature of the business meeting.

I have awaited the appearance of the annual account of the meeting with some curiosity, as I rather expected that little would be said about the reasons which lie behind the well-taken objections to the present methods of electing the officers of the Association. As this is a vital question in a great and useful organization of students and scholars, I may venture to make some comments upon it.

Section 4 of the constitution of the American Historical Association, as it appears in the last official report, is as follows:

> The officers shall be a president, two vice-presidents, a secretary, a secretary of the council, a curator, a treasurer, and an executive council consisting of the foregoing officers and six other members elected by the Association, with the ex-presidents of the Association. *These officers shall be elected by ballot at each regular annual meeting of the Association.*

The last sentence is plain and unmistakable. It is the organic law regulating the election of officers of the American Historical Association. It is not possible to have a legal election of officers in any other way than that laid down in the constitution.

I have been an active, an interested, and an attending member of the Association for about twelve years. I have attended, if my memory is accurate, ten annual meetings, and it has never been my good fortune to see the provisions of the constitution relating to the election of officers carried out in an annual business meeting. May I commend this astonishing fact to the many learned gentlemen of the Association who specialize in constitutional interpretation?

It may be interesting to know something about the methods in force in the Association for the election of officers. They are something like this: The council, at its annual meeting, very obligingly, and in order that the Association may not be distracted from its scholarly repose, selects a nominating committee to name the officers. This committee keeps its action a profound secret, for reasons of state, or perhaps because the council has not given out the list, until the business meeting. When the rank and file are assembled they are politely but firmly told who are to be the officers for the coming year. It may be called unparliamentary for one of the workers in the ranks from Mississippi to call such methods oligarchical, but the word certainly fits.

It does not appear by what authority the council presumes to appoint this nominating committee. The Association itself, the creator of the council, certainly has no authority to appoint such a committee, but it seems that the council has. That it has assumed such authority seems to be beyond question.

There have been many and long-continued murmurs beneath the surface against such methods, and they at last found expression at Charleston, much to the evident astonishment of some of the leaders, and to the manifest pleasure of the rank and file.

The American Historical Association is suffering from a dangerous disease. It cannot be cured by homœopathic treatment. It is a case for the knife. If I know anything of the sentiment of the modest, earnest, scholarly men who sustain the Association, they will not submit further to arbitrary and unconstitutional methods in the administration of the affairs of one of the greatest associations of scholars in the world.

I have no personal criticism to make of any one. I do not wish to be understood as finding fault with the officers of the Association, past or present. I am not an office-seeker, for I well know that my action at Charleston prevents me from accepting an official position in the Association for years to come, if not for all time.

DUNBAR ROWLAND.

Mississippi Department of Archives and History, Jackson, Miss., January 12.

Literature

COMMERCE IN ANCIENT CHINA.

Chu-Fan-chi: Chinese and Arab Trade in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. By Chau Ju-kua. Translated from the Chinese and annotated by Friedrich Hirth and W. W. Rockhill. St. Petersburg: Printing Office of the Imperial Academy of Sciences.

This Chinese treatise falls into two parts. The first part deals briefly with the various countries with which the Chinese traded, each geographical division having a separate short chapter, and offers many curious bits of information which the author has picked up in the older chronicles, or has heard from contemporary merchants or navigators. In the second part a number of products brought to China from foreign lands are passed in review. Here we have various kinds of incense, choice nuts and condiments, costly ornamental woods, a few precious stones, ivory and rhinoceros horns, tortoise-shell, decorative feathers, ambergris, and a special chapter devoted to parrots. The very full notes with which the work has been provided by its translators and editors constitute a veritable mine of valuable information from all attainable sources regarding the matters treated of in the text.

The leading port of entry for these varied products was Canton, and the Government took good care to obtain a considerable share of the imports for itself. As a general rule, this share amounted to 30 per cent. of the goods, and as any attempt at smuggling was punished by the prompt confiscation of the entire cargo, there was probably but little loss on this score. The result, however, of an experiment made by China to augment this trade by the institution of an active propaganda among the foreign traders and by the issuing of especially favorable licenses to a number of importers, shows how risky a thing is governmental interference with the normal course of supply and demand. The volume of trade was, of course, greatly increased, but not enough buyers could be found, and the Government officials in the interior provinces had to bestir themselves to procure purchasers by offering inducements for barter (p. xix).

These mediæval maritime traders had many difficulties to contend with besides those arising from the risks of navigation. If a ship got off her course and put into the first port at hand, a pretext was often found to confiscate her cargo. Then there were the inevitable "presents" which had to be bestowed on the port officers, and as these were virtually the same for all craft, there was little or no profit for the owner of a small ship. Moreover, the individual traders had not only to guard against the rapacity of outsiders, but also against the possible dishonesty of their fellow-traders on shipboard; during the voyage each trader slept on top of his goods.

Chau Ju-kua tells us that some of the Indian traders carried with them, in opaque glass bottles, a kind of "holy water," which would still tempests if it were poured out over the sea. This may have referred to water brought by Mohammedan pilgrims from the sacred well of Zemzem, in Mecca (p. 111 and p. 113, note 2). Possibly the use of oil to break the force of the waves, which has stood the test of modern investigation, and was already practiced in the times of Aristotle and Pliny, may have some connection with this story.

In a mediæval record we need not be surprised to find mention of sorcery and sorcerers. It is stated that on the Somali coast there were many enchanters, who had the power to change themselves into "birds, beasts, or aquatic animals," and were thus able to terrorize the inhabitants. They were also greatly feared by the traders, for it was confidently asserted that, by their charms, they could paralyze the movement of a ship, so that she could sail neither forward nor backward. It is stated that "the Government has formally forbidden this practice" (pp. 130 ff.). Marco Polo

tells much the same story of these sorcerers.

Among the objects of value to be found in foreign countries, diamonds and pearls are not forgotten. Of the Indian diamonds it is said that they "look like fluor-spar" and that they would not melt "when exposed to fire an hundred times." To exemplify the hardness of the stone, Chau Ju-kua adds: "It can cut jade." The use of diamond dust for this purpose may have been of special interest to the Chinese writer, as a means of conquering the extreme toughness of jade, the favorite precious substance in China. Pearls, on the other hand, were much better known to the Chinese, and have always been much more prized among them than diamonds. While the finest specimens came from the Cingalese and Persian fisheries, China herself had extensive fisheries in the southern islands off the coast of Lién-chóu-fu; these fisheries were already exhausted in the sixteenth century. Of the perils encountered by pearl-divers in the pursuit of their vocation, Chau Ju-kua gives the following grewsome details:

Pearl-fishers, with ropes fastened around their bodies, their ears and noses stopped with yellow wax, are let down into the water about 200 or 300 feet or more, the ropes being fastened on board. When a man makes a sign by shaking the rope, he is pulled up. Before this is done, however, a soft quilt is made as hot as possible in boiling water, in order to throw over the diver the moment he comes out, lest he should be seized with a fit of ague and die. They may fall in with huge fishes, dragons, and other sea monsters and have their stomachs ripped open or a limb broken by collision with their dorsal fins. When the people on board notice even so much as a drop of blood on the surface of the water, this is a sign to them that the diver has been swallowed by a fish. Cases occur in which the pearl-fisher makes a signal with his rope and the man holding it on board is not able to pull him up; then the whole crew pull with all their strength, and bring him up with his feet bitten off by a monster. (P. 230.)

The roundness of a pearl, a necessary characteristic of the finest, was determined by putting the pearl on a plate; if it were perfectly round, it would roll about all day. To avoid the payment of duty, traders often sewed up their pearls in the lining of their garments, and sometimes concealed them in the hollow handles of their umbrellas. Transparent stones, resembling cat's-eyes, were brought from certain streams in Malabar. They were believed to have been generated by the vitalizing force emanating from certain sparkling substances on the face of the cliffs rising above the streams (p. 88). The real cat's-eye was in the time of our author a favorite jewel for ring-setting, and these rings were frequently worn by foreigners in Canton. Indeed, the wearing of rings appears to have been looked upon as rather a foreign custom. The Tonquinese, who favored the habit, had rings which were sometimes worth as much as "a hundred gold pieces." Some were set with the bezoar stone (*mo-so* in Chinese), and if any one took poison unawares he had but to lick the bezoar in his ring and this was supposed to act as an antidote. In Borneo, at this period, a finger-ring was one of the presents to a bride, and in the Chola dominion, on the Coromandal coast, engagement rings of gold or silver were exchanged between the respective representatives of bride and groom.

It is pleasant to remark that in the time of Chau Ju-kua, the use of kingfishers' feathers for ornamental purposes was forbidden by law, the supply, such as it was (for luxury would not be denied), being smuggled in by dishonest traders. As early as 1107 A. D., the reigning Chinese Emperor issued the following edict against the use of these feathers, for the making of brocades, or for any other form of personal adornment (pp. 235-6):

The Ancient Rulers in their governmental measures extended the principle of humanity to plants, trees, birds, and beasts. Now the depriving of living creatures of their life, in order to get their plumage for a perfectly frivolous purpose, is certainly unworthy of the kindness extended by the Ancient Rulers to all creatures. We therefore order the officials to stop the practice on pain of punishment.

The items we have presented here, gleaned almost at random, show what a storehouse of little-known and curious information the book is. There is a very full index.

CURRENT FICTION.

Irishmen All. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

In his latest work, a volume of character sketches, Mr. Hannay shows little patience with countrymen who "play safe" at life, content with a bare living instead of taking risks. Many a college-bred man, we are to infer, casts about for a clerkship in a Government office which, at the most, will bring him but £300 a year. "He might," says the author, "have gone into a stockbroker's office and learned to gamble. It is a dangerous sport, leading to bankruptcy sometimes, to jail occasionally; but the gambler has his great moments." Usually, the writer's tone is less direct. In the chapter devoted to the politician, whom he loves even though he understands him, the story is of Timothy Sweeny, who, having insulted a policeman, received in turn a bleeding nose:

Timothy, who had the instinct for effect possessed by all great men, held up his dripping hands and turned his face, then rather streaky, to his admirers. "This," he said, "is the blood which I have shed for Ireland!"

It was then, I think, that we first began to realize that Timothy Sweeny would make a good member of Parliament.

Other chapters sketch the squireen, the country gentleman, the farmer, the publican, parish priest, etc. That on the farmer represents a subdued, tender side of the author which his fondness for farce all too frequently crowds out.

The Great Plan. By Edith Huntington Mason. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

"The Great Plan" is of suffrage inspiration, and involves an alliance with a millionaire's pocketbook. That is what permitted Emma to carry out the pet scheme she had hit upon as president of the Vassar College Suffrage Club. Upon leaving college, she induced her father to buy her a little castle on the Rhine from which to direct operations towards the liberation of the soul of the German *Hausfrau* from the bondage of *Kinder*, *Küche*, and *Kleider*. Her plan was to induce the German *Jungfrau* to emigrate from Germany—leaving the men behind her. The resulting depopulation of the Empire would undoubtedly bring the Kaiser to terms. Emma took up headquarters in her castle and installed lieutenants in other parts of Germany. Then began the canvass for souls. The number of women who had consented to leave home had reached goodly proportions when the Berlin police put a stop to further operations. Forthwith Emma attacked the citadel—Berlin. Working upon her knowledge of female psychology—obtained at Vassar—she made the vote a "craze." Fashionable women, including princesses of the blood, left their homes, formed a Boycott League, and took up residence far from the men. Then the Kaiser, alarmed, showed his hand. He offered the ladies a court ball at which a prize was to be given for the most becoming costume. He had put the crucial test.

Miss Mason introduces into her story prisoners in mouldy dungeons, lights gleaming in turret windows lit by the never-dying love of knights of yore, revels of crusaders at the witching hour of night, and reporters' attempts to write up the activities in the suffrage camp. How these occurrences were possible, how the entire affair worked out, whether the soul of the German *Hausfrau* was freed from bondage, whether Emma kept her vows of spinsterhood, the modest reviewer could scarcely compete with Miss Mason in the telling.

All Men Are Ghosts. By L. P. Jacks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

In this volume are collected a number of those exercises in the direction of fiction which the accomplished editor of the *Hibbert Journal* puts forth from time to time. He is not a born story-teller; but the form of fiction is no longer even theoretically reserved for

that rare person. Few people now pretend to require that a story be a story: it may be a vehicle or a stalking-horse, a canal or a pulpit. Mr. Jacks is, we understand, a philosopher and a psychologist; but he has a human hankering for a wider and perhaps more genial audience than is supplied by the *Hibbert Journal*. And the best way to tie a knot on the street-corner is to don the robe and the posture of the professional story-teller.

That Mr. Jacks is supporting the rôle with some success is proved by the fact that two of the narratives in this collection—certainly the best two—have been printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. In only one of them does he approach that touchstone of the highest order of fiction, characterization. But no doubt he would be the last person to claim for himself the power of making people live and breathe on paper. His method is that of the philosophical satirist; his chief obstacle-a somewhat lumbering sense of humor suggestive of the eighteenth-century essay, rather than the brisk and allusive "short story" of to-day. For example, the idea of his longest sketch —that men are shadowy beings whose existence is doubted among all ghosts except a small and scoffed-at band of "researchers"—is essentially humorous; but the working out of the idea is clumsy and tedious. "The Magic Formula," the motive of which is, on the face of it, far less clear and "available" as a motive of fiction, succeeds by virtue of its delicate seriousness and its touch of mysticism. The long story of the Eastern water-carrier and his strange adventures again takes us back to those of the eighteenth-century essayists who so loved the diversion of the allegorical "Oriental tale." But the nut of the present allegory is not for common jaws to crack.

SCHOULER'S HISTORY.

History of the Reconstruction Period, 1865-1877. By James Schouler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.

Thirty-three years have passed since Mr. James Schouler, a Boston lawyer in active practice, published the first volume of his "History of the United States of America under the Constitution." It was completed in 1891, in five volumes. But the author thought best to add a sixth in 1899, and we now have a seventh, which, in spite of its distinctive title, is a consistent part of the whole. We are assured that it is the last we may expect from the author, and there is added to the present volume a general index, but a poor one, of the entire work. Of the history as a whole, it should be said that the author has given it several revisions, modifying his statements as new materials have been made accessible to the public. In his final preface he properly asks that his book be judged by the last edition. If he has not written scientific history, he has at least appreciated its spirit, and he has made use of several of the large manuscript collections that have of late been opened to students. Despite his earnest effort to be modern, Mr. Schouler is an historian of the old school. He has not detachment, he does not escape from partisan bias, and he does not write with a due appreciation of cause and effect. He is a narrator of events. In the book we have an unfolding panorama. His story is readable and informing. It abounds in good portraiture and shows a fine appreciation of the human side of history. It is the history for the average intelligent man. It has been a comfort to many an editor, college student, and busy reader. It will survive in this sense, for it has accuracy of statement and sprightliness of narration.

The decision to write a seventh volume, we are told, was due to the perusal of the papers of Andrew Johnson, recently placed in the Library of Congress, and to the publication of the diary of Gideon Welles, a member of Johnson's Cabinet. Each source showed that Johnson's Administration had been misrepresented by contemporaries and badly described in history. That Mr. Schouler should have wished to vindicate the victim of so much party feeling is evidence of the author's fairness of intention. In his earlier volumes he was not free from the sectional point of view. Whether he wrote about the struggles of Federalists against Anti-Federalists and Republicans, or the progress of the great slavery controversy, or the war for the preservation of the Union, he wrote as a New England man, although it is evident he wrote in all sincerity. In his latest volume his point of view is without sectional cast. It is an illustration of the complete departure of sectionalism from our consciousness within the last two decades. So long as the South seemed likely to control the country in her own interest, and the North wished to control it in her own interest, there was sectional suspicion, and it is hard for a man to use the historical material on which he must rely without reference to this feeling. In later years the divisions in our politics have been by social classes rather than by sections. Until this seventh volume appeared Mr. Schouler could be said to be the last prominent American historian who wrote under the influence of sectionalism.

His view of reconstruction is presented with great distinctness. He not only admits the wisdom of Presidential reconstruction, but agrees that the South did very well under it until Thaddeus Stevens obtained its overthrow in order to establish a system which was as much inspired by the desire to thwart Johnson's political plans as to promote the interest of the negro. Stevens hated the President thoroughly, and he feared his project of uniting the milder men of the North with the Southerners in a moderate party which would wipe out of existence the recently organized Republican party. Of the President Mr. Schouler says: "I think of Andrew Johnson as a strong and sturdy pine in the forest, which has grown up distorted by some rocky obstruction, twisted out of shape and crooked in trunk, and yet vigorous at the core. He was stubborn in political opinions where he thought himself right, defiant, ready to fight for them; yet those opinions were just, enlightened, and such as only a sound and independent statesman could have formed." It is doubtful if a juster characterization of Johnson could be written.

During a portion of the reconstruction period Mr. Schouler was in Washington on professional business. Always interested in public affairs, he seized the opportunity to become acquainted with the important matters that were transacted under his eyes. Out of the information he thus acquired he has drawn a body of recollection which he incorporates in the volume with a modest apology. We thus get a glimpse of Washington life and many happy characterizations of public men. Especially interesting is a chapter in which the improvements in the capital are described, along with the failure of the attempt to establish self-government in the District of Columbia. These reminiscences are the most attractive part of a very good volume.

The Conquest of Mount McKinley: The Story of Three Expeditions through the Alaskan Wilderness to Mount McKinley. By Belmore Browne. Appendix by Herschel C. Parker. Illustrations from original drawings by the author and from photographs and maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

My Life with the Eskimo. By Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

It is impossible to analyze with certainty the amalgam of motives underlying the ceaseless movement of northern exploration, but the lure of the difficult and dangerous can hardly be less active than the desire to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. In the three separate efforts that finally brought Mr. Browne and Professor Parker virtually to the crest of Mount McKinley, neither of these motives was destined to be fruitless, though it was not in their original plan that a part of the fruit of the second should be a demonstration of the falsity of a previous claim to the same achievement. To the

great majority of readers, surely, the most serious drawback in the literature of northern exploration at the present time is the probability that any new book in that field will be forced inevitably into taking up the problem of Dr. Cook, from one angle or another. As he had claimed to have reached the summit in 1906, shortly after parting from Browne and Parker, they could do nothing less in their later explorations than sift such evidence as they found for or against that claim, and all the more so in view of the odious polar controversy which had arisen in the meantime. We need only say that they found the exact place at which Cook's alleged summit photograph was taken, and found it only a little more than 5,000 feet above sea level. Evidently, Dr. Cook's later failure to distinguish between the straight line and the crooked was no sudden psychological effect of the chilly vigils of his "Polar" expedition. The time when his name can pass permanently out of current polar literature will be heartily welcomed.

In the 1910 expedition, while approaching the mountain from the southeast, from the valley of the Chulitna, they discovered Dr. Cook's peak. After bettering Cook's elevation by about 5,000 feet, Browne and Parker found this approach impossible, and withdrew. In 1912 they passed further up the Chulitna, and then, swinging to the westward, attacked the mountain from the north, this time successfully. We say *successfully*, although the few minutes' walk which would have led them to the absolute summit from the top of a series of steps which they had cut in the ice was denied to them by a fierce blizzard, with blinding snow, which would have made the recovery of their stairway impossible if once they had left it. Their observations place the summit 150 feet higher than the triangulations of the United States Government, or 20,450 feet. Professor Parker's appendix is confined to a few altitude and temperature readings at different points on or near the mountain, with an explanatory note on the method of determining altitude. In paper, print, binding, and cover decoration, the publishers have given the story an admirable setting.

The storms which, as we gather from recent press dispatches, have carried Stefánsson's ship from its base to some point at last accounts unknown to him have at least blown him good in attracting attention to his new book, telling of his life with the Eskimo, from 1908 to 1912. The work of these years was planned in consultation with the officials of the American Museum of Natural History, late in 1907, and, as Mr. Stefánsson's purpose was mainly ethnological, Dr. Rudolph M. Anderson joined him, in the interest of natural history. The ultimate aim, geographically, was the southwestern part of Victoria Island, where Mr. Stefánsson hoped to prove the presence of Eskimo in a region marked "Uninhabited" on official maps of the Canadian Government published as late as 1906. It was in the spring of 1911 that he succeeded in reaching this region, and it was here that he encountered the "Blonde Eskimo" that have taken so large a place in the press discussion of his voyage, though but a few pages are devoted to them in his book. There have been occasional references in Arctic literature to a people of this type, supposed to exist somewhere between the better-known regions to the eastward and westward of Victoria, but it was Stefánsson's good fortune to be able to put definite fact in the place of insufficiently supported rumors. He makes no attempt, as yet, scientifically to place them, but sees no historical or geographical bar to the possibility that they are descendants of the early Scandinavian colonists of Greenland. If the superficial resemblance to European types is really due to European blood, then he would regard the Scandinavian colony in Greenland as the only explanation. Such suggestions as that they are descendants of survivors of the disastrous Franklin expedition are, of course, thrown out. The type is too well marked to be due to so recent an infusion of alien blood. Possibly, the linguistic material collected by Stefánsson may help to a solution of the problem, when sifted by competent philologists, and his accumulation of folklore may yield some light. When we find him, however, stating in an off-hand way that he "also wrote down *several hundred thousand words* of Eskimo folklore in English translation" during two months at Point Barrow, within which many other activities are recorded, we cannot help feeling a little uncertain as to the possible quality of folklore so easily procured. And this feeling is not lessened by the admission in a subsequent chapter that it was only at a much later date, the last of his five winters among the Eskimo, that he could follow without effort the ordinary conversations going on in their houses.

Regardless of opinion on the point at issue, readers will tire, we think, of the frequent airing of his quarrel with the missionaries for disturbing the evolutionary balance of normal Eskimo life in general, and making it impossible for him to get any work out of an Eskimo on Sunday in particular. So far as the latter point is concerned, the baleful missionary influence seems to have swept the whole region like a blizzard, from Alaska eastward, even to settlements where the missionary himself has never set foot. That missionaries often interfere unwisely with native customs better adapted to actual conditions than any substitute from outside is true enough, but Mr. Stefánsson reiterates his objections until one begins to wonder whether, after all, he is not in the position of the traveller who cannot bear to see the picturesqueness of old Naples threatened by any advancement towards cleaning it up and making it fit to live in. With all due allowances, however, the book records a very successful expedition, the full value of which can be determined only when experts have had time to study the large collections brought back. As an explorer and collector in this particular field, his ability to do large work with little and inexpensive equipment tells heavily in his favor.

The Beginnings of Modern Ireland. By Philip Wilson. Baltimore: Norman, Remington & Company. $3.25 net.

Under the above title, Mr. Wilson has given us the first fruits of a careful study of Ireland in the sixteenth century. The present volume, which is to be followed by a second, is based upon the best authorities in print, supplemented by much manuscript material in the Record Office and at Lambeth. The research has been most thorough, and the reverse of perfunctory. The author knows his subject, and he knows it vitally—he has vanquished his notes, although they surround him at every step. One reason why he has been able to do this is that the subject has for him more than an academic interest. He deals honestly with the facts, and writes in judicial temper; but he writes from profound convictions which the studied restraint of manner serves only to make more effective. Mr. Wilson is, in fact, an Irishman who is concerned for the present state of Ireland, which he assumes to be one of "political disease"; and he is a scholar who is seeking the causes of that disease in "the past history of the country."

It might be difficult, if the point were pressed, to say what precisely is "political disease," but most men will agree that "there is something rotten in the state of Ireland," and it is not for the historian to deny that the present may be explained by the past. Now, there are different ways of regarding the past as cause of the present. The way to be profound in this respect is to say that the present is the necessary result of all the past—the outcome of "une trame continue de faits qui s'entrelacent et se succèdent sans cesse." Those who are interested to set Ireland right will be more apt to hit upon some particular aspect of her history as the fundamental cause of all her troubles; and such causes have often been pointed out, as, for example, the innate political incapacity of the Celtic character, or the vicious influence of

the Roman Church, or the incompatibility of the English and the Irish temperaments. Mr. Wilson clears the ground by discussing all these theories at some length, and with much acumen; and in the end he finds them inadequate or positively absurd. It is true that there is a national as distinct from a Celtic Irish character, true that the priests have often exercised a baneful influence; and both the Irish character and the influence of the priests greatly complicate the Irish problem *now;* but these are results, not causes, "not an explanation of the phenomena which it is our business to examine, but rather a part of those phenomena which require to be explained." The conclusion is doubtless just. It is by being oversubtle that Irish history becomes an enigma. Put quite simply, the trouble is that for the most part Ireland has been exploited for the benefit of the English aristocracy, instead of being governed wisely in the interest of all concerned. And now, after centuries of folly, the multiplied errors of the past rise up to thwart the best intentions, and wisdom itself will scarcely prove effective.

And this, we suppose, is the reason why Mr. Wilson has entitled his book "The Beginnings of Modern Ireland," although it deals with Ireland in the sixteenth century; modern Ireland being, from his point of view, the abnormal and diseased state of Ireland, he finds its beginnings in the inception of that mistaken policy on the part of the English Government which has induced the disease. The present volume is therefore concerned to present with all necessary detail the method and the immediate results of the establishment of English supremacy in state and church during the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward, and Mary.

The outstanding error of the period is naturally found to be the attempt to impose upon Ireland the English Reformation settlement. Neither the breach with Rome nor the new ritual was popular with any class in Ireland. The new ritual was unpopular, both because it was an imposition from England and because the ideas of the Christian Renaissance, which made it acceptable to Englishmen, had never gained any foothold in Ireland. The only effect of the breach with Rome was to weaken English influence in the Irish church by binding the Irish priesthood hand and foot to the Pope. Hitherto, the Papacy, having granted Ireland to Henry II, had supported English supremacy; and this support was of immense advantage to the Anglo-Irish as a dominant caste, while at the same time it created a certain national opposition to the Pope. But after the breach between Henry VIII and Clement, the Papacy gave all its influence to strengthen the Irish opposition to England; and this change weakened the position of the Anglo-Irish by attaching the Irish priesthood to Rome. The substantial result of the Reformation settlement, therefore, was to "convert the vast majority of the nation into docile children of the Roman Catholic Church." It is not superstition, but opposition to England, that gives the priests their hold upon the Irish at the present time.

The political settlement of Henry VIII has been more often commended. Mr. Wilson admits readily enough that it had its advantages. It was advantageous to the chiefs; by surrendering their lands to the King and receiving them back in feudal tenure, they obtained the protection of the King against each other, and a more effective control of their followers, who were subjected to them in the relation of tenants. But the settlement of Henry took on the character of a golden age only to those who looked back from the dark days of Cromwell's conquest; for if it had advantages for the chiefs, it had none for the mass of the people. As tenants, the people lost many of their ancient rights over the land, and the loyalty which they had shown to the elected leader largely disappeared when the leader became an hereditary over-lord. Henry had, in a word, "created Irish landlordism." And although Mary did much to restore religious tranquillity, the political and economic situation which confronted Elizabeth was more serious than it had ever been.

There is singularly little to object to in Mr. Wilson's treatment of his subject. He accepts as genuine the Bull *Laudabiliter* by which Adrian IV is alleged to have granted Ireland to Henry II. It seems to the reviewer that Scheffer-Boichorst and others have clearly demonstrated that the document is spurious. But Mr. Wilson's main argument does not depend upon the genuineness of *Laudabiliter*, for there is good reason to suppose that Adrian did offer to grant Ireland to Henry, although there is little to indicate that Henry ever accepted the offer. In connection with the debasement of the coinage, Mr. Wilson says that "financial dishonesty on a large scale dates, in Ireland at least, from the blessed era of the Reformation." Many sins may be charged against the Reformation, but the debasement of the coinage is hardly one of them. It has been maintained, indeed, that the Reformation and the debasement of the coinage were both results of some more profound economic condition—we have forgotten now just what. Since Mr. Wilson does not say that the Reformation was responsible for financial dishonesty on a large scale, it would have been better perhaps not to have implied as much. It is, however, not often, and never in any material point, that Mr. Wilson's sympathies carry him beyond the just measure.

Notes

We may expect shortly from Macmillans a new edition of "South America: Observations and Impressions," by James Bryce; "The American Doctrine of Judicial Supremacy," by Charles G. Haines, and a new edition of "Mexico: The Wonderland of the South," by W. E. Carson.

On Saturday Putnams issue "The Judgment of the Sword," by Maud Diver; a new edition of "One Generation of a Norfolk Family," by A. Jessopp, D.D., and "18,000 Words Often Mispronounced," by W. H. P. Phyfe, which is an enlarged edition of this author's similar work dealing with 12,000 words.

To provide good historical German reading for schools and colleges Prof. W. A. Adams, of Dartmouth, has edited for D. C. Heath, with notes and vocabulary, Rogge's "Der grosse Preussenkönig," which is a life of Frederick the Great.

A forthcoming book in the list of Paul Elder & Co. is "The Power of Mental Demand," by Herbert Edward Law.

In Dr. Richard C. Cabot's "What Men Live By," announced by Houghton Mifflin Co., the discussion centres on the topic, "The Call of the Job as the Doctor Sees It."

Lord Avebury's "Prehistoric Times" will appear on Saturday from the press of Henry Holt & Co., in a new and thoroughly revised edition.

The whole question of the Eastern versus the Western attitude towards life is raised in Paul Dahlke's "Buddhist Stories," announced by Dutton.

A London publication analogous to the new *Unpopular Review* is the *Candid Quarterly Review*, the first issue of which is promised by Mr. Gibson Bowles for February. It threatens with relentless exposure "insincerity, dishonesty, corruption, or aught that may bring danger or dishonor to the State."

Mr. Yone Noguchi, who is now lecturing in London, has placed with Elkin Mathews "Through the Torii," a volume of thirty-five essays, a number of which deal with English literature and art.

The London *Athenæum* notes with pleasure that Mr. Cecil Harmsworth has repaired and restored Dr. Johnson's house, at No. 17 Gough Square, and has thrown it open to the public. "A good part of the restoration consisted in burning off paint, six coats of which were removed from the woodwork of the staircase, which is left with the wood in its natural color." Dr. Johnson's own rooms on the top floor have been reduced to one, as the partition between them had nearly rotted away.

For the encouragement of historical research the American Historical Association offers two prizes, each of $200: the Justin Winsor prize in American history and the Herbert Baxter Adams prize in European history. Each is awarded biennially (the

Winsor prize in the even years and the Adams prize in the odd years) for the best unpublished monograph submitted to the committee of awards on or before July 1 of the given year. The conditions of award can be learned by communicating with the respective chairmen of the committees—with Prof. Claude H. Van Tyne (University of Michigan) as regards the Winsor prize; with Prof. George Lincoln Burr (Cornell) concerning the Adams prize.

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for December Graf v. Westarp describes a journey in Armenia and Kurdistan. The great agricultural wealth of the region, undeveloped from lack of means of communication with the world markets, strongly impressed him, as did the unlimited possibilities of electric power generated from the numerous mountain streams. Other subjects treated are the Spanish lake of Castañeda and the Admiralty Island, the least-known part of German New Guinea. There is also an excellent map showing the new provisory boundaries of Servia and Bulgaria.

"The Devil's Garden," by W. B. Maxwell, reviewed in the *Nation* last week and there credited to the London publishers, Hutchinson & Co., is issued in this country by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Mrs. Betham-Edwards is probably better known to American readers for her studies of French life than for her work in fiction, and the introduction of her "Lord of the Harvest" in the World's Classics of the Oxford University Press may cause some surprise—but it will give greater pleasure. Mr. Frederic Harrison furnishes a eulogistic preface which vouches for the authenticity of the pictures of rural life in Suffolk as the novelist knew that life in her girlhood. It is an exquisite and wholesome story.

A superb piece of work from the Riverside Press is the quarto reprint of "Washington's Farewell Address," issued by Houghton Mifflin Company in a limited edition at the price of $5 net. Montaigne type is used, and hand-made Italian paper.

From the R. R. Bowker Co., of this city, we have received "The Reference Catalogue of Current Literature" for 1913, published in London by J. Whitaker & Sons, Ltd. It is scarcely necessary to say that this standard work lists all the books now in print and for sale in Great Britain. As in the preceding issue, the Index is printed in a separate volume; it contains nearly two hundred thousand entries. For any one concerned in English publications the "Reference Catalogue" is indispensable.

It was a happy idea of Dr. Jacob Zeitlin, of the University of Illinois, to collect in one volume the writings which justify such a title as "Hazlitt on English Literature" (Oxford University Press). Beginning with the essay on the spirit of the Elizabethan age, he arranges these selected essays chronologically down to the studies of Wordsworth and Hazlitt's other great contemporaries. His purpose is to present Hazlitt's work in such form as to kindle in the student's mind some spark of the essayist's own magnificent enthusiasm and gusto for literature. To this end also he has prefixed a considerable study of Hazlitt as man and writer—chiefly the latter—which shows good mastery of the subject. There is no attempt on the part of the editor to attribute to Hazlitt critical virtues which he did not possess; possibly, however, he might have forestalled a certain coolness towards Hazlitt's enthusiasm which is likely to arise in the student's mind after the first shock of interest has subsided, by setting forth more clearly and frankly the weaker side of Hazlitt's genius. Though Hazlitt, for a man of so passionate an intelligence, was surprisingly fair and balanced in his literary judgments, one cannot but feel in him a certain lack of philosophic reflection, or of what might be called philosophic "character." He responds to good things immediately and spontaneously and passionately, but these literary reactions are often at variance with his political and social reactions. He is oftenest sound æsthetically by instinct; that is the quality of *gusto;* the higher faculty of *taste* would demand a consistent judgment from the whole nature of the man, æsthetic, mental, and moral. It is perhaps this trait of Hazlitt which makes him really more lastingly satisfactory in such personal essays as "My First Acquaintance with Poets" and "On Reading Old Books," and Dr. Zeitlin has wisely included four or five of these in his excellent volume.

Miss Dorothy Brewster's "Aaron Hill, Poet, Dramatist, Projector" (Columbia University Press), has the merit, somewhat unusual in a doctorial dissertation, of dealing seriously with a minor character of literature without attempting to magnify his importance. Despite Hill's enormous and varied activities, and despite the fact that he belonged to one of the most interesting groups of men England has known, he himself somehow fails to interest us, and Miss Brewster's careful and exhaustive treatise, though well managed, suffers a little the penalty of its subject. But for one concerned with Pope and his circle the book will have considerable value.

A French academician, not many years since, confessed himself unable, in spite of much rubbing of the eyes, to distinguish very clearly in English literature that note of national gayety which might be expected from the inhabitants of a country praised to all the world as "Merry England." Although it is only fair to remark that the Frenchman was perhaps betrayed by the modern meaning of "merry" into looking for somewhat more in the way of high spirits than the original significance of the word warrants—the phrase no more represents an attempt to characterize the national temperament than the corresponding expression, "la douce France"—still, we are forced to agree with him that English literature and English history are from beginning to end rather serious matters. Such an impression will not be greatly changed by a perusal of Prof. George H. McKnight's well-edited "Middle English Humorous Tales in Verse," issued in the Belles-Lettres series (Heath). The "Fox and the Wolf" is humorous enough in all conscience, but its humor is in large measure hardly more than a skilful presentation in English of what was already current in the European beast epic, to which England made only one other striking and apparently more original contribution, Chaucer's tale of the cock and the fox. To the cynical *fabliau* of "Dame Siriz," the widely diffused tale of the weeping bitch, the word *merry*, in any of its senses, could hardly be applied, and the humor of the minstrel romance, "Sir Cleges," is strictly of the slapstick variety. But humor is a highly conventional and hence extremely perishable commodity, and with all abatements the present collection serves as an excellent foil to contemporary productions at once more imposing and more dour. None of the three texts is conveniently obtainable elsewhere, and an elaborate introduction discussing the numerous and widely distributed versions of the stories, together with a detailed vocabulary, commends the volume to students.

A new edition, with new matter, of Hermann Hagedorn's "Poems and Ballads" (Macmillan) calls attention to his position among the younger poets of the day. As between the two impulses represented by Alfred Noyes and John Masefield, Mr. Hagedorn is allied emphatically with the former. Like Mr. Noyes, he turns by preference to the heroic and escapes from the meanness of the present by themes as scattered as Scandinavian mythology, Syrian love, Welsh legend, and Renaissance history. In most of those subjects he is quite at home. They call for moods, not thought, for a sweeping verse, and for the choice image, in all of which properties he is almost as facile as Mr. Noyes. Not that the forces of the day leave him entirely unmoved. He can chide a painted, powdered girl of fifteen, and find the heaven and hell in "this milky way of souls" which is New York, and grieve over the Senate's discrimination as regards the Panama tolls:

> Hot in the fevered blood of nations blazes
> The strife of souls. Only by clear-descried
> Intrepid equity can we endure.

But to "live issues" the writer is less inclined than to mingling in that fringe of consciousness of the age which is the Romanticist's delight. At times consorting "too precisely" with this spirit makes him a mystic, as in a long outpouring, entitled, "Wings," where he is inarticulate and hysterical:

> Hear it! The Wind!
> Wedge the shivering door,
> Tie firmer the blind.
> Wings!
> The infinite sorrow
> Of broken things
> Clutches my spirit.
> Hear it!

His appeal is most effective in more familiar, even trite themes which require him to be a simple poet, struck by beauty and slightly piqued by mystery. In this vein he sings charmingly of "The Hummingbird":

> Through the tree-top and clover a-whirr and away!
> Hi! little rover, stop and stay.
>
> Merry, absurd, excited wag—
> Lilliput-bird in Brobdingnag!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A-whirr again over the garden, away!
> Who calls, little rover? Bird or fay?
>
> Agleam and aglow, incarnate bliss!
> What do you know that we humans miss?
>
> In the lily's chalice, what rune, what spell,
> In the rose's palace, what do they tell
>
> (When the door you bob in, airily)
> That they hush from the robin, hide from the bee?—
>
> Fearing the crew of chatter and song
> And tell to you of the chantless tongue?

When following his special inclinations

Mr. Hagedorn seldom falters; his verse has the desired "go." But until it contains some solid thought it is likely to leave the reader slightly cloyed.

Clifton Johnson's skilful reporting, with camera and pen, of American rural scenes, is carried into the sixth volume of Macmillan's Highways and Byways Series—"From the St. Lawrence to Virginia." As always, the author's main concern is with rural characters and rural talk, and the reader interested in the scenery of travel will grow impatient of the consistent blurring of the background. The chief criticism of the series as a whole, indeed, is the monotony which springs from this preoccupation with men and conversation. A farmer of New York does not talk very differently from a farmer of Wisconsin or Oklahoma, or of different matters. But having chosen his limited goal, the author achieves it with simplicity and truth, and preserves in print the picturesque flavor with which the inhabitants reveal their home life and employments. A certain distinction is lent the present volume in its sketches of survivors of the Civil War. A visit to Gettysburg, and rambles through the Rappahannock and Shenandoah valleys, where in remote districts memories of the conflict sturdily persist, follow winter scenes in the Catskills and Adirondacks, and in the coal and oil fields of Pennsylvania.

"Mercantile Credit" (Holt), by James E. Hagerty, considers in detail the nature of mercantile credit and its relation to bank and personal or consumptive credit. Several chapters are devoted to the credit man and his sources of information—mercantile agencies, travelling salesmen, travelling credit representatives, attorneys, banks, and a recently developed institution, the credit exchange. A study is made of the collector, his qualifications, his office system, and the most approved methods of collecting accounts. General readers will find of most interest the chapter on Mercantile Credit and Depressions. The author maintains that changes in distributive industry have a powerful effect upon the extension of credit and hence upon business failures and crises. The department store, the mail-order house, the branch shop, the coöperative purchasing organization, direct selling by manufacturer to consumer, all reduce the number of distributing agents, and therefore lessen the volume of credit required. Thus failures and crises are rendered less likely. On the other hand, the frequency and extent of failures increase as the products of a country become specialized and depart from the staple type. Credit based upon cotton, iron, or sugar is less subject to shrinkage in value than that resting upon highly wrought manufactured products. These and other influences must be taken into account in determining the causes of recent crises. The author maintains that an increase in credit transactions was more largely responsible for the crisis of 1893 than is generally believed. The book contains an historical and analytical examination of the bankruptcy acts of the Federal Government, and a chapter on State insolvency legislation.

Prof. W. W. Davis's stout volume on "The Civil War and Reconstruction in Florida" (Longmans, Green) adds another to the long list of monographs on American history, economics, and public law for which we have to thank the Columbia University School of Political Science, and to which the palm of definitiveness may confidently be awarded. The author modestly disclaims any pretence that his work adds greatly to the essential understanding of the period with which it deals, or that much that is new will be found in his pages. Students of American history are coming to see, however, that the working of public policy in the broad field of the nation is only to be understood fully when its course has been traced in the States also; and as an exhaustive study of a State during its seventeen most critical years, Professor Davis's work leaves little to be desired. Where the whole is so thoroughly done, comment upon the excellence of particular features is hardly necessary. Especially interesting and important, however, are the chapters on the economic adjustment of Florida to the war, with the survey of industry, State finance, and agriculture during the war period; on the conduct and treatment of the negro from 1861 to 1865; on the operations of the ill-starred Freedmen's Bureau; and on the period of lawlessness and crime which attended the imposition of Republican reconstruction. Never, perhaps, has the course of a great political party suffered such withering condemnation from historians as has that of the Republican party for the twelve years following Appomattox; and Professor Davis's study only confirms the general condemnation. The only material criticism to be passed upon the author's work is in the arrangement of the bibliography, where a fuller and more detailed annotation of the many rare items and of the Federal documents would have been helpful.

It was something of an experiment to take a local history of recognized merit and expand it to twice its original content. In the case of the "History of Lexington, Mass." (Houghton Mifflin), the experiment has justified itself. Taking Charles Hudson's "History," published in 1868, the Lexington Historical Society has revised the text, and continued the story to 1912. The revision of text involved not only identification of extracts, but the omission of sentences no longer vital to the story, and a page-to-page comparison is required to appreciate what has been done. Interest naturally centres on the account of the battle of Lexington, and the editorial committee could hardly pay a higher tribute to Hudson than by its statement that "while some new light has been thrown upon that event by modern historians, few, if any, narrations of the Battle are so comprehensive, so well balanced, and so accurate as is Mr. Hudson's." Liberal notes add to Hudson's facts, but his text in these chapters shows few changes. In one instance, that of the note on Yankee Doodle, the committee has passed over Sonneck's very careful study of its origin and use. So far then as a new edition of Hudson is concerned the committee has performed its task with judgment and thoroughness. The added chapters, bringing the history of the town and its institutions to 1912, indicate the great expansion of town life since 1868, and how far Lexington has satisfied the needs of its population. As a record of such town life the two volumes are all that can be desired. No man of national importance, except Theodore Parker, has come from its limits, and thus the connection with national history is slight, compared with that of the town of Quincy; but this fact enabled the committee to limit its labors to the locality. The second volume is devoted to the genealogies of Lexington families, in itself a great undertaking. In mechanical make-up the committee has adopted the best, so that both in content and in appearance the issue stands among the first on local history.

Prof. Charles H. Ambler's "Thomas Ritchie, a Study in Virginia Politics" (Richmond: Bell Book and Stationery Co.) supplies much information on a little known but important phase of our political history. Ritchie founded the Richmond *Enquirer* in 1804, and for forty years it was the mouthpiece of a powerful clique in State politics. He reflected the views of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and in 1825 followed Van Buren, Crawford's heir, into the Jackson combination. He served the New Yorker faithfully, taking his side against Calhoun. In 1845 he went to Washington to become editor of the *Union*, founded to express the views of the Polk Administration. He was not a great editor in the sense that Greeley and Bowles were great. He did not make sentiment so much as interpret it. He bent before the blast, and often had to readjust his sailing apparatus to suit a changing wind. Owing to his close relations with the various administrations he was generally regarded as a good prophet of coming events, and through the weight Virginia had in Southern affairs he was a significant vehicle for expressing the opinion of his State on sectional matters. Professor Ambler has drawn the material for his book from the editorials of Ritchie and from the correspondence of the same editor and of other important contemporaries. His treatment is chronological and the emphasis is pretty even. Yet his book is not easy reading for even the well-informed reader. It contains few attempts at interpretation. On the other hand, it is a treasure-house of valuable matter. It makes it possible to understand better than before the gradual decrease of Virginia's power in the South and the slowly increasing influence of the Gulf States. Ritchie and his friends fought hard to ward off the triumph of Calhoun, knowing that it meant disunion. The logic of the situation was against him. When he failed Virginia was obliged to bow her head and for the second time surrender leadership. When that was done the secessionists took control of the South.

In "Italian Yesterdays" (Dodd, Mead) Mrs. Hugh Fraser's vein of reminiscence runs pretty thin. Of those vivid personal recollections which constituted the charm of her earlier volumes there is only a minimum. Much that she reports is remotest hearsay, more is compilation from reading. What we really have is a collection of historical sketches ranging from the early Christian martyrs to Pius IX. Queen Joan of Naples, Alaric, and the Man with the Iron Mask are representative intermediate topics. There is a good deal that is amusing in the book, but the random meth-

od, with constant slants in all directions, grows tiresome, and the ratio of substantial grain of information to chaff of comment and illustration is unduly small.

The death at the age of sixty is reported from Paris of Francis de Pressensé, an eminent French political writer, who, for a few months in 1880, was Secretary of the French Embassy at Washington. He then resigned from the diplomatic career in order to enter active politics. He was not successful in his candidature for the Chamber of Deputies until 1902, when he was elected to represent Lyons. He retired last year. M. de Pressensé was president of the League of the Rights of Man. One of his most important works was a history of the Union of England and Ireland. He was a constant contributor of political articles to the French press.

Science

RADIOACTIVITY.

Radioactive Substances and their Radiations. By E. Rutherford, D.Sc., Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Nobel Laureate, Langworthy Professor of Physics, University of Manchester. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

An indication of the interest of the general public in the subject of radioactivity may be found in the proposal of Secretary Lane to conserve all lands containing radiferous ores for the benefit of the public, this benefit being expected to accrue in the possible cure of cancer. But this is not the reason for the interest in the book that lies before us, or the reason that its author, easily one of the two most important contributors to this subject, was honored with the award of the Nobel Prize, and has recently been knighted. It is for the interest of the wonderful physical relations and the adjustment of the hosts of newly discovered facts into a consistent body of theory that this book, the most recent and the most encyclopædic treatise on the subject, demands attention. Nothing can give a better idea of the rapid development of contemporary physics than the thought that the whole of our knowledge of radioactivity is not quite eighteen years old. In 1904 Professor Rutherford published his treatise containing 382 pages, followed the next year by a second edition, but the present work, the greater part of which is entirely new, reaches no less than 670 pages, and in many places is forced to treat matters with a conciseness which, though necessary, is to be regretted.

It was in 1895 that the world was astonished by the discovery by Röntgen of the so-called X-rays, with their mysterious power of penetrating opaque substances and affecting the photographic plate, and causing fluorescence, or lighting up, of certain salts exposed to their influence. This discovery suggested to Henri Becquerel the thought that certain ordinary bodies might emit similar radiations, with the result that he stated, on February 24, 1896, that salts of uranium possessed the property of emitting a type of radiation capable of penetrating through a considerable thickness of matter impenetrable to ordinary light. This power was found not to have, as at first suspected, any connection with the power of phosphorescence, but to constitute an entirely new phenomenon. It has been found that very many bodies have this power, to which the name radioactivity has been given, and the study of radioactive phenomena has given rise to a new and very important department of physics. Besides the salts of uranium, the element thorium and its compounds were learned to have these properties in large measure, and after the examination of great quantities of minerals containing uranium and thorium, Madame Curie was able to isolate a new element several million times as powerful as uranium, to which the name radium was given. It may be remarked that the very high price which radium commands (at present about $80 per milligram) is due to the enormous concentration that is necessary, and that the methods of preparation are no secret, having been described at length by Mme. Curie. In the ton of mineral handled by her there was present about 200 milligrams (about one-one-hundred-and-fiftieth of an ounce) of radium. Besides these most important substances, may be named the new elements: polonium, discovered by Mme. Curie; actinium, by her colleague Debierne, and ionium, by the American Boltwood, of Yale. The table given in the first chapter by Rutherford contains the names of thirty-two distinct radioactive substances, arranged in three families, according to their genesis.

To the original method of study of radioactivity, that of the impression on the photographic plate, was soon added a more powerful one, given by the effect of the new radiations in making gases conduct electricity, or, as it is called, ionizing them. Chapter ii is therefore devoted to the phenomena of ionization of gases, a subject studied at such great length by Sir J. J. Thomson and his students, of whom Rutherford was one. In the act of ionization the molecules of the non-conducting gas, neutral as regards electricity, are broken up into parts, charged respectively with positive and negative electricity, which constitute the *ions* (goers) that, under the influence of electric forces, travel and carry the electricity whose motion constitutes the current. One of the triumphs of Sir J. J. Thomson was the counting of the number of ions produced in a gas and the determination of the charge, always the same, and constituting the original package of electricity, now denominated the electron, the smallest thing we know, nearly two thousand times lighter than the atom of hydrogen. This ionization of the gas, then, generally air, is measured by the simplest of electrical instruments, the electroscope, whose charged gold leaves collapse when the air is ionized by the radiations in question, the rate of collapse being faster as the radiations are more powerful. It is one of the striking things connected with radioactivity that all the work is done with extremely simple apparatus, so that many of the figures in this book might have been drawn by a child, frequently representing a metal tube or box with little inside.

One of the chief results of the study of ionization comes from the fact that a moving ion is deflected by a magnet, the deflection being greater the *lighter* the ion. It is also deflected by an electric force, the deflection being greater the larger the electric charge of the ion; and it is by combining both these actions that we are able to find the ratio of its electric charge to its mass, a quantity of prime importance. In chapter iii we have treated the various methods of measurement of the radiations, comprising the photographic, electric, and the method employing the luminosity produced by the rays on screens of zinc sulphide or similar fluorescent substances. Several forms of electrometer are described, the purpose always being to measure the ionization current produced by the radiations. As an example of the care necessary in manipulation, it is stated that all sources of active matter should be kept in sealed vessels, otherwise the whole laboratory may become contaminated, and make measurements impossible.

It was soon found that the radiations are not all of the same kind, but they may be sharply divided into three kinds, known as α, β, and γ (alpha, beta, and gamma) rays. Examined by the action of a magnet, it is found that the β rays are strongly deflected, in such a direction as to show that they are negatively charged with electricity, and they are shown to be composed of small particles travelling with nearly the velocity of light The most remarkable thing about them is that the charge of each particle is found to be the same as that of the particles composing the cathode rays in exhausted tubes, with which the β rays are substantially identical. The α rays are but little deflected by a magnetic field, and in the opposite direction, showing that they are positively charged. They move about fifteen times more slowly than light. They are also small particles, many times heavier than the β particles. The γ rays are not deviated at all, and are probably not material particles, but waves similar to the X-rays.

The α rays are readily absorbed and stopped by thin metal foil or by a few centimetres of air. The β rays are about 100 times as penetrating, and the γ rays 100 times as penetrating as these, being able to be detected after passing through *eight inches of solid iron*. These properties enable the different rays to be distinguished, and a common way of measuring the activity of substances is to enclose them in an envelope thick enough to let only the γ rays pass. It is not to be wondered at, then, that many experiments are done with the radioactive substance sealed up in a glass tube. The ionizing effect of the rays is different from the penetration, the α rays producing the most of the ionization, the γ rays the least.

One of the most extraordinary experimental feats connected with the α rays is that of Rutherford himself of counting the α particles shot off from radium and of making a single α particle visible, at least by its effects. This was done by putting the radium in an exhausted tube at a considerable distance from a small hole through which the particle must go to reach the ionization chamber. In order to make the effect of a single particle perceptible, an electric field of considerable strength was imposed on the gas, so that the additional effect of the arriving α particle was magnified several thousand times, and was sufficient to move the electrometer. In the appendix we actually see a photograph of the motion of the index of a string electrometer, every tooth upon the record corresponding to the arrival of one α particle. The magnitude of this performance may be estimated when we consider the result that the number of α particles expelled per second from one gram of radium would be 13.6 times a number represented by 1 followed by ten ciphers. Of course, it is only an infinitesimal fraction of such a number that are allowed to go through the hole and register.

After four chapters on the three kinds of rays and their properties, we come in chapter viii to the continuous production and decay of radioactive matter. In fact, while the early experiments had seemed to show the surprising fact that the activity of emission of the rays went on undiminished with time, more careful measurements showed that the activity of all bodies was subject to continual decay, according to the very simple law of compound interest, namely, that the rate of *loss* is proportional to the amount remaining, or, to put it otherwise, if in a given time one-half of the substance has decayed, in the same time one-half of the remainder will have decayed, and so on. To account for this the hypothesis of disintegration of the atom was put forward by Rutherford and Soddy. That is to say, in a substance like uranium, the atoms are not permanently stable, but on an average a constant small fraction of them (about one in a million million millions, or 10^{18}) breaks up each second. The atomic explosion is violent, and results in the expulsion from the atom of one, or possibly two, α particles with great velocity. The remaining atom has a smaller atomic weight than the original one, and has quite different properties. Thus we have a spontaneous transformation of the elements, so long looked for by the alchemist and chemist. But the transformation is quite different from ordinary chemical change, in that it is absolutely not affected by temperature or other physical circumstances. It is for this reason that radioactivity is not to be classed under chemistry. The new atoms may disintegrate again, and thus we have the evolution of the radioactive substances, and their arrangement in families, with parents and descendants, of which we have spoken. Thus it has been found that uranium is the grandparent of radium, its parent being ionium, while radium has a long list of descendants, ending with polonium. Some of the descendants are gases, such as the emanation studied by Rutherford, of which there is one for the radium family, one for the actinium, and one for the thorium. It must not be supposed that these various generations are equally long-lived, for while the half-value period for uranium is six billion years, that for actinium A is but two-thousandths of a second. We may be allowed to wonder how the former number may be determined in the short time available here below, and also to be somewhat skeptical as to the relative accuracy of determinations of quantities of such enormous disparity.

In chapter ix we have an account of the radioactive gases, the emanation of radium having its half-period determined with considerable exactness as 3.85 days. The emanations are condensed to liquids by cold, like any gas, and can be absorbed by water and removed by boiling. They also diffuse like ordinary gases, and can have their molecular weights thus determined, the radium emanation being found to have a high molecular weight. In chapter x we have an account of the "active deposit," which is deposited on the surface of substances exposed to emanations, and constitutes a more or less complex radioactive substance. In chapter xiii, on radium and its emanation, in which among other things we find the spectrum of the latter, we get an account of the separation of *metallic* radium, accomplished for the first time by Curie and Debierne in 1910, by the electrolysis of radium chloride.

After several chapters on radium, actinium, thorium, and their products, we come in chapter xvii to the very interesting subject of the production of helium and the emission of heat. Helium is a gas that was discovered spectroscopically by Lockyer, in 1868, as existing in the sun. No evidence of its existence on the earth was discovered until 1895, when Ramsay showed that a gas found by Hillebrand in Washington to be given off on solution by certain minerals was identical with helium. Helium is chemically a very inert gas, and as it was found in considerable quantities associated with uranium and thorium, it was suggested by Rutherford and Soddy that it might be a disintegration product of the radio elements. Additional weight was lent to this suggestion by Rutherford's discovery that the α particle expelled from radium had an apparent mass twice that of the hydrogen atom, and might prove to be an atom of helium. This was found by Ramsay and Soddy to be the case, and they eventually had the satisfaction of seeing a tube of radium emanation in which the spectroscope revealed no helium at first, after standing four days, develop the characteristic helium spectrum. This was an event of great importance, as it was the first definite evidence of the production of a known element during the transformation of radioactive matter. It was finally shown conclusively by Rutherford that the α particles from all types of radioactive matter were identical and consisted of helium atoms carrying two unit positive charges of electricity. From the measurement of the rate of production of helium and the amount of it already found accumulated in certain minerals, it is reckoned that some of the primary uranium and thorium minerals are more than 200 million years old.

One of the properties that have attracted the most attention and given rise to the most discussion is the continuous emission of heat by radioactive bodies. The first definite measure of the amount of heat energy radiated was given by P. Curie and Laborde in 1903. They found that a radium compound kept itself continuously at a temperature several degrees warmer than that of the surrounding atmosphere. The amount of heat emitted by the radium was more than enough to melt per hour an amount of ice equal to its own weight. An active discussion arose as to the source of all this energy, and it was asked whether the doctrine of conservation of energy was overthrown, or whether the radioactive bodies possessed some hitherto unknown means of taking up energy from outside and converting it into heat; but it is now pretty generally admitted that the energy is stored in the atom, and is not inexhaustible, though very great in quantity. The enormous amount of energy released in transformations accompanied by the expulsion of α rays may be seen from the statement that the

emanation during its successive transformations gives out more than ten million times as much energy as the combination of an equal volume of hydrogen and oxygen to form water, although the latter reaction is accompanied by a larger release of energy than by any other known to chemistry. It is no wonder then that radium can produce burns and destroy diseased tissues.

The radioactive transformations also throw much light on the structure of the atom, models of which have been proposed by Lord Kelvin and Sir J. J. Thomson, representing it as a sphere made of positive electricity, in which circulate in nearly circular orbits swarms of negative electrons. It has been shown that under certain circumstances such an arrangement can become unstable, and one or more electrons would be expelled, as in radioactive changes. At any rate, it is evident that the atom is far more complicated than our old-fashioned ideas, which supposed it indivisible. In the last chapter we have an account of the radioactivity of the earth and atmosphere. As has been hinted above, it turns out that nearly everything is more or less radioactive, earth, air, rain, and snow. Geologists like Joly and physicists like Strutt have attempted careful estimates of the distribution of radioactive matter in the earth's crust, and have shown that there is more than enough to account for the internal heat of the earth. In fact, if they are right, there will not be much cooling of the earth for the next hundred million years. It will be seen how these results entirely upset Lord Kelvin's estimate of the age of the earth, made without any assumption of internal production of heat.

In an appendix we find two remarkable photographs showing the track of α and β particles made visible by their effect in condensing water vapor, and the registration of the expulsion of α particles mentioned above. We feel then that these modern magicians have actually made us see the formerly hypothetical atom. At the end we find a set of tables and an excellent index. Throughout the book one is impressed with the calm and unsensational tone adopted, absolutely free from the hysterical statements which we so often see in the press, and from any nonsense about the application of the great stores of energy of radium to drive engines, so eagerly desired by the sensational novelist. May we not in conclusion congratulate Sir Ernest Rutherford on what he has accomplished in forty-two years, and wish him an equally productive remainder of his life.

Dr. Edward Charles Spitzka, who dropped dead last week at his home in New York, was prominent as a neurologist. He was born in New York, November 10, 1852. He attended the College of the City of New York, 1870-73, and the New York University Medical College in 1873. From 1873-76 he studied in Leipzig and Vienna. Dr. Spitzka was a specialist in internal diseases, particularly of the nervous system, and served as a medical expert in cases of mental disorder; at the trial of Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, he testified to the prisoner's insanity. From 1881 to 1884 he was the editor of the *American Journal of Neurology*. He was the author of a "Treatise on Insanity."

Dr. Benjamin Osgood Peirce, Hollis professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Harvard University, died on Wednesday of last week at his home in Cambridge. He was in his sixtieth year. Professor Peirce was born in Beverly, Mass., February 11, 1854; he graduated from Harvard in 1876, and three years later obtained the degree of Ph.D. at the University of Leipzig, after which he studied for a year in Berlin. Returning to America, he taught in the Boston Latin School, 1880-1881, and then became an instructor in mathematics at Harvard. In 1884 he was made assistant professor of mathematics and physics, and in 1888 he became Hollis professor. He was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, American Mathematical Society, American Physical Society, Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America, Société Française de Physique, Circolo Matematico di Palermo, a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the American Philosophical Society. Among his published works are "Theory of the Newtonian Potential Function," "Table of Integrals," and "Experiments in Magnetism."

Drama

W. S. Maugham's "The Land of Promise" will be issued shortly by Edward J. Clode in a profusely illustrated edition.

It is clear that as long as the world goes round moths will rush into candle flames, lawyers will dash into the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and professors will explain the sonnets and pluck at the heart of Hamlet's mystery. Wilbraham Fitzjohn Trench is an ex-professor, late of University College, Galway. He knows his Furness, his Dowden, the recent work of Professor Bradley, and much else. But highly as he regards, for example, Mr. Bradley's valuable work, he finds that solid critic's interpretation of Hamlet "quite incompatible with mine." And so he presents us "Shakespeare's Hamlet, a New Commentary" (Smith, Elder & Co.). He is of the opinion that he offers something "more or less new" on the source and nature of Hamlet's madness, on the Pyrrhus speech in Act II, Sc. ii, on the authorship of the sub-play (that it is all by Hamlet's hand and is not the Gonzago murder story), on Ophelia's character and her insanity, on the difference between "stage effect" and the "Shakespearean conception of dramatic effect." Mr. Trench, like most of his recent predecessors, feels that the distinctive feature of his exposition is its objectivity, its freedom from impressionistic conjecture. It is not likely that any other student of Hamlet will be impressed by his objectivity. To the writer of this note, for instance, his conception of Hamlet seems grounded less firmly on the facts of the play than that of Professor Bradley, his treatment of Ophelia occasionally suggestive but on the whole slanderous, and his theory of the authorship of the sub-play a mere "cranky" whim. If we had a volume at our disposal, we could set forth the reasons for the faith that is in us; we could explain to him that—"The rest is silence."

"Shakespeare and Stratford" (Little, Brown), a recent addition to the Literary Shrine series, by Henry C. Shelley, is a pleasantly written and well-made little book, which will be useful to tourists making a first visit to the Shakespearean country. It contains nothing new, of course, but offers a convenient, consecutive, and accurate epitome of the known facts and most of the legends relating to the poet, his family, and his neighbors. The author wisely refrains from theorizing on his own account and exhibits a judicious skepticism in dealing with the more or less plausible guesses of impressionable and credulous enthusiasts. He depends chiefly upon the researches of such qualified scholars as Halliwell-Phillipps and Sir Sidney Lee, and does not hesitate to quote the indisputable dates which prove that Shakespeare was not born in the cottage commonly revered as his birthplace, although he doubtless lived in it as child and youth. Of the authenticity of a good many of the so-called relics he disposes in curt and effective fashion, and he has some pertinent comments to make upon the petty and sordid commercialism, long a discredit to the town of Stratford, which is much more concerned about the extortion of the nimble sixpence than the glorification of the bard. It is well that a word of warning should be given to simple-minded pilgrims concerning the manifest fraudulency of the "mulberry tree" and other mementos of which the annual sale is enormous. That the original New Place mulberry may have been the actual property of Shakespeare is not unlikely, considering the slow growth of those trees and the great age to which they attain, but the last scrap of it must have been used up long ago. Of the early days and gradual development of Stratford Mr. Shelley, quoting freely from the writings of Irving, Hawthorne, and others, gives a full and interesting account, and he has a very pleasant and instructive chapter upon the Shakespeare villages, Charlecote, Hampton Lucy, Snitterfield, Wilmcote, and Shottery, plentifully illustrated with uncommonly artistic photographs of the buildings and spots most intimately associated with the poet and his connections. He has composed an admirable guide-book and has supplemented it with some notes for tourists which will well repay observation.

Sir Herbert Tree has formulated his plans for His Majesty's Theatre in London for some time ahead. To succeed "The Darling of the Gods" he has a dramatized version, by Norman MacOwan and Charlton Mann, of "The Blue Lagoon," the novel by H. de Vere Stacpoole, and a new drama by E. Temple Thurston, on the subject of "The Wandering Jew." He also has commissioned Louis N. Parker to make a new stage version of "David Copperfield," in which he

proposes to double the parts of Daniel Peggotty and Wilkins Micawber. It may be doubted whether he has the ruggedness or sincerity for Peggotty, but he ought to be able to do something striking with Micawber.

At the London Vaudeville Theatre Norman McKinnel and Frederick Whelen are to produce a new four-act play, entitled "Mary Girl," by a woman dramatist, who makes her first venture on the West-end stage, Mrs. Leonard Merrick. Her heroine is a woman in humble life, married to a man of austere, though loving, disposition. The two live happily together, content with their portion in life. Then Mary is transported into a world of which she has but the dimmest consciousness, with the result that her views, her ambitions, her outlook upon existence are materially altered. Out of this situation spring various dramatic and interesting incidents. The parts of husband and wife are to be played by Norman McKinnel and May Blaney.

Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, newly returned from Australia, will soon revive "Kismet" in London.

George Slythe Street, appointed examiner of plays in England, in the place of the late Charles Brookfield, has edited an edition of Congreve's plays, in a series of which the late W. E. Henley had the chief charge. He was one of the circle which included Kipling, Barrie, and Wells, and is himself an author of several books. Probably his best-known novel is "The Trials of the Bantocks," which appeared in 1900, but a more popular work is his "Ghosts of Piccadilly." Mr. Street is London born. He received his education at Charterhouse School before proceeding to Oxford. His only appearance as a playwright was at the Stage Society, which produced his comedy, "Great Friends," eight years ago. He has been a not infrequent contributor to reviews and magazines.

The production in Paris of "The Playboy of the Western World" by M. Lugné-Poë was marked by the utter discomfiture of the critics. Partly this was owing to the incapacity of the French language to reproduce Irish cadences. Pegeen Mike's despairing cry, "Oh, my grief, I have lost him surely! I have lost the only playboy of the Western world," was denatured into "Oh, douleur! Je ne le verrai plus jamais. Je ne verrai plus l'unique baladin du monde Occidental." The play was variously described as "an Irish Peer Gynt," and "a rural Bernard Shaw." Some critics found a close relation between Synge and Swift. But all united in condemning the wit as being uncongenial to the French temperament.

Prof. Rudolf Gence, who was best known in England and this country for his writings and lectures on Shakespeare, is dead in Berlin; he was in his ninetieth year. A graduate of the Gymnasium zum grauen Kloster and the Königliche Kunstakademie, he became in 1859 editor of the *Danziger Zeitung* and two years later of the *Koburger Zeitung*. His Shakespearean lectures took him to the principal university towns of Germany and were carried on from 1865 to 1887. But Shakespeare was his specialty, not the limit of his scholarly interests. He wrote on English mystery and morality plays, besides much on the contemporary German stage. He was the author of monographs on Goethe, Hans Sachs, A. W. Schlegel, Kleist, and Bismarck. His latest work on the great English dramatist is entitled "William Shakespeare in seinem Werden und Wesen." As a young man he himself was a dramatist of some promise.

Music

The Life of Ethelbert Nevin. By Vance Thompson. Boston: Boston Music Co. $2.75 net.

Vance Thompson believes that Ethelbert Nevin's place in the history of music is permanent; that his songs, "born of an impulse at once personal and mysterious, have the eternal youth of the world's folk-songs." In any case, few of the world's folk-songs have been sung more frequently than his "Rosary," and few piano pieces played oftener than his "Narcissus." In distant Algiers Nevin heard a young fellow whistling it. Street musicians ground it out everywhere. He himself continued playing this piece because the audiences demanded it, but he came to the point of referring to it in a letter as "that nasty little 'Narcissus.'" As for the "Rosary," a sentimental semi-religious song, dear to the public, Mme. Schumann-Heink has called it her favorite American song. She thinks it great because in it are "heart interest and beautiful melody." She has sung it numberless times, not only in the United States, but in Germany, where the public "went wild" over it, even though she presented it in English. Wherever she sings it, she and the whole audience are "swept along in artistic transport to that anguished cry for a happiness that has escaped us. A song like that, to make all hearts beat together, is a work of genius."

It isn't—but let that pass. Nevin himself knew he had written much better things—songs like those which Philip Hale praised as characterized by "spontaneity of melodic invention" and "subtleties of harmonization." Rupert Hughes, in his book on "Contemporary American Composers," went so far as to say that one of Nevin's songs, "Autumn Mood," which did not win immediate popularity, was to him "as great as the greatest of the Lieder of Schumann, Schubert, or Franz." In view of the fact that Nevin lived only thirty-eight years (he died in 1901), the list of his compositions is surprisingly large; it fills six pages of this volume, in which they are arranged according to the year of publication. Most of them are for solo voice with piano, or for piano alone; but there are also a few pieces for violin and piano, choruses for men's or mixed voices, and a cantata, which appears to have been his longest flight.

The biography prepared by Vance Thompson consists largely of extracts from Nevin's letters to his family, particularly to his mother; those to his wife were considered too intimate and most of them were destroyed before his death. She was to him a critic as well as a helpmeet; during the thirteen years of their married life she saved everything that bore the mark of his thumb-print, thus facilitating the biographer's task. Apart from the revelation which this book gives of the personality of one of America's most melodious and popular composers, it reminds one a little of Amy Fay's "Music Study in Germany" because of the vivid pictures it gives of the life of American students abroad. Before he went to Germany, Nevin studied in Boston, of the musical life in which town he also gives some account. His aim was to become a concert pianist, and although he was never in robust health, he worked ten to twelve hours a day. Often he despaired of reaching his goal. One day, after climbing Savin Hill and gazing at the boats and steamers below, he wrote to his mother: "I almost wished I could bury myself in one of the ships, away out in the deep, and give up all the toil and worry of trying to be an artist. Oh, how discouraged I am! I don't think I shall live to be great, and I don't see how I can live if I'm not."

It was his good fortune to have for his principal teacher B. J. Lang, who stood at the top of his profession in the Boston of that day. This eminent musician, of whose methods and activities Nevin gives interesting glimpses in his letters, soon discovered his pupil's exceptional gifts and gave him unusual opportunities. At first the master sometimes got angry with the pupil, but this was nothing to what Nevin had to endure when he went to Berlin and became a pupil of Wagner's great friend, Professor Klindworth. He used to meet the pupils of this celebrity coming from their lessons, "white with anger and tears streaming down their faces"; and from what he heard he expected the professor to fling busts of Beethoven at his head, or throw him out of the window. He was promptly informed he had "much to learn," was coldly criticised, and got no praise; but when he heard that Klindworth had told one of his pupils that he had an American named Nevin who was one of the most talented fellows he had ever seen and who was sure to make a stir in the musical world, he was consoled; and subsequently he realized that Klindworth's treatment had made him work harder than any other might have succeeded in doing. Two years he remained with this pedagogue, who gradually treated him with more consideration. He also studied with Hans von Bülow.

Returning to America he had a hard

time trying to make his living as a teacher or a player. Pittsburgh welcomed him at his début as pianist, but subsequently ignored him when he needed to raise money by his playing to marry. Fortunately, his compositions began to sell, and thus he was able to give up his idea of becoming a travelling virtuoso. As a player he more and more confined himself to his own works. A critic who spoke of him as being, with MacDowell, one of the two leading American composers, declared that "MacDowell plays more like the devil" while "Nevin plays like a poet."

Failing health compelled him to make a trip to Algiers. In his earlier letters the reader follows him through his adventures in Florence, in and near Berlin, the Spreewald, Heidelberg, and Bayreuth. He worshipped Wagner, and much of his time was devoted to coaching singers in Wagnerian rôles. These and many other details are told in entertaining fashion by Mr. Thompson. His volume is adorned with a number of portraits and other pictures, and there are some pages of music by Nevin not heretofore printed.

The Vienna Royal Opera has paid over to Richard Wagner's heirs more than 1,000,000 crowns in royalties during the last thirty years. This makes an average of more than 33,000 crowns, or $6,600, annually paid to the Wagners from this one institution alone. From this an estimate can be made of the enormous income that Wagner's heirs have derived from the thousands of performances in all parts of Europe during these three decades.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, at its twelfth pair of concerts, played the funeral march from the "Eroica" symphony in memory of the late Dr. Weir Mitchell. The programme book printed also a poem on that distinguished citizen by Harvey M. Watts.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have made arrangements with Lilli Lehmann for the publication by them of a translation of her valuable and entertaining Memoirs. The translation is now in preparation by Mrs. George W. Seligman.

Elena Gerhardt, the famous lieder singer, is a great admirer of the songs of Eugen Halle, and she has put some of them on her programmes. Other singers would do well to follow her example, as these songs are far superior to many of those often sung, being modern yet melodious. And amateurs, by buying them, would help the composer, whose ill-health prevents him from earning his living.

Arnold Schoenberg, whose quartet in D minor will have its first public performance in this country by the Flonzaley Quartet, Monday evening, January 26, was born in Vienna, September 13, 1874. Now looked upon by some as a composer "whose every chord is the outcome of an emotion," he states it as his mission to free harmony from all rules. He once taught harmony in such academic institutions as Sterns Conservatory, Berlin, and the K. K. Akadamie für Musik, Vienna. As master-symbolist in music, he has, as Huneker says, "the courage of his chromatics." Concentration is the leading motive of all he does, and he has already accomplished much. Besides the Quartet in D minor, there is another, a string sextet, a symphonic poem, "Pelleas and Melisande," and a set of pieces for orchestra; choral works, piano pieces, and many songs. In 1910 he published a book on harmony which illustrates his theories.

Art

The collector, whether professional or amateur, will find in "Staffordshire Pottery and Its History" (McBride, Nast), by Josiah C. Wedgwood, much valuable and heretofore inaccessible information about the North Staffordshire potteries; yet the author has not aimed to produce a connoisseur's book. As honorable secretary of the William Salt Archæological Society, he dedicates his book "to my constituents who do the work," and he believes that it will be chiefly interesting to people to whom "the potbank and the shard ruck are as familiar and as full of old associations as the cow shed to the countryman or the nets along the links to the fishing population." He modestly hopes "that many students of history and sociology will find such a trade history as this of some value in their researches." They will. The book contains much to supplement such works as Cooke-Taylor's "The Modern Factory System" and Jonathan Thayer Lincoln's "The Factory System." Its tone is temperate and liberal. The Tory, truculently opposed to the present British Government's schemes of social reform, will find no comfort in this statement, anent a recent prohibition of the potter's right to poison his employees:

> When one remembers the intense hostility to this Home Office interference, it is curious to see how satisfactorily and easily the rules have worked out in practice. Potter's asthma is nearly extinct, and lead poisoning cases in the potteries have fallen from an average of 362 a year in the period 1896-8 to 93 a year over the years 1905-7. . . . The chief credit for this new departure should be attributed to William Owen, of the Potter's Union, and to the Duchess of Sutherland and Sir Charles Dilke.

The changes wrought by capitalism in a trade which began in the sixteenth century as a peasant industry, conducted in rude sheds in backyards, and which to-day is highly specialized, Mr. Wedgwood traces with wealth of illustrations and circumstantial detail. One suspects him of leaning backward in praising the work and character of competitors of his distinguished ancestors. While the narrative does not purport to be critical, it leaves the reader in no doubt as to the author's opinion of the periods of good taste and those of æsthetic decadence. The story of Methodism in the potteries is essential, for this influence, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, changed the potter's characteristic amusement from cock fighting to psalm singing. It affected the community's business life. "If you worked for Job Ridgway, you had to attend his chapel also." The potteries, like the textile towns, have had disturbances due to labor-saving machinery. Mr. Wedgwood, in opposition to a prevailing belief in the value of any and all machine production, asserts that "the pottery workers themselves have lost something through the introduction of machinery. The proportion of women and young persons employed in the industry is double what it was in 1850, and the work of married women is not good for the rest of the people."

"Hans Holbein the Younger," by Arthur B. Chamberlain, scrupulously sets down whatever is known about the great portraitist. This involves an enormous amount of detail and of incidental history. The work has been done painstakingly and accurately. Numerous appendices and an excellent index stamp the work as a scholar's book. It would be idle to remark that narrative ease and criticism are not to be expected. In such regards the treatment is merely adequate. Kenyon Cox's capital essay would have explained the surprising archaisms of Holbein's English manner. Mr. Chamberlain brings a judicial mind to the main problems of connoisseurship and biography. He inclines to think the little Madonna of 1514 at Basel an Ambrosius Holbein. Against many critics, he holds the famous Windsor chalk portraits to be relatively intact. The Nostell Priory version of Sir Thomas More's family he takes to be a badly garbled original, of which the face of More and the composition are Holbein's, the execution generally that of an inferior follower. Naturally, Mr. Chamberlain makes light of the romance of Magdalena Offenburg, the model for the Venus and the Lais Corinthica. Since he discusses contemporary British portraiture at length, he might well have included the Cranmer of the Metropolitan Museum, which until quite recently bore Holbein's name. Towards the Lady Lee of the Altman collection Mr. Chamberlain is noncommittal. We agree with Roger E. Fry that it is very difficult to see the actual workmanship of Holbein in this admirable portrait. Mr. Chamberlain's book immediately becomes the standard source of reference. While the appeal is chiefly to scholars, the handsome printing and excellent illustrations, many in colors, of the two folios should eminently qualify them for a gentleman's library. The manufacture is English, the publisher Dodd, Mead & Co., the price sixteen dollars net.

"Forty-three Drawings by Alastair" (Lane) is published in a choicely made folio at $12, the edition being limited. Robert Ross contributes what he calls an "exclamation point." Without this title it would be hard to tell it from the usual laudatory preface. The young cosmopolitan draughtsman Alastair—he is said to have French, English, and Spanish blood, and he certainly lives in Germany—is in many ways a reincarnation of Beardsley. He has the same exquisite sense of spotting and placing, the same piquant juxtaposition of bold blots and minutely penned patterns; and withal a very similar morbid imagination. The most powerful study in the album is the portrait of Signora Duse, a masterpiece of the overstrained sort. Without exception, the work is inspired by a curious and revolting pruriency, and the technical merits which we have in justice noted by no means redeem the essential filthiness of the things expressed.

No tourist with a grain of artistic sensitiveness can travel through rural England without being impressed by the subtle charm of the domestic architecture of that land of homes. The source of the impression is not always consciously perceived, for many of these homes, set back from the highways and embowered in trees, are so integral a part of the landscape that one does not readily dissociate them from their surroundings. Apart from the unpretentious straightforwardness of their design and the pleasing proportions of gables, wings, and roofs, their chief merit consists very largely in this oneness with their environment; and this in turn is due in large measure to the fact that they are built of the local materials, so that their style and aspect vary from one district to another with the geology and topography of the district. The contrast with modern American practice is striking in this respect, for the materials for our houses are brought from "all over," and style and design depend much more on the individual taste of owner and architect than on the kinds of stone and timber found in the vicinity. American architects are beginning to appreciate and to study English models in the effort to discover the secret of their charm and to impart something of the same quality to their own designs. The multiplication of books by English writers in this field has by no means yet exhausted the subject, and such an addition to the list as Louis Ambler's "The Old Halls and Manor Houses of Yorkshire" (Scribner) is sure to be cordially welcomed on this side of the ocean as well as on the other.

Finance

"BUSINESS" AND THE GOVERNMENT.

Last Tuesday's address by the President to Congress, on the Administration's programme for new company legislation was not only almost the single topic of this week's financial discussion, but may be described as the objective point towards which the markets have for six weeks past been moving. As defined on Tuesday, Mr. Wilson's proposals differed in no essential regard from the forecasts which had been freely sent out from Washington during the week preceding. By themselves they are fairly drastic. If proposed in the earlier stages of the Anti-Trust controversy, they would surely have occasioned great uneasiness in financial and business circles. Yet definite reports of this new policy have been accompanied by the almost continuous six weeks' rise on the Stock Exchange, by the turn for the better in general business, and by a rise in prices, after brief hesitation, even when the text of the message had been read. In part, this altered attitude is certainly explained by the reasonable and conciliatory attitude taken by the President and his law officers in recent dissolutions, and by the distinct assurance of this week's message that the Administration's purpose is "not to unsettle business or break its established courses. But the financial community's attitude also has some relation to the underlying soundness of the financial position itself, when the new proposals were set forth.

It would be a pretty subject of debate, whether the Administration at Washington is more fortunate in the rising stock market, because the rise throws a glamour of popularity over its policy towards business, or the stock market more fortunate in the Administration's policy, because that gives a concrete and continuing explanation for the rise in prices. Whichever view is taken, the Wilson Administration's good fortune must be admitted. There have been times when the Stock Exchange, with the best intentions, could scarcely have given this week's cordial response to the series of announcements. A surrender of recalcitrant corporations to the Government, announced when financial affairs were as deranged as they were in the summer of 1903 or the autumn of 1907, would either have fallen flat, so far as concerned the judgment of the financial community at large, or else, more probably, would have been denounced as the cause of all the trouble.

The extent to which a rising stock market, and the trade revival which is apt to accompany it, help the party in power and its leaders, is an old story. It has caused interesting conjectures as to the probable course of political history on certain occasions, if Prosperity, and its index in the Stock Exchange, had not moved as they did. Supposing that the Harrison Administration had ended on March 4 of 1895 instead of 1893; that the great panic of the last-named year had therefore occurred in the same Presidential term as the legislation of which it was partly the fruit, and that Cleveland's second term had then begun when the sudden business recovery of 1895 was under way—how many things in politics might not have happened which now stand on the records? Or if McKinley had taken office in 1894 instead of 1897—thus starting in a year of disastrous and unavoidable liquidation—would a Dingley high-tariff law have won the same place in popular tradition as the Wilson low-tariff law actually did, or not?

So far as regards the present, it would not be wholly easy to determine just how much of the better feeling (and of the rise on the Stock Exchange) is directly attributable to the new relations between the Government and the companies. Certainly not all of it is; and yet some part of it must be. Cause and effect are inextricably mixed in all such matters. This much may be said without hesitation—that the mere prospect of somehow removing most of the uncertainties which have so long surrounded the question of the "Anti-Trust suits" was bound to be welcomed in financial circles.

Even people who recognized that there was no way to check the monstrous tendencies of 1901 but by invoking the full sweep of the Anti-Trust law, and even people who cordially approved the forcible dismemberment of the Northern Securities and the Standard Oil and the American Tobacco, had nevertheless to admit that a mass of chaotic possibilities was left. How the law would thereafter be applied, where it would be applied, to whom it would be applied, were questions which nobody could answer confidently. There were a dozen different schools of interpretation. A spirit of uneasiness in conservative circles, and a spirit of wild suggestion in radical circles, were the inevitable result of such conditions.

We are presently to see, no doubt, how far the recent striking events in the field of government and Big Business have actually pointed the remedy. It will be said on the one hand that voluntary dissolution of a powerful company is no more favorable an outcome, so far as regards the enterprise itself, than compulsory dissolution after suit. But, on the other hand, it will certainly be suggested that, if the great combinations break themselves apart with so little inconvenience, disturbance, loss of usefulness, or sacrifice of intrinsic value, as officers of the New Haven Railway and the Telephone combination have professed in the case of their own dissolutions, then the terrors of the Anti-Trust law, as applied to all the rank growth of the eight short years which began in 1899 and ended in 1906, must have been strangely exaggerated.

The public has had its fill of argument on the other side. For years it has heard how such mammoth combinations as these were "suited to the spirit of the age," how only through them could we "hold our place in world-competition," and how, if we were to give them up, we should "revert to the business methods of fifty years ago." Since most of the same public was alive and capable of observation as long ago as 1899, it has always taken this reasoning at an easy valuation. But it would none the less be enormously relieved to have the weight of constant unsettlement and uncertainty in some degree removed. No doubt the Stock Exchange has reflected such a feeling.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, N. B. Industrial Studies—Europe. Boston: Ginn. 80 cents.

Caldwell, Robert. Comparative Grammar of the Dravidian or South-Indian Family of Languages. Third edition, revised and edited by J. L. Wyatt and T. R. Pillai. $4 net.

Carus, Paul. Nietzsche. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $1.25 net.

Chesterton, G. K. The Flying Inn. Lane. $1.30 net.

Doon, E L. Joan's Green Year. Macmillan. $1.50.
Dostoevsky, Fyodor. The Possessed: A Novel in Threo Parts. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol VI, Fiction-Hyksos. Scribner.
Eucken, Rudolf. Knowledge and Life. Trans. by W. T. Jones. Putnam.
Ford, Sewell. On with Torchy. E. J. Clode. $1.25 net.
Foster, R. F. Royal Auction Bridge with Nullos. Stokes. $1.20 net.
Frazer's Golden Bough. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5.
Gillette, J. M. The Family and Society. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
Graves, F. P. A History of Education in Modern Times. Macmillan. $1.10.
Grey, Zane. The Light of Western Stars. Harper. $1.35 net.
Gurney, L. M. Things Mother Used to Make. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Hamel, Frank. Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope. Cassell.
Hartley, C. G. (Mrs. W. M. Gallichan.) Women and Morality. Chicago: The Laurentian Publishers. $1 net.
Hartman, L. F. The White Sapphire. Harper. $1.25 net.
Haughton, James. The Holy Spirit and the Prayer-Book. Second edition. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Hengelmüller, Ladislas. Hungary's Fight for National Existence. Macmillan. $3.25.
Holmes, Edmond. The Tragedy of Education. Dutton. $1 net.
Howard, Clare. English Travellers of the Renaissance. Lane. $2.50 net.
Innes, A. D. A History of England and the British Empire (four vols.). Vol. II, 1485-1688. Macmillan. $1.60.
International Studio, Special Number. The Great Painter-Etchers from Rembrandt to Whistler, by M. C. Salaman. Lane. $3 net.
Jackson, H. L. The Eschatology of Jesus. Macmillan. $1.50.
Is There a Hell? A Symposium by Leaders of Religious Thought. Funk & Wagnalls. 60 cents net.
Jackson, Holbrook. The Eighteen Nineties: A Review of Art and Ideas. Kennerley. $3.50 net.
Keltie, J. S., and Howarth, O. J. R. History of Geography. Putnam. 75 cents net.
Kenyon, Charles. Kindling: A Comedy Drama. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.
King's College Lectures on Colonial Problems, edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Macmillan. $1.40.
Kinne, Helen, and Cooley, A. M. Foods and Household Management. Macmillan. $1.10.
Kuhn, Albert. Roma. Part II. Benziger Bros. 35 cents.
Kluchevsky, V. O. . A History of Russia. Vol. III. Trans. by C. J. Hogarth. Dutton. $2.50 net
Lagerlöf, Selma. Liliecrona's Home: A Novel. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Laidler, H W Boycotts and the Labor Struggle. Lane. $2 net.
Library of Business Practice. Vol. I, Business Management. Index. Chicago: A. W. Shaw Co.
Loeb, Morris. Scientific Work, edited by T. W. Richards. Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press. $2 net.
Lynch, Charles. American Red Cross Abridged Text-book on First Aid. Miners' Edition, Police and Firemen's, Railroad, Woman's. Philadelphia: Blakiston. 30 cents each.
Mâle, Emile. Religious Art in France of the Thirteenth Century. Translated by Dora Nussey. Third edition revised and enlarged. Dutton. $6 net.
Manucci, Niccolao. A Pepys of Mogul India, 1653-1708: Being an Abridged Edition of the "Storia do Mogor." Trans. by W. Irvine; abridged edition by M. L. Irvine. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Mapes, C. H. Some Other Things. Putnam.
Mead, G. R. S. Quests Old and New. Macmillan. $2.25.
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Morley, M. W. Will o' the Wasps. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25.
Notestein, L. L., and Dunn, W. H. The Modern Short-Story. A. S. Barnes Co.
Pankhurst, Christabel. Plain Facts about a Great Evil. Sociological Fund of the Medical Review of Reviews. $1.
Property: Its Duties and Rights. Essays by various writers, with an introduction by the Bishop of Oxford. Macmillan.
Purdom, C. B. The Garden City. Dutton. $3.50 net.
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Rogers, W. T. Dictionary of Abbreviations. Macmillan. $2.
Royal Belfast Academical Institution. Centenary Volume. Belfast: M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr.
Salaman, Malcolm C. French Colour-Prints of the XVIIIth Century. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $12 net.
Shore, W. T. John Woolman, His Life and Our Times. Macmillan. $1.50.
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United States Geological Survey: Mineral Resources of the U. S. Calendar Year 1912, Part II—Nonmetals. Washington.
Usher, A. P. History of the Grain Trade in France, 1400-1710. Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press. $2 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1914.

The Week

The first steps towards calling the third Hague Peace Conference have attracted surprisingly little attention. The meeting the other day, at which were present Andrew D. White and Admiral Mahan, delegates to the first Conference in 1899, Charles H. Butler, delegate to the second Conference in 1907, and Judge George Gray and Oscar S. Straus, members of the permanent peace tribunal, is to be followed by a second meeting, at which a national committee will be appointed. The hope of those behind the movement is to prompt the State Department to send notes to the nations signatory to the Hague Convention, reminding them of the recommendation of the Conference of 1907 that its successor should meet in 1915, and seeking an agreement to a meeting next year. It seems generally agreed that the initiative will lie with the United States. The action already taken certainly cannot be criticised as premature. The last Conference urged that an international committee should he appointed two years in advance of 1915. This was for the preparation of a programme; but the committee has not heen appointed.

Mr. Taft has admirably summed up the anomalous position of aliens in this country under a Federal government that confers rights without heing able to enforce them. Twenty years ago the situation presented itself acutely to Mr. Blaine when the State of Louisiana would not take steps for the punishment of a mob guilty of murdering Italians, and the Federal Government stood helplessly hy. Mr. Taft's fears of what an outbreak of mob violence directed against Japanese residents on the Pacific Coast would mean are justified. The difficulties with Japan over California's restrictive land laws are vexatious enough, but the patient attitude of the Japanese Government has shown that the two nations are in no danger of going to war over the matter. It is the specific instance of moh outrage, for which no redress is offered, that stirs a people to war fury; and our national interests demand that if in some such untoward event a State court and jury refuse to punish mob violence, the Federal Government shall see to it that justice is done. Mr. Taft makes an excellent point when he shows that, while Federal authority is constantly extended into spheres that earlier generations never contemplated, the essential authority of the Fedcral Government in its own natural sphere of foreign relations is virtually frustrated.

The failure of the Shackleford good-roads hill to procure a rule permitting consideration of it as a "rider" on the Post Office Appropriation bill checks a measure only less objectionable than the Moon attack on the civil service, also defeated. Without a studied plan of expenditure, it would have appropriated $24,987,500 during the coming year to State road construction, and made it a national policy to suhsidize post-road improvement. It would have done this without waiting for the report of ex-Senator Bourne's commission of inquiry, created a year ago. Finally, by either of its two hazy schemes, it would have offered opportunity to the spoilsman. If Federal aid to road-huilding is ever to come, it should only he after mature consideration. Unofficially, ex-Senator Bourne has computed that road-construction will require the expenditure of a hillion dollars in the next half-century. Plainly, a heginning should not he made hy a skulking amendment to an appropriation hill.

Secretary of Lahor Wilson is the latest inventor on the market with an immigration test. The invention of immigration tests has become one of the most popular indoor games in Washington and its environs. Every other man you meet has a little formula up his sleeve by which you can exclude the kind of alien you wish to exclude and admit just the kind you wish to admit. As a result of the new craze for immigration tests, the sciences are hooming in Washington. Geography is written anew by Congressmen who are reconstructing the boundaries of Asia. And astonishing contributions to anthropology are made hy representatives of the American Federation of Labor, whose scent for racial distinctions is nothing short of marvellous. New principles of economics are embodied in bills providing for an international sliding wage-scale test. Now comes Secretary Wilson with the simplest of all tests, a weighing machine, a tape measure, and a dead-line fixed at thirty-five years.

A Wisconsin Circuit Court has declared unconstitutional the recently enacted law making a physician's certificate a prerequisite to a license to marry. This, of course, is not final, and the conclusion of the highest court in the State on the suhject will be awaited with interest. The whole matter is of interest and importance in more than one aspect. The law itself, quite apart from any question of constitutionality, appears to have been a hasty piece of work, considering the profound importance of the suhject it deals with. If we are to have regulations of this character, it should be only after the most careful consideration, both of their proper scope and limitations, and of the mechanism of their execution. If reports from Wisconsin are to be trusted, the actual operation of this law has been anything but satisfactory. And the experience is interesting, too, from the standpoint of the merits and defects of our Federal system—of the division between State and national jurisdictions. Under that system, it is possible to experiment with innovations like this without producing a country-wide disturbance, and without either arousing those antagonisms or encountering those difficulties which would attend an attempt to force them upon the acceptance of all the extremely diverse populations of the various States. But beyond hoth these aspects of the matter lies one that is of far more fundamental import than either—the question of the limits which it is intrinsically desirable to set upon the exercise of governmental control over marriage selection.

Wisconsin's workmen's compensation act of 1911 was held "the greatest piece of legislation yet put forth in the State." It followed two years' legislative inves-

tigation and was the last of many tentative drafts submitted to general criticism. But it was improved by amendment last summer, and the chairman of the State Industrial Commission now reports it working better than ever. The act is optional, but 88 per cent. of the employers have accepted it, rather than take their chances under the common law. The estimate is that 6,636 cases were settled during 1913, at an average cost of $62.89 each, or $417,374 as the total. Adding medical charges, "we have $626,061 as the probable cost of compensation for 88 per cent. of the industrial accidents of Wisconsin in one year." "The amount paid injured workmen is more than three times what they received under the old law." Yet cost to capital is the same, for through litigation "the injured workmen did not receive 25 per cent. of the sum paid by employers." Old-line insurance rates have been twice reduced during the year.

Now the United Mine Workers' convention has attempted to boycott Indianapolis by removing the meeting to another city, on account of the repression of disorder during the recent strike there. Indianapolis is a hopeless city, anyhow, as was shown by her connection with the capture of men concerned in the conspiracy to blow up bridges and other works constructed by non-union labor. The least that the United Mine Workers can do is to heed the advice of a speaker who said last week: "Men, don't spend any more than you absolutely have to in this city." If they are of the right stuff, they will eat only one meal a day in the depraved city, and sleep in the parks. But boycotting must not stop here. How many cities are there in this misnamed land of the free in which have sat courts that have granted injunctions, Governors that have called out the militia to keep order, regardless of who might be making the disturbance, juries that have condemned men for warring upon their fellow-men? Every one of these cities should be put under the ban. And it should be a thoroughgoing action. No product of such cities should be bought, no railway trip taken that involved going through one of them. All that is required is a little of the spirit of the man who got even with his face by biting off his nose.

To deal with the flood problem was the first task of the Ohio Legislature last week. The measure, prepared after general agreement between engineers, lawyers, and the legislative reference bureau, is interesting from several points of view. Partial application of the local-option principle is permitted. The "conservancy act" rests primarily on the organization of districts, each under its board of directors; and no district may be established except on petition of a specified number of freeholders. But as only ten months ago Ohio was suffering from a flood that cost scores of lives and $200,000,000 in property, unanimity of action is almost certain. Once established, the governing body has large powers: it may condemn lands, issue bonds, and exercise police powers, subject, of course, to court review. It is to regulate, widen, and deepen stream channels, reclaim wet and overflowed land wherever possible, and improve drainage. The work, by State direction, will be pushed first where the peril is greatest, and "extended to all sections where potential flood dangers exist." The reclamation of waste lands and conservation of water power are expected to be incidental but substantial benefits.

The magnitude of Los Angeles' work in bringing most of the Owens River 250 miles over the lower Sierra Nevadas and the Mojave desert has been duly recognized in the illustrated press. It is one of the enterprises vaguely called "second only to the building of the Panama Canal." The disinterestedness and courage that went into it might well rebuke San Francisco. But it is chiefly notable in justifying the decision of the city to go into business for itself rather than submit to what it regarded as the extortion of contractors. When the bids were opened eight years ago for the first engineering division, twenty-three miles, the lowest proposal was $500,000 in excess of the chief engineer's estimates. His prompt request to undertake the job with city labor was granted, and the division completed at a figure $700,000 below the lowest bid. Later, as a means of comparison, one section of twelve miles, 3 per cent. of the whole, was let. Basing the total cost on this contract, the city would have had to pay $40,000,000 instead of $23,000,000 for the aqueduct. Whether this project could have been carried out so successfully in any community headed by a corrupt Government is a question that will promptly occur to readers of the businesslike summary in the *National Municipal Review*.

Misery loves company, but not such company as Senator Bristow is having in his campaign for reëlection. If things were only as they were in the prehistoric year 1909, when Bristow was first elected! But since then has come the deluge, and in Kansas it is very hard to know which is the true Ark. Bristow thought about it a good while, and finally made up his mind to go into the Republican boat. He would have been taken into the Progressive ark for the asking, but he concluded that enough of his friends would follow him into the older boat to make it preferable. Still his friends hesitated. Now a new element is injected into the situation by the announcement of ex-Senator Curtis that he, too, proposes to return to Washington in the Republican craft. The seriousness of this announcement lies in the fact that Curtis has submitted his popularity to a severe test since the Chicago Convention by running against the redoubtable Stubbs for the nomination in 1912, and beating him on the popular vote, losing only by failing to carry a majority of the legislative districts. Can Bristow hope to win against a man who did that? To add to his troubles, William Allen White, who might have been his ardent supporter if he had selected the Progressive ark, has coined an epigram that has been caught up all over Kansas. "Bristow is guilty of a political felony," it runs. Shunned by the Progressives, suspected by the Republicans, how he must long for the good old times when all that one had to do was to expatiate upon the utter inability of the Democrats to manage the affairs of a great government!

Why are Americans ceasing to read good literature? It is the fault, of course, of the tango. Beneficial as the new dance may be in certain respects, its most ardent advocates do not claim for it that it induces a longing for Shakespeare or even Alfred Noyes. But the tango does not stand alone in this respect. The automobile must bear part

of the blame. We are the surer of the soundness of this contention when we recall that some years ago one of the greatest hindrances to the spread of good literature was the bicycle. What it was before that is less clear, although we imagine that the record would show that in the thirties good literature was neglected because of the influence of the railway, just as still earlier the invention of the steamboat caused people to lose interest in worth-while books. It is thus the unfortunate truth that in every age of the republic there has been something which has made us cease to care for good literature. Every generation has been devoted to books of the highest value, but every succeeding generation has ceased to care for them. Some day, perhaps, we shall have exhausted every other form of activity, and then our native love of good literature will no longer be denied.

In the midst of the various controversies over Panama, it is a comfort to come across one point that is absolutely free from the possibility of dispute. In his address to the American Manufacturers' Export Association last week, Prof. Hiram Bingham, of Yale, drew attention to the fact that the opening of the canal would not bring the east coast of South America a mile nearer than it was before. Everybody knows this, to be sure, but not everybody bears it in mind; and, moreover, when we say "everybody" we are perhaps too inclusive, in view of the kind of letter-addressing cited by Charles M. Pepper, formerly adviser to the State Department, as being of frequent occurrence in American business houses. The man who thinks Buenos Ayres is in Chili probably thinks that since the canal is a short-cut to South America, it is a good-enough short-cut for him to any part of South America. The western part, to which the distance by sea will be shortened, is, as Professor Bingham said, only about one-fifth of the whole. But here we at once get into complexities again. For the economic importance of access to a region is not to be measured by its area, and it is the vast mineral possibilities of the western regions of South America that are attracting greatest interest.

Just seventy-five years after the founding of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society in England, that body undertakes international expansion. Lords Curzon, Cromer, and Bryce are urging the establishment of an American branch. An affiliated society has been organized in South Africa. The opening of a branch in Germany within the month has attracted no little public attention. In Italy, the Society has helped rouse the Government to protest to Portugal against the slavery in San Thomé and Principe. The Society was established in 1838 as the result of a Government inquiry under Buxton, co-worker with Wilberforce and Macaulay, into the treatment of the indigenous population of the colonies. With the growth of colonizing activity in other nations, the time was ripe for extension of the Society's influence. Certain recent and widely scattered abuses have roused the feelings of men interested in backward races, and given the Society a new claim to recognition.

The Reichstag has adjourned after giving expression to its bitter discontent with militarism in something more than words. The introduction of bills prohibiting the army from making itself a self-constituted authority for the maintenance of public order shows how deep popular resentment runs over the Zabern affair. The Government, as usual, has carried things with a high hand. Not content with the acquittal of Col. von Reuter, the Kaiser has seen fit to turn his guns against the people of Zabern. The honors of the game rest with the militarists. The incident may seem another in the long chain of humiliations to which the representatives of the people have had to submit. But though Chancellors and War Ministers may continue to lecture the members of the Reichstag like so many schoolboys, the spirit of popular resentment apparently increases. The very frequency with which the Government is called upon to scold the Reichstag argues an unsatisfactory state of affairs. The effect of such untoward incidents is cumulative. Another Zabern affair may show that even the traditional patience of the German people has its limits.

Observers of Denmark's access of defensive zeal last spring must have felt that patriotism is less a mountain maid than the goddess of small countries in general. That nation has now reached the conclusion that peace has its menaces no less than war. In the best parts, Berlin and Hamburg bankers have built so many villas that the German summer population threatens to equal the indigenous. Hotels and steamboat lines belong to the Germans; walls and signboards are covered with German inscriptions; in certain watering-places, like Sandkaas, all the bathers are foreigners. The finest portion of Bornholm has been bought by a Hamburg financier, who is promoting there a German city, which he has already called "Neu Berlin." Similarly, the most scenic parts of Möen have passed into the hands of a German company, which proposes to construct a group of great hotels. The Governors of these islands, the Copenhagen press, and the democratic leaders have raised the alarm. A bill has been introduced into Parliament to expend a half-million crowns in repurchasing the site of New Berlin; and without awaiting the vote, individuals are circulating a public subscription list, which has produced 115,000 crowns. It might seem that this heated sentiment against the German economic invasion would of itself operate to lessen or stop sales.

It is natural that in Spain, more than in any other country, the devastating struggle in Mexico should be regarded with sorrow and apprehension. But the appeal for reconciliation addressed to Huerta and Carranza by Spain's leading statesmen and men of letters is a cry for peace when there is no peace. Precisely because the war has been fought so long and so stubbornly the time has passed for a temporary truce. The Mexican forces now at war cannot be harmonized in a cheery get-together spirit. One need not be a blind partisan of the Constitutionalist cause to perceive that if Mexico is to have a stable government, that government must issue out of the throes of the revolution. Peace will not come to Mexico without a fairly definite transfer of power from the oligarchy that ruled the country under Diaz to the classes that have hitherto been kept in subjection. Madero's ruin was brought about in large measure by the refusal of the old ruling class to admit that it was beaten; as events showed, it had not been thoroughly beaten. That necessary process is now working itself out.

THE NEW TRUST BILLS.

Publication at Washington of the bills drafted to carry out the recommendations of the President's message was accompanied by the promise of ample hearings on them and full debate. Any other course would be folly. No such measures should be rushed through at either the report stage or the voting in Congress. Wise as their authors may be, their work cannot be considered perfect from the beginning. These bills do not leap full-panoplied from the heads of their Jove-like framers. They come, rather, as tentative plans, to be fully discussed. To drive them through under Administration whip and spur would be a huge blunder.

The bill to prohibit interlocking directorates, allowing, as it does, two years' time in which to break up existing practices, is the one which meets with most public favor. It will probably not be opposed seriously. This is not to say that it should not be minutely scrutinized, to see that no injustice is done or abuses invited. A measure so sweeping in terms might well be in need of qualification, here and there; and exceptional circumstances may need to be recognized by exceptional provisions. As to the main intent and effect of the bill, however, there is pretty general agreement. The aim is to do away with a custom which has come to be freely admitted by all concerned to be bad. It is bad for the properties, railway or banking, bad for the directors, and bad for the public. Such voluntary withdrawals from directorates as we have lately witnessed show not only what the just feeling on the subject has become, but with what readiness the law making such withdrawals compulsory will be complied with.

Much more doubt will gather about the bill creating an Interstate Trade Commission. Its purposes are rather vaguely defined, but the powers confided to it are very great, and might be made both vexatious and hurtful. Most of them, it is true, are already given to the Bureau of Corporations. The chief thought seems to be to create a Government agency which may act as a sort of first assistant to the Attorney-General. At present, an immense burden is placed upon the Department of Justice. It has to investigate endlessly in preparation for possible suits under the Anti-Trust law; it has to study intricate proposals of adjustment made by threatened corporations, and to assume responsibilities almost too heavy for a single official unaided. In so far as the Interstate Trade Commission will be able to give the Attorney-General needed aid—in the way of inquiry, of passing upon a state of facts, and by having referred to it, with a hope of settlement, cases in an early stage of litigation—the intent is commendable. No one, however, can look at the drastic provisions giving the Commission the right to delve into all the details of private business without a little gasp of astonishment at the advocacy of such bureaucratic control by a political party which, in its early life, wrote into the Constitution the Fourth Amendment: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated."

Most questionable of all, in our opinion, is the attempt made to add new definitions to the Anti-Trust law. The great danger is that, where these are not unnecessary, they will be mischievous. On this point, the former Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, has written in the New York *Sun* with much force. The real questions involved seem to be confused in the public mind. There is a loose notion that the Anti-Trust law has proved ineffective. This is the reason given for proposing to insert more "teeth" into it. But Mr. Wickersham clearly shows—as other lawyers have shown before him—that the Sherman law, as interpreted and applied in a series of decisions by the Supreme Court, has been made one of the most effective statutes ever written. As a matter of fact, nearly all the practices aimed at in the new definitions now proposed have already been held by the Court to be obnoxious to the existing law. Most of them were discussed and entered into the reasoning of the Court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco decisions. Mr. Wickersham pointedly asks how it came about that many corporations have made the "honorable surrender" to the law of which President Wilson speaks in congratulation. The obvious reason is that they and their counsel have at last found out that the Anti-Trust law is not only capable of enforcement, but is enforced in a very effective way.

The reasons why it seems unwise now to amend a statute shown to be inclusive and efficient are plain. There is, first, the danger which Senator Edmunds pointed out before Mr. Wickersham did, of "defining the definition." The law has now undergone complete judicial exposition. To introduce new phrases into it might have the result both of disturbing what is settled and of provoking a great deal of new and needless litigation. And the second danger is even graver. It is that the process of prohibition may be pushed so far—as by the Stanley bill, or some of the clauses in the new bill defining unfair trade practices—as either to make the law a dead letter or business a dead thing. If the attempt is seriously made to put all commerce into a strait-jacket, and to take away from the courts the right to discriminate between reasonable and unreasonable restraints of trade, we know what will follow practically and we ought not to forget what will follow judicially. For the Supreme Court plainly announced, in the Standard Oil decision, that if the rule of reason were not to be permitted in the interpretation of the Sherman law, then the Court would be compelled to declare the entire act unconstitutional.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

The death of Edward Ginn removes a man in whom the ancient idealisms bravely persisted. A lover of peace, he labored for it with voice and pen; nor did he forget his purse. Generously supporting in his lifetime an organization for the furthering of peace, he left it by will $1,000,000. It is not the amount of this benefaction—though, all things considered, it deserves to be ranked with Mr. Carnegie's gifts to the same cause—that impresses one so much as its spirit. It is a form of silent but constant protest against strong tendencies of the day. These are partly warlike, partly materialistic. The attempt is made to bind up national dignity and national development and the well-being of the people with an ever-mounting preparation for war. Yet, as the militarists grow more aggressive, so do the peace-men become more outspoken. Every needless Dreadnought means a needed Edward Ginn.

There is nothing new in the struggle between humane ideas and force. But

it does seem to have been accented and made to appear unusually pathetic in our day. Never was there so great a stirring of the social conscience; never so many men and women spending themselves upon work for their less fortunate brothers and sisters; never so widespread an interest taken in backward or oppressed races. Yet at the same time never was the demand for armament so great, never was the argument of pike and gun more freely used by responsible statesmen, never were war taxes in time of peace so crushing. We seem, in all this, to be standing between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born.

How active and humane men are distracted between the two we see vividly illustrated just now in England. An issue is made within the Liberal party on the question of expending even higher sums on the navy. Fully one-third of the Liberal members of Parliament have joined in a protest against any increase in the naval estimates. The Cabinet is of two minds about it, the militarists being led by Winston Churchill, while Lloyd George is on record as holding that the time is ripe for a revision and cutting down of the appropriations for army and navy. Now, whatever else may be said of Lloyd George, it cannot be denied that he represents in a peculiar way the inarticulate strivings of the working-classes in England. It is because he is dreaming of vast policies of social reform that he looks with jealous eye upon anything that seems like squandering of the national resources upon unproductive and money-devouring battleships. Not a Little Englander—for Lloyd George has more than once uttered the large note of British pride and determination in over-sea affairs—he is mainly a champion of the poor; and as such, his opposition to the extreme militarists makes his figure one that serves to typify strikingly the drag of two conflicting forces upon public men to-day. They would be reformers and renovators, yet there is the peril of war to be provided against! They would advance boldly along the paths of civiiization, yet fears of recurring savagism deter them. They would be humane and mercifui and generous, yet they would be the strong man armed!

To Americans the problem is presenting itself just now mainly in the form of our national policy as respects the Philippines. The question is obscured by many incidentai matters, thrust into its discussion, but the central choice which the country is called upon to make is that between force and self-government, between exploitation and unselfishness. Now, as we have said many times before, honest men and good men differ in their interpretation both of the facts and of our duty in regard to the Filipinos. It is a fair subject for public debate. But every man who engages in it should first search his own heart to make sure that he has no selfish interest in arguing for a continued holding of the islanders in subjection. We can listen with patience, if not with agreement, to ex-President Taft, for no one supposes that he is speaking aught but his sincere belief, uncolored by any thought of private advantage. But the case must be different with men who are avowedly engaged in enterprises to make money out of the Philippines, and who desire that American control shall be indefinitely prolonged in order to further their projects. For such peopie to set themselves up either as authorities or as disinterested guides, is a piece of effrontery. They may be right in their opinion. But they at ieast ought to have the grace to keep still, when it is so evident that they are arguing for their own pockets. High reasoning on destiny and international relations is certain to fall to the ground with a thud when it is known that the high reasoners are intent upon capitalizing their convictions, and turning their opinions into cash.

Here is the worm in the bud of transcendental militarism and manifest destiny—this haunting suspicion of self-interest, this chuckling of armament-makers over a war-scare being "good enough" to mean their booking of more orders, this lurking fear of corruption in the purchase of guns and ships. Even the knightly *Bushido* of Japan is in danger of being tainted, if we may believe the evidence given in a German court about bribes paid to Japanese naval officers. Human nature has many unplumbed depths, but it is hard to think of a lower deep than that in which schemers, in the name of nationai glory, seek to coin money out of the blood and tears of men and women and children.

IS AMERICAN VITALITY DECLINING?

In an editorial which appeared in the *Nation* on January 15, under the above heading, we took the position that the statistics of increased death-rates among persons between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five do not warrant the conclusion that there has been a deterioration in American vitality or in American living conditions. "We are not asserting," we said, "that the conclusion is false, though we are inclined to think it so; but we do say it does not follow from the premises." We print to-day a criticism of that editorial by Mr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Insurance Company; and the weight to which his judgment is entitled, the intrinsic importance of the subject, and its prominence in present-day discussion make it worth while to revert to the question again.

In order to make the matter clear, we must insist first of all on the fact that our position was purely critical. We did not assert that the above-mentioned increase of mortality *is* "entirely due to the advances" in medical science, etc., that have taken place; we merely pointed out that the figures are capable of this favorable interpretation instead of the unfavorable one put upon them by the authorities we referred to. Mr. Dublin makes a good point when he draws attention to the fact that the figures relating to females seem to militate against the hypothesis we put forward, and to indicate that there are "other causes at work." But we ourselves suggested that other causes may be at work, and in particular we pointed out one such possible cause with great emphasis; but, strange to say, Mr. Dublin has taken its significance to be precisely the opposite of what it is. The point is important, and has apparently escaped the attention of writers on the subject.

Imagine the population divided into two halves—an upper and a lower half, say—in respect to living conditions. Suppose that the proportion of persons in the lower half who live to ages above forty-five is much smaller than that in the upper half. And now suppose that absolutely no change takes place in the situation except that conditions in the lower half are so improved as greatly to increase the proportion of persons in that half who live to ages above forty-five. The effect of this upon death-rates

in the various age-groups would be precisely of the nature of what has actually been observed. The death-rate in age-groups below forty-five would of course be reduced; but the very improvement that had taken place in the lower half—unless it was so great as to bring its condition up to that of the upper half—would push into the age-groups above forty-five an increased percentage of persons belonging to that half, and subject to a higher death-rate than the average. Taking the population as a whole, therefore, there would be a decrease in the death-rate in the age-groups below forty-five and an increase in the death-rate in the age-groups above forty-five. We do not assert that this is what has actually taken place; but so far from having shown that it has *not* taken place, the proponents of the conclusion we are contesting seem never to have so much as considered the possibility. To test the question, it would be essential to have some means of finding the trend of death-rates classified not only by age-groups, but also by economic conditions. Of course, if it were, as Mr. Dublin appears to think, "generally agreed" that living conditions among the working classes are worse than they were thirty years ago, no statistical inquiry would be necessary; but we are quite unaware that any such general agreement exists.

Upon other points brought forward by Mr. Dublin we can touch but very briefly. He acknowledges the complexity of the subject, and is himself inclined to believe that the drift to the cities and the influx of immigrants have "played an important part in our total results"; but so long as no numerical estimate has been made of the influence of these factors, as well as others that are known to enter into the question, with what assurance can one put forward the conclusion of a real decline in vitality or deterioration of conditions? Even as to the factor of the saving of life in the earlier ages as the true explanation of many deaths at the later ages, Mr. Dublin admits its reality, both in his present letter and in his article in the *American Journal of Public Health;* and as to its extent no one has any quantitative data. And we cannot refrain from suggesting that, while it is perfectly true that the lives saved by modern advances in medicine and sanitation represent the best stocks as well as the worst, yet he would hardly deny that those advances do interfere in some measure with the selection, by survival, of the hardiest constitutions.

As for the moral effect of casting doubt on the unfavorable interpretation of the statistics, that is something which should hardly be allowed to interfere with the plain requirements of scientific reasoning. But as a matter of fact we do not admit that the moral effect of doubting that conditions are growing worse, or believing that they are growing better, is such as he fears. The most conspicuous case of progressive and unquestioned improvement relating to living conditions among the poor is that of the saving of infant lives. But the appetite for such achievement grows by what it feeds on. The more the infantile death-rate is reduced, the harder we work to reduce it still further. Health departments do not seek to enlist public sympathy or public funds for their work by concealing or belittling what has been accomplished, but quite the contrary. Whether conditions among the people who live lives of hard and life-shortening toil are better or worse than they were thirty years ago, we all know that there is plenty of reason for improving them. But in many ways it does make a great deal of difference whether the one thing or the other is true; and we shall not do well to assert either until we have gathered and thoroughly analyzed the necessary data.

STRATHCONA AND CANADA.

It is seldom that the growth of an individual and of a nation coincide so closely in time and incident as the career of the late Baron Strathcona and of the Dominion whose most distinguished citizen he was at the time of his death, with the possible exception of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The sturdy Scotch lad came to Canada in 1838, the very same year that the Earl of Durham was sent to study conditions in British North America and to draft the famous report which led two years later to the union of Ontario and Quebec. For thirty years, while the problems of union were working out in eastern Canada, he was engaged, as factor and representative of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the vast territories of the Northwest from which was to be carved out the new Canada upon whose remarkable development the attention of the world has been fixed for a decade. He became head of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada in 1868, the year after the establishment of the Dominion, and by virtue of his position played a leading rôle in the transfer of the company's lands to the new Dominion Government. Precisely as in the case of the new-born United States, the new Canadian Federation found in its Northwest Territory a bond of union among the older provinces, and the condition and guarantee of national expansion.

Baron Strathcona's death leaves James J. Hill, at first his rival and later his firm ally, as the last survivor of the giant race of railway builders. In actual wealth production the lands of our own Northwest may have shown a richer return. But Strathcona's great achievement, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, impresses itself more deeply on the imagination. It meant the linking up of two oceans. It testified to the bold faith in its own future by a nation hardly out of its swaddling clothes. When our first transcontinental railway was completed we were a people of nearly forty millions. When the Canadian Pacific was completed Canada had a population of a little more than four millions. When one speaks of the faith of a nation in its own future, one means, of course, the faith and the prophetic outlook of its boldest spirits. The future Baron Strathcona had bitter opposition to overcome before the Canadian Parliament would give its sanction and its support to his transcontinental road. Like our own railway builders, he was interested in politics only to the extent that politics furthered or stood in the way of his dreams of expansion. He changed his party affiliations whenever a change was necessitated by his pioneer work. Towards the end of his life, with his work completed, he stood above partisan relations. He was the one man designated by logic to serve as representative abroad of the Canadian nation.

It was in 1896 that he was appointed High Commissioner of Canada in London. His baronial title came the following year. His services took largely the form of procuring population for the regions his railways had opened up. While men like Clifford Sifton carried on missionary work in the United States, Strathcona did brilliant press-agent work for Canada in the home countries. Heavy though the flow of emigration has been from the United

States into Canada, it has in later years been equalled by the inpour from the United Kingdom. In 1908-09 the British Isles sent some 52,000 colonists to Canada. In 1912-13 the number had risen to nearly 140,000. From Baron Strathcona's native Scotland the drift to Canada has become an exodus, to the point where Scotland finds itself concerned over a depopulation problem. Strathcona's effective publicity work for Canada has been imitated, but hardly approached, by the other British dominions beyond the seas.

In this aspect of his career Baron Strathcona attained Imperial importance. By stimulating the flow of emigration from the motherland he not only contributed to the development of the Canadian Northwest, but supplied a counterbalance to the rapid dissemination of "Yankee" influence in the Northwest through the rapid inrush from the United States. Just as his earlier career at home was coincident with the rapid internal development of the Dominion, so his later career as Canadian plenipotentiary to the mother country coincided with the strengthening of Imperial sentiment which has been so notable a phenomenon of recent Canadian growth. His equipment of a regiment of horse for service during the Boer war was, like his entire career, a symbol of national development and a contributing cause. If Canada has witnessed the virtual disappearance of the annexation idea with regard to the United States and the appearance of a spirit of proud self-sufficiency in relation to this country, credit must be given in large measure to Strathcona's labors in behalf of Imperial patriotism.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT.

The typical American village, from New York to New Mexico, is often wanting in civic spirit. That fact is writ large upon its face. It has one focus of interest in the school, and half-a-dozen in the churches and lodges. But it lacks the solidarity that would manifest itself in a true village pride; it is a population small enough to be really a unit, and permanent enough to strike its roots deep, yet it does not organize itself. This is not true of the towns of New England, which fifty years ago looked after their lyceums, their commons, shade trees, and white palings. But the dreariness of most Western, Atlantic, and Southern villages testifies to the rule; they bear an unkempt aspect which, as William Allen White wrote, requires the touch of twilight to give it kindliness. If the traveller glances about for a cause, he may think he finds it in the rather sordid atmosphere. The country town seems preoccupied with the day's work. But the true reason lies deeper.

In a volume which Parris T. Farwell, of the Village Improvement Committee of the Massachusetts Civic League, has just issued, are summarized recent attempts to deal with the general carelessness about village appearance. The society chosen as a model, it is true, is the Laurel Hill Association, in Massachusetts, which has done remarkable work since 1853; and to New England the book gives most space. But there are also examples from the Dakotas, the South, and the Pacific Northwest which tell of accomplishment out of all proportion to their short history. There are States wherein the villages are characterized as interested in one aspect of improvement only—roads and streets, sanitation, or libraries and parks. But it is implied that their leavening power is great, if only in spurring emulation. Over one aspect of the situation in the Mid-West there is much seemingly shortsighted rejoicing. It is that outside stimulation has generally prompted local effort. A State Good Roads Association brings about the macadamizing of the streets. A travelling library system, as in Iowa and Wisconsin, results in the founding of local libraries. State horticultural societies have done wonders in provoking planting of trees and shrubs. In hundreds of small towns the railway adornment of station grounds has furnished an object-lesson. State Universities have been useful agents. But would not the impulse be healthier and longer-lived if it were self-born?

The want of spontaneity springs naturally from the constitution of the ordinary American village. It fails of initiative within itself because conditions scarcely favor the production of leaders or the recognition of leaders. As indicated by a group of writers in the *Atlantic* in recent years, there is a want of imagination, of larger interests, manifested in a petty round of gossip and of jealousies, and in a painful sense of personal or family reserve. Given a group small enough, and Neighbor Jones will be loath to suggest a local improvement, because it savors of interference with Neighbor Smith's affairs. The other conditions may be, at most, contributory causes. One that has to be considered is the rapidly changing personnel of many villages. They are not, as in Europe, inhabited from generation to generation by a family in the self-same trade, but by ever-shifting names.

It would be a serious matter if the American village's indifference to attractiveness rested on blunted perceptions. Then the proper method would be a revival of lecturers of the Oscar Wilde type, who with sunflower boutonnière could make the Chautauqua circuit echo a new gospel. Such men could point out that there is no reason why the flatness of Illinois should not be made beautiful, and deliver to Leadville's or Deseret's residents a new version of Ruskin on the mountain glory. But any town which has gone far enough in the concerted action of its citizens to provide itself with a Chautauqua is likely to be thinking also of its civic beauty. Possibly the amphitheatre itself rests in a specially designed park, part of a plan of local improvement which the distant future will consummate. With the process of natural selection between fit and unfit buildings, the prospect of our small towns is not so cheerless as the present ugly state of many would indicate. Much will depend upon the extension of those general or State agencies of which we have spoken. But at bottom, the change must follow upon the birth of a new social spirit in the village itself. Wherever, in the future, we have a beautified centre, we may be sure a set of social-minded people has been created.

THE MERRY ANARCH.

It is no longer true that to be born the eldest son of an English peer is the happiest fate one might pick out. To be born an English intellectual revolutionist is infinitely jollier. No one in London manages to get so much fun out of life as Mr. Bernard Shaw, unless it be Mr. Chesterton or Mr. Belloc. It does not matter what particular school of revolutionary thought a man belongs to. He may be an Ibsenian revolutionist

like Mr. Shaw, or a mediæval revolutionist like Mr. Chesterton, or a Catholic revolutionist like Mr. Belloc. If only a man stands up against things as they are, he has tapped the sources of inexhaustible merriment. The Atlantic cable hums with the lighthearted pranks of men whose professed business it is to undermine society. Between social explosions they are a lot of schoolboys. They hit one another with bladders, they make faces at one another, they scribble one another's names on the fences, and when they have drawn a crowd of curious citizens, they trip down the sidewalk with their arms over one another's shoulders. Sometimes they have mock trials with Mr. Chesterton as judge and Mr. Shaw as foreman of the jury. Sometimes Mr. Belloc writes a burlesque novel and Mr. Chesterton draws ludicrous cartoons to illustrate it. Sometimes Mr. Chesterton writes a book about Mr. Shaw. Sometimes Mr. Shaw writes a vaudeville to accompany a serious play by Mr. Chesterton. It is hard to imagine them as enemies of society. One would rather think of them as a band of cosmic cut-ups.

We are thus driven to believe that the traditional type of revolutionary—the sinister, heavily-bearded, and unwashed enemy of society—no longer exists outside of the books of E. Phillips Oppenheim. The up-to-date sapper of the social order does not slink through alleys and subterranean passages, but prefers to keep in close touch with the Associated Press. British philistinism cannot spoil Mr. Shaw's temper; it only inspires him to write a jolly farce like "Fanny's First Play." The cruelties and stupidities of modern life stimulate Mr. Shaw to the point where he goes out and has M. Rodin model a bust of him. When Mr. Chesterton contemplates the unholy alliance between privilege and finance which makes up modern government, when he thinks of the pretentious ineptitudes of parliamentary oratory, when he finds himself encompassed by the schemes of self-seeking fanatics and reformers, he feels so depressed that he immediately dashes off a ballad or two in praise of brown October ale. Foreigners who have long admired the peculiar traits of the Anglo-Saxon temperament will find another illustration in the revolutionist who goes about his work of destruction with a merry snatch of song on his lips. Foreigners more distantly removed in time, say, Isaiah or Amos or Jeremiah, would find it very difficult indeed to make out this new kind of prophet, who finds that the world is so full of a number of miserable and reprehensible things, he is sure we should all be as happy as kings.

The one person above all others who has a rather sad time of it to-day is precisely the supposedly comfortable, supposedly self-satisfied suburban citizen against whom Mr. Shaw has waged the warfare of a lifetime. Remember all that Mr. Shaw and his fellow-revolutionists have said about the British philistine and the elaborate conventions which he has built up to save himself the trouble of independent thought and conscience. Behind this wall of moral conventions, religious conventions, conventions of social propriety, the citizen is pictured as going about his exclusive business, which consists in the satisfaction of his own material wants; a stupid ruminative life, but pleasurable in a low way.

Yet what are the facts? While Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton are romping about and throwing stones and shouting aloud in the joy of their hearts, your stolid middle-class citizen worries. He worries over his duties as a citizen, over the Poor Law, slums, child labor, milk kitchens, eugenics, military training, model dance halls, hospitals, model tenements, the decline of the rural population, the peril of moving-picture theatres, the tango, and the slit-skirt. Mr. Shaw is never so amused as when he contemplates the suburban citizen pottering about the business of reform, since every revolutionist knows that reform is itself only a stupid convention, a cheap balm for the conscience. And your moderately progressive citizen is indeed a stupid animal. Else he would recognize that this business of patching up society only brings worry, whereas the revolutionist kicks over the whole mess at once and is happy as the day is long.

Some day the stodgy middle-class citizen will discover the secret which the revolutionists have long mastered. Then everybody will turn against things as they are and life will be one loud peal of merriment. Thousands of good people will imitate Mr. Chesterton and call for barricades with the fine, orotund hilarity in which one calls for a pint of ale. Other thousands will imitate Mr. Shaw and indite roundelays against the marriage tie and in favor of state support of children. Our problems will be solved when we are all one jolly crew busily engaged in scuttling the ship of state.

CANADIAN BOOKS OF 1913.

OTTAWA, January 7.

Contemporary Canadian literature—using the word in its broadest sense—reflects to a large extent the spirit of the country. That spirit is to-day frankly materialistic. It takes pride in the vast material resources of the Dominion, in the development of great industries, in the ever-widening net of railways, in the growth of national wealth. Its idols are of the flesh. It worships the great god Success. It is too much preoccupied with the things that make for physical comfort or luxury to give much thought to those that are merely intellectual. This materialistic spirit is reflected to a large extent in the contemporary literature of all countries, but at present we are concerned with Canada alone. One finds it not only as the animating spirit in books of every description, but as a deadening factor in the circulation of books that contain a higher motive. Doubtless in all ages books have been commonly read in inverse ratio to their true worth as literature, but that was never truer than it is to-day, in this age of universal education and enlightenment. To what extent this materialistic spirit tends to deaden the development of the higher forms of literature it would be difficult to say. Whatever the reason, Canada has as yet produced no genius in literature, though it has counted, and counts to-day, many writers of fair ability, and a very few of higher rank.

This ponderous and rather pessimistic introduction is the result of wading through a formidable pile of books, of all sorts and sizes, written in or about Canada during the year 1913.

By all odds the two most important books of the year are "Goldwin Smith: His Life and Opinions," by Arnold Haultain (Toronto: McClelland & Goodchild), and "Correspondence of Goldwin Smith," edited by Arnold Haultain (New York: Duffield). Just how far Goldwin Smith may be counted as a Canadian is, of course, a debatable point. He was born and educated in England; his heart was throughout a large part of his life with Corneli; but for many years his home was in Toronto, and although he always seemed a man apart, he took a deep interest in Canadian affairs. His criticism was always too caustic and tactless to be acceptable to his contemporaries, but there cannot be any reason to doubt that, in some

respects at least, his influence upon Canadian life and thought will be real and lasting. He was largely instrumental in founding and supporting several of the best magazines Canada has possessed, the old *Canadian Monthly*, the *Nation*, the *Week*, and the *Bystander*. The last-named he edited himself for several years, and any student of Canadian affairs is lucky who possesses a set of this almost forgotten periodical. In his Life, which is rather material for biography than biography proper, as well as in his Correspondence, the man stands revealed, a rather lonely and friendless figure, with a distinctly poor opinion of most of his contemporaries and little faith in their works, but withal a champion of intellectual things in a very materialistic age, and a master of English when English was least understood. His was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, but the message may not in the end be fruitless.

In Canadian biography not much else of importance appeared in 1913. Sir George Ross's "Getting into Parliament and After" (Toronto: Briggs) is a readable volume of reminiscences, by one who has been what is known in Canada as a Liberal of the old school. Sir George Ross was chief lieutenant to Sir Oliver Mowat in the Ontario Government, and succeeded him in the Premiership. For several years he has led the Liberal party in the Dominion Senate. Emma A. Currie's "Story of Laura Secord and Canadian Reminiscences" (St. Catherines: Currie) contains some of the useful material from which historians get their sidelights on pivotal events.

In the general department of history, the year's publications are much more varied. The close of 1913 saw the practical completion of the ambitious work, "Canada and Its Provinces" (Toronto: Publishers' Association), which is appearing in more than a score of volumes, under the general editorship of Dr. Arthur G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist, and Prof. Adam Shortt, formerly of Queen's University and now Civil Service Commissioner in Ottawa. About half the work has been issued, and the balance is now in the hands of the printers, with the exception of an elaborate index which is to fill a final volume. The various phases of the country's history, general and provincial, were entrusted to writers each of whom was recognized as an authority in his own particular field, and with the painstaking editorial supervision to which every article has been subjected, the result will be a work of unusual value, creditable alike to Canada and to those engaged in the undertaking.

Two books of more than ordinary interest, though possessing nothing in common, are Col. William Wood's "In the Heart of Old Canada" (Briggs) and William Ogilvie's "Early Days on the Yukon" (Toronto: Bell & Cockburn). The former deals with a variety of topics related to the history of Quebec, and has the double charm of romantic subjects and very attractive treatment. The value of the late Mr. Ogilvie's book is in its matter rather than its manner, and yet there are vivid flashes in this little narrative of stirring events in the early days of the northern goldfields. Several volumes of informing material, perhaps of larger interest to the local student or the historian than to the general reader, are Miss K. M. Lizars's "Valley of the Humber" (Briggs), setting forth the place of this romantic stream on the outskirts of Toronto in Canadian history; Miss Janet Carnochan's "History of Niagara" (Briggs), in which is described by an acknowledged authority the story of the little town at the mouth of the Niagara River, once the capital of Upper Canada; W. S. Herrington's "History of the County of Lennox and Addington" (Toronto: Macmillan), the story of one of the United Empire Settlements in Ontario; Emily P. Weaver's "Story of the Counties of Ontario" (Bell & Cockburn), somewhat superficial but readable; Barlow Cumberland's "Century of Sail and Steam Navigation on the Niagara River" (Toronto: Musson), in which romance and commerce are entertainingly combined; and Dr. Alexander Fraser's "Brock Centenary, 1812-1912" (Briggs), containing an account of the celebration at Queenston Heights, Ontario, on the 12th October, 1912.

An important addition to the scanty literature of the Northern fur-trade is Isaac Cowie's "Company of Adventurers" (Briggs), in which the author gives an account of his own experiences and adventures in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1867 to 1874. L. J. Burpee's "Scouts of Empire" (Musson) is a small book in the same general field, dealing with the lives of such Western explorers and fur-traders as Henry Hudson, Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, etc.

The Dominion Archives issues a volume of "Documents Relating to the Invasion of Canada and the Surrender of Detroit, 1812," edited by Col. E. A. Cruikshank, and has in press a second series of "Canadian Constitutional Documents" and a volume of "Pioneer Legislation." The Champlain Society did not actually issue a volume in 1913, but the annual report announces several works as either in press or approaching completion, among others volume three of Lescarbot's "History of New France," edited by Professor Grant; the "Journals of La Vérendrye," edited by L. J. Burpee; the "Knox Journal," edited by Dr. A. G. Doughty; the "Journal of David Thompson," of the Northwest Company, edited by J. B. Tyrrell; the first volume of the new edition of the works of Champlain; and Col. William Wood's "War of 1812."

A most interesting volume is Elihu Stewart's "Down the Mackenzie and Up the Yukon" (New York: Lane), a popularly written story of Mr. Stewart's official journey in 1906 as Superintendent of Forestry for Canada. Two readable and attractive books dealing with the Province of Quebec and its peculiarly interesting people are Beckles Willson's "Quebec, the Laurentian Province" (New York: Stokes), and J. Castell Hopkins's "French Canada and the St. Lawrence" (Bell & Cockburn). A particularly attractive reprint of an old Canadian book that has come to be recognized as a classic is Susanna Moodie's "Roughing It in the Bush" (Bell & Cockburn). Clarke's the "Heart of Gaspe" (New York: Macmillan) describes with sympathetic insight an out-of-the-way corner of Canada, whose picturesque scenery and simple-minded inhabitants deserve to be better known.

In the broad field of economics and public affairs there have been published during the year several books and pamphlets of considerable interest. One of these is Prof. O. D. Skelton's "Economic History of the Dominion" (Publishers' Association); another is John MacDougall's "Rural Life in Canada," an exhaustive treatment of a neglected subject of prime importance. Prof. Stephen Leacock has brought out a new edition of his "Elements of Political Science" (Boston: Houghton). Hamar Greenwood's "Canada as an Imperial Factor" (London: Collins); "Canada and Sea-Power," by "Christopher West" (McClelland); J. S. Ewart's "Kingdom Papers" (Ottawa: Ewart); John L. Morison's "British Supremacy and Canadian Autonomy" (Kingston: Queen's University); Henry Bourassa's "Spectre of Annexation" (Montreal: *Le Devoir*), and A. H. F. Lefroy's "Canada's Federal System" (Toronto: Carswell) are also contributions to our knowledge of problems of Canadian citizenship.

Nothing has been said so far of Canada's contributions to belles-lettres during the past year. Unfortunately, in the realm of pure literature there is little to record, beyond a very few volumes of verse and essays. The only notable contribution to Canadian poetry is Miss Marjory Pickthall's "Drift of Pinions" (Montreal: University Magazine Co.). While somewhat unequal in quality, this first little volume of Miss Pickthall's contains several short poems of exquisite delicacy and feeling, sufficient in themselves to mark the writer as one from whom even better things may be expected in the future. Miss Virna Sheard's "The Miracle" (Toronto: Dent) is a somewhat more ambitious volume, of magazine verse of fair quality, in the main readable and

attractive, but never rising much above mediocrity. The volume of poems by the late George Murray (Murray) contains one or two historical ballads, and several translations that make the book one worth remembering. George Murray many years ago was an intimate friend of Sir Edwin Arnold. For half a century he was closely identified with the educational and intellectual life of Canada. Since the death of Pauline Johnson, a new edition of her "Flint and Feather" (Musson) has appeared, with a number of additional poems. This edition appears with a sympathetic introduction on the life and genius of the remarkable Indian poet, who so strikingly revealed in her work the qualities of the two races from which she sprang. It remains to mention the "Oxford Book of Canadian Verse" (Toronto: Oxford University Press). The selection was in the hands of a Canadian poet, Dr. Wilfred Campbell, and to some extent the book reflects the disadvantages as well as the advantages of entrusting such work to a poet, but on the whole the collection is an admirable one and represents very fairly the characteristic work of the principal Canadian poets.

A volume of prose sketches by Pauline Johnson, "The Moccasin Maker" (Briggs), shows that she could write admirable prose, though lacking perhaps the distinctive charm of her poetry. The tenderness and graciousness with which she tells the story of her own mother's life is not unworthy of comparison with Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvie." The book contains an introduction by Sir Gilbert Parker and an appreciation by the Western Canadian poet, Charles Mair. In "Behind the Beyond" (Bell & Cockburn), Stephen Leacock brings together another collection of those delightfully amusing sketches which have marked him as a humorist with a manner that is altogether his own. His last book is hardly equal to "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," but there are passages in it that one would not willingly have missed.

L. J. B.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The latest publication of the Bibliographical Society, No. xvi of its Illustrated Monographs, is likely to prove the most generally useful work it has yet produced. Mr. Ronald B. McKerrow, who now shares with Mr. A. W. Pollard the duties of honorary secretary, has listed all the printers' and publishers' devices which he has found used by English or Scotch printers from the beginning in 1485 to 1640. Such a list, with facsimiles of the 428 devices, would by itself have been invaluable to those who have occasion to try to answer the puzzling questions which arise in connection with so many old volumes.

Mr. McKerrow has done much more than bring this material together. He has indexed the devices according to size, the only practical means of identifying many of them, and also by names, mottoes, and initials. He has made a contribution to our knowledge of the English book, printing, and publishing trades by his notes on the transfer of devices from one establishment to another, while his readable introduction raises a number of questions for further investigation.

In connection with the detailed description of each device, Mr. McKerrow has shown a courage which would have been dangerous on the part of a less conscientious searcher. With each description, he has stated not only where he found the device, but the earliest and latest use of which he is aware. Every student who uses the book is likely to extend these dates—a single American library has carried one of them forward from 1513 to 1521—but this only goes to prove how greatly this feature adds to the practical usefulness of the volume. The fact that a woodcut in a book printed in 1521 was also in use in 1496 is not in itself important. Taken in connection with other facts, however, it helps to an understanding of what Richard Pynson's workshop was like, to know that this particular block was still in use fifteen years after he had it made. To the possessor of some old fragment in which the device is the only clue to when and where the book was printed, the importance of this fact is likely to seem very great indeed.

Mr. McKerrow's volume adds to the confusion in regard to one cut which has long been the cause of various theories among students of American books. In 1548 Edward Whitchurch, of London, printed Erasmus's "Paraphrase upon the New Testament." The title was enclosed in an elaborate border, with the royal arms at the top and those of Queen Catherine Parr at the foot. In the lower corners were the printer's initials, "E. W." The next year this border was used again by Whitchurch for the title of the first edition of the Book of Common Prayer. Whitchurch was the principal printer engaged in bringing out the Edward VI Prayer Book, a fact which may account for his exclusion from the general pardon proclaimed at the beginning of "Bloody Mary's" reign, in 1552. He thereupon disappeared from the shop at the Sign of the Sun in Fleet Street, and his scattered stock gradually reappeared in the hands of at least six other printers.

The marriage of Mary to King Philip II of Spain, and the closer commercial relations between London and the Spanish ports which followed this union, has been thought to be the probable explanation for the reappearance of Whitchurch's Prayer Book border in the City of Mexico, where it was used in 1559 for the title of Friar Maturino Gilberti's "Vocabulario en Lengua de Mechuacan," the native dialect used in the region beyond Lake Chapala. The cut had made a long journey from the heretical shop in Fleet Street, and the search for reasons to account for its travels has given ample play to the bibliographical imagination. So far the facts have involved nothing at all impossible or improbable. Now, however, comes Mr. McKerrow with the confusing information that he has seen the identical cut of the 1548 Erasmus and the 1549 Prayer Book, with the arms of Catherine Parr and the "E. W." whittled away, in use in London in 1554, in 1559, and, worst of all, in 1562. On the Mexican title-page of 1559 the arms have been altered, a common habit of the old wood-block cutters, but the letters "E. W." are in the place they occupy in the title of the Prayer Book. There seems to be only one explanation of the facts as they now stand. When the Book of Common Prayer was ordered to be used in the churches throughout England, all the available presses, working at their best, were unable to meet the demand for copies. At least six different issues of the Prayer Book appeared during the spring and summer of 1549, and these have given rise to various bibliographical questions, few of which have been answered satisfactorily. One of these, which apparently has not before been asked, is whether there were more than one of the "E. W." border cuts in use upon different presses printing the titles to the Prayer Book. If there were two, the seemingly impossible is explained.

GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP.

Correspondence

IS AMERICAN VIGOR DECLINING?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 15, you commented editorially on the question "Is American Vitality Declining?" and you were kind enough to quote some figures from my paper in the December number of the American *Journal of Public Health*, entitled "Possibilities of Reducing Mortality at the Higher Age Groups." In your opinion, the figures do not warrant the conclusions drawn, viz., that there has been a deterioration in American vitality. You would have us believe that the increased mortality between the ages of forty-five and sixty-five is entirely due to the advances in medical science, which have prolonged the lives of persons until this age-period who previously would have died at the younger ages. Indeed, you even suggest that this factor may in itself be sufficient to account for a larger increase in the mortality at the higher ages than has actually been observed, and that there may very well have been an improvement in the conditions of life rather than a deterioration.

I realize, of course, the importance of the sequelæ of the acute infections of early life, and pointed that out in my paper. My only quarrel with you is that you have seen fit to make this single point carry the entire burden of explanation. In this, I believe, your position is untenable.

Let us take the mortality of females. There has been a much larger decrease in their early mortality than that observed among males; but their mortality at the higher ages shows practically no increases, as we should expect from your explanation. In other words, there must be some other causes at work. These, I believe, include the increased consumption of alcoholic beverages and, more especially, the industrial conditions that have prevailed during the last thirty years.

The difficulty in your argument results from your primary assumption, namely, that the advances in medicine merely pro-

long life. Nothing in nature corresponds to your hypothetical case. The saving of a life in infancy is not equivalent to giving the individual a lease of life for a limited term of years, as you conceive it. As Newsholme pointed out in his famous controversy with Pearson, the babies saved through present-day infant hygiene must not be classed as weaklings, but include the best and worst stocks in the community. Recent life-saving campaigns have directed their attention not so much to curing the sick as to the prevention of sickness itself. Indeed, improved milk and water supplies have been much more potent factors in reducing mortality at the younger ages than the advances in medicine. In the larger number of cases, therefore, there are no good reasons why the life which has been saved in early years should not run on to sixty-five and over. Our present anxiety is due to the fact that the increased mortality is occurring in the age-period between forty-five and sixty-five. We should like to see the acceleration in mortality begin after age sixty-five when no serious social damage would result.

Do you not virtually admit the weakness of your case in your last paragraph? You point out that "It is quite possible that the increase in the number of deaths at the ages above forty-five may be due to a larger number of persons reaching these ages among the classes engaged in hard and life-shortening toil." That was exactly the point we desired to make. In the first place, the classes engaged in hard and life-shortening toil form the major part of our population, and secondly, it is the hard and life-shortening toil itself which must be considered as an important cause to which we must ascribe the increased mortality under discussion. It is generally agreed among students of industrial conditions that the changes in the trades during the last thirty years have been of a nature to make life harder for those engaged in them. Fortunately, these conditions are now being improved voluntarily by employers, and through the influence of labor legislation.

The question under discussion is one of the most complex in the whole realm of vital statistics. The several causes to which I directed attention in my paper are important, but I do not contend that they are all-sufficient. A number of intensive studies must still be made to determine, for example, what effects have followed from the concentration of our population in the cities. We must also determine the effects of changes in the composition and characteristics of our population.

During the last ten years, there has been an influx of Italians, Hungarians, Russians, Poles, and Jews, largely of adult age, who may have had an unfavorable influence on our figures of mortality. It is important to observe in this connection that they have congregated largely in our registration States, and that in every case the mortality rates of their native countries are higher than those to be observed in the registration area of the United States. These two factors have undoubtedly played an important part in our total results; what that is, can be determined only by further research of the most intensive character.

In conclusion, you will permit me to direct attention to the fact that your conclusions are likely to have an effect very different from the one you contemplated. Those agencies which are now engaged in improving the conditions of labor, etc., are likely to be hindered in their work if there be agreement that the increases in mortality in later life are the result of the survival for many years of some lives less hardy than the average which in olden days would have disappeared much sooner." I am certain that you are hardly prepared to take such a stand. Yet there will be those who, in defence of their anti-social conduct towards industrial workers, will take refuge behind your encouraging interpretation of American vital statistics.

LOUIS I. DUBLIN,
Statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

New York, January 19.

THE HARVARD-TECHNOLOGY MERGER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial in your issue of January 15 on the Harvard-Technology merger contains some half truths which are misleading. In that editorial Harvard's "non-success in the field of applied science" is measured by the number of graduate students. The statement is made that Harvard has less than sixty graduate students of applied science, while Technology has 250 graduates seeking its degrees. These numbers are incorrect and not comparable. Harvard has 139 students enrolled in its Graduate School of Applied Science, and taking courses leading to degrees in applied science. The 250 graduate students in Technology are the total number of graduate students there, which therefore includes the students in all branches both of pure and applied science. Such information as is obtainable indicates that the number of graduates at Technology taking courses in those fields of applied science which are offered at Harvard is barely, if at all, greater than the number of graduates in the Harvard School of Applied Science.

If, however, the figures were as stated by you, they would not indicate "non-success" at the Harvard School. The School is quite new; certain of its departments are not as yet fully manned; its courses are more rigorous and its standards higher than those of other technical schools in this country; its curriculum occupies the whole of the twelve months with practically no break, and it is as yet known only to a small minority of the students graduating from the colleges in this country. Many students are deterred from entering the Harvard School by the high standards maintained there, or by the absence of summer vacations, or because they must have their summers free to earn money to enable them to go on with their studies.

I would submit, however, that numbers are not a satisfactory indication of success. The instructors in the School of Applied Science are virtually a unit in believing that the experiment which Harvard University has started has turned out most successfully; that the students who have been attracted to the School show a high average of earnestness and capacity; that the graduates leave with better equipment than is possible in an undergraduate or a mixed graduate and undergraduate school; that there has been success in turning out men with thorough technical grounding, a broad outlook, and enthusiasm for their profession. As other engineering schools have started to follow in the path set by Harvard University, this success should be stated, as an encouragement to continue the experiment which has been so abruptly terminated by the governing boards of Harvard University.

In another respect also, your statement of facts is misleading. No faculty of Harvard University was informed of the merger until it had already been passed by the corporation of Harvard University and the executive board of Technology. It is true that the faculty of the School of Applied Science had an opportunity to ask questions about it two days before it was finally ratified by the overseers of Harvard University; but the overseers did not seek the advice of any of the faculties or of individual members of the teaching staff, and naturally approved what was submitted to them by the corporation. The faculty of arts and sciences learned of the completed merger only from the daily papers, though it is a matter of much importance to that faculty, because the position of the pure sciences in the University is greatly weakened by the removal of the applied sciences. The trustees of the McKay Fund also obtained their first news of the merger from the daily press. Mr. McKay had specifically refused to aid Technology; but the merger is based entirely upon the University giving up to Technology all real control over two-thirds of that fund.

These matters, which are of common knowledge in the University, have some importance to the community in relation to the growing sentiment against autocratic control of universities by their presidents or governing boards. It is interesting to note that one member only of the governing boards urged delay, in order that proper consideration might be given to a matter of so much importance; and that that one person was the sole member of the teaching staff on the governing board. Harvard has thrown away its unique School of Engineering, and not one person whose opinion was of value on that subject was consulted. It is surely time that the faculties of our universities should have a larger voice in the control of educational policies.

Harvard has two other graduate professional schools which might be merged with other local schools. The Harvard Law School would enrich the Boston University Law School if absorbed by it. The Harvard Medical School might do a like service to Tufts Medical College. The arguments that might be advanced for these combinations are precisely those which carried through the Harvard-Technology merger. X.

Cambridge, Mass., January 23.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very grateful to Dr. Rowland for his communication, published in the *Nation* on January 22, which states at length the most interesting feature of the recent business meeting of the American Historical Association—a feature to which I could allude only most briefly in my report of the meeting, owing to the cruel

bonds of space limitation and not to any oligarchical attempt at *suppressio veri*. For I feel, in common, I believe, with every other member of the Association, including the officers, a keen appreciation of the courageous way in which Dr. Rowland stood up at Charleston to criticise the methods of the election of officers of the Association and to voice the opinion that the power of the Council "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." It is well that the members of the Association should be aroused by him to the fact that they have been too indifferent.

It is quite natural that the steadily widening membership and the increasingly varied activities of the Association, together with the human experience that it is oftener easier to do a thing one's self than to get some one else to do it, should have inevitably led to an increase in the powers and activities of the Council. I do not conceive of the Council as an oligarchy grasping for power, but rather as a hard-working body having increased labors thrust upon it. The Constitution of the Association says nothing about committees or their appointment. But as the work of the Association has grown with time, committees have had to be appointed. What was more natural than that they should have come to be appointed by the Council? So now we have reached the brink which Dr. Rowland has opportunely revealed. What is to be done?

If Dr. Rowland, or any one else, thinks that the general will of the members of the Association as to the choice of officers would be expressed satisfactorily and without criticism by simply following the letter of the clause in the constitution which he italicizes ("These officers shall be elected by ballot at each regular annual meeting of the Association"), I fear his optimism is excessive. For two objections would be raised. Only a small proportion of the members are able to attend the annual meeting. Not a tithe of the 2,843 members went to Charleston. Would not the absent ones say in criticism that they also ought to have some rights? They might. But in an organization like the Historical Association, in which the chief opportunity for activity is in attendance at the Christmas meeting, a sufficient reply to such critics would be that they have a right to attend the annual meeting and there ballot for officers, and that if they do not take enough interest to do this, they should not criticise. This objection, therefore, is not, so it seems to me, of serious consideration. However, in the plan outlined below, absent members would have some influence in making nominations even though they did not take part in the final ballot. There is another objection, however, which is vital and fundamental. As some one pointed out at Charleston—I think it was Professor Burr—it requires very little acquaintance with political assemblies, student organizations, and even college faculties to observe that a simple election by ballot is by no means likely to give general satisfaction. What usually happens in such cases is that a small group of men, more zealous or less scrupulous than the rest, come together beforehand, agree to support certain candidates, and spring upon the assembly an unseen slate which has enough organized support to carry the elections in a wholly unorganized mass of disconcerted electors. By a caucus of this sort a small and irresponsible minority may engineer elections by no means generally desired by the great majority.

To avoid the possibility of this and to afford an agency for ascertaining the real general wishes of the members of the Association, the Council has been in the habit of appointing a nominating committee. The Council and the committee, as they stated at Charleston, have genuinely made some effort, in going to and fro in the earth, to consult members whom they happen to meet in regard to desirable nominations for the December meeting. The only difficulty is that many an individual member may find, as does Dr. Rowland, that he himself did not happen to be one of those whom the committee happened to consult. Some years ago also the Council earnestly attempted to procure nominations by sending out to members, along with the bill for annual dues, a blank ballot for suggestions. But from some two thousand members they received less than two score replies. The experiment did not seem to be worth repetition.

In view of this situation I venture to repeat a suggestion which I heard favorably discussed on our homeward way from Charleston.

As it is essential that some canvass of opinions be made before the final balloting at the annual meeting, I suggest that the nominating committee, after learning as much as it can of the sentiments of the members by conversation, shall draw up a list of several nominations for each office to be filled, leaving space for, and expressing the hope of receiving, additional nominations. Let this list be sent to each member some weeks before the annual meeting in order that he may mark his preference among the suggested names or add nominations of his own. These marked nomination lists, returned to the committee, should be the basis for the final ballot to be voted upon at the annual meeting. This may be a little clumsy and involves some work, but it is similar to systems found fairly satisfactory by some colleges and universities for electing overseers, trustees, and alumni officers. It would not be likely to meet such apathy as did the efforts of the Council a few years ago, mentioned above; because a modest man who would hesitate to urge candidates whom no one has mentioned, is likely to be ready and eager to express a preference among names brought to his notice; and the provision for additional nominations would always give adequate opportunity to those who thought the nominating committee had not done its duty in bringing forward fairly representative names.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

Dartmouth College, January 24.

LAWMAKER AND EXPERT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Sadler writes in the *Nation* of January 15 that if a committee of Congress declines to hear opinion upon the ground that it is not expert opinion, the logical conclusion is that Senator La Follette has no right to offer legislation upon the subject matter, of which he admits that he has no expert knowledge.

If the professor's reasoning is valid then a prosecuting attorney has no right to draw up an indictment for murder by poisoning unless he is an expert on the physiological effects of poisons.

But obviously the framing of a proposal and the taking of evidence upon it are very different operations. Identical rules do not apply.

WILLIAM P. MORRISON.

Boston, January 19.

CAFETERIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You published some time ago an article on the word *cafeteria* and then later another one on "Pequeño Larousse Ilustrado," but failed to combine the two. If you had looked for the word in the dictionary, you would have found the following explanation: "Cafetería, f. *Cub.* Tienda donde se vende café por menor."

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., January 16.

A QUESTION OF HEREDITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* has already printed two attempts to translate into English the mathematical symbols of Professor Pearson's study of the children of Edinburgh drunkards; permit me to suggest a third. Mine has at least the advantage of being somewhat more flattering to the intelligence of the world's first scholar in his field.

As I understand Professor Pearson, the comparison is not, as is commonly assumed, between children of drinkers and non-drinkers, or of drunkards and moderate drinkers, taken as general classes. That is to say, it is not simply a comparison of children whose parents are damaged by alcohol with children whose parents are not damaged by alcohol. The point of the study is that the two groups are on the same social level.

In other words, the comparison is between the children of parents who are now at a social level where they naturally belong and the children of parents who naturally belong on a higher level, but whose alcoholism has dropped them down to the level where they actually occur.

The question, then, is this: Given a child with a certain heredity and a certain environment, how will this child compare with another child whose environment, though substantially the same, is on the whole made rather worse by the parental habits, but whose heredity is on the whole distinctly better? That the second family is, on the whole, "better" than the first, is assumed to be proved by the fact that, in spite of its alcoholic handicap, it still maintains itself at the same social level as the first.

The answer turns out to be precisely what every disciple of Darwin would expect it to be—the better native protoplasm more than offsets the alcohol, and the children of hard-drinkers prove to be slightly superior to their neighbors.

Whether, therefore, one agrees or not with the opinion of your correspondent, that Professor Pearson's "conclusions are ob-

viously most untrustworthy and misleading," for the reason that "there was no comparison with children in normal, temperate families," must turn on one's understanding of what the eminent biometrician was actually trying to do. If he was studying the physiological problem of the effect of alcohol on offspring, the criticism is well made. If, on the other hand, he was studying the genetic problem of the distribution of native quality in different social classes, and selected the families of hard-drunkards merely as a convenient example of a "declassed" group who still retain something of their class quality, the weakness of his logic is by no means so obvious. All we need to know is that one group has damaged its social status by drink more than the other.

Which of these two interpretations of the paper is correct, can be settled only by the original text. E. T. BREWSTER.

Andover, Mass., January 20.

Literature

LI HUNG CHANG.

Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. Edited by William Francis Mannix, with an Introduction by Hon. John W. Foster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

The remarkable biography of the late Empress Dowager of China, compiled a few years ago from the original documents, has prepared the English-speaking world for almost any surprise when the curtain is lifted which reveals the inside of Chinese life among the mighty. The "Memoirs of Li Hung Chang," purporting to be derived from a great mass of manuscripts left by that statesman, may be accepted in the Western world without much comment, because we now know that the Chinese are subject to like passions as ourselves and are able to commit indiscretions in their letters and diaries like other people. In other words, the figment of the "inscrutable" Chinaman has begun to disappear. It is not, therefore, the amazing frankness or the naïvité of these pages that excites suspicion as to their entire genuineness, but the frequency with which statements occur in them that are not in accordance with known facts. Amid so many discrepancies it is noteworthy, moreover, that the editor not only refrains from comment in the case of new material, but fails to substantiate the authenticity of certain papers included here which were gravely impugned when they appeared in the newspapers some years ago. Either the translator is much at fault or Li had a romantic contempt for accuracy that renders his testimony upon events in which he was an actor a source of fresh anxiety to future historians. The Grand Secretary may have been confused or indifferent in recording incidents in places, like Windsor and San Francisco, where he had never been. But how could he have declared that he, with representatives of all the foreign Governments, personally saw the execution of the Tientsin rioters? According to the report of the British Consul, W. H. Lay, then at Tientsin, the Parliamentary Blue Book informs us that no foreigners were present at the execution, which occurred at 5:30 on the morning of October 18, 1870—a month after the date of the excerpt attributed to Li in this volume—nor was Li himself there. Other instances occur which, if we may trust the translation, seem to imply Li's inability to speak the truth even to himself.

The documents from which the contents of this book are derived were translated, we are told, by one Major R. Emmet Roberts, a secretary of the late Viceroy, assisted by two Chinese, who are so named in the preface as to render them impossible of identification. The originals, written on scraps of paper at various periods during the Viceroy's official career, contain more than a million and a half characters, only a tenth of which have been thought to be worth translating. It does not appear that these notes were written with any other motive than the relief which an active mind finds in mere literary exercise—and Li, like many cultivated Chinese, was an acknowledged master of style. Such material at best could be arranged and condensed to useful purpose only by its author. It has fallen into the hands of foreigners whose desire to render it into idiomatic English and present only such fragments as would attract Western readers, arouses a doubt as to how truly these memoirs reproduce the actual statements and opinions of the putative author. The editor's reticence suggests that he at least has no mind to be counted among those who step in where angels might fear to tread. To his ignorance of Chinese must be attributed the rather numerous errors in the transcription of proper names, but a little diligence with easily accessible authorities on modern China might have equipped him with more sensible interpolations than those inserted between the translations of the diary. No one, for instance, who reads his Chinese history could call the unfortunate and demented Issacher Robberts (not Robberts) "the chief Christian missionary of the time in the kingdom."

Upon the most outrageous public act in Li's whole career, the murder of the surrendered Tai-ping Wangs at Suchau, the editor makes no comment at all. This savage stroke occurred, according to Boulger's "Life of Sir H. Macartney," in Li's camp, which was within a palisaded enclosure where Macartney saw the decapitated bodies lying on the ground. From these memoirs we learn that the Governor was entertaining the captured chiefs—who had surrendered on solemn promise of personal immunity—on his boat lying near the city gate, when

> a great horde of lawless fellows, some of them Imperialists, but a majority of them drunken fellows of the Wangs' army, poured through the gate killing and assaulting. I was one of the first to hear the great uproar, and believing the marauders might be intent upon dispatching me—for threats had been made in many quarters—I made my escape from the barge and hurriedly entered the city. Immediately I sent orders, by officers we met, to get troops as soon as possible and arrest all the rioters; but the orders were not quickly obeyed, and a scene of wholesale slaughter occurred upon the barge.

The description does not tally with those recorded by others who were there, but even if we are to believe Li's account of this sorry affair, we could wish that it did not leave him open to the suspicion of treachery from which foreigners are not likely to acquit him. For these foreigners he entertained at first an aversion which gradually changed during his long intercourse with them to something approaching admiration. "It is not the men personally that I dislike," he writes in 1863, "but it is their airs of wonderful superiority. Each and every one sings the same song: 'I will do this, and I will do that; I will drive them out, or I will kill them all; I'll make your army more glorious than ever; but you must let me have my own way and not interfere with me!' That is the whole style of these foreigners." Twenty years later he was moved to write: "Fully appreciating what the Christian nations did for us in a late emergency, I cannot say that I am not friendly to the people of the West." There is hearty admiration for Gordon's talents and forgiveness for his hot temper—it was much like his own—but no sympathy whatever with his chivalry towards a fallen enemy or his consideration for his soldiers. Li's greatness was intellectual, not moral. He never approached the military genius of his older contemporary, Tseng Kuo-Fan, to whom is due the credit of quelling the Tai-ping rebellion, but he attained his success in this stormy period by superior subtlety, ruthless energy, and an appreciation much beyond his coadjutors of the advantage of employing foreign military skill in the service of his Government. Yet, though conscious of the necessity of equipping China with the scientific knowledge and armaments of the West, his avarice could not resist the temptations of profiting personally by the opportunities of high office. He grew rich while the troops of the new army he created were left unpaid, and the defences of the Empire crumbled under the first attack largely through the cupidity of their sponsor.

The Viceroy's association with the famous Empress Dowager constitutes

perhaps the most interesting and obscure phase in his public career. Though he was called to Tientsin as early as 1870, and was thus brought into close relations with the Palace, we nevertheless have nothing in these papers that brings Li into political contact with the Old Buddha (the Empress) until the Japanese War. In this interval of twenty-five years the alliance betwen the two chief exponents of government by graft was so successfully cemented that the Metropolitan Viceroy became the richest subject in the Empire. The two Viceroys, Chang Chih-T'ung and Liu K'un-Yi, made it clear before they died that they thought him a partner also with the notorious eunuch, Li Lien-Ying, and responsible with him and the Dowager for a state of political corruption unequalled in China since the Ming dynasty. With his cynical indifference to any moral law that interfered with the exercise of his master passion it does not seem probable that Li could have failed to write some of the million and a half characters preserved in his various *yamens* upon this engrossing topic; but his family may observe a natural reticence as to the sources of his stupendous fortune. Yet, despite his insatiable appetite for gold, he could pretend admiration for honesty in others, like the high-minded Prince K'ung, whose death he laments in the days of the *coup d'état* of 1898: "If I could bring him back I would turn over, for the nation's sake, more than one-half of what I own; even though K'ung himself never helped me to accumulate a dollar, but rather put himself in my way two or three times." The formula is one we might expect to find in the diary of a Tammany chief, if one of these ever committed the indiscretion of keeping a diary.

The Empress herself comes in for one or two descriptive touches. While not averse to the introduction of Western learning, he approved her treatment of the reformer, K'ang Yu-Wei, and of the young Emperor, because the former was an extremist and the latter would not listen to Li's advice. In 1900 he calls her "perhaps the best personal friend I have in the world outside my own family and domicile." Yet she gave no heed to his advice, either, and when he tried to press her regarding her plans in the Boxer crisis, "she had been," he writes, "so cordial and amiable in comparison to her ordinary wont that I did not believe my further inquiry would offend her, but in an instant she was alive with wrath and angry words, and I immediately withdrew. I have seen women something like her before, but they were in my house and it was not necessary for me to get down on my knees to them." The old statesman, though discredited for a time, was again called upon to rescue the nation after the débâcle which ensued, but this was their last interview; he died ere the Empress returned from her flight to Sian. Both made what reparation they could at the end of their lives for the disasters which their unbridled avarice had brought upon their country, but they must share alike the odium of having prostituted their splendid talents in their indulgence in the most ignoble of vices.

CURRENT FICTION.

From the Angle of Seventeen. By Eden Phillpotts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Our regret at learning that Mr. Phillpotts intended to close his studies of Dartmoor life with "Widecombe Fair" was not quenched by the story that followed, "The Joy of Youth." It was amusing and brilliant, but lacked the solidity of the Dartmoor tales, without altogether shaking off their manner. "From the Angle of Seventeen" has no such reminders. It is so unlike anything else by Mr. Phillpotts that one can hardly believe it is his. A humorous sketch, it would be called, rather than a story—a year out of the life of an English boy chronicled by himself. We meet him at the moment when he ceases to be head boy in a big school, and becomes a clerk in a London "fire-office." He is greatly impressed with this "busy hive of industry," which "teemed with men of the greatest ability," and himself feels "like a mere insect in a solemn cathedral where a mighty service was going on and everybody was doing their appointed part but me." He lives with an aunt who "was quite old herself, and might have been at least forty. She was not yet withered, like the very old."

Of young Mr. Corkey's labors in the "fire-office," and his success in making a respectable place for himself in that hive, or cathedral; of his contact with the rude world of the streets; his aspirations towards the stage, achievements in poetry, athletics, and social life, these pages treat. We are conscious of a Mr. Phillpotts smiling over the writer's shoulder, but never taking the pen from him. When Corkey shows the record to his aged aunt (of thirty-eight) she piques him by laughing. For a moment their relations are strained; but he forgives her, "because she's really a jolly old thing, and of the greatest assistance to me behind the scenes, so to speak. Besides, everybody knows that the feminine sense of humor is merely dust and ashes. No doubt if I had written with badinage or pleasantry, in a light and transient vein, enlivened by sparks of persiflage and burlesque, she would have taken it in a tearful spirit and cried over it. . . . We must remember that they are not as we are, and treat them accordingly." From beginning to end there is no flaw in the delicious boy-style, with its artless slang and its equally artless pursuit of threadbare "literary" phrases.

It Happened in Egypt. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

What happened to the Williamsons in Egypt is very much like what has happened to them before this in other climes dear to the tourist. The writers do not divulge the secret of the Sphinx or other matters sacred to Egypt, but they do concern themselves with information of a more practical nature. They are particularly successful in hitting upon the most picturesque corners of the country at the most favorable moment.

In the matter of adventure, neither variety nor quantity is lacking. To a large extent, the story revolves about two young men who are negotiating with the Government for the rights to excavate "The Golden Mountain," near Cairo. One of the two is blessed with a title, the other with a romantic history and a romantic disguise. They are invaluable assets to a rich promoter who organizes expeditions *de luxe* on the Nile. To draw the millionaire crowd, a titled guide to lecture on Egypt is essential. So he buys the rights to the Golden Mountain and consents to cede them, only if the young men will agree to pilot rich tourists on the Nile. The young men consent, and then things begin to happen in Egypt. Among those who consent to be piloted is, of course, a young American heiress, whom Lord Borrow has met on the steamer.

The Sphinx in the Labyrinth. Maude Annesley. Duffield & Co.

The mere story of the book is its most suggestive criticism. The love between a beautiful invalid artist and her husband, who gave up a brilliant career in law to take care of his wife, is so deep and affecting that it moves to tears the wife's lovely cousin, a poetess, who is living with them. To the very end of the book the wife and her husband adore each other. This does not prevent, however, the husband from falling passionately in love with the cousin also. The author explains this very simply: "It has been said over and over again that a man cannot love two women simultaneously. If this is so, then Stephen Warren was the exception which proves the rule." The cousin fully returns the husband's love. But she also loves the other woman deeply, and from a sense of duty to her determines to go away and forget, if she can, the guilty love she feels. To her amazement and that of the husband, the wife, whose acute intuition has kept her informed of the love between her husband and her cousin, tells them both that she approves of

their love affair and loves them both all the more for it. The wife dies of an unsuccessful operation. The widower, after a decent period of intense grief, comes to the poetess and asks her to marry him, as their love for each is stronger than ever. To his great surprise, the poetess refuses, saying: "I can't take you away from her," referring to his dead wife. "If Camille [the wife] had remained with us, I—I—things would have remained as they were, . . ." she explains. "She understood, and it did not hurt her. . . . But now she cannot tell us what she thinks. Now she may feel differently. . . . I loved her so. I can't, oh, Stephen, I can't run the risk of hurting Camille's soul!"

The Toe, and Other Tales. By Alexander Harvey. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

In his prefatory note of acknowledgment the author says that he is especially grateful to the editor of the St. Louis *Mirror* for accepting "The Toe" when "leading New York magazines refused it." We gather that the joke is supposed to be on the leading New York magazines. He also thanks the editors of such publications as *The Smart Set* and *Town Topics* for using some of these stories, and expresses his great indebtedness to Mr. George Sylvester Viereck "for encouragement and sympathetic criticism." We mention this note by way of permitting Mr. Harvey to place himself. His stories have the qualities esteemed by a certain group of writers in New York. There is a good deal of straining after novelty of theme, and a kind of eroticism prepared for a special audience of bachelors—lingerie eroticism, it may be called. Two of the tales, indeed—"The Toe" and "Frou-Frou"—are elaborate rhapsodies on the beautiful theme of female underclothing.

SOURCES OF HISTORY.

English Historical Literature in the Fifteenth Century. By C. L. Kingsford. New York: Oxford University Press. $5 net.

Mr. Kingsford's ability as an historical critic with no mean powers of generalization has been established by his editions of the "London Chronicles," Stow's "Survey," and his studies of the Crusades and of Henry V.

The fifteenth century is lacking in the unity and concentration of purpose which gives so much interest to the Angevin and Tudor periods. The old order of society was breaking up in the transition from mediæval to modern England. The resulting confusion and decay render the age difficult to interpret; but the creative forces were at work which were to make the Tudor period memorable in history. These characteristics of the fifteenth century are clearly reflected in the pages of contemporary histories. In the early years of the century the historical form was still the Latin chronicle, dry and annalistic, written by and for persons whose experience did not extend far beyond the confines of the monastery. They show mediæval historiography in the last stages of decay. The French wars, the rapid development of trade and commerce, the growth of civic life, and the introduction of the New Learning from Italy resulted in the awakening of national consciousness, in the spread of education, and in the rise of a new type of history, written in English instead of Latin. The "London Chronicles," the chief historical source of this period, were written for men of affairs. Interspersed with accounts of national events is a wealth of local allusions, such as elections, fires, prices, and commercial transactions. This element of utility led Nash in the following century to make the scarcely just criticism that the writers were "lay chronographers that wrotc of nothing but of Mayors and Sheriffs and the dere yere and the great frost." The "Brut," the most popular and widely spread history of the time, was written to be read for pleasure. The mere love of a good story is well expressed in the naïve remark by Caxton, one of the later compilers: "Yf I could have founden moo storyes I wold have sette in hit moo." Mr. Kingsford laments the disrepute into which the "Brut" has fallen among modern historians, for it faithfully reflects popular opinion on national events and policies. Artless and crude as these early productions in English are, they reveal a new interest in national affairs by the middle classes. Through the pages of Hall, Stow, Holinshed, and particularly Shakespeare, they fixed for centuries the popular conceptions of this period.

Verse was a natural medium of popular narrative, political controversy, and satire. Such lines as the following, written in the early part of the century, are significant:

> For common is the fairest flour
> That euer God sette on erthely crown.

Poems like the "Libel of English Policy," which foreshadowed the Mercantile System, not only gave expression to the opinions of the commercial classes, but undoubtedly exerted a powerful influence upon national policies.

Under the influence of national consciousness and the spread of learning a new era in historical writing had dawned by the opening of the sixteenth century. The histories were then written in the language of the people, from a national standpoint, with a conscious effort to handle the material critically and to give a well reasoned account. Sir Thomas More's "History of Richard III," "the first historical work of outstanding literary merit in the English language," exhibits the strongest possible contrast to the Latin chronicles with which the fifteenth century opened. "Viewed in this light," Mr. Kingsford says, "English historical literature in the fifteenth century has a real unity. In no period of equal length can we trace a development of such great importance."

Most of the sources discussed have appeared in the Rolls Series, in the Camden Society Publications, or in separate volumes. Many of the early editions, particularly those of Riley, Hearne, and Giles, are faulty, and have been severely criticised in recent years. Mr. Kingsford has provided in convenient form the results of later investigations, and by a careful study of internal evidence and a comparison of the original manuscripts has offered many original suggestions. While too minute and technical to be discussed in this review, these should be carefully weighed by future students working in this period. He has discussed several sources hitherto unpublished and has printed in a long appendix portions of more than a score of them. The volume is furnished with a full index and a useful bibliography of printed and manuscript sources.

As an evaluation of historical material along lines somewhat more restricted than Molinier's "Les Sources de l'histoire de France," the work is admirable. Though the reader frequently feels that Mr. Kingsford is overstraining the theme of literary development in a conscious effort to appeal to a wider circle, the volume will nevertheless prove valuable to the students of Shakespeare and sixteenth-century literature in general, for it traces to their origin many of the tales preserved in the literature of that period. Mr. Kingsford has made a contribution of historical and literary significance in tracing back many of the legends of Henry V to the middle of the fifteenth century, to a work now lost which purported to be "Reminiscences of the Earl of Ormonde," who accompanied the King into France. In the historical plays of Shakespeare he observes a remarkable perception of the unity of the fifteenth century which is too often overlooked: "The downfall of Richard II, the glories of Henry V, the long struggle of Lancaster and York ending in the happy union of the rival houses, were all stages in the preparation for a greater Age."

L'Anabase de Xénophon, avec un Commentaire historique et militaire. By Col. Arthur Boucher. 48 maps and plans; 400 pages folio text. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 25 francs.

In the days of the American small college three books of Xenophon's "Ana-

basis" were universally required in the quantum of Greek which was thought essential to a liberal education. Alexander the Great learned the art of war in Xenophon. Napoleon quoted him. Gen. Février, who has been the great tactician of the French army in recent years, replied to questions: "You will find it in Xenophon—the only master I have had." After so many centuries, professors who follow campaigns in documents have begun to depreciate the historical and military value of the "Anabasis," following, perhaps, Col. Mure's suspicion that "the author, without fear of contradiction, seeing that all the main actors were now dead or scattered, could assume an importance quite beyond that warranted by the real facts" (Mahaffy). The German General von Hoffmeister—"Durch Armenien und der Zug Xenophons" (Leipzig, 1911)—has, in his turn, gone over a part of the line of retreat of the Ten Thousand and tried to upset many received interpretations. What with old and new college students, with military students desirous of going through a praxis followed by leaders of armies for more than two thousand years, with readers of history who wish to know if Grote's admiration of Xenophon is justified, with those who are interested in countries which Turkey's disasters are opening at last, this very painstaking translation and commentary of a superior French officer, already known for his studies of Greek tactics and German strategics, should not lack a public. For the Greek professor, for the reference table of students even not advanced, it is a godsend.

In the minute introduction there is a statement of the historical questions involved, with a table of the marches from place to place, day by day, in parasangs and kilometres. Besides the aid furnished by geographers like Richard Kiepert and Felix Oswald, by men on the ground, like Prince Engalitscheff and the Governor-General of Erivan, our commentator has had the unique collaboration of a Dominican missionary who—the first in modern times—has made reconnoissances of the difficult mountain region in what is still unknown Turkey. A complete analysis follows of military questions exemplified in Xenophon's account and their use in modern manœuvres.

The translation (the Greek text is not given) has been made in literal and very readable French, with particular reference to military exactness. Each chapter, according to the divisions of the Teubner edition revised by Gemoll, is followed by its commentary. Thus, as a sample of its richness and completeness, the second chapter is accompanied by an analysis of the Greek forces; a map with description of the route and a road-sketch from Ramsay; a valuation of the length of the parasang in Xenophon and Herodotus, compared with actual measurements in kilometres; days' marches estimated by time; a table of the troops under review in separate divisions by commanders; a full explanation of the military organization of the Greeks and their formation in battle; and their order of encampment with the Persian troops of Cyrus, with plan. Perhaps not a single point of the text of Xenophon, which is a journal of march as well as a history, is neglected, down to the point where the retreating Greeks take to the sea, which calls forth an explanation of "ships in use at the time of the Ten Thousand." The conclusion is:

The "Anabasis" is a veritable monument from the historical and geographical point of view;

It is also one of the most beautiful and exact books of war left us by past centuries;

And it is one which men of war, especially to-day, have most interest to meditate upon and to apply its teachings.

Notes

Houghton Mifflin Co. is about to issue a guide-book of Japan by T. Philip Terry.

Included in Henry Holt's early spring list of announcements are the following: "When Ghost Meets Ghost," by William De Morgan; "Napoleon," by H. A. L. Fisher; "English Literature, a Survey from Chaucer to the Present Day," by G. H. Mair; "Clay and Fire," a discussion of the spiritual versus the material life, by L. W. Crippen; "Six Years a Wanderer," by A. Loton Ridger; and the following additions to the Home University Library; "Chaucer and his Time," by G. E. Hadow; "Common Sense in Law," by P. Vinogradoff; "Latin America," by William R. Shepherd, and "Unemployment," by A. C. Pigou.

"Silent Sam," a book of short stories by Harvey J. O'Higgins, is announced by the Century Company for publication next month.

"The New Ideals in the Gospel," announced by Dutton, is an English version of a book by Dr. Hermann Schnell.

Mr. Frederic Mathews is publishing, through Doubleday, Page & Co., "Taxation and the Distribution of Wealth."

Twelve volumes are now ready in the Wayfarers' Library, a new series planned by Messrs. Dent, of London. The following are the headings under which the books are classified: Romance and Adventure, Social and Domestic Fiction, Historical Fiction, Humour, Belles-Lettres and Essays, and The Open Air.

A translation has been made by Mr. C. K. Ogden of Dr. Kerschensteiner's book on "The Schools and the Nation," and for this edition Lord Haldane has written a preface. The work will be issued shortly by Macmillan.

The same house has in preparation a second part of Dr. Arthur S. Way's translation of the works of Sophocles into English verse.

Among the books which Little, Brown & Company will bring out the middle of next month are: "Sunshine Jane," by Anne Warner (the late Mrs. French); "The Substance of His House," by Ruth Holt Boucicault, and "Success at Golf," the last a volume which is prefaced by John G. Anderson, and to which chapters are contributed by Harry Vardon, Alexander Herd, George Duncan, Wilfrid Reid, Lawrence Ayton, and Francis Ouimet.

Capt. R. B. Otter-Barry and Mr. Perry-Ayscough, of the Chinese postal service, have collaborated in a book entitled "With the Russians in Mongolia," which Lane will publish at an early date.

Spring publications of McBride, Nast & Company include the following miscellaneous volumes: "Panama: Its Creation, Destruction, and Resurrection," by Philippe Bunau-Varilla; "The Political Shame of Mexico," by Edward I. Bell; "How France Is Governed," by Raymond Poincaré; "Lord London, a Tale of Achievement," by Keble Howard; "The Blue Buckle," by William Hamilton Osborne; "The White Gate," by Warwick Deeping; "Ashes of Vengeance," by H. B. Somerville; "Modern City Planning and Maintenance," by Frank Koester; "The Fairies—Here and Now," by S. R. Littlewood; "A Book of Inscriptions," by Esther Mason; "Syria, the Land of Lebanon," by Lewis Gaston Leary; "A Little Book of Killarney and Southern Ireland," by Robert Medill; "Quiet Roads and Sleepy Villages," by Allen Fea; "Caravanning and Camping Out," by J. Harris Stone; "Irish Land and Irish Liberty," by Michael J. F. McCarthy; "Training the Dog," by Robert S. Lemmon; "Cecil Rhodes: The Man and His Work," by Gordon Le Sueur; "The Autobiography of Charlotte Amelie, Princess of Aldenburg (1652-1732)," translated and edited by her descendant, Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, and "The Antarctic Penguins," by G. Murray Levick, member of the scientific staff of the Scott Antarctic Expedition.

Wanderings in Tunisia and Tripoli are described in an interesting way by Mr. Frank E. Johnson in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January. He was able to get into close touch with the people so that his account of them is more real and vivid than that of the ordinary traveller. The desert even is made attractive. "Heat, thirst, and danger are forgotten in the glorious landscape, with its iridescent colors." An interesting incident was the visit to a wonderfully productive date plantation, the French owner of which assured him that he attributed "a great part of his success to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C." The 114 illustrations add much to the interest of the article, and to many the remarkable beauty of the women, laden with ornaments, will be a revelation.

"Who's Who, 1914," comes to us from Macmillans, certainly, now as always, one of the most welcome books of the year. The present issue extends to above two thousand pages, and at this annual rate of growth the volume will soon become inconveniently bulky. Unlike the American and other dictionaries of the kind, the English "Who's Who" is not confined to citizens of one land, but includes famous names from all over the world.

In his "Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London," reviewed in the *Nation* of October 3, 1912, A. St. John Adcock wrote

pleasantly of the buildings in London associated with the names of men and women who have left their mark on letters. His latest volume, "The Booklover's London" (Macmillan), is in a measure the complement of the former one. Here he deals not with authors, but with their creations, and the London that he shows us is peopled with the figures that walk through the pages of the imaginative literature the scenes of which are laid in the city. Here we come to Pie Corner in Smithfield, where poor Falstaff was arrested at the instance of Mistress Quickley; or we watch the Canterbury pilgrims as they sally forth from the Tabard Inn; or we rebuild the walls of old Newgate and see the shivering form of Fagin as the poor wretch huddled sleepless through his last night listening for the clock to boom out the inexorable hours, while outside, in view of the old inn that still stands, workmen were busy erecting the gallows and throwing black painted barriers across the road to keep back the curious crowds. But when we come to Dickens quotation ceases to be possible. London is pervaded with his characters, and there is scarcely a page of Mr. Adcock's book in which we are not invited to visit some scene or another which Dickens has immortalized. Indeed, if we felt inclined to criticise so pardonable an enthusiasm, we might assert that the figure of Dickens looms unduly large in these pages, sometimes to the exclusion of others whose claims to a share of the scene are equally just.

But Mr. Adcock has an ingenuous way of disarming criticism. He has attempted, he tells us, nothing in the way of research, and declares that "as a fairly miscellaneous reader, my plan has been simply to select a route and to go along it gossiping of what memories I have of the imaginary men and women connected with the places we pass by the way." Had he selected any other method the result might have been a more complete, possibly even a more scholarly, work, but it is doubtful whether it would not have lost in charm more than it might have gained in completeness. As it is, besides having written a very delightful book, Mr. Adcock has demonstrated that if there be nothing new under the sun there is also nothing so old that it cannot be viewed from a fresh angle, for we fancy he is correct in the claim put forth in his preface that there does not exist "any book on a large scale devoted to London's associations with the imaginary folk of the novelists and dramatists—with those familiar citizens who are literally free of the city and live where they will in it unfretted by landlords or tax-collectors, and who, having once walked into one or another of its streets through certain books, are walking in it always for whoever actually knows London."

In "A Short History of English Liberalism" (Putnam) Mr. W. Lyon Blease makes a vigorous and idealistic, but not unbiassed, analysis of English politics, foreign and domestic, during the last 150 years. His book is not so much a history of events as a reading of them in the light of his own conception of Liberalism. For him Liberalism is not the legislative record of the Liberal Party nor the policy of the Liberal Government. Far from it. "The failure of the [Asquith] Government to deal liberally with this [suffrage] question has been an interesting revelation of the incompleteness of self-styled Liberalism"—a display of "Toryism, in matters of sex, as complete as that of Castlereagh." In Foreign Affairs Sir Edward Grey, by his support of France in Morocco and of Russia in Persia, has sadly fallen away from Gladstonian principles, and brought dismay and disgust to Liberals like Mr. Blease. Liberalism and the deeds of so-called Liberal ministers are unfortunately too often widely divergent. Liberalism, according to the author's conception of it, is not a policy, but a habit of mind. The Liberal is the man who looks upon each of his fellows as of equal worth with himself and as entitled to equal opportunities with himself for self-expression and self-development. To Mr. Blease's Liberal, "all artificial conditions which prevent or hinder growth are perpetually obnoxious. Upon class distinctions in society, privileges of sex, rank, wealth, or creed, he wages unceasing war." In foreign policy the Liberal extends his recognition of the equal worth of individuals within the nation to a recognition of the equal worth of all nations; and nations in their dealings with one another are to be bound by the same moral rules as individuals.

The antithesis of Liberalism is egoism, imperialism, and "Toryism." With this conception of Liberalism as a touchstone, Mr. Blease tests the legislation and foreign policy of England since 1760 and deals out praise or blame according as Liberalism finds expression or not in the acts of Ministers. The Younger Pitt "was one of the greatest politicians and one of the worst statesmen England has ever had. The Pilot who weathered the storm flung all the cargo out of the ship, and steered from the high seas into dangerous shallows, from some of which she has not yet escaped." "Peel's most conspicuous virtue was his incapacity to make permanent resistance to sound argument." Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone are naturally the shining lights. "Lord Rosebery, a splendid orator, could never lead the people, because he could never understand them." Mr. Asquith, in view of his attitude on equal suffrage, is a man of little imagination:

> It is the large imagination, ever ranging beyond the bounds of the practicable and the expedient, and detecting in the obscurity of chaos the currents of new social forces, which distinguishes the greatest statesmen from those who are merely great. Peel had it, though in him it was often blind and groping. Disraeli had it, though spoilt by his mean and tawdry ideals. Gladstone had it, in full measure, and so, with less practical gifts, had Campbell-Bannerman. The mantle of leadership descended in 1908 upon the shoulders of a man who had all the qualities of a great leader except the greatest of all.

Mr. Blease's volume is not so much a history of Liberalism as a history of the partial realization of Liberalism in legislation and foreign policy. For the Liberalism of his conception was no historical evolution; it is fixed and eternal; it does not develop by a process of evolution like the programme of a political party, changing from age to age. It embodies many of the same eternal verities and aspirations, minus the singing, which characterized the Progressive movement in our last Presidential campaign. The author's closing pages are devoted to a vehement refutation of some of the anti-suffrage arguments and to a fierce denunciation of forcible feeding; in fact, his whole book is incidentally used as a vehicle for helping forward the cause in behalf of which he has already written "The Emancipation of Women" and "Political Prisoners."

In "Along France's River of Romance" (McBride), Douglas Goldring has most happily thrown his guidebook conscience, if he ever possessed any, to the winds, and as a result has produced a readable book of travel in the Loire district of France. When, after some strenuous climbing, he stood looking at the source of the Loire high up among the peaks of the Cevennes, the determination came upon him to follow the river along the whole of the six hundred and twenty-five miles of its course to St. Nazaire, where it empties itself into the Atlantic. The present volume is an account of the journey, on which he set out with a mind open to impressions of all sorts and a heart full of good fellowship for any chance companions of the way. Mr. Goldring's style is quite refreshing in its buoyancy; there is in it something of the gypsy zest for life, a Borrovian curiosity about men and things without Borrow's introspection. And so the trivial adventures of the road become entertaining for the reader simply because the author himself was so hugely entertained by them. The descriptive passages stimulate instead, as so often happens, of wearying the attention. Mr. Goldring describes only what he wishes to describe, and gives historical reminiscences only when they happen to interest him personally. He is familiar with the literature of his subject, and where a piece of descriptive or historical writing has caught his fancy he inserts it bodily in his pages. He has also a particularly pleasing habit of quoting freely chansonettes, many of them picked up by ear and remembered, from the folk poetry of the land. No credit is assigned for the illustrations, in color and in black and white, which add to the attractiveness of the book.

"Sidelights" (Scribner), by Lady Blennerhassett, is a collection of leisurely, well-informed essays on various historical and biographical subjects. Though the papers are translated, rather heavily, from the German, the type of work is much that of the British quarterlies. The siege of Paris, 1590; Taine's Study of Napoleon; Count Reinhard, a German in the service of the French; Marco Minghetti and the Risorgimento, are the topics involving large historic perspectives. Lady Blennerhassett handles these matters with dignity and fairness. Of the purely biographical studies, Chateaubriand is perhaps the best, though an interesting train of reminiscence is started in Claude Fauriel's Correspondence with Mary Clarke (Mme. Mohl), while in the study of Marie Bashkirtseff a very modern case is analyzed. To all these subjects the author brings a well-stored mind and broad sympathies which never degenerate into sentimentality. It is not a book to read in the train, but attractive to a certain type of reader precisely for its humane gravity.

Since writing his "Cities of Umbria" in 1904, Edward Hutton has dealt successively with Northern and Southern Tuscany, Rome, Venice, and the cities of Lombardy. In "The Cities of Romagna and the Marches" (Mac-

millan), the eighth of the series, he takes a region comparatively little known. We do not always agree with his judgments, which are often almost entirely subjective, and, like the rest of us, he has his likes and dislikes. Thus the splendid bustle and traffic of Ancona only move him to bewail "the appalling noise and vulgarity they call civilization"; he labels the decisive battle of Castelfidardo "a pathetic and miserable affair, which every other people would have been glad to forget"; and, when speaking of the Pineta at Ravenna, though he recalls Dante, Boccaccio, and Byron, he says no word of Garibaldi. Yet "Garibaldi's hut" is still to be seen there, a small museum in the wilderness; and, for some of us at any rate, Garibaldi is well nigh as stimulating a memory as Italy can provide. If, however, Mr. Hutton is strangely unappreciative of United Italy and the splendid, steadfast advance of the modern Italian nation, he loves the Italy of his dreams; he is a master of words, and he has given us a book to be grateful for. More than two score towns and villages are separately dealt with, historically, informatively, and impressionistically, and there is never a dull word in the whole volume. It is, we think, the best of all the series, and our author is to be congratulated on having produced a work which is at once learned and beautiful. No traveller who intends to visit Romagna or the Marches can possibly do without it.

Few men of equal prominence are less well known than the central figure of Vernon Staley's monograph "The Life and Times of Gilbert Sheldon" (Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co.). Born in 1598 and educated for the church, he was Fellow of All Souls' College, chaplain to Charles I, and rector of Ickford before the outbreak of the Civil War. For his loyalty to king and church he suffered during the Commonwealth and was rewarded after the Restoration. In 1660 he was made Bishop of London, and in 1663 Archbishop of Canterbury. He died in 1677. A man of high character, Sheldon did his duty as he saw it without regard to consequences, whether it were a matter of standing out against the powerful Laud, or following the Stuarts into exile, or dispossessing the Presbyterian clergy, or rebuking Charles II for immorality, or braving death in the plague. His talent took a practical turn; he was a man of affairs whose excellent business and administrative capacity proved useful in reorganizing the church after the Restoration; but he seems to have had neither great intellectual power, nor the gift of speech, nor literary ability, nor any compelling spiritual or emotional fervor. A dull sermon, delivered before Charles II at Whitehall in 1660, is the sum of his published literary remains. He made some enemies and apparently but few devoted friends; and hitherto he has had no biographer. Mr. Staley is the present rector of Ickford, and he has been inspired to write this work apparently because Sheldon was once his predecessor. He has aimed "to clear this great servant of the English Church from obloquy, and to rehabilitate him in his true historical setting." Professor Burrows, in his "Worthies of All Souls," has already vindicated Sheldon, as Mr. Staley admits. To "rehabilitate him in his true historical setting," is a work well worth doing; but it cannot be said that Mr. Staley has done that. It is to be feared that he has neither sufficient knowledge of the seventeenth century, nor the requisite insight into history and character, nor the desired open-mindedness, to accomplish so difficult a task. What we should most wish to have is a careful study of Sheldon's work in reorganizing the church after the return of the Stuarts. The material for such a study is mainly in the Clarendon and Sheldon papers in the Bodleian Library. But there is little evidence that Mr. Staley has made particular use of these sources. In fact, there is little to be learned from the present biography which has not already been presented by Professor Burrows, or in the brief account in the Dictionary of National Biography.

In "Famous Modern Battles" (Small, Maynard & Co.), A. Hilliard Atteridge describes in a popular and readable manner, and with commendable accuracy of detail, fifteen battles of the last sixty years. The author has chosen to arrange them in chronological order, with the idea probably that such an arrangement will best reveal the changes which have occurred in the character of military operations during the last half-century. And in the end this purpose is attained in some respects, although it is a little disconcerting at first to jump from Solferino to Chancellorsville and from Gettysburg to Sadowa. The first Napoleon found it essential to stand where he could see the whole field of battle at a glance; and this was still possible and desirable in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. But one has only to contrast Louis Napoleon, overlooking the Austrian army at Solferino from the bell tower at Castiglione, with Oyama, sitting in a room many miles from the field of Mukden, poring over maps and charts, and directing his forces by telephone and telegraph, to be aware that the modern commander has a more complex problem to solve and solves it in another manner than his predecessors. These external changes, which the author has noted, are, however, less important than certain less obvious changes in training and discipline which have been brought about by new conditions. The commander who directs the operation of 300,000 men dispersed over eighty miles of territory in a battle lasting a week cannot assume responsibility for every important move. And therefore an effective army is one in which the old automatism of the soldier has been replaced by a greater degree of intelligence and initiative on the part of subordinate officers, and even of men in the ranks. "We are all agreed," says Sir Frederick Maurice, "that this absence of control from above must be the normal experience of present-day war. We are seeking to combat it by developing the initiative and resourcefulness of all subordinates, each in his proper sphere, so that each may learn to act intelligently in default of orders from above." This lesson was first learned by the Germans in the wars of 1866 and 1870. Intelligent training combined with an interest in the cause is thus of much greater importance to-day, in comparison with mere "slavish discipline" and the hardened habit of literal obedience to orders, than formerly—a fact which was strongly enforced by the experience of the Russo-Japanese war, and the recent war in the Balkans. Mr. Atteridge's general conclusion that "war, if more terrible, is also far less frequent" now than it used to be, may well be questioned. In some respects it is more terrible, in others much less. During the last sixty years there have been twelve wars, and during the last twenty years there have been six—short wars they were, but frequent enough, and stupid enough, most of them, in all conscience.

When Baron de Pöllnitz died, June 23, 1775, Voltaire wrote to Frederick, "Well, Sire, Baron de Pöllnitz is dead; he also wrote." And Frederick replied: "He did some cheating even the day he died, that it might be said he died as he lived. No one regrets him but his creditors." The best thing the Baron ever did was to write his Memoirs; and these, together with his letters, Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell has made the substance, by means of long quotations strung together by chatty comment, of two thick volumes under the title of "A Vagabond Courtier" (Brentano's). The title is well chosen. Pöllnitz was a clever adventurer, who lived a long time and had a varied experience. He saw some military service in the war of the Spanish Succession, but spent most of his life drifting from court to court seeking favor and money. He never got a great deal of either, but he came into contact, in the endeavor, with many famous persons. He was without convictions or honor; lied freely; never paid his debts if it could be avoided; changed his religion as often as convenient. An anecdote which the author quotes from Thiébault gives the measure of the man and indicates the manner in which he was regarded by people of intelligence generally. Having asked Frederick the Great for some position, the King told him that if he were only a Catholic there might be a canonry for him. That very evening Pöllnitz abjured his faith, and next morning came running to the King. "I am really dreadfully sorry," said Frederick, "but this morning I gave away the canonry which I spoke to you about. This is a cruel contretemps! But how could I guess that you were so willing to change your religion yet again? What can I do? Ah! I remember that I have still a rabbi's post to give away. Have yourself made a Jew, and I will promise it to you." The Memoirs of such a man are not to be relied upon for facts or judgments. But they are lively and interesting, and of some value for the descriptions of famous persons which they contain, and as an illustration of the manners and morals of the century.

"In Byways of Scottish History" (Scribner), by Louis A. Barbé, is a collection of twenty essays, short for the most part, dealing with various aspects of Scottish history and literature, mainly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which one finds little mention of in ordinary histories. The author has lived long in Scotland, is familiar with its traditions, and knows its people well. He writes with sympathy, but without prejudice, and his scholarship, so far as the reviewer can judge, is thorough. The first six essays deal with Queen Mary, with her manner and personality, and with the four maids of honor—the four Marys of history, who were not quite the same as the ballad has it, "Marie Seaton and Marie Beaton and Marie Carmichael and me." The Song of Mary Stuart, Maister Randolphe's

Fantasie, Edinburgh and her Patron Saint, James VI as Statesman and Poet, The Story of a Ballad—"Kinmont Willie"—are the titles of other studies. The last and longest essay is English rather than Scottish in its interest. It is an historical sketch of the myth, widely believed on the Continent during the Middle Ages, that all Englishmen had tails. Most students of early English will be familiar with the explanation of the legend as it is given in Layamon's "Brut." But the reproach finds constant expression in ballad literature, and there are other explanations of the origin of the belief than that in Layamon, all of which are discussed by Mr. Barbé. Military historians will be interested in the essay on the Old Scottish Army, and the student of towns in the short essay on Riotous Glasgow.

"The Story of Rome" (Stokes), by Mary Macgregor, an English writer, is a beautifully printed and illustrated volume, intended for boys and girls. One dislikes to discourage any sincere effort to maintain an interest in ancient Rome, but in this case we are not convinced that the plan has been very well considered. In expression, there has been a very manifest effort to get down to the level of children, and this has been done at a sacrifice of such qualities as would make the book enjoyable to older readers as well. Again, the story suffers from its unsuccessful handling of legends included for the sake of completeness, but distorted out of regard for the age of the intended reader. Even the most pronounced devotee of Greek and Roman studies may well doubt whether children too young to profit by a more virile handling of such a subject have any real need of a Story of Rome drawn out to the length of more than four hundred pages. A good collection of individual stories from this field, of which there are a number already in existence, seems more likely to accomplish the end desired.

"Deliver us from our friends" is still a useful prayer, not heard as often as it should be. Dr. W. J. Holland, the director of the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh, who has just published "To the River Plate and Back" (Putnam), admits in his preface that it "may appear to be a daring act" for him to add another tale to the many that have been told by travellers. "At first I hesitated, but finally yielded to the persuasions of certain of my friends." It is to be hoped that these friends will be satisfied with the product of their enthusiasm. Attractive in appearance, and fully illustrated with excellent pictures, the volume makes a good impression, and the sub-title, "The Narrative of a Scientific Mission to South America, with Observations upon Things Seen and Suggested," promises an unusual book. But the "scientific mission" consisted in taking a cast of the skeleton of that gigantic prehistoric animal, the Diplodocus Carnegiei, from Pittsburgh to the La Plata Museum. Similar casts had already been presented by Mr. Carnegie to various European museums, and Dr. Holland deserves great credit for his skill in accomplishing this difficult feat. Naturally, in going to Argentina on this undertaking, the author met the local scientific authorities, and his experiences are particularly interesting from the zoölogist's point of view. Unfortunately, the important scientific observations constitute a relatively small part of a fairly large book. Furthermore, in his observations on Argentina, where the author comes into competition with such keen analysts as Clemenceau and Bryce, and such painstaking writers as Koebel, Hirst, and Winter, he is at too great a disadvantage; especially as he gives no evidence of having fitted himself by reading or study to understand the people he met. If Dr. Holland had cut out two-thirds of the book, including familiar topics already better done elsewhere, and most of the trifling personal details, his book, even though smaller, cheaper, and less striking, would have been far more acceptable.

George Spring Merriam, a son of one of the brothers who founded the company which has long published Webster's Dictionary, died in Springfield, Mass., on Thursday, aged seventy-one. He was born in Springfield, in 1843, graduated from Yale in 1864, and, after studying theology, turned to literary work. For five years, from 1870, he was editor of the *Christian Union*, now the *Outlook*, under Henry Ward Beecher. Since 1875 he had lived in Springfield. Perhaps his best-known book is "Life and Times of Samuel Bowles," in two volumes, published in 1885. He was the author also of "The Negro and the Nation," "The Man of To-day," and several other books.

Science

A Review of the Primates. By Daniel Giraud Elliot. 3 volumes. New York: Published by the American Museum of Natural History.

The wonderful vigor which has always characterized the production of the splendid series of monographs of Dr. Elliot is fully sustained in the present elaborate work, in three quarto volumes, and we can well believe that it represents five years of continuous study. A part of the preface reads:

For over a century the Primates have been a subject of careful study by naturalists of all lands, some most eminent zoologists having devoted their investigations to them almost exclusively, and, consequently, the types of the many species were scattered throughout the various museums of the world. To examine and compare these important examples was a necessity, for, without a thorough knowledge of their characteristics, no satisfactory progress toward the solution of their proper scientific standing could be reached. With representatives of the Primates, either from the Eastern or Western Hemisphere, the museums of the United States were but poorly provided, and a reliance for the material to prosecute the work was therefore to be placed upon the collections contained in European museums and zoölogical gardens, and also in those of Eastern lands. Consequently, the author was obliged to visit all these various institutions and study their collections. Twice were the museums of England and the Continent visited, and many months passed each time examining the collections, and during a journey around the world the museums and gardens of the Far East were also visited and their collections carefully studied. The author has seen and taken a description of nearly all the types of the primates extant in the world to-day, and there is not a collection of these animals of any importance existing at the present time with which he is not familiar.

Dr. Elliot has gathered together all the results of study of past and present workers in this field, thus obviating the first two difficulties, and by means of more than one hundred photographic plates of skulls, giving lateral, frontal, ventral, and dorsal views, the close student of the monkeys has all the world's types, as it were, brought to him. The value of these plates cannot be overestimated, and the work would be a notable one were it merely a portfolio of them. This feature of illustration is all the more fortunate as Dr. Elliot gives little or no attention in the text to osteological or dental characters. The author's presentation of this unexcelled series, each plate significant of new striking facts, together with his complete failure to utilize them, almost parallels the great unconscious contributions which Agassiz made to the theory of evolution, believing all the while in special creation.

The method of treatment of each member of the order is best told in the author's own words:

First, a general review is held of the genus accepted, the type fixed, and description given; then remarks are made on the appearance and general habits of the species the genus contains, followed by a review of the literature and the geographical distribution, and a key by means of which it is possible that all the species of that particular genus may be recognized. Then each species is taken up in regular sequence, its synonymy given, and the type, locality, and geographical distribution recorded; the present location of the type, if existing, is then told, after which the peculiar characters of the species, if it possesses any, are given, followed by such remarks as may be necessary upon the relationship the species under review may have with some other in the genus; then a full description and measurements of the type, if possible, concluding with an account of the habits, so far as they may be unquestionably known.

More than one hundred pages of introduction deal with classification, variation, and geographical distribution, a chronological list of generic names proposed and a synopsis of the classification adopted. The repeating of the distribution first in running text and then linearly seems rather needless. In the 1,351 quarto pages, 2 suborders, 8 families, 55 genera, and 588 species and subspecies are dealt with. The recognition of subgenera is a distinct advance in the classification of these animals. As to nomenclature, Dr. Elliot has the courage of his convictions and binds him-

self uncompromisingly by the law of priority. One of the many most startling results is the removal of the name *Simia* from the orangs or chimpanzees to the Barbary ape. The new shifting of titles has resulted, in the case of the orang and chimpanzee, in the alliterative names *Pongo* and *Pan*, respectively. The curiously illogical working of the mind in modern nomenclatural opinions is shown by Dr. Elliot in his custom of emending all names which do not conform strictly with etymological principles. This arbitrary ruling, resulting in changes such as *Ateles* to *Ateleus*, and *Lepilemur* to *Lepidolemur*, would seem to be foreign to a mind willing to accept priority at any cost. Greater good would have resulted from a more careful editing of the author's own Greek. This strongly emphasized personal attitude characterizes the entire work, thereby both strengthening its value and narrowing its field. The most severe criticism of the routine specific treatment is the paucity of life histories. This phase is one which is becoming constantly more important, and the approaching extinction of many of the primates makes its neglect all the more lamentable.

Dr. Elliot has certainly succeeded in the preparation of an unequalled "Review" of this phylum. But as a monographic treatment, in the widest sense of the word, one finds defects. As the subject deals solely with living forms, without reference to fossil primates or man, it is guided by no evolutionary principles whatever. The extent to which the classification is wholly innocent of phylogenetic guidance is shown throughout the three volumes. The very first species, the aye-aye, is entirely separated from the lemurs, and takes rank with *Tarsius*, whereas it is well known that the former is only a specialized lemur. Owing to the prominence given to superficial characters, the ideas of classification, even of the living forms dealt with, are at times almost Cuvierian. A good example of this is the sentence on page xxi, "It is a moot point with some whether the Lemurs should be considered members of the order, having any rank whatever within it, as about the only claim they have to the position is the possession of the opposable great toe, which, however, is also found in a species of an altogether different order, the Opossum of the Carnivores. But, no matter how slight may be the pretensions of the Lemurs for admission to the ranks of the primates, yet, by the almost general acquiescence of mammalogists, they have of late been accepted as occupying a recognizable place in the order."

As a summary of known facts the "Review" is unsurpassed, though the lack of any adequate account of the wild life of the animals and their ecological relations deprives the lay reader of much pleasure in the work and detracts considerably from its value. On the other hand, the superficial character of the technical descriptions and the omission of phylogenetic treatment leaves the field open for a work of real creative matter, making use of all the carefully collated facts which Dr. Elliot has provided. The colored plates are good, the type and paper of the best, and the American Museum is to be thoroughly congratulated on this work published under its auspices.

Prof. J. Arthur Thomson will soon publish, through Holt, "The Wonder of Life," which contains chapters on such topics as Marvels of Instinctive Behavior and The Persistence of Characters.

McBride, Nast & Company have in their list of spring publications the following science books: "Making a Garden of Small Fruits," by F. F. Rockwell; "The Gardener's Pocket Manual," by the same; "The Book of Perennials," by W. A. Vollmer, and "Making Fences, Walls, and Hedges," by W. H. Butterfield.

Sir David Gill, the great Scottish astronomer, died in London on Saturday. He was born in 1843, in Aberdeen, and was educated in the university of that town. Having constructed a private observatory in Aberdeen, he devoted himself to his studies and had attained to something more than local celebrity when he made the acquaintance of the Earl of Crawford, then Lord Lindsay, who was at that time considering the establishment of an observatory at Dunecht, near by. He offered the charge of this to the young astronomer, who accepted it, and directed it from 1873-76, during which time he organized Lord Lindsay's transit of Venus expedition to Mauritius. He also corrected the longitudes of Berlin, Malta, Alexandria, Suez, Aden, Seychelles, Mauritius, and Rodriguez, and measured the base line of the geodetic survey of Egypt, near Cairo, for which he received from the Khedive the third class of the Medjidie. In 1877 he proposed and carried out an expedition to Ascension Island to determine the solar parallax by observations of Mars, and for this he received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society and the Valz prize of the Institut de France in 1882. He also organized transit of Venus expeditions in South Africa, and he photographed the Great Comet of 1882. It was he who pointed out the desirability of employing photography for complete cataloguing of stars to any required order of magnitude. He proposed in 1880, organized in 1885, and directed and carried to completion in 1896, the geodetic survey of Natal and Cape Colony, and in 1896 he was sent to Berlin to arrange the details of a boundary survey between British Bechuanaland and German Southwest Africa, a work which was completed under his supervision. In 1897 he organized the geodetic survey of Rhodesia, and in 1898 he erected the large telescope presented to the Cape Observatory. He was knighted in 1900. He received the degree of D.Sc. from Oxford, Dublin, and Cambridge, and he was an officer of the Legion of Honor of France, the Watson gold medallist of the National Academy of Science, Washington, in 1900; a knight of the Prussian Order Pour le Mérite, and the author of many works on astronomical subjects.

Drama

The Century Company will publish next month Prof. Charles Mills Gayley's "Beaumont the Dramatist."

"The Continental Drama of To-day," by Barrett H. Clark, and "Nowadays," a play in three acts, by George Middleton, are announced by Holt.

Paul Hervieu's domestic tragedy, "Le Dédale," which was first produced at the Comédie Française, in 1903, has been put into English by Barrett H. Clark and Lander MacClintock—"The Labyrinth" (Huebsch). Mr. Clark furnishes an introductory sketch of the author, together with a brief bibliography. It must be said that separated from the neat turns of French idiom the play seems theatric. Like the great run of French domestic drama this piece makes an *a priori* demand upon the spectator. He must yield to a conception according to which love may be urged as a supreme excuse for what may be termed casual transgression. For the Frenchman there is magic in the time-honored cry, "C'est plus fort que moi," and he is easily swayed to believe that it is prompted by love and not passion. In the present drama Marianne, having left her husband, who has been unfaithful to her and who has married the object of his passion, is now enamoured of Guillaume, whom she desires to wed. Her father is at length won over to the idea, but the mother, believing divorce impious before God, disapproves, though she makes no open objection, and the wedding is consummated. The heroine has had two blissful years when Max, whose second wife has died in the meantime, demands to see more of his young son by Marianne than she has hitherto permitted. The interview leaves her strangely wrought up. She is next seen at the country home of Max and his mother, whither she has been summoned by the news that the boy has diphtheria. It is, of course, natural that while watching over their child they should feel the force of old associations. But an Anglo-Saxon audience would not view with satisfaction the subsequent hounding of Marianne by Max, nor think tremendously significant her yielding to him when he has cornered her in her bedroom virtually exhausted by loss of sleep. One must keep saying to one's self, "C'est plus fort que moi," in order to stifle the impulse to cry out, "Be a man!" Yet the author has contrived a powerful picture, so far, that is, as to show the ineffaceable inner union of two parents. That this, renewed by the presence of their child at the point of death, should make the woman so far forget herself as to offend against her second husband, whom she adores, is not so evident.

There is decided promise in "The Deadlock," by Margaret Turnbull, which the Drama Producing Company has put upon the stage of Maxine Elliott's Theatre. But the piece is weak dramatically in two respects—first, in its excessive use of improb-

able coincidence to bring about a particular situation, and, secondly, in its presentation of a problem which could only arise in very rare circumstances, and to which, clearly, there can be no general solution. Here is the plot: Felix Kildeen, destined by his father, a devout Roman Catholic, for the Church, while studying in Europe falls in love with a singer and marries her. Then he has a desperate illness, during which his father gets possession of him and carries him off to America. While he is still on a sick-bed the father sends word of his death to the deserted wife, and, when he recovers, tells him that he is a widower. Believing the lie, Felix takes Holy Orders, and in course of time becomes a devoted and popular priest. Ten years later he is confronted with his wife, now a famous prima donna, and his little son. Explanations follow, and it appears that the pair, separated by an infamous but barely credible deception, love each other as fondly as ever. Several emotional scenes, of indisputable theatrical value, follow. The father, resolute in his bigotry, maintains that the marriage is void, and the child, whom he offers to adopt, illegitimate. The son is frantic, torn by the struggle between conjugal and parental love on the one side, and his sense of clerical and spiritual obligation on the other. The wife, a free-thinker, boldly asserts her legal rights and ridicules the notion that Church dogma can override the authority of the State. Here is a triple controversy which is conducted by the playwright with a strong grasp of character and a keen sense of dramatic effect. Only the manifest artificiality of the scheme prevents the action from being emotionally impressive. Love of the grandchild, in whom he discovers the heir he had longed for, induces the stubborn old grandfather to yield to his daughter-in-law's demand for full recognition, but the priest, faithful to his vows, declares that his future course must be decided by his ecclesiastical superiors. This is a logical and artistic ending—the only one consistent with the author's design and the prescribed character of Felix—but it is also theatrically futile. Moreover, the supposed "deadlock" is not absolute, inasmuch as its validity depends, in this country at any rate, not upon the operation of law, but the workings of the individual conscience. The representation was made notable by the performance of the part of the heroine by Edith Wynne Matthison, which was eminently artistic in its refinement, sincerity, eloquence, dignity, and absence of cheap theatrical exaggeration.

Ben Greet has been invited by the Edwin Booth Theatre Association to become director of the stage and of the School of Acting, which is to be started at once. The theatre will follow. Mr. Greet hopes to raise up a new school of actors from the American universities where material is abundant now that dramatics are often part of the college curriculum. In England he recruited nearly fifty Oxford and Cambridge men and women in ten years, many of whom now occupy prominent places on the English stage. Mr. Greet's experience should make him very valuable to the Association.

"The Poor Little Rich Girl" had a disastrous experience in London. Her career at the New Theatre lasted barely two weeks.

Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot" is to have a hearing in England at last, but not in one of the regular theatres. It is to be produced at a special performance by the Play Actors. This will be the first representation of the piece in English in Great Britain, but a Yiddish version of it was played successfully in the East End of London.

The Scottish Repertory Theatre has made a new start at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, the opening attraction being Mr. Arnold Bennett's comedy, "The Honeymoon." Among other plays arranged for are Monckton Hoff's "The Little Damozel," "The Man of Ideas," by Miles Mallison, and "East is East," by P. E. and G. Logan. Later it is hoped that plays by Sir J. M. Barrie and Bernard Shaw may be presented. Lewis Casson will act as stage director and principal producer, a position he has filled with Miss Horniman's Manchester Repertory Company.

The following communication from Mr. G. S. Street, published in the London newspapers, throws a new light upon the processes of theatrical censorship in England, and partly accounts, perhaps, for some of the extraordinary consequences of it:

I have the permission of the Lord Chamberlain to make a brief statement of fact in regard to the office of examiner of plays. Most of the newspaper comments on my recent appointment, kind and flattering to myself as they were, assumed that I had been made a censor of plays. That is not the case. My senior colleague, Mr. Bendall, and I merely examine and report on plays for the information of the Lord Chamberlain; the granting or withholding of a license is a function of the Lord Chamberlain, assisted by an advisory board, of which we are not part.

Music

Richard Wagner. By John F. Runciman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

According to Rubinstein, the greatest five composers were Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, and Glinka. According to John F. Runciman, the greatest personality amongst all the musicians—indeed, the "greatest man who has yet lived"—was Handel. After him come Gluck and Beethoven; and, finally, Wagner, "whose supreme genius and indomitable perseverance made him either an idol or a terror to all who came in contact with him." In writing a new book on this composer Mr. Runciman has, as he avers, avoided both "preposterous eulogy" on the one hand and "vampire work" on the other; but his foolish remarks on the plot of "Parsifal"—evidently an echo of Huneker and some crazy pamphlets printed in Germany—verge on the latter, while some of his praises of the other operas sound very much like gush, especially as coming from the pen of an English critic noted for his caustic wit and slashing style. One would have supposed that one who so worships Handel would have been impressed above all things by the quasi-religious music of "Parsifal," which has often moved even agnostics to tears; but this music has "no charm" for Mr. Runciman, though he finds in the opera "passages of marvellous loveliness."

This last chapter is an unfortunate blot on what is otherwise an excellent book. It will not appeal to those who wish to read the romantic and tragic story of Wagner's life, for while the main incidents are recorded, it is done in a summary way that does not appeal to the imagination; only eight lines, for instance, being used to tell the thrilling episode of King Ludwig's attempt to find Wagner and bring him to Munich. By such condensation Mr. Runciman succeeded in saving most of his 421 pages for analyses of the operas and comments thereon, which are among the very best that have been made, being intelligent and appreciative without ceasing to be critical. The libretto of the "Flying Dutchman," for example, is pronounced "a manufacture, not, like 'Tristan,' a growth"; but on the whole the opera is assuredly "a great work. . . . Had he not lived to write another note, his memory would live by the 'Dutchman.'" Nevertheless, it is in "Tannhäuser" that "we first find the godlike Wagner hurling his thunderbolts." In the analysis of "Lohengrin" the author sanely rejects the theories of those who search for moral ideas in it. To him it is simply a charming fairy opera.

Mr. Runciman's admiration for "Die Meistersinger," both as a poem and a musical masterwork, is unbounded, and equally great is his enthusiasm for the Nibelung operas as a whole, though he fails to appreciate the grandeur of the third act of "Siegfried," which really overtops everything except the last act of "Götterdämmerung." To him "Tristan and Isolde" is "the finest opera in the world. . . . It is impossible to imagine such a feat ever being done again. Those of us who live on for another five hundred years may see something like it. . . . The breath, the spirit, which is eternal life, is in it, and it can only perish when the human race perishes."

Will any one say after this that the English are unemotional in their attitude towards music? Mr. Runciman's enthusiasm includes Wagner's character, as well as his music and his poetry. He "not only was the most stupendous personage born into the nineteenth century: he was also one of the noblest, most generous men that have lived. There is not a mean trait in his character"—a statement which must be taken *con grano*, like some other exaggerations in this volume, such as the sneer at present-day Bayreuth as having "lapsed into the limbo of tenth-rate things." There is less exaggeration in the state-

ment that Wagner not only created the music-drama, but the modern art of conducting as exemplified after him by Bülow, Richter, Levi, Seidl, and others. This being the case, it is surprising to read in this book that Wagner was "well paid" for the work he did in London. It is not stated therein what he got for rehearsing and conducting a whole season of Philharmonic concerts; it was one thousand dollars, or less than some Wagner singers receive for one evening's work. Nor is it correct to say that the one cause of all Wagner's grumbling in London was "the character of the bulk of the music he had to conduct." He had many other causes, one of which our author himself dwells on very briefly: the venomous criticisms of nearly the whole press. In a letter quoted Wagner intimates that he could have received favorable notices if he had paid the critics; upon which Mr. Runciman comments: "When I reflect on the smallness of the critics' official salaries and the splendor in which some of them lived, I cannot but think he was right."

A few weeks ago Victor Herbert conducted in Chicago the thirtieth performance of his "Natoma," the only grand opera composed in America that boasts such a record. Last Saturday the Metropolitan Opera House produced the second venture on grand-opera lines of one whose supremacy in operetta is uncontested so far as this country is concerned. "Madeleine" is its name; it was sung by Alda, Sparkes, Althouse, Pini-Corsi, and De Segurola, who were recalled with the conductor and the composer fourteen times at the close of the curtain. The libretto is an adaptation of "I Dine With My Mother," a dainty little comedy by Decourcelles and Thibaut; as set to music, it lasts a few minutes less than an hour. Madeleine is a prima donna, the idol of the public, who takes it into her head to persuade some one of her admirers to dine with her on New Year's Day, when every Frenchman is supposed to be at home. One after another they decline, all for the same reason, and finally she dines alone, facing the portrait of her mother. There is hardly enough action in this story even for a one-act opera. In setting it to music, Mr. Herbert adopted the conversational style of music cultivated by Strauss and Wolf-Ferrari, and with success; but his admirers would have preferred the more melodious and romantic style of "Natoma" and the operettas which have made him famous. Some use is made of leading motives, and the orchestral score contains many delicate and subtle details.

At least forty-five foreign opera houses produced "Parsifal" within a few days after the expiration of the copyright on the first of this month. In Berlin, Prague, and Budapest two companies performed it simultaneously. In Berlin the house was sold out in advance for twenty-four performances, and the Royal Opera gave it every night in the week, two casts being provided. From everywhere come reports of the deep impression made by Wagner's semi-religious drama.

Gounod's "Faust" had been sung 1,226 times at the Opéra in Paris last September. It led all operas at that institution during the last year, having been given twenty-two times in twelve months. Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila" came next in popularity, with nineteen performances; "Rigoletto" had seventeen; "Aïda," sixteen; "Lohengrin," thirteen; "Meistersinger," twelve.

In Germany, the most popular of French operas, and, in fact, of all operas, is Bizet's "Carmen." This is shown by the figures, not for one year only, but for ten years. During the decade 1901-1910 "Carmen" had 3,956 performances in German opera houses. Then came "Lohengrin" (3,458), "Tannhäuser" (3,243), "Mignon" (2,777), "Freischütz" (2,658), "Il Trovatore" and Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" tie, with 2,486 each; "Pagliacci" had 2,188, "Zauberflöte" 1,859, "Die Walküre" 1,814, and Gounod's "Faust" 2,077. It is worth noting that, of these eleven favorite operas, four are French, and only two are Italian. It is also worth noting that the five favorite German operas had only 1,536 more performances during the decade than the four favorite French operas.

Debussy has honored the American violinist, Arthur Hartmann, by promising to play at a recital on February 5 the accompaniments to three of his songs which Hartmann has arranged for violin and piano. The three songs, "Minstrels," "La fille aux cheveux de lin," and "Il pleure dans mon cœur," have been printed by Durand.

The most extravagant of the musical cubists, Igor Stravinsky, has, oddly enough, written a fairy opera which is to be produced in Moscow and St. Petersburg. A personal friend of Stravinsky gives the following details about this opera in the *Music Student*. The opera is based on "The Nightingale," by Hans Andersen. He has changed the story but little, the principal addition being that he makes one of the fishermen mentioned therein play a part similar to that of the chorus in a Greek tragedy. The real nightingale has a rôle likely to be very effective, but certainly not easy, and the opportunities afforded for humor in the pompous courtiers' searching for the bird, the mechanical bird (sent with great ceremony by the Japanese Emperor), the Kapellmeister, etc., are not neglected. The third act, in the dying monarch's bedroom, should also not miss its effect. The composer brings out the poetic and philosophic meaning of Hans Andersen's beautiful story very fully.

Speaking of the late François Cellier, who for years conducted the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy Theatre, the London *Times* says that, at the time of his death, he was in the midst of writing a book of reminiscences of the Gilbert and Sullivan productions, and also of the D'Oyly Carte Company. Mr. Cellier was held in high esteem by Sir Arthur Sullivan, who left him in his will two original scores, that of "Patience" and that of "The Pirates of Penzance."

From Chicago the death is announced of Emil Liebling, who, though he was born in Germany (Pless, in Silesia, in 1851), came to this country as long ago as 1867, and since 1872 had been one of the leading musicians in Chicago, valued equally as pianist, teacher, editor, and critic. Among his own teachers were Liszt, Erlich, Dorn, and Kullak. As a lecturer he was much in demand in the West. He also composed some pieces for the piano.

Art

Art books in the spring publications of McBride, Nast & Company include: "House Furnishing and Decoration," by Abbott McClure and H. D. Eberlein; "Baroque Architecture," by Martin S. Briggs; "The Colonial House," by Joseph Everett Chandler; "The Craft of Hand-Made Rugs," by Amy Mali Hicks; "Making Built-In Furniture," by Abbott McClure, and "A Court Painter and His Circle, François Boucher (1703-1770)," by Mrs. Bearne.

When Henry Peacham, in his "Compleat Gentleman," expressed his disapproval of the heraldic efforts of "Painters, Glasiers, Carvers, and such," he voiced not only the indignation of the Cavaliers at the armorial abuses of their day, but also the protest of many a modern pursuivant of arms against such works as W. H. St. John Hope's "Heraldry for Craftsmen and Designers" (Macmillan). This protest is not against the book itself, which is well organized and written in a pleasing style. The protest is rather against the author's point of view: his assumption that heraldic emblems exist primarily for the purposes of ornament, and that the artist is at liberty to ignore heraldic law, or to revert to the armorial usage of an earlier day, merely because he finds the present usage inartistic. Mr. Hope notes, for example, that in early heraldry the device of quartering was used but sparingly, and that in later times, as the quarters were multiplied through intermarriage, "the artistic effect of the old simple shield was lost or destroyed." Without stopping to consider why, in the passage of time, this multiplication of quarters was advantageous and inevitable, he cites an instance of "a dreadful confusion of twenty-eight quarters," asserts that, "from the artistic standpoint, there cannot be any doubt" that this is wrong, and concludes his discussion of the use of quarters with the declaration that "there can be no question that in general a shield looks best without any at all. . . . To reduce them to a reasonable few is often a most desirable thing." The custom of combining the arms of an heiress with her husband's by means of an escutcheon of pretence Mr. Hope dismisses likewise as "ugly and most inconvenient." Of the baronet's badge, he says, "Some artists wisely leave it out altogether"; of the use of a lozenge for a lady's arms, there is no cause why the custom should not be set aside "for artistic reasons"; and, again, "From the artistic standpoint, it would certainly be desirable . . . to revert to the freedom of pre-Elizabethan times." In short, a large number of the heraldic usages that have made armorial insignia of greatest value to historians and genealogists, all the fine distinctions of

> 'Scutcheons of honor and pretence,
> Quartered in old armorial sort,

Mr. Hope would wipe out as inartistic.

Moreover, he would effect this reformation not through the action of the Heralds' College, but at the whim of every chance designer. Shall we revert to the alleged simplicity of earlier days? If so, let us at least remember that, in "king Edward the firste his time," it was ordained—if Gerard Leigh speak true—"that no goldsmith, coppersmith, glasier, painter, or marbler should have to do with Armes, without the consent of the king of Armes of that province."

Peter A. Gross, an American landscape painter, who had lived in Paris for the last forty years, died suddenly on Saturday in Chicago, where he was to have opened an exhibition of his art works. He was born in Allentown, Pa. When he first went abroad he lived on the Heights of Montmartre, and later, when many of his compatriots moved across the Seine to the Latin Quarter, he continued to maintain his home near the Place Clichy. Mr. Gross brought with him to this country Fragonard's celebrated painting of Benjamin Franklin, painted in the Louvre when Franklin was Ambassador to France. European collectors had made him offers for the canvas, but it was his hope to establish a museum of art in his native town, and he took the portrait there. Among paintings which he owned were works of Corot, Théodore Rousseau, Delacroix, and other masters of the French school. For many years he was a regular contributor to the great art exhibitions of Paris. He was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and a member of several other French societies.

Prof. Louise Rogers Jewett, head of the department of art at Mount Holyoke College, died suddenly in South Hadley, Mass., on Wednesday of last week. She was born in Moravia, N. Y., and graduated from the Buffalo Seminary. She studied at the Yale School of Fine Arts, and under Lefebvre and Benjamin Constant at the Académie Julian, Paris. For several years she taught at Dana Hall, Wellesley, and in 1901 came to Mount Holyoke as professor in the art department. In 1912 she was made head of the department. Two of Miss Jewett's publications are "Masterpieces of Painting, Their Qualities and Meanings," 1906, and "History of Italian Painting; Outlines and References," 1908. In 1910, in collaboration with Prof. Mary W. Calkins, of Wellesley College, she edited "The Poems of Sophie Jewett, Memorial Edition."

Finance

THE NEW TURN OF AFFAIRS.

When the stock market suddenly bursts into such activity and strength as that which the past two weeks have witnessed—with the "outside public" unquestionably buying, with prices rising day after day, and with more separate securities dealt in on the rise than in any week in the past four years—the question at once arises, What should have brought about this remarkable situation. It is certainly remarkable in this respect, if in no other, that it follows barely nine weeks after a market in which Stock Exchange business fell on one day to the lowest ebb in twenty-five years, and from which the Stock Exchange was apparently convinced, first, that the "outside public" as a factor in the market was gone, never to return, and, secondly, that the stock market itself, as a field of profitable activity, was played out. What, it may very reasonably be inquired, has happened in this nine weeks' interval, of so portentous a character as to reverse thus completely the action and attitude of Wall Street, Stock Exchange, and "outside public"?

The question might be answered merely by saying that the 57,000-share day of November 24 was a landmark showing that liquidation was complete, all possible evils discounted and overdiscounted by the preceding decline of prices, and the market, therefore, sure to rebound effectively when any one really made up his mind to buy. But as everybody knows, the nine weeks' interval has also included a rather noteworthy series of events. They may not of themselves have changed the position in finance, but they certainly brought into sudden and strong relief some very important changes which had already been gradually occurring, which had already created a new situation, but which Wall Street was still considering from its distorted perspective of the past twelve months.

First, and very soon after the "dull day" of November, came the announcement from the White House of the new policy towards business; the settlement with two great combinations, the enactment of the Currency bill, and its enthusiastic reception by the business community. These events dislodged two factors of misgiving of which much was heard during 1913—the prospect of violent assault on Wall Street and Big Business by the Government, and the prospect that the Democratic party would be incapable of useful or conservative legislation. Up to the middle of this month, other scattered incidents occurred which pointed in the same direction; but a week ago began a most illuminating series of events.

On Friday of week before last, British consols, whose depression during 1913 had reflected the troubled waters of European finance and the utter congestion of the foreign investment market, rose nearly 1 per cent., their price rising subsequently 2 points further, to a higher level than that at which they stood at the outbreak of the Balkan War. At the end of that same week the New York banks, which in December had been talking most doubtfully about the future, reported the largest surplus reserve for this time of year since 1897. On Monday of last week a sharp decline in money rates occurred on Europe's markets, on the heels of the earlier January declines; the Wall Street money market following, and Paris rates giving way for the first time in 1914.

On Tuesday the President's special message reiterated and amplified his policy of peace, with the purpose outlined "not to unsettle business, or anywhere break its established courses," and the assertion that "the antagonism between business and Government is over." On Wednesday came the offering of the $51,000,000 New York State loan for public subscription, the covering of the offer five times over by the bidders; the allotment of the bonds to a banking syndicate, at a higher price than had been deemed possible a month ago, and their instantaneous reallotment to investors, at a further advance in price. Swiftly following this, on Thursday six great central banks of Europe—at London, Berlin, Brussels, Geneva, Stockholm, and Copenhagen—reduced their official discount rates to a lower level than had been fixed by any of them since the Balkan War began; the open market rate at Paris, though the Bank of France made no reduction, falling below the rate which the Bank would have established had its own rate been lowered.

With just this sequence of events a fairly clear explanation of this week's movement on the Stock Exchange is at hand. Summing up all of these numerous successive occurrences, it may be said in a general way that the particular doubts and apprehensions—some of them well warranted, some purely imaginary—which prevailed throughout 1913, have, so to speak, been suddenly exploded. Wall Street need not now apprehend that the party in power is handling the ship without a rudder, or with the black flag at the mast. Misgiving over the New York bank position would be entirely misplaced. The deadlock in the market for new securities is at least temporarily broken. Financial Europe (as yet excepting Paris) has given the plainest intimation that the strain on the foreign money markets is over.

The response of the markets was as emphatic as it was inevitable. The sharp-sighted Stock Exchange is the first to reflect such change, and every one knows how it has reflected it. Speculators and investors have instantly laid in the supplies of investment securities which they had done without, during many months. The turn of general trade comes next. It will come when middlemen and consumers, who have for months been notoriously conducting their affairs on a hand-to-mouth basis, lay in new stocks of merchandise and fill their almost empty shelves and yards. When the Wall Street market halts, after a period of prolonged revival, attention is logically turned to the revival of general business—precisely as every experienced person, after the

long decline on the Stock Exchange had ended in November, watched expectantly for the business reaction, which, in fact, ensued.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, A. J. Betty Standish. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Baedeker's Egypt; Southern France. Scribner. $4.50; $2.40.
Bailey, H. T. Art Education (Riverside Series). Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents.
Barber, Samuel. A Matrimonial Experiment. Ogilvie. 25 cents.
Begbie, Harold. The Crisis of Morals. Revell. 75 cents net.
Bolton, Florence. Exercises for Women. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Browne, Frances. Granny's Wonderful Chair. Dutton. 45 cents net.
Cannan, Gilbert. Old Mole. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Carus, Paul. Nietzsche, and Other Exponents of Individualism. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Chisholm, Catherine. The Medical Inspection of Girls in Secondary Schools. Longmans. $1.10 net.
Cooke, G. McG., and Morrison, C. W. William and Bill. Century Co. $1.25 net.
Croce, Benedetto. The Philosophy of Gambattista Vico. Macmillan. $2.60.
Curzon of Kedleston, Earl. Modern Parliamentary Eloquence. Macmillan. $1.
Davidson, N. J. Things Seen in Oxford. Dutton. 75 cents net.
David, H. C.-E. Chez Nous: A French First Reader. Holt.
Duffield, J. W. Bert Wilson at Panama. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents.
Eliot, C. W. Tendency to the Concrete and Practical in Modern Education. Boston: Houghton Mifflin (Riverside Monographs). 35 cents.
Evans, Donald. Sonnets from the Patagonian. Claire Marie. $1.25 net.
Farwell, P. T. Village Improvement. Sturgis & Walton.
Fernald, J. C. The Concise Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Funk & Wagnalls. 60 cents.
Forest, J. L. de. The Love Affair of a Homely Girl. Sully & Kleinteich. $1 net.
Fowler, N. C., jr. Stories and Toasts for After Dinner. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents net.
Galsworthy, John. The Fugitive: A Play. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Grant, Sybil. Samphire. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Green, Anna Katharine. Dark Hollow. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Handbook of Style in Use at the Riverside Press. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Haultain, Arnold. Goldwin Smith, His Life and Opinions. Duffield.
Heroines of Modern Religion. Edited by W. D. Foster. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
Hill, J. McK. The American Cook Book. Boston Cooking-School Magazine Co. $1 net.
Holl, Karl. Gerhart Hauptmann. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Housman, L., and Barker, G. Prunella. Duffield.
Howard, J. G. Brunelleschi: A Poem. San Francisco: John Howell.
Humphrey, Zephine. The Edge of the Woods, and Other Papers. Revell. $1.25 net.
Johnston, R. F. Buddhist China. Dutton. $5 net.
Kautsky, Karl. The High Cost of Living. Chicago: Kerr.
Korean Folk Tales. Translated by J. S. Gale. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Lisle, David. The Soul of Life. Stokes. $1.25 net.
MacDonald, Greville. Jack and Jill. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Mathews, Frederic. Taxation and the Distribution of Wealth. Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.
My Wife's Hidden Life. Chicago: Rand, McNally. $1.25 net.
Neland, O. H. The Crimson Fist. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Notestein, L. L., and Dunn, W. H. The Modern Short-Story. Barnes Co. $1 net.
Osmun, L. G. The Clutch of Circumstance. Sully & Kleinteich. $1.25 net.
Oxford Book of Canadian Verse. Chosen by Wilfred Campbell. Oxford University Press. $2.
Paul's Simplicode. Frederick Warne & Co. 40 cents net.
Raymond and Caverly Joke Book. Ogilvie Co. 25 cents.
Raymond, Walter. A Wayfaring Soul. Dutton. $1 net.
Religio Doctoris: Meditations Upon Life, by a Retired College President. Introduction by G. S. Hall. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Reynolds, Eldrid. Whispering Dust. Stokes. $1.10 net.
Rinehart, M. R. The After House. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Schell, Hermann. The New Ideals in the Gospel. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Scherer, P., and Dirks, L. H. Deutsche Lieder. American Book Co. 25 cents.
Spence, Lewis. A Dictionary of Mediæval Romance and Romance Writers. Dutton. $3 net.
Spencer, Edward. Cakes and Ale (Fourth edition). The Flowing Bowl. Duffield.
Stacpoole, H. de V. The Children of the Sea. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Stacpoole, Margaret de V. Monte Carlo: A Novel. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Sterrett, F. R. The Jam Girl. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.
The Sale of Lady Daventry. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Troward, T. Bible Mystery and Bible Meaning. Revised Edition. Goodyear Book Concern. $2.
Tucker, L. E. Readings from the Old Testament. The Old Testament Phrase Book. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net; $1 net.
Turner, L. M. Du Conflit Tragique chez les Grecs et dans Shakespeare. Paris: Ollier-Henry.
Washburn, Elizabeth. The Colour of the East. Stokes. $1.25 net.
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1914.

The Week

The Foreign Affairs Committee's approval of the arbitration treaties foreshadows the early consummation of a great purpose which has long been thwarted by persistent opposition, and of which the prospects only a little while ago seemed highly doubtful. The service which the adoption of the treaties will render to the cause of peace can hardly be overestimated, whether viewed as an example and precedent in their general character, or regarded in their more specific bearing. We all remember the way in which awful possibilities of undefinable danger to the nation's honor were put forward in President Taft's time as objections to the ratification of general treaties of arbitration; and later the Panama tolls question and other particular subjects of national solicitude have given motive for opposition. But it now looks as though, by the simple proccss of close-range common-sense persuasion, President Wilson had succeeded in smoothing out all the rough places that stood between the treaties and their ratification.

If the only qualifications for the post of American Ambassador to Russia were a sense of propriety and the ability to recognize the hard facts of a situation, the *Nation* would be glad to retract all that it has said regarding Henry M. Pindell's unfitness for the St. Petersburg post. His letter of resignation places him in far more amiable light than those ill-advised friends who were instrumental in enticing him into an impossible situation. Even had Mr. Pindell originally possessed the qualifications for the Russian Ambassadorship, his usefulness must have been destroyed by the circumstances attending his appointment; and one of the most important places in the diplomatic service, in view of the questions that are soon bound to come up between this country and Russia, would have remained worse than unoccupied. One can hardly blame Mr. Pindell for not sending in his resignation till he had been "vindicated" by the Senate. His latest act leaves President Wilson under greater obligations than ever to Mr. Pindell.

It is somewhat disconcerting to learn that no one appeared at the first hearing in Washington on the new Trust bills, and that the Committee has notice of but few who desire to be heard. An explanation could doubtless be found, but it would not be very creditable. It may be that some who think of appearing in opposition to certain provisions of the bills believe that the time is not ripe. They may be recalling the currency bill, which was introduced in the House in one form, passed in another, and had a like fate in the Senate, getting its final and crucial shaping in conference. Possibly the opponents of the Trust bills are of the mind to wait till those measures reach a more critical legislative stage. But such an attitude would be mistaken. The conference between the two Houses of Congress does not give public hearings. They are invited now, we do not doubt in good faith, for the purpose of getting criticism early. The bills are confessedly in "tentative" form at present, and anybody who is able to point out serious blunders or dangers in them ought to do so promptly.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, condemning and inferentially prohibiting the granting of rebates or allowances, on through transportation rates, to manufacturing companies whose mills are connected with the railway by a short side track, has occasioned two very different inferences. It is clearly favorable to the railways, in that it strikes off payments made by them to such customers, estimated at not less than $15,000,000 per annum. But it also contains an unpalatable hint. The advance in Eastern railway rates now under consideration, the report proceeds, "has a very definite and immediate relation to this proceeding," because "the very carriers that are augmenting their expense accounts and dissipating their revenues in this manner, to the extent of many million dollars a year for the benefit of a comparatively few shippers, are now complaining that their present earnings are insufficient, and on that ground have asked our permission to make a substantial increase in their general rate schedules." From this the inference was possible that the Commission, on that ground, would reject the application for an advance in rates.

A good part of the outcry made by opponents of the Alaska railway bill over "the dangerous new policy" involved implies forgetfulness of our own history. What have those who bear down so hard on the perils of "socialistic experimentation" in spending public money on a railway to say of the great subsidies to the Pacific railways? Between 1862 and 1872, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific, with connecting lines, got grants of 33,000,000 acres, besides loans of money from the Treasury. Similar grants were made to mid-Western roads. In the twenty years ending 1871, Congress had voted more than 150,000,000 acres to railways engaged in Western development. The question of such governmental assistance was then thought of as one of expediency, not principle.

The Senate is reported to be waiting for a lead from President Wilson on the Burnett-Dillingham Immigration bill. Mr. Wilson is believed to be hostile to the literacy test embodied in the bill, and we hope he will lose no time in making his position clear. In the face of great pressure Mr. Taft vetoed essentially the same bill, because it involved a revolutionary departure from an historic policy underlying the very spirit of our institutions. What Mr. Taft found it possible to do, his successor should find it easier to do. Let it be recalled that Mr. Taft, as a believer in Protection, had to face the charge that he believed in protecting the American manufacturer against foreign competition, without protecting the American workingman against the competition of immigrant labor. The charge cannot be formulated against the man who has gone so far towards destroying tariff privileges. The case reduces itself to this: that the literacy test is not intended as a test, but as an instrument of restriction. Its proponents would be just as well satisfied with a physical test or a supernatural test that would have the desired effect of cutting down the flow of immi-

gration. What Mr. Wilson must decide is whether we have really come to the parting of the ways with our old traditions, whether the "burden" of immigration is greater than we can bear, and whether we must now serve notice on the world that America can no longer mean what through four centuries it has meant to humanity.

That the number of unemployed in New York is greater this winter than usual, there seems every reason to believe. The figures of the New York Department of Labor for the State, cited by Mayor Mitchel at the conference on the subject, confirm the conclusion derived from general impression; and, as the Mayor said, the situation is one that demands attention, irrespective of comparison with previous years. But that it demands care and forethought, as well as earnestness, in its treatment, should be impressed on the public mind by the remarks of Commissioner of Charities Kingsbury. He spoke of the widespread philanthropy in the city, and the ease with which free food and shelter are to be had, as causes contributing to the swelling of the number of the unemployed here; and this consideration makes it plain that any measures of relief which may be taken must be of such character as to guard against any avoidable creation of fresh cases to relieve. On the other hand, to let things drift would be far from satisfying the demand of our time in the matter.

Current notions about the plutocratic income of Western farmers are hardly borne out by the figures of a Government "survey." The average capital invested in the 257 typical Illinois, Iowa, and Indiana farms, in the typical year 1911, is $30,606. The farmer's average receipts for the year were $3,076; his average expenses, $1,138; leaving an average income of $1,938. The world casts an envious eye at this sum, without stopping to figure the $1,530 interest on the average capital, which leaves the owner's labor income a paltry $408! We quote:

> The assertion that farmers are making large profits is erroneous. They are living on the earnings of their investment, not on the real profits of the farm. A farmer having an investment of $20,000, with no mortgage, may receive a minus labor income, yet have nearly $1,000 as interest on which to live.

On official authority, this has value as against popular impressions. But some qualifications are obvious. The labor earnings do not include food products furnished by the farm. The fact that the capital estimate is swollen by the great increase in land values within the decade, and therefore represents unearned increment, is not mentioned. As for the prevailing optimism concerning a new day in agriculture, it is not impaired at all. The majority of the farms earn far more than $1,938 yearly; it is only a minority of holdings, still managed as they were in 1875, that reduces the total. One of many illustrations is a table on "education as it affects farm earnings." The farmer with a common-school training gets from $301 to $742 for his labor; the man with a high-school training, from $651 to $1,268; the college-bred farmer, from $796 to $1,721.

The profit-sharing announcement made a day or two ago by the Farr Alpaca Company, of Holyoke, Mass., derived special interest from its coming so close upon the heels of the Ford Motor Company's announcement, which was a national sensation. It is locally explained, however, that the Holyoke company's plan was maturing long before Mr. Ford startled the industrial world with his project; so that there is here no relation of cause and effect. And it is upon the deliberate launching of such plans, by skilfully and prudently managed concerns making good but not phenomenal profits, that the spread of the profit-sharing idea must depend. The Holyoke company's arrangement is to give to each employee a bonus bearing the same percentage relation to the total of the wages he has received during the year as the annual dividend bears to the capital stock. Accordingly if, as is expected, the shares of stock get this year an 8 per cent. dividend, a worker who has earned ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars a week will have for his share of the profits forty, sixty, or eighty dollars, respectively. This is not a bonanza, but it is a good thing; and if all goes well, it is subject to increase.

The figures of automobile killings in New York city in the first month of 1914 are such as to indicate that the year is to witness a further growth of the dreadfully increasing slaughter. The number is reported as twenty-eight for January. The total of these killings for 1913 was 302, which is more than double the total for 1911—a startling showing. In 1912 the total was 221, as against 142 in 1911, an increase of more than 50 per cent. in a single year. The National Highway Protective Association and the Association for the Prevention of Reckless Driving are exerting themselves to procure such reform in the law and in its administration as will check this outrageous taking of human life. By far the greater part of this automobile slaughter is caused by people driving for pleasure or desiring to save a few minutes of time in getting from one point to another. The enormous passenger traffic of the trolleys caused only 108 deaths, as against the 302 caused by automobiles. Those who ride in automobiles are a small minority, fortunate in the possession of a luxury and a convenience to which nine-tenths of the people have no access. They have the benefit of the use of the public streets in a degree far beyond what is commensurate either to their numbers or to any specific contribution they make towards the cost of the streets. To this nobody objects; but it is intolerable that they should be permitted to put the rest of the people in danger.

We like the idea of General Coxey's proposal to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the exploit that made him famous by leading another Army to Washington on May 1. This time he is to muster 500,000 unemployed in buckram, "and more if I can assemble them." There ought to be no difficulty about this. General Coxey is now understood to be a comfortably rich man. If tramping to Washington brought him wealth within twenty years, he should be able easily to recruit a large Army, with the sufficient word to the wise unemployed that like causes will be followed by like results. But it is no idle demonstration that General Coxey intends. He has a definite and sure remedy to propose. All that it is necessary for Congress to do to make everybody both employed and happy, is to authorize the issue of a billion or two of "non-interest bearing bonds," upon these bonds as security to base bank circulation, and then compel the banks to "lend money direct to the people." There is a straightforward simplicity about this

which is the mark of genius. Direct primaries, direct legislation, direct election of United States Senators—who shall say that the fitting cap-stone of the arch is not direct loans of money to the people? It is certain that millions will want such loans—and want them directly.

The work of the Northwest Mounted Police in parts of Canada bears a growing analogy to that which would lie before a State Constabulary here. Commissioner Perry, for example, traces the "excess of crime" with which the force has dealt during 1913, among other factors, to the difficulty of assimilating an immigrant population to Canadian standards. The Mounted Police's efficiency in preserving order over vast areas and among a shifting rural population is witnessed by his statistics. A force of 763 officers and men, scattered through Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Alberta, and Yukon Territory, made 15,443 arrests in the year, and procured 12,985 convictions. Most were for slight offences, only 44 murders being recorded; even vagrancy was repressed by 2,135 sentences. A proposal to supplant the Mounted Police by local authorities would be thought preposterous. Its established reputation for vigilance, quickness of action, and length of reach is alone a great moral force in suppressing violence.

Washington testified under cross-examination that he did not think it unpatriotic or disloyal to circulate such matter.—[News Item.

The Washington charged with disloyalty was not George, but Alfred, advertising manager of the Western Newspaper Union, to whom Canada paid $42,000 annually for supplying our rural newspapers with "patent insides" describing Canada as a farmer's paradise. When Mr. Washington said that he did not think it disloyal to induce American farmers to expatriate themselves and become the subjects of a British monarch called George, he was telling the truth. He did not think of abstract matters, in the face of $42,000 worth of advertising space each year. But even if he had thought, a fine moral issue arises. Where does business end and patriotism begin? Is the business of expatriating American citizens more disloyal than the business of selling war munitions to a nation that might use them against us? Is it more unpatriotic to induce American labor to emigrate than it is to make American capital emigrate in the face of labor troubles? Still another George, of the Harvester Trust and the New Nationalism, was once of a mind to remove his mills from New York State to Germany. Mr. Alfred Washington might have argued that, by sending American farmers into Canada, he was far from disloyal; that he was, in fact, the agent of a process of peaceful penetration which at one time had patriotic Canadians seriously worried.

High-handed is a mild term to describe the action of the South African Government in deporting ten of the principal leaders in the recent general strike. The assumed justification is that it was done under warrant of martial law. But that the degree of martial law in force in the Transvaal does not involve the suspension of civil law is plain from the action of the labor leaders in appealing to the Supreme Court of the Union, with the Chief Justice's declaration that if he had been aware of the plans of the authorities he should have promptly enjoined them. Thus neither legality nor expediency—the strike by this time is virtually over—can justify an act whose consequences are bound to be extremely embarrassing for the Imperial Government and the Liberal party. The Labor party in England has been at odds with its Liberal allies. Some of the Liberal defeats in recent bye-elections have been brought about, not at all by the Home Rule issue, as the Opposition has maintained, but by the defection of the Laborites who have named candidates of their own and split the normal Government majority. The South African incident will naturally widen the breach. Protests have already gone up from trade-union quarters and the Radical press.

It would be hard to find a more dramatic tale than that furnished by an Auckland correspondent to the Springfield *Republican* on the recent collapse of syndicalism in New Zealand. Last October's strike was really against the world's first compulsory arbitration act. English and Australian agitators, beginning in 1910, took advantage of a new labor immigration to form a "federation of labor" which slowly induced almost all unions to withdraw their registration under the act. New Zealand being cut off by sea from ready importation of workmen, they reasoned that a general strike would infallibly reduce her to subjection; while the dependence of her 1,100,000 agricultural people on imported manufactures made the ports key positions. Upon the beginning of the strike, every vessel was abandoned, every wharf emptied, the carters quit, the trolleys ceased running, and bricklayers, masons, factory-hands, carpenters, and even shop-girls left work. "It would be hard to imagine a situation," writes the correspondent, "in which the doctrines of the syndicalist could be reduced to practice with greater promise of success." Yet the cities alone handled the troubles. In Auckland, where 10,000 men struck, 1,000 volunteers were called from the youths under compulsory military training, and they cleared the wharves. Two hours later 1,800 farmers, representing a coöperative association embracing thousands near the city, rode in and set to work under arms loading vessels. The same procedure in other cities resulted in the hurried formation of new unions under the arbitration act. In three weeks the strike was crushed, and without violence. "Syndicalism and its methods have been utterly discredited," writes the correspondent, "and those who cling to it have gone back to Australia."

The establishment of Confucianism as the state religion of China expressly disclaims interference with religious liberty, and embodies an ambition to set erring young China back on her ancient and native foundation of ethics, culture, and social principles. The attitude of tolerant missionaries has long been favorable to a system whose conservation is still the land's best bulwark against moral chaos. "There is in Confucianism," wrote Dr. John Ross in *China* of last July, "nothing incompatible with the progress, social, political, or spiritual, of the Chinese people. The missionary should claim Confucius as an ally, not oppose him as a foe." If Confucianism is abandoned, parts of the country will lack a chief inspiration to maintenance of their ancient civilization.

THE "TRADE COMMISSION" BILL.

It has been announced from Washington that the House Committee on Interstate Commerce will soon begin public hearings on the measure for an "Interstate Trade Commission." A thorough and deliberate inquiry is of the highest possible importance, because there are very strong reasons why the bill, in the form in which it was introduced in the House of Representatives, should not be passed. The dispatches report certain modifications already made in committee; but these corrections touch its defects only in part.

Mr. Wilson, in his speech of January 20, laid stress chiefly on the value of "the advice, the definite guidance and information," which such a commission could provide, in the effort "to make definition possible, at any rate up to the limits of what experience has disclosed." This description, framed as it was in general terms, contained much that was suggestive. But it is details, quite as much as general purposes, which determine the character of such legislation, and the Clayton bill goes far beyond such provisions as the President's language would necessarily imply.

It subjects to the direct and intimate supervision of the proposed commission not merely the "great corporations" to which Mr. Wilson somewhat indefinitely referred, but "*all corporations* engaged in commerce among the several States or with foreign nations, except common carriers." It declares that this body of incorporated enterprises, large and small alike, "shall furnish to the Commission" information regarding their business, financial condition, and management "to such degree and extent, and in such form, as may be prescribed by the Commission." It gives the Commission or its agents "complete access to all records, accounts, minutes, books, and papers of such corporations, including the records of any of their executive or other committees." It further provides that "the information so obtained shall be public records, and the Commission shall, from time to time, make public such information, in such form and to such extent as it may deem necessary."

A moment's consideration is enough to show the highly inquisitorial possibilities of such a law. The act which created in 1903 the present Bureau of Corporations, was far more scrupulously guarded. Under that law, the Commissioner had authority, subject to the direction of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, to investigate "the organization, conduct, and management" of an interstate corporation. But the single avowed purpose of such inquiry was to gather data "which will enable the President of the United States to make recommendations to Congress for legislation"; the information was to be obtained for the President "only as he shall require," and it was to be made public only "as the President may direct."

The modifications now said to be contemplated by the Interstate Commerce Committee of the House would prescribe that the inquisitorial powers shall not cover such matters as trade processes or lists of customers. This is an eminently proper change, but it fails to reach the real evils of the measure as it stands. Even with such amendment, the bill would still compel the filing with the new commission of intimately private information as to the finances of any and every corporation doing business across the border of a State. It would authorize the publication of such data at the Commission's will—even though the company affected had no public importance, and even though such publication might gravely jeopardize its business interests.

Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, an ardent Progressive and former chief of the Bureau of Corporations, in his Jamestown speech last week opposed most of President Wilson's policy towards corporations, but approved of the Interstate Trade Commission. What Mr. Smith's own ideas on the general problem are may be judged from his somewhat naïve restatement of Mr. Roosevelt's fulminations of 1912 against the Sherman law. The attempt to check the big concentration of business would "turn the hands of the clock back to the days of our fathers, to the era of the blacksmith's forge, the grist-mill, the stage coach, and the cobbler's bench." This amusing nonsense is coupled with the familiar tirade against the Standard Oil dissolution for not having been carried far enough; with the remark that "the Democrats are still fumbling blindly with the old notion that all we want is competition"; and with the suggestion that when a really monopolistic corporation is discovered, it be dealt with "by placing a supervisor, for the time, in control of the company, to carry out the orders of the Commission."

Holding these fantastic ideas, Mr. Smith and his fellow-Progressives naturally ridicule all that is cautious and conservative in the Administration programme. But the plan for a Trade Commission gets his endorsement. "That point," Mr. Smith declares, Mr. Wilson "got from the Progressive platform, for it was not in his." The assertion is correct. The Democratic platform of 1912 merely declared for "the prevention of holding companies, of interlocking directorates, of stock-watering, of discrimination in price, and the control by any one corporation of so large a proportion of any industry as to make it a menace to competitive conditions"; and it favored more drastic application of the Anti-Trust law itself, especially in its criminal provisions. The Progressive platform favored a strong commission, with "permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce," and with enforcement of complete publicity. But even the Progressive platform would have applied such supervision of interstate corporations "to such of them as are of public importance," and would have required complete publicity only "of those corporate transactions which are of public interest."

GOVERNMENT AS AN EXACT SCIENCE.

I am much mistaken if the scientific spirit of the age is not doing us a great disservice, working in us a certain great degeneracy. Science has bred in us a spirit of experiment and a contempt for the past. It has made us credulous of quick improvement, hopeful of discovering panaceas, confident of success in every new thing. . . . I should fear utter destruction from a revolution conceived and led in the scientific spirit. . . .

These words are from an address delivered by a Princeton professor fourteen years ago. The fact that he is today the President of the United States does not take away from their significance. He may, in the interim, have changed his mind about some men and some measures, but he cannot have altered his fundamental attitude towards the methods of politics and the processes of government. Indeed, his countrymen now pretty well understand that though Woodrow Wilson is a doctor of philosophy, he is not a doctrinaire. If

anybody should seek to win his countenance for the idea that government can be made an exact science, a refusal if not a rebuff would almost certainly follow.

Elsewhere, however, different notions are held. For example, at the Collège de France, recently, commemoration was made of the work of Claude Bernard. Scientists and philosophers—Bergson inevitably among the latter—paid their tribute to what Bernard had done for the advancement of knowledge. Special reference was made to his "Médecine expérimentale"; and the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Viviani, seized upon this as an argument for introducing the exact methods of science into the work of government. Indeed, he contended, the thing has already been done, to a large extent; and nowhere are the methods of nice observation and careful experiment and painstaking verification more employed than by those who make laws and administer them. So good a Socialist as M. Viviani, though just now under suspicion for having taken office, could not refrain from pointing out that all Socialist legislation is the product of the *méthode expérimentale*.

We greatly doubt if they order these things so much better in France. Even there we seem to have heard of public finances chronically deranged, and of Parliamentary committees consulting expert opinion only to flout it. American governmental practice, at any rate, has been about as far removed from scientific precision as could easily be imagined. It is not necessary to enumerate all the laws that have been passed merely on the chance that they might not do much harm. One example, now prominently before the country, will suffice. We refer to the provision tacked to the Panama Act making the Canal free of tolls to American coastwise vessels. This step was taken without any inquiry, we will not say in the scientific spirit, but in any spirit of reason or prudence at all. Everybody knew that there was at least grave doubt if we were not bound by treaty not to pass any law of the kind. It might mean embroilment, or at all events needless friction, with Great Britain; and would surely give other countries the impression that it was hardly worth while to enter into treaties with the United States, since we were not scrupulous about living up to them. But all this was blithely left on the lap of the gods, and the bill was passed. It was also open to objection on the financial side. Tolls were remitted when there was no certainty—indeed, quite the contrary—that they would not be needed for upkeep of the Canal. The figures laid before Congress by the most competent authorities showed that there would be a deficit in the fixed charges of the Canal for the first ten years, even if tolls were charged upon all the ships that could possibly be expected to use it. But Congress gayly disregarded these considerations, too. Its motto seemed to be: "Hang the treaty and hang the expense." From the consequences of that excess of rashness, the President is now calling upon Congress to retreat. In doing so, it is not necessary to speak of the neglect of any of the refinements of scientific method; all that need be insisted upon is that Congress made a huge practical blunder, which it ought to undo as speedily as possible.

Slap-dash and short-sighted legislation is, of course, everywhere to be condemned; but in the repulsion which it causes, and in the endeavor to supplant it by better methods, it will not be wise to seek to conjure with the word science. To make our lawmakers scientific would be impossible; while to commit the enactment of laws to scientists would be both impossible and undesirable. It is easy to assume that some branches of science are more exact than they really are. Goldwin Smith, whose father died of an obscure brain disease, uttered a cynical word, which was at the same time anguished, on the scientific methods of the physicians who were floundering about in their effort to determine the malady. Per contra, it is also easy to assume that legislation is more hugger-mugger than it is. There has been a great improvement in its quality. Bill-drafting is more carefully done than it used to be. Legislative reference bureaus have not been established in vain. Side by side with statutes, like the income-tax law, which seems like a Serbonian bog in which armies whole of lawyers are lost, we are getting acts like the currency bill, which cut plain paths through the forest. We do not need to despair even though few of our legislators are *savants*. Evils in government come from the lack of a scientific spirit, no doubt; but other evils, of the kind intimated in the words quoted from Woodrow Wilson, would flow from attempting to apply that spirit too rigidly.

TAXATION FACTS AND FANCIES.

Even in Wisconsin, unpatriotic residents are raising the cry of "tax-eating commissions." "Taxes are higher this year," they are saying, "because there has been a riot of extravagance in the State Capitol." So serious has the situation become that *La Follette's Weekly* has had to leap into the arena. It regards the present assault as peculiarly vicious, since it is made just when Wisconsin "has become known as 'the model' for other States seeking freedom from the political boss and the predatory corporation." Will not these other States falter in their crusade for freedom if they are led to believe that it raises the cost of government? *La Follette's* meets the peril by announcing a series of articles on taxes in Wisconsin by a recognized expert.

He, Prof. T. S. Adams, has little trouble in disposing of the charge of "tax-eating commissions." Wisconsin is famous for commissions, but all that they cost the taxpayer is twenty-four cents in every hundred dollars of his tax-bill. At the same time, no concealment is made of the fact that taxes have gone up, that it does cost more to run the government of Wisconsin to-day than ever before. "Local taxes are higher, county taxes are higher, State taxes are higher." We seem to recall something like this from the pen of another Governor. In 1893, Gov. Glynn pointed out not many weeks ago, the State of New York's expenses were $2.39 per capita; in 1913 they were $5.10. And the Governor, like the Wisconsin expert, made an analysis of the expenditures, showing how much of them went for education, how much for highways, how much for sinking fund, and how much for "the rest."

Even colder comfort than columns of figures is offered by Professor Adams. After raising one's hopes by remarking that the increase in taxes "has an exceedingly bright side," he immediately dashes them by explaining that the increase "promises to create a real and lasting interest in the actual administration of government." Perhaps. Lord North could testify as to the real and lasting interest in the actual administration of a certain Government which

resulted from increase of taxation. Gov. Glynn is not so philosophical. Living in New York, he is less sanguine over the prospect of increasing by higher taxes interest in the actual administration of government. "We cannot materially increase our receipts," and so "we must decrease our expenditures." Like other Governors before him, he is not too specific concerning the places where a decrease may be made. To be sure, there is the "general fund," where expenditures increased twice as fast in the past six years as in the preceding six; there is the agricultural division, where expenditures increased three times as fast in the later period as in the earlier; and there is the regulative division, which made the proud record of increasing its expenditures five times as fast in the one period as in the other. But waiving the point of the necessity of these increases, we note simply that, huge as the percentages are, the actual increase amounts to less than $2,500,000. That is, if there had been no increases at all in these departments, our per capita tax, instead of being the tremendous sum of $5.10, would be the comparatively trivial sum of $4.85.

It is easy to make an annual motion that taxes have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished, but the question is, Do we really wish to diminish them? That is, do we desire to do without the things they buy for us? Some of these things our fathers went without—the kind of roads we demand, for example. Then it is to be noted that we are spending increasingly in fields that yield returns in the shape of additions to our fundamental resources, as witness Wisconsin's bold undertaking to educate her entire farmer population to a more profitable employment of their land. We have come to desire Government to do many more things than it did less than a generation ago, besides doing all that it then did, only better. Our standard of living has risen, public along with private. Honest and efficient management can prevent waste from making the increase more than it ought to be, but no management, no economies, will enable a State to live on a higher scale as cheaply as on a lower one. They will not, at all events, until the Cubists are permitted to draw up our public balance-sheets. It is not necessary to cry mercy upon extravagance; but it was not our generation that coupled taxes with death as an example of the inevitable.

ATHLETICS AND CHARACTER.

Sharp controversy is bound to be aroused by the severe arraignment of prevalent athletic ideals and athletic methods in the schools and colleges, as presented in the current *Atlantic* by the headmaster of Phillips Andover and a faculty member in one of our Western universities. Drawn up independently, as we believe these separate indictments to have been, they are remarkably alike in their charges and their conclusions. They depict a state of moral deterioration which, as one writer puts it, seems to many college administrators so serious as to justify the abolition of the whole system of intercollegiate competitions. The evil may be summed up in a phrase—the triumph of the win-at-any-cost spirit. Baseball is bad, as Dean Briggs has recently argued. But football is worse. In football the "mucker" ideal has imposed itself on the undergraduate mind. Not what is sportsmanlike, not what is fair, but what will "get by" the umpire, is the demand, and disgrace consists entirely in being found out.

The fault is not primarily with the student body. Both writers in the *Atlantic* recognize how easily malleable is the undergraduate psychology, whether for evil or for good. The college student is astoundingly submissive. He bows before immemorial traditions that may be as much as five years old. He surrenders his individuality to the standards and loyalties that prevail at the time he pays his matriculation fee. If the standards to which he adheres are unworthy, the responsibility is with those who have set them up and those who tolerate them. Thus, both writers insist that the "mucker" spirit in athletics is imposed on the college student by the athletic coach; and there is little or nothing to choose between the professional coach who feels that he must win games to draw his salary, and the loyal alumnus who is called upon to pull a team together for a single season. But in the last resort responsibility rests with the college authorities, who, because they are indifferent or because they approve or because they find it expedient, tolerate practices which are morally debilitating. It is within the power of the college authorities to do away with evil practices, not by a mere show of force, but by educational effort; for, contrary to the general belief, "undergraduates are influenced in their views of right and wrong by the general attitude of the faculty."

The controversy which we foresee will arise, in the first place, of course, over the question of fact. Were the writers in the *Atlantic* not so positive in their assertions, so ready with specific examples and the promise of many more instances than the limits of their articles would allow, one would dismiss their charges at once as being greatly exaggerated. Among the general public the impression is that the morale of athletics is steadily improving; that instances of brutality in football are the exception where they were once the rule; that where such incidents occur they should be ascribed to the passion of the moment rather than to calculated savagery. But, then, the public's impressions are probably based on the game as played in the big universities. Games between teams of the first rank are played in the glare of an enormous publicity where rough tactics are as unsafe as they are probably unnecessary, since the combatants are players of exceptional skill. It may be different, it probably is different, with the small colleges, of which undeniably a large number are either in chronic disrepute or shoot up into evil eminence for a season or two until intercollegiate ostracism brings them to their senses. But once we admit the case against the small college, we are admitting more than half the case.

Yet another explanation is possible. It is one suggested by the comparison which both *Atlantic* writers draw between the "mucker" spirit in athletics and the "mucker" spirit in the world of business and politics, against which we are now in full revolt. The headmaster of Phillips Andover draws the parallel at length: "The underlying weakness which threatens our national life. . . . The rank dishonesty so widely prevalent in our business life. . . . The growing contempt of the law. . . ." It is the increasing sensitiveness of the national conscience towards business and politics which justifies such strong language. Where a tougher generation admired the football hero who ate up and "got" his opponents with impressive regular-

ity, we now refuse to tolerate practices far less reprehensible. This, we admit, is only a possible explanation. It will hardly be accepted by the editor of the *Atlantic*, who, in a prefatory note, declares that "underhand, perverted, and dishonest practices are, with honorable exceptions, still part and parcel of undergraduate athletics."

This very comparison between football and the business of life illustrates the very great difficulties that confront our college administrators. For it shows that the question is one much broader than athletics, much broader than the college, that it runs deep into the basic facts of our national psychology. No man of honor will defend the "win-at-any-cost" ideal in play. But neither are we ripe for the English ideal of play purely for the game's sake. Our own ideal is to play to win, fairly no doubt, but to win nevertheless. Englishmen scoff at the elaborate training processes which our athletes go through. The tremendous seriousness which we put into our play may be overdone; but there is nothing morally reprehensible in it. And there the difficulty arises. We may say that to be beaten is no disgrace, but at heart we feel that to be beaten is something of a disgrace. Is it any wonder that the adolescent undergraduate conscience should at times fail to notice the narrow line which sometimes divides playing passionately to win from playing unfairly to win?

HEREDITY, ENVIRONMENT, AND DUTY.

We no longer agonize over the question of free will or necessity in the abstract. One may read thousands of pages of current discussion of the great questions of life without ever coming across so much as a mention of predestination or original sin. But in the concrete nothing is more constantly the subject of solicitous thought than the question whether those who "go wrong" do so because of their native qualities or because of the circumstances which have surrounded them. To say that this question is the same as that of free will and necessity would be going too far; but it is hardly too much to call it the nearest equivalent that the attitude of the modern mind can furnish towards the problems of the universe. No man of sense imagines that every child born into the world is inherently as likely as any other to turn out well. Neither does any sensible person believe that education and environment may not have a decisive influence on an individual's moral destiny. But how much of the emphasis should be put upon heredity and how much upon environment is a question that is ever in dispute.

In the *Century* for February, there is an article on "The Boy who Goes Wrong" which, while offering no fresh contribution to the subject, brings out vividly some of its familiar aspects. Of the classic case of the Juke family, the writer, Mr. H. Addington Bruce, makes effective use; not, as might be supposed, to show the fatal quality of an evil heredity, but to show how cautious we ought to be in taking the fatalist view of any human being. He recites the well-known tale of the seven generations of descendants of the five Juke sisters, 709 individuals in the aggregate, of whom all but a handful became criminals, prostitutes, or paupers; hut he goes on to tell of one descendant in the eighth generation, a foundling baby boy, who came under the care of the Children's Aid Society, which, interested in the published facts of the appalling story of the Jukes, determined to see what a refined environment and good family care could do for this ill-starred youngster. The result, though not attained without special attention and effort, was that he became "an alert, vigorous, forceful young man, of sterling character." Other instances of children rescued by individuals are cited, to similar effect; and, what is far more conclusive, the carefully reported experience of the Children's Aid Society with the 28,000 children it has looked after in the course of more than half a century is quoted as showing in how very large a percentage of cases children having behind them a bad family history have been enabled to grow into prosperous and useful citizens by placing them in carefully selected homes, or by finding work for them in the country. It is impossible to doubt that there is room for an indefinite increase of this kind of beneficent effort—truly life-saving work in the highest sense.

To circumstance, then, and particularly to the home environment and the home education, must be traced in large measure the failure of an individual to come up to the requirements of a respectable life. But when it comes to laying down broad generalizations, affecting those notions of individual responsibility which are "the long result of time" and which form the chief buttress of morality and decency, we are at once confronted with serious danger from the standpoint not only of practical effect but also of intellectual integrity. One of the cheap short-cut methods of disposing of the matter is to say that, since almost every child could he made to go right if placed in the right surroundings, it is society and not the individual that is responsihle for the individual's criminality. This is as slipshod in thought as it is dangerous in effect. If we are to admit the idea of responsibility at all, the idea of responsihility either in society or in the individual, we have to recognize that in either case it is a relative matter. If it is to be taken for granted that the individual has done the best he could under the circumstances, it is equally to be taken for granted that society—which, after all, is but a collection of individuals—has done the hest it could under the circumstances. And if this is *not* to be taken for granted—as indeed it is not—then the case against the individual is far clearer than that against society. For whereas the pickpocket or the murderer has gone thoroughly wrong in circumstances precisely identical with those of millions who have kept thoroughly right, it is impossible to point to any actual instance of such mastery of the infinitely complex circumstances of civilized society as would be required for the rescue of all its members from their proclivities or temptations to vice, crime, or shiftlessness.

The article to which we have referred is quite free from this sort of hazy and vicious generalization. The writer's chief conclusion is that "the blame for the boy who goes wrong does not rest with the boy himself, or yet with his remote ancestors. It rests squarely with the parents, who, through ignorance or neglect, have failed to mould him aright in the plastic days of childhood." And he goes on to urge the extreme importance of parental care and foresight, and of the parental example. As practical counsel, surely nothing could be more sound. But, after all, we are here placed, in point of doctrine, in a vicious circle not unlike that into which the old-time disputants on free will and ne-

cessity were continually drawn. The parents are what they are; it is true that they should do the best they can for their children, but unless they themselves are made over their best is sure to fall sadly short of that degree of perfection, whether in wisdom or in virtue, that is to be desired. What then? Are the children to wash their hands of the result? Are those who are lazy, or dishonest, or sensual, to fall back on the fact that their parents did not take the measures necessary to cure them of these defects? That way madness lies. By all means, let us impress upon parents the desirability of their being firm and yet patient, self-sacrificing and yet not indulgent, serious and yet sympathetic and companionable. But whenever parents fail to come up to this standard, are the children who go wrong to be held blameless? There is no starting-point at which the obligations of duty begin to be effective; if we unload our own upon our parents, they can do the like upon theirs. After everything has been admitted as to the responsibility either of society in general or of one's parents, it is upon one's own self, and nowhere else, that the real responsibility for right living must rest.

BALLADS IN AMERICA.

No less a body than the United States Bureau of Education has joined in the search for Autolycus and his ballad-mongering progeny. The collections of American ballad survivals already made by Prof. C. A. Smith and others are considerable, as they are summarized in the *South Atlantic Quarterly;* it is now proposed to make the inquiry official. Its prospects are hard to appraise. Variations of 56 of the 305 English and Scottish ballads which Professor Child made canonical have been discovered in America, and the Bureau believes them the fruits of "a search that has hardly begun." This implied prediction, however, should not delude the searchers into supposing that they are not gleaning in a field long ago autumnal. Ballad singing was a lost art almost as long ago as ballad-making. It is a century since even the British collector, in search of a capping couplet, could skilfully choose time and place to intone, like Scott's hero,

> Are those the links of Forth, quoth she,
> Or are they the sands of Dee?

To have his air at once taken up by peasant girl or shepherd from the hillside,

> Or the bonny woods of Warroch Head
> That I so fain would see?

And it is doubtful if ballad recitation or oral preservation, in old country or new, is more than vestigial. Professor Child himself tried to stimulate the garnering of such remains as live on the lips of folk in Great Britain and America; the result he pronounced scanty, and Professor Kittredge wrote that his thoroughness had made it "clear that little or nothing of value remains to be collected in this way." At any rate, it is certain that if our versions are not quickly collected, they will shortly be forever obliterated.

Fear that the Bureau can do but little will not lessen the good wishes of every one with a feeling for the past, or taste enough to find, like Sidney, the thrill of a trumpet in a ballad like "Chevy Chase." That mind has a poor background in which the thought that half a hundred folk songs, by force of folk tradition, have been kept alive from the days of Cospatrick and Guy of Gisborne, and through generations removed over three thousand miles of sea and dispersed into a wilderness environment, does not awaken ideas and reverences. It is striking proof of race homogeneity, of the vitality of oral tradition, and of its power to transmit masses of material through centuries. Merely as one of the final chapters in the history of ballad collection, interest will attach to the search. The 300-odd ballads the world owns are but a tithe of the mass that has perished. Since Percy found his manuscript folio of ballads "lying dirty on the floor under a bureau in the parlor" of Humphrey Pitt's country house, serving the maids as kindling for the fires, and saved it by a stroke as lucky as that which preserved the one copy of the "Cid," no story is of more interest to literary scholarship. The zest with which Hurd and Walter Scott, Ramsay and Buchan, followed in Percy's steps and the steps of his predeccssors, Maitland and Bannatyne, Samuel Pepys and the learned Selden, was one of the soundest enthusiasms of the romantic renaissance. Young poets stopped collecting only to write imitations. Scott's anecdote of Leyden, eager to piece out a fragment, is typical of the half-antiquarian, half-poetic rage. "Two days afterward, a sound was heard at a distance like the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of a vessel. It increased as it approached more near; and Leyden, to the great astonishment of the guests, burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gestures. . . . He had walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity." But those were the days when ballad-collection held something of the outdoor zest of mountain-climbing or fox-hunting.

Professor Child, in the act of definitively compiling many versions unrecognized before, had to carry discovery into a dozen tongues and thousands of books, rather than into the open air. Once cottages were to be ransacked for the printed broadsides, pasted to the walls, or gathered into bundles; songs to be copied from singers' lips; old libraries searched for MS. collections, and shop shelves fingered. Always there was the chance that antiquary Oldbuck would light on some Elspeth, wildly chanting "a genuine and undoubted fragment of minstrelsy," or a cotter be found with some jewel of a refrain in his head, or a corner of a shed yield up, as it did to emissaries of Ritson or Buchan, some new "Hughie the Graeme" or "Little Musgrave." Professor Child, and all his later generation of Furnivalls and Kittredges and Gummeres, could have no such intoxicating adventures. Child's struggle with Ecton Hall to have the original Percy folio printed; his find among the manuscripts of Abbotsford library; his dozen contributions procured from oral sources by Mr. Newell, of New York—alone lit up the necessary and scholarly toil of amassing, collating, and arranging texts, of comparing ballads of all nations to determine the historical and foreign relations of each of his pieces, of piling up introductions and notes. Scholarship's last cold task of criticism and compilation is a far cry from the day when Scott knew not only singers of the "Douglas Tragedy," but men who credulously and minutely pointed out the exact rockmarked spot, in the exact Yarrow glen in Selkirkshire, where the melancholy event had occurred.

Survivals will inevitably be most sought in the still mediæval-minded Appalachians, so akin in speech, custom,

and superstition to the folk among whom balladry was common three centuries ago. Boswell recorded seeing a dance in Skye, called "America" in honor of the emigration movement, on just such an occasion as a primitive community would use for ballad singing. From many communities the ballad was readily transplanted to remote slow-moving localities. Southern scholars like Belden of Missouri, Lomax of Texas, and Smith of Virginia have made most of their finds in high Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia. But the ballad is not localized. Two Professor Child discovered in Maine, ten in Massachusetts, five in New York, and one each in Pennsylvania and Maryland. The present inquiry for variants should serve the ends of more than a select group of scholars. It will give a new excuse for being to local and State folk-lore societies. It ought to lend an impulse to the collection of Servian, Polish, Czech, and a score of other national folk-songs, of which recent immigration must have brought great store. Finally, it should add interest to a new movement, already of strength—that for the collection of American-made ballads, of folk-origin, like the cowboy songs, on American themes.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

Cobbett took measures against oblivion by diffusing himself through more than a hundred volumes, which, as he assured contemporaries, would preserve his celebrity "long and long after Lords Liverpool and Sidmouth and Castlereagh are rotten and forgotten." The very massiveness of the monument makes the man himself, like an Egyptian ruler laid away in the heart of a pyramid, a little hard to come at. Three or four earlier biographers had drawn freely upon his fresh and savory autobiographical writings and had tunnelled into the formidable bulk of his journalistic works without exhausting the subject. It remained for Mr. Melville to make extensive use of manuscript materials, mainly in the possession of the Cobbett family and of the British Museum.* Of these perhaps the most important are a series of above a hundred admirably written letters from Cobbett to William Windham; an astonishing series directed to Queen Caroline at the time of her trial; and a considerable mass of pretty intimate and confidential correspondence between Cobbett and various members of his family and his publisher. The perusal of this fresh material leaves one entertained, instructed, yet tantalized. It seems clear that significant and revelatory passages have been edited out of the family letters, particularly with relation to just those pecuniary transactions which subjected Cobbett in his lifetime to the charges of duplicity and downright dishonesty. Mr. Melville has apparently made no attempt to check up the scores of his hero's assertions which ring rather hollow and "queer." For the most part, he allows Cobbett to speak for himself. Cobbett speaks copiously and brilliantly, but really does nothing to remove the historic doubts which have hovered about his reputation. We are left to draw our own conclusions as to what manner of man he was.

**The Life and Letters of William Cobbett.* By Lewis Melville. New York: John Lane Co. 2 vols. $10 net.

I.

Carlyle, who had some insight into character, saw in Cobbett a man "with singular humanities and genialities shining through his rough skin, a most brave phenomenon"; and Professor Elton, in his recent notable "Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830," strikes the same friendly and approving note, proposing the health of the big Tory farmer of the eighteenth century, with his gift of transparent expression. Cobbett himself has supplied us with the colors for painting him in this character. He sprang about 1762 from the rugged stock that, in the words of Ecclesiasticus, "holdeth the plow, and that glorieth in the goad; that driveth oxen; and is occupied with their labours; and whose talk is of bullocks"—and all his life he was passionately devoted to agriculture. He took a thrifty wife, not above his station, whom he first saw and loved one morning at daybreak, "out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing tub." He never "dangled" after his wife nor "walked out" with her, but he was a model husband and an indulgent father of a large family in the old patriarchal manner; the children, one and all, swear by the "Governor" and twang off the very accents of their sire when they are assuring one another that those "villains"—his creditors—shall "never get one farthing" of father's money. He served for a term as a loyal and exemplary soldier of Farmer George in the province of New Brunswick. During his second sojourn in America, 1792-1800, he is a brawling and picturesque champion of England in Philadelphia; he adores Burke; assaults "system-mongering" Priestly and "atheistical" Paine; and vilifies all Jacobins, French, English, and American.

In 1800 he shakes off the dust of this country in perfect disgust at the "democratical mob," and he congratulates himself that he has never been in a single instance the "sycophant of the Sovereign People," cursed by what he had termed the "abominable system of universal suffrage." Arrived in England, he expresses to Windham, the political offspring of Burke, his "unequivocal hatred of innovations." In 1801 he declares to the same gentleman that the revolutionary temper of the "lower orders" is an "awful consideration." Ten days later he laments that the Ministers "flatter this swinish beast"—the common people. "If there were only a little courage left in the members of Parliament," he continues, "if the whole nation were not become advocates for soup-shops and Sunday-schools, there would be some hope; but now there is none. The cant of humanity will drown the united voice of reason, of justice, and of self-preservation." What need we add but that Cobbett, like Sir Walter, yearned to be a large landholder; that in 1810 he bought up "one-half of the parish of Hursley"; and that he loved the sports and pastimes of Old England, encouraged boxing and single-stick playing, and occasionally hunted the hare with the enthusiasm of the ancient squirearchy of his island? There is the big Tory farmer of the eighteenth century.

But Cobbett, as everybody knows, did not spend his thirty-five years in the nineteenth century as a mere survivor of the preceding age. As one studies him more closely he appears less and less like an heirloom and more and more like a portent. For this peasant Colossus stands most curiously with one stout leg in the "old system" and one stout leg in the new. Four or five years after the opening of the new century he began, as his biographers put it, "to take the popular side in politics." He lifts his loud voice to denounce the infamous "borough-mongers," and swells the clamor for parliamentary reform. He becomes the fined and imprisoned champion of free speech and free press. And as a convert to the financial theories of the once execrated Paine, he carries the great revolutionist's bones to England, and proposes the erection by public subscription of a splendid monument to his memory. He thunders at pauperizing poor laws, and on the floor of the House reminds the Duke of Richmond that his Grace's nobility is derived from a bastard. He clasps hands with Daniel O'Connell and attacks the Protestant Reformation. And through the medium of *Two-Penny Trash* he threatens the overthrow of "vested interests" by the organization of the discontent of cottage and hovel. There is your public-spirited radical reformer and fearless "friend of the people."

II.

Precisely when and why Cobbett straddled is a disputable point upon which the Windham letters throw considerable light. In 1800 the flattered Ajax of American journalism was invited to

dine with Pitt and Windham, who had cast their eyes upon him as a writer likely to be serviceable to the Government. Cobbett, still remembering the plough-tail and the blue smock-frock and the little nailed shoes of his childhood, felt a ruddy glow about his vitals as he sat there "waited upon by men in gaudy liveries," and reflected that he was there solely by virtue of his intrinsic merits. "I was proud," he says. "The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them." This account of his sentiments, however, he did not offer to the public till 1818. What appears from the correspondence is that he began to court Windham in 1800 assiduously, and that he assured him at frequent intervals that he—Windham—was the one man to "save the country," an assurance coupled in 1802 with a reminder that "he who makes the best use of the press will finally triumph." The statesman, for his part, invited Cobbett to establish the *Political Register*, and provided funds for the project; apparently, also, he sent Mrs. Cobbett a fresh hare from time to time, and received in return fresh salmon from the Cobbett estate. They were on very easy terms. The courtship continued unbroken till 1806, in which year Windham got his chance at helping save the country as Secretary for War and the Colonies in Lord Grenville's Ministry of "All the Talents."

With customary promptness Cobbett indicated to the new Minister the propriety of making certain appointments, and especially of dismissing Freeling, Secretary of the Post Office, who had, according to the journalist, grievously abused his authority to hamper the circulation and prosperity of the *Porcupine*. Upon Windham's refusal to comply with these suggestions, a sharp rupture ensued, and the correspondence of six years was abruptly terminated. Cobbett had declared, in a letter breathing beautiful public spirit, that for himself he wished no office, and would not touch a farthing of the public money, though, as he observed some years later, "every one thought that *my turn* to get rich was come." But from the tenor of the entire correspondence, it is obvious that he had come to think of himself not merely as distinctly "on the inside," but as virtually the creator, through the *Political Register*, of Windham's political fortunes and as his natural and equal colleague in the great task of saving the country. Having confidently expected to be the power behind the throne, he is suddenly made aware that he cannot even dictate the dismissal of a Secretary of the Post Office. The scales fall from his eyes. "When I consider," he says, "what I have done and what I am able to do, . . . when I thus consider and thus compare, conscious superiority beats at my breast, and bids me turn from such treatment with disdain." From this time forth he throws off all reserve, and presently avows his conviction that the one man who can save the country is Cobbett. He continues to remind Windham that he who makes the best use of the press will finally triumph, but his reminders now take another form than that of the confidential letter. Three years after the breach between them, Windham makes this significant entry in his diary: "Nearly the whole time from breakfast till Mr. Legge's coming down, employed in reading Cobbett. More thoroughly wicked and mischievous than almost anything that has appeared yet."

III.

If his public professions of faith before and after 1806 are taken at their face value, the two halves of his life fall apart and grin at each other. But the glaring contrast between the earlier and the later periods does not extend far below the surface; does not reach to the motives and essential character of the man. There is more sound than fury in his contempt for the "lower orders" and his friendship for the governing class previous to 1806; after 1806, there is more rhetoric than passion in his contempt for the Duke of Richmond and his friendship for the working class. Cobbett was never a Tory as Johnson, for instance, was a Tory; he had no deep-seated reverence for constituted authority; he felt nothing necessary or sacred in the hierarchical order of society. He was never a Radical as Fox and Mill were Radicals; he cherished no generous illusions concerning the rank and file of his fellow-men; he was as hard as nails. He was never anything inwardly, honestly, and permanently but a Cobbettite. There is this firm core of consistency in him. His allegiance to other men was notoriously fickle; he sloughed off, in turn, Burke, Pitt, Windham, Fox, Burdett. But Cobbett's allegiance to Cobbett was never shaken.

There is no reason to suppose that the impulses which governed his relations with statesmen were nobler than those which he exhibited in his more private affairs. He threw off his debts, took a peculiar pleasure in cursing his creditors, and flatly informed them that they need expect nothing from him till he had amply provided for himself and his family in a fashion suitable to their position and prospects. He wished to dismiss Howell, the able editor of his "State Trials," apparently for no other reason than that Howell was of the "author" class and a university man. "If you can get rid of H.," he wrote to his factotum Wright, "I shall be very happy. I know what your *college* gentlemen are. They always have, and will have, the *insolence* to think themselves *our betters;* and our superior talents and industry and power and weight only excite their envy. . . . Damn their college insolence." Before the connection was severed, however, Cobbett gave directions that Howell should be thoroughly "pumped" with regard to his plans for the later volumes of the series, and "take care in your conversations with him," enjoined the canny employer of the college expert, "to provide yourself with information as to the *sources* of information." It may be added that Cobbett subsequently broke with the long-trusted Wright, and damned him for a villanous caitiff and a fraud, but that Wright in a suit for libel recovered a thousand pounds damages.

The swift vindictiveness of Cobbett and the ingenuity of his malice are strikingly illustrated by an incident of his third return from America in 1819. On September 14 he sent one of his boys aboard the packet Amity to procure his passage. The captain informed the boy that there were already seven passengers who had all declared that if Cobbett went in the ship, they would not. Cobbett writes at once to the captain demanding the names of the passengers. Apparently, they are not forthcoming, for under date of September 20 Cobbett dispatches the following letter to his son William in London:

My dear William—The yellow fever rages to a great degree. We keep out of town, about 3½ miles. The following notification will be necessary to be put in the *Register* if you have put in the notification about my intended return in the *Amity:*

Mr. Cobbett will not, in all probability, come home in the *Amity* as he had intended. The yellow fever raged in New York on the 20th of September. The danger was such, that it had been proposed to remove the Post Office and the Custom House to without the city. The *Amity* had not her cargo in, and it would be impossible for her to be laden without taking her cargo from the Store-Houses, which were the very seat of contaglon. The owner, *Isaac Wright* (a very cunning old Quaker), told Mr. Cobbett, on the 15th of September, that they were *"working it to get a clean Bill."* They had, he said, got the ship round to the *North River;* and they meant to try and get her *cleared out from Amboy* (a small port in New Jersey), in order to *avoid the quarantine* at Liverpool. Whether they would play this trick Mr. Cobbett was not certain; but, as passengers (all except Mr. Cobbett, who lives in the country) and cargo would go from the seat of deadly contaglon, it would be a very base and fraudulent act to clear the ship out from Amboy. At any rate, Mr. Cobbett was resolved to come by a *clean ship;* and it was, on the 20th of September, probable that he would sail *before the Amity.*

Now, *be sure* to put in, and to repeat, the above notification. I wish it to be done by all means. If you should have no *Register* to put it in, put it into some other *newspaper.* It is very important that it should be published in England *the moment you get it.*

I shall write by every ship. James and I are very well. Mr. Morgan is here, and he

sends his love to you all. God bless you.

P. S.—Don't omit a *word* of my above notification.

Evidence of this character is abundant to indicate that the controlling passions of Cobbett were an intoxicating egotism, selfishness, jealousy, and revenge. Evidence is lacking to show that he once willingly sacrificed to the welfare of England, which was ever in his mouth, one iota of his personal power, preëminence, or property. It has been urged that he was not a "pecuniary self-seeker"—presumably on the strength of his profuse professions that he would accept nothing from the Government. But why seek to be Chancellor of the Exchequer for Great Britain at a salary of £2,452, when you can be editor and publisher of Cobbett's works, with an annual income of £3,000, and that in the year following your political bankruptcy? It is clear, at any rate, that Cobbett's familiar letters steadily point the children to the earthly paradise in which they shall be "as rich as we ought to be"; and daughter Anne confides to brother James in New York that, "We are all monstrously bitten with a fancy for getting some money together." Furthermore, to what public office could Cobbett have aspired with an influence a hundredth part as great as that which he could exert through the press? He had discovered something greater than the power of office; he had developed an instrument that could intimidate and control the office-holder. Seeking his own from the dawn to the dusk of his political career, he had turned to the Tories before 1806, because he believed that they had the wit and the power to utilize his talents and build up his estate. If he turned to the people after 1806, it was because he had become convinced that the power was to lie with them, and that he had the wit to use it. It may be set down as a guiding principle in Cobbett criticism that when he speaks most egotistically, he speaks most sincerely; and we may take the measure of his disinterestedness and "public spirit" in passages like the following from a letter of 1822 to Dr. Taylor, of New York: "I know that I could rescue the country from its perils, but I also know that not a *suggestion* will I give to be acted upon by any *other man* than myself. It is my duty to do all I can for my country, but not to do it to exalt them and to keep myself in a state of abasement."

IV.

Truly, a most brave phenomenon! Naïve, this passage, in its crude conceit, in its unabashed admission of readiness either to ruin or to rule the state. It is the spirit here revealed in its nakedness that justifies us in calling Cobbett a portent rather than a survivor. Indeed, take him in all his works and ways, he is almost a man of the hour in the new democracy which he helped to create. He is the redoubtable self-made man of the new age. He is our tremendously efficient, unscrupulous, materially-minded, half-educated egotist of talent. He reveres property, and he respects brains, which are the means of acquiring property. He is entirely absorbed in those occupations of which the object is to make us "as rich as we ought to be." Immersed in agriculture, business, journalism, and contemporary politics, he values other activities only in so far as they are contributive to these. He has no conception of the mind that "doth ambition shun, and loves to live i' the sun." He is indifferent to art and literature, too serious for the pleasures of life, too overbearing for society, too busy to eat his meals like a Christian. Yet he has views on religion: the Church is, or might be converted into, an effective political machine; or, again, church tithes are taxation without representation and parsons are meddling magpies. He has views on education, too, and intends to enforce them: all that is essential is to be found on the "five-foot shelf" of Cobbett's own works on politics and agriculture. He holds, furthermore, that it is idle to read the "punning and smutty Shakespeare," and for a boy to be engrossed with Greek and Latin "never, by any possibility, can extend the sphere of his usefulness, or tend to give him the smallest consequence in the eyes of the world." Clean-cut and practical like a modern business man or an up-to-date educator; no frills, no nonsense.

He stands a degree above the worshippers of Mammon; not that he loves riches less, but that he loves power more. Risen from the masses, he understands them, and inwardly despises them as unintelligent rabble. Yet when he has promulgated a half-informed opinion, he is willing to appeal for support to the brute numbers of the totally uninformed. Secretly desiring to hold first place in the seats of the mighty, he despises those who are really his superiors in breeding and culture, and does not understand them. Missing the preëminence that he thinks is due him, and agreeing with Wesley that it is better to rule in hell than serve in heaven, he is ready to seize upon the proletariat as upon the jawbone of an ass, and make havoc of all that thwart him. It is too much to expect that such a prodigy should be an honest man. Sufficient is his praise, if we say that he is a great master of English, and, what is more than that, a superb journalist, and, what is more than that, a versatile politician. In his hands is our salvation, and in the day of his triumph Heaven pity those who are left in the minority.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the second volume of "The Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds: Written by Himself" (London, 1826) appears the following anecdote (pp. 167-8):

Soon after my election into the club [the Marylebone], I attended a grand county match at Moulsey Hurst. Our headquarters being at Kingston, the Duke [of Richmond], who was of our party, asking me, the following morning, whether I would not rather ride to the cricket ground, offered the loan of one of his horses. I accepted the proposal, and cheerfully, without "peril or adventure," till we encountered a party of soldiers; when to my utter alarm, and to the surprise of the red coats, the horse I rode began capering, curvetting, and pirouetting so perfectly *à la Vestris*, that like another John Gilpin, I first lost my hat, then my balance, and then pitched on the ground . . . I need not pause to describe the universal amusement; nor the great gratification that his Grace manifested, during the performance of this whimsical *"pas de deux"*; but I must stop to say a word in explanation. The Duke had lately purchased the horse of Astley, and the military rider who trained it, dressed in full uniform (purposely to excite attention), at length produced so deep an impression on his pupil, that . . . on the appearance of . . . any *redcoat*, the animal . . . thought with *Chrononhotonthologos*, "First, let us have a dance." When this first "practical joke" was concluded, the Duke hoped that I was not offended—I replying . . . *"tout au controire,"* we resumed our ride, and it concluded without further pranks from either Duke or horse.

The first story, "The Ravenswing," in Thackeray's "Men's Wives" has a humorous incident in which Capt. Walker gets the better of one of the suitors for the Ravenswing by making him appear ridiculous. The method used is to persuade the love-lorn swain, Mr. Eglantine, the famous hairdresser of Bond Street, to ride a horse, that, in the words of Mr. Snaffle, was "the celebrated Hemperor" and "the wonder of Hastley's some years back." This horse is only safe to ride on Sundays, when there is no music in the streets, because the animal has been trained to die to the tune of "God preserve the Emperor"—a thrilling episode in the third act of the "Battle of Hoysterlitz." Capt. Walker, in possession of these facts, arranges for a friend to play this identical tune, with the result that Mr. Eglantine falls both from the horse and from the favor of his mistress.

"The Ravenswing" was published in *Fraser's Mogazine* in 1843, and it seems to be clear, either that Thackeray borrowed the incident from Reynolds's memoirs, or that the anecdote of the performing horse and the unwitting rider was passing current in the theatrical tales of the day.

J. R. CRAWFORD.

Correspondence

THE CURRENCY ACT AND THE BANKING PRINCIPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Banking Principle is a term used in the theory of money in contradistinction to another theory known as the Currency Principle. The battle between these two theories was fiercely waged in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, ending, by the passage of the English Bank act of 1844, in a complete victory in

England for the supporters of the Currency Principle. While these terms are familiar to all students of banking, a concise statement of their meaning will not be out of place to many of your readers.

In brief, the advocates of the Banking Principle maintain that a currency composed of specie and paper, if the paper is easily and readily convertible into coin on demand, will behave in all respects just as if the whole body of money consisted of specie alone. "We are willing," says one of the leading champions of this school, "to consider a metallic currency as the type of that to which a mixed circulation of coin and paper ought to conform. But, further, we contend that it has so conformed, and must so conform, while the paper is strictly convertible." On the contrary, the advocates of the Currency Principle maintain that simple convertibility is not sufficient; that a body of money composed of coin and paper is not subject to the same laws as one composed wholly of coin; that some check on the issue of the paper is necessary; otherwise it is liable to over-issue, with consequent inflation and rise in prices.

In the numerous treatises and discussions which we have read on this subject, no writer seems to lay his finger on the weak spot in the Banking Principle. This lies in the small amount of the specie reserve necessary to meet redemption needs. Nobody would deny that if, for every note issued, a dollar-for-dollar specie reserve were maintained, such a currency would conform in all respects to a specie standard. But, just as in the case of deposits payable on demand, a 5 or 6 per cent. cash reserve is found sufficient to meet current needs, so a 5 per cent. specie reserve is sufficient to meet all redemption requirements. There is a vast gulf between this and a dollar-for-dollar reserve, and it should seem almost certain that the Banking Principle leaves ample opportunity for inflation. This appears to be a simple and conclusive objection to the soundness of the Banking Principle, so simple, in fact, that it seems almost inconceivable that the argument has not been made in this form by the opponents of the theory. It hardly falls short of an axiom to say that a note issue based on a 5 per cent. specie reserve cannot be the same thing as one based on a dollar-for-dollar reserve.

The 40 per cent. gold reserve required by our new Currency Act is one of its most important features, and, together with certain other safeguards against over-issue, ought to prove an ample guaranty against inflation. Among the redemption provisions, none is more to be commended than that which forbids under heavy penalties a bank of issue to pay out any notes except its own; all other notes must be sent to the original bank of issue for redemption. This is the only way to insure a prompt contraction of the currency when growing redundant. Such notes will be merely dead capital to any bank which fails to send them in for redemption, while the original bank of issue is not likely to reissue them unless the requirements of trade will make it profitable. This provision was doubtless suggested by what is known as the Suffolk System, so successfully employed in Massachusetts nearly a century ago. The average life of a Bank of England note is six weeks, that of a Bank of Scotland note thirty days, and as the same notes are never reissued, notes in those countries are always clean and crisp. On the other hand, the average life of a national bank note is two years, a fact which proclaims only too eloquently that the importance of speedy and prompt redemption as a factor in elasticity was totally neglected under the old system.

Another consequence of the new act, and one of far-reaching significance, is the complete divorce of the circulating medium from the bond-issuing and debt-paying power of the Government. These are two entirely different functions, and their connection and mutual dependence could only be justified in a period of stress, as was the case with the National Bank Act. It was a fiscal measure devised during the Civil War by Secretary Chase, primarily to promote the sale of United States bonds, only secondarily to act as the basis of a monetary system.

With the power of note issue on commercial paper, and the facilities for rediscount, all the disastrous effects of stringency and panics seem to be completely forestalled by the new bill, and it will be interesting to wait and see its practical operation at such times.

GLANVILLE TERRELL.

Lexington, Ky., January 28.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have no love for controversy, but as I was chairman of the nominating committee of the American Historical Association in 1913, and am responsible to that extent for the nominations which were presented at the Charleston meeting last December, I owe it to my colleagues of the committee as well as to the Association, to make some reply to the criticisms of Mr. Dunbar Rowland in your issue of the 22d instant. I only regret that, in my unavoidable absence from the Charleston meeting, the unexpected duty of defending the action of the committee had to fall upon Prof. Clarence W. Alvord, who acted as chairman in my absence; but while I do not know what Professor Alvord said on that occasion, I have no reason to think that it was anything with which I should not heartily have agreed.

If Mr. Rowland's statement that the nominating committee "keeps its action a profound secret . . . until the business meeting" is only a rhetorical way of showing the intensity of his feelings, I have no quarrel with it; but if it implies that the committee, either with or without the concurrence of the Council, sedulously hides its "slate" until the last moment in order that no iconoclastic champion of liberty may have a chance to break it, I can only say that such implication corresponds to nothing in the action of the committee of which I have any knowledge. What the procedure of former committees may have been I do not know, but the procedure of the committee in 1913 I feel free to state. The committee comprised, besides myself, Professor Alvord, of the University of Illinois; Professor Bassett, of Smith; Professor Riley, of the University of Mississippi, and Dr. Krehbiel, of Leland Stanford. All the suggestions regarding nominations that were received by me were laid before each member of the committee; and such suggestions as were received by other members, and sent to me, were similarly transmitted. As a matter of fact, we received very few suggestions from any source. If there is, among the members of the Association, any widespread revolt against "arbitrary and unconstitutional methods," the nominating committee were not made aware of it. Even Mr. Rowland himself does not appear in the list of the committee's correspondents, although he had due notice of the appointment and personnel of the committee, and might at any time, for the sum of two cents, have laid before the committee both criticisms and suggestions. We did not suppose at the time, and I do not think now, that the committee were expected to circularize the membership of the Association in the search for candidates, or devise some sort of a primary through which candidatures might be nursed.

Under these circumstances, the committee did what all such committees do; it went over the list of apparently available candidates, considered carefully the few suggestions made to it, and made up the best list of nominations that it could. The committee considered geographical or sectional arguments, as well as the scholarly standing of the man and his record of active interest in the Association. The several members of the committee, widely distributed geographically, were all more or less intimately acquainted with members of the Association in their immediate locality or section; and we were further aided by a memorandum prepared by the committee of 1912, setting forth, so far as that committee understood it, the prevailing opinions in the Association at that time regarding desirable nominations. I am not so vain as to imagine that the nominations finally agreed upon were ideal, or that several lists equally good might not conceivably have been made up; but I know that our decisions were made with a view to what we believed to be the best interest of the Association. To say, as Mr. Rowland does, that "when the rank and file are assembled they are politely but firmly told who are to be the officers for the coming year," is nonsense so far as the committee for 1913 are concerned.

Mr. Rowland characterizes the methods of nomination as "oligarchical." I have been for twenty years a member of the Association, serving for eight or nine years of that time as a member of the Public Archives Commission, and for three years as a member of the Council. I know of no oligarchy in the Association. I know only a group of men, all of them distinguished scholars, who have been willing to spend time and money in building up the Association, and in organizing and advancing historical interest and historical scholarship throughout the United States.

On one point I hope that I may be allowed to reassure Mr. Rowland. At the close of his interesting letter he expresses the conviction that his action at Charleston will prevent him "from accepting an official position in the Association for years to come, if not for all time." This, I feel sure, is not the case. The Association fights its battles in the open, cherishes no

grudges, and marks no man for banishment. If Mr. Rowland continues to render, as director of the Department of Archives and History in the State of Mississippi, the same distinguished service that he has rendered in the past, he may rest assured that the Association will be only too glad to honor him, and that he will be as free as ever to accept any office which the Association can bestow—provided, of course, that he is nominated and elected.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Brown University, January 31.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Dunbar Rowland is, I know, incapable of intentional misrepresentation; yet I think that his letter respecting the American Historical Association, printed in your issue of January 22, is likely in two particulars to mislead your readers (in so far as they take any interest in the affairs of the American Historical Association); on the one hand, as to the methods which the Association now follows in respect to its elections to office, and on the other hand as to the amount of discontent with those methods that was evinced at Charleston.

The practice of the Association is not noticeably different from that of many other large bodies which hold annual meetings attended by but a small part of their membership. The Committee on Nominations was appointed a year ago by the Council, from among members of the Association who were not members of the Council. Members were urged to write to these five gentlemen respecting their preferences. It appears that the committee, in addition to the letters that they received, took considerable pains by conversation and some letter-writing to elicit the sentiments of others. The nominating committee then made up a slate against which no member, so far as I know, not even Dr. Rowland himself, has expressed the slightest objection. The reader would certainly infer from Dr. Rowland's communication that the list was dictated to this committee by the Council. On the contrary, no member of the Council had any knowledge of what the nominations would be. The nominating committee made its report in the usual manner of nominating committees. Any one who had other nominations to make could have made them. The only trace of illegality that I could discern in the proceedings was that by vote of the Association (to which there was no dissenting voice) the acting secretary was instructed to cast a ballot for the list brought in by the committee. I think that such a vote is objectionable, and I have heard that it is illegal; but such societies usually follow such a practice, because if no other nominations have been made it saves time. At all events, I see nothing oligarchical about it. Perhaps it could be improved upon, but I am surprised to learn that neither the Association nor the Council has authority to appoint a nominating committee. Are all our seventeen committees, through which the Association does so great a variety of interesting work, illegal?

Secondly, one would not learn accurately from Dr. Rowland's communication just what happened at Charleston. He rose and made a vehement speech of protest, and believes that he had the warm approval of those whom he calls the rank and file. I can only say that, of all who spoke after him (and all were free to speak) none expressed dissatisfaction with the existing method of nominating officers, nor approved his suggestion that ballots should be sent out in the autumn to the 2,800-odd members—for this method had been tried three times and proved a failure. Neither does he record that, at the end of the discussion, it was voted that the new nominating committee should take the whole procedure of nominations into consideration, and report at the next meeting.

My own conviction is that, whatever theoretical qualms may have been felt by some, most members of the American Historical Association, as is the case in most similar bodies, perceive that the affairs of the Society will under any system be chiefly administered by those who are most interested. I think they regard the Council as distinctly accessible to new membership and to new ideas, and on the whole approve nearly all that it has done. I think they should do so, for my observation has been that it is an unselfish and right-minded body, making its best endeavors to care for the interests of the whole membership.

J. FRANKLIN JAMESON.

Carnegie Institution of Washington, January 26.

THE TORONTO "GLOBE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In one of the editorial paragraphs of your issue of January 22 you refer to the "Conservative Toronto *Globe*." The *Globe* is and always has been the leading Liberal newspaper not only of Toronto but also of all Canada. Moreover, at the present time it is striving to inculcate principles of real, progressive liberalism, when a large section of the party is inclined to temporize and equivocate.

W. K. STEWART.

Hanover, N. H., January 26.

CANADA'S TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent editorial (*Nation*, January 15), you speak of the Canadian Indians and say, "In their prosperous absorption into civilization is a constant proof of the wisdom of Canada's policy," etc. I am not familiar with the Indians of any other provinces except New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; but I can assure you that there has been no "prosperous absorption," or any absorption at all, into civilization, if this phrase means in any way the amalgamation with European blood, or living with the rest of the inhabitants. And the Indians of these two provinces most certainly do not "compare favorably with the Dominion's other residents." The Micmacs of Nova Scotia have no vote, and are treated quite as a separate people. Their whole treatment, in fact, conduces to keeping them in a state of tutelage. This is the more astonishing, as the problem in Nova Scotia is very old, and one might think that by this time the Indians would have had some encouragement to amalgamate with the rest of the inhabitants. As it is they intermarry somewhat with negroes only. There are many cases where the Indian agents take little or no trouble to see that the children go to the appointed schools. It may be wise to treat the remnant of the race in a way to discourage totally the ambition to become members of the body politic, but I always had a great sympathy with the Micmacs. There is no reason in the world why those of them who wish to enter into the life of the other inhabitants of the province should not have a chance to do so, and eventually to be enfranchised. Whatever the law now is, there is certainly no encouragement in that direction.

EDWARD BRECK.

Boston, January 27.

THE LOGIC OF THE DIRECT PRIMARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the proverbial visitor from Mars were to look into the current discussions of the direct primary question, it may be guessed that his first impression would be that the participants in the controversy are generally very much obsessed by the existing order of things. He, being a complete alien, completely unprejudiced—being, in fact, not a practical man, but a theorist—would wonder why so few of our political experts have had theory enough to perceive that the direct primary system and the party system are, so far as the conduct of elections is concerned, mutually exclusive.

Having to get the whole matter up in an elementary way, the Martian would first learn the essential thing in the direct primary system to be that the voters have two progressive opportunities for recording their choices, the first establishing some limitation upon the second. A primary system along with the party system, as he presently understands, means that the voters within each party elect their candidates, and then, in the second or regular election, the final choice is made between the candidates of the different parties. But the unavoidable difficulty is obviously with the primary qualifications of the voters. How is it justly determined who is in each party? All the practical schemes for primary elections which our inquirer is able to find seem to make it possible, even if not creditable, for a citizen to vote in the primary of one party and then in the final election vote for the candidate chosen by the other. If he honestly is disappointed in the candidate chosen by the primary of the party in which he first voted, this is defensible. But it is perfectly well known that he may have voted in the primary of one party with the definite purpose of procuring the nomination of a weak candidate, his sympathies being with the other party with which he finally votes.

The trouble with all the existing schemes is that they are based upon the idea of defined party groups in the primary election. Our Martian theorist presently concludes that a logically workable direct primary system must not be based upon the hypothesis of fixed parties at all; and he formulates his simple scheme for the election of candidates as follows:

Let there be two elections, a primary election and a secondary, or final, election. At the first, the voter without the slightest allusion to his party is to have a nameless ballot, with a blank space for each of the offices to be filled. He inserts any name he pleases, whether suggested by his un-

aided fancy or by a convention of himself and his friends, his "party," or his newspaper. With the source of his preference the law would have absolutely nothing to do. Upon the counting of these primary ballots, many of the candidates, receiving only scattering votes, would be eliminated. Let the two or three or four—the law would prescribe the number—receiving the highest number of votes for each office have their names put upon the ballot for the final election, grouped, of course, under the title of the office according to the Massachusetts ballot system. Neither party organizations nor parties would be mentioned in the ballot law. Everything they do would be from the legal point of view "informal." The results of their activities would be simply a lot of suggestions for the voters, by which every legitimate influence could be exercised.

The problem is evidently not merely of the weakening of party "machines," that easy mark for the denunciations of the choir-leaders of reform. It is of the logical working of the idea that the people should themselves do their own nominating, by means of a primary election. Any attempt to couple this with the legal recognition of fixed parties in the election is bound to be—the Martian thinks—complex and futile. ALLAN BALL.

New York, January 30.

"NATIONAL SUPREMACY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to correct one or two misstatements of fact by your reviewer in his notice of my "National Supremacy" (*Nation*, January 15).

He asserts that "the view which I discard has received the emphatic approval of a writer whom I cite frequently," referring to 'Mr. Butler's "Treaty-Making Power." This is a great mistake. Of the passages cited by your reviewer, in that work, only the two final purport to state Mr. Butler's own conclusions, and these are emphatically in support of my position. I quote one of them (Vol. II, p. 64):

> In fact, it must be conceded that the cases cited in the last chapter in which treaty stipulations have so operated as to practically change, or nullify, State laws of succession and inheritance, and in which they have rendered nugatory anti-Chinese legislation, show beyond all peradventure that State laws are in all respects subordinate to the treaty-making power of the central Government.

Also, the reviewer's statement that I press my view of the treaty-power "much further than Mr. Root does" his similar view is without warrant in fact. Mr. Root upheld the national position in the San Francisco school controversy without qualification, and this is the extreme case. (See Am. J. of Nat'l Law, May, 1907.)

EDWARD S. CORWIN.

Princeton, N. J., January 24.

[Notwithstanding Mr. Corwin's letter of complaint, the reviewer is satisfied that he made no misstatements of fact on either of the points referred to. He is quite content to leave the question of obliquity to any fair-minded person who will undertake the irksome task of reading the book, the review with the authorities cited therein, and the letter.—THE REVIEWER.]

Literature

THE FIRST AMERICAN SEA-GOING YACHT.

The Story of George Crowninshield's Yacht, Cleopatra's Barge, on a Voyage of Pleasure to the Western Islands and the Mediterranean, 1816-1817. Compiled from Journals, Letters, and Log-Book, by Francis B. Crowninshield. Boston: D. B. Updike. $15 net.

To the memory of Cleopatra's Barge a special interest clings, not only because she was the first sea-going yacht to be built in America, but on account of the romance with which tradition has surrounded her maiden voyage. George Crowninshield's father and grandfather had been prosperous merchants of Salem. The opening of trade to China and the West Indies after the Revolution very rapidly increased their wealth. George and his five brothers went through the severe nautical training then held necessary for entry to the Crowninshield counting-house. At ten their education as seamen began; at twelve they were studying navigation; before they were twenty, five of the six (and the sixth had died at sea at the age of fourteen) had served as masters of merchant-ships. They were then qualified to sit at a desk. This is more reasonable than it sounds, since to become ship-masters they had been required to learn not only navigation and the principles of ship design and construction, but "the cargoes to be bought and sold, foreign governments, moneys, weights, measures, and the various products of the different countries to which their vessels might go."

Only one of the brothers rescued from this experience a genuine love for the sea. This was "Captain George," whose fondness for ships and knack with them led to his being detailed, at the time when the firm's business was at its height, to the duty of building and fitting out its vessels. He was a small man, but of notable strength and courage, a man of action. He was a man to be looked to in emergencies, saved three men from drowning, and a number of others from death by fire. His first yacht, the Jefferson—the first American yacht of any sort—he used not only for pleasure, but "after a storm he would sail, taking with him extra men and stores with which to render assistance to vessels which might have been disabled." The Jefferson's own story is of interest: she was one of three privateers sent out by the Crowninshields in 1812. She was too small for the work, and made only one cruise, in the course of which she took three prizes. New York has claimed the honor of the first yacht, in the Diver of John C. Stevens, but it appears that the Jefferson must have been the elder by some years. The Jefferson was of only 22 tons. The America, the fastest and most successful privateer of the war, was a merchant vessel of 600 tons. She was George Crowninshield's favorite ship, and served as model for the yacht Cleopatra's Barge. Privateering was the most profitable use the astute Captain George could have put his vessels to at the time. The Crowninshield firm had dissolved as early as 1809. The embargo had almost put an end to commerce. One of the sons, Jacob Crowninshield, to whom Jefferson had offered the post of Secretary of the Navy, had died at Washington in 1808. Two other brothers now went into business for themselves. The old father and two sons, George and Benjamin, retained what was left of the business. The War of 1812 put an end to that; but the value of the America's prizes was, at actual sale, $1,100,000.

In 1814 Benjamin Crowninshield went to Washington to serve as Secretary of the Navy under Madison; shortly after, old George Crowninshield died, and young George (forty-nine years old) was left rich, unemployed, and free to follow his hobby of ships and the sea. To Mr. Retire Becket, the best shipbuilder of Salem and builder of the America, was given the commission of building a yacht which was to be not only a nine days' wonder in New England, but wherever she touched abroad. Cleopatra's Barge was laid down in the spring of 1816, and launched in October. The name finally given her is fanciful enough. The owner's family had fears of something worse, which were almost realized, as is shown by a letter from his sister-in-law to her husband Benjamin at Washington: "He told me he had received his letter & Passport—but unfortunately the name was Car of Concordia, and would not do. How many times you have said he would get some foolish name that would be laughed at!" Captain George was evidently regarded as the family crank. A certificate had to be obtained attesting the change of name, and Cleopatra's Barge the new yacht became.

She was an hermaphrodite brig, of nearly 200 tons, and looked like a small man-of-war. Her fittings were luxurious beyond all precedent. Captain George intended her for a home as well as for a pleasure craft. He planned to set out for the Mediterranean early in January, but a rigorous winter set in, delay followed delay, and people began to suspect that she would never set out at all. Meanwhile her owner was not unhappy. He lived aboard, and was busy receiving the crowds which flocked to see this "perfect specimen of nauti-

cal architecture and sumptuous accommodation"—a godsend for winter-bound New England. Eighteen hundred ladies visited her in the course of one day. His sailing-master grew restless, but Captain George seems never to have tired of entertaining his guests, and displaying the perfections of his toy. Not till March 30 did Cleopatra's Barge actually weigh anchor and begin to prove her mettle on the seas.

Her captain was a nephew of Captain George's, Benjamin Crowninshield, who had been a captain of merchantmen, and of one of the Crowninshield privateers. His son was taken as passenger, apparently because of his literary ability, and the present record of the voyage is chiefly made up of his "Private Journal." The ship's log is of the most meagre sort; and Captain George was a notoriously cramped letter-writer. Young Benjamin had a very pretty knack with his pen, and an inquiring eye. He also had the moralizing bent of his contemporaries, and is often deliciously ingenuous. The helpless celibacy of the daughters of the French Consul at Fayal well-nigh moves him to tears:

"How inestimably better," he cries, "is the condition in America, where we have an extent of country sufficient for our descendants to the thousandth generation. American ladies are, therefore, ready to display all the charms of female excellence. Ever prompt to appear in public at the ball, at church, in their walks they are always social, always amiable; if not beautiful, they cultivate the mind; if not wealthy, all else that renders them desirable. Every one is full of hope, every one is happy! Alas! This is not true of ladies who inhabit a country of crowded population. They must waste their lives in single blessedness, in a nunnery, or wither! wither! under their parental roof."

Yet he does not lack moments of humor, as in his description of an Annunciation in the cathedral at Malaga: "A lady in the costume of our grandmothers, pinched almost off at the waist, sits reading, and before her kneels the angel in the same costume, with wings sticking on his shoulders, most respectfully acquainting the old lady with some particulars."

Unluckily, "Philosopher Ben," as he was nicknamed, seems to have been, like some other persons of genius, rather hard to live with. He was not taken upon some of the most interesting expeditions ashore, notably to Cività Vecchia and to Rome. The taking aboard of some Frenchmen as passengers, who were not introduced to him and who supplanted him at the head-table, seems to have been the finishing touch. At Gibraltar he abandoned the Cleopatra to her fate.

He afterwards wrote somewhat unkindly of Captain George, but apparently did not suspect a possibility which was later magnified by legend into fact: namely, that Cleopatra's Barge was built with the distinct object of rescuing Napoleon from St. Helena. The compiler of these records does not deny that there were circumstances which might colorably give rise to this belief. It was two years since Napoleon had escaped from Elba. George Crowninshield was a Democrat and a great admirer of the Emperor. He was just the sort of man to attempt such an adventure. Cleopatra's Barge visited Elba, and Crowninshield met certain members of Napoleon's suite, who still lived there. After touching Elba, no letters were written to America from the yacht. Her master bore letters and packages to the Bonapartes at Rome, and brought home a number of souvenirs of Napoleon, a ring, a snuffbox, etc., which were given him by Pauline Bonaparte. The Cleopatra received orders to be ready to sail from Cività Vecchia within fifteen minutes of her master's arrival on board, was closely watched by French men-of-war, and finally brought away with her from Cività Vecchia four French officers, including the captain of the ship in which Napoleon sailed from Elba and a surgeon on his staff. These were the passengers who discomfited Philosopher Ben. They made the voyage to America in Cleopatra's Barge, but the Emperor remained on St. Helena. "Yet in spite of these circumstances," says the compiler, "I am convinced that no such idea ever seriously entered his [Captain George's] head."

The voyage home was dull and uncomfortable. Cleopatra's Barge reached Salem in October, 1817. A month later Captain George died suddenly on board the vessel, which he had actually made his home. After his death she was sold and transformed into a merchantman. Shortly after, she became a packet-boat in American waters. Then she made the passage round Cape Horn to the Sandwich Islands, became the private yacht of King Kamehameha I, and was presently (1821) wrecked on a Pacific reef. So passes this world's glory.

This book, with its beautiful letterpress and many illustrations, is a worthy monument.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Health Master. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

From the title-page, with its description of the author not as a writer of this, that, and the other novel, but as an Associate Fellow of the American Medical Association, through the dedication to the health officer of Rochester, N. Y., and on to the end, no reader of this story can be in doubt for a moment that the plot's not the thing. So far is this carried that the one excellent chance for love-making is sternly rejected, and the lovely Miss Ennis, having served her purpose as a subject of the "health master's" skill, drops out of the narrative promptly and finally.

The motive of these pages is enlightenment of the public concerning the important matter of health, and it is to be said with little reservation that they fulfil this purpose in a satisfying way. Now and then there is a touch of exaggeration, and the events of the story are apt to fall out rather too favorably to the interests of the main design. But nothing but good can come from the warnings against patent medicines, quack doctors, and outworn traditions which the "health master" presents to the members of the family of Mr. Thomas Clyde and gradually to a larger community. The value of Mr. Adams's discussion of these things is greatly increased by his fearlessness in naming names. Peruna, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Hall's Catarrah Cure, Duffy's Malt Whiskey, Swamp Root, Jayne's Expectorant, Rexall Cholera Cure, Kohler's One-Night Cough Cure—these and other widely advertised "remedies" receive no mercy from the "health master," who relentlessly analyzes them into their constituents of opium, alcohol, morphine, and so on. Equally beneficial should be his scientific discussion of such troublesome enemies of health as the common coid, and of preventive measures against the various ills that assail the household. The range of the book may be judged from the fact that it includes a consideration of cancer and of venereal diseases.

Idonia. By Arthur F. Wallis. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Heroes of romance usually deserve Hazlitt's description of them as insipid, but they are seldom so witless as Denis Cleeve. They are generally lucky, but few of them need such constant help from Fortune as Denis requires. These are the two distinctions of the hero of "Idonia." In sheer muttonheadedness he easily surpasses any hero of our acquaintance, and from the varied scrapes into which this trait naturally leads him he is rescued by what he would call "unremitting" good luck.

Mr. Wallis has affected a style elaborately though not quite consistently Elizabethan. His archaisms, sometimes incorrectly used, constantly distract the reader's attention from the story. The author's own interest, indeed, appears to be more in his style than in his matter. Occasionally he coins a good phrase or telling sentence, and it is fair to quote him at his best. "Such sweet words of a maid," says the hero, referring to Idonia's promises, "are not singular, I think, but rather be common as death; to which for the first time they give the only right meaning, as of a little ford

that lies in a hollow of the highway of love."

A Term of Silence. By Forrest Halsey. New York: Desmond FitzGerald.

Indignation at the abuses of our State prisons seems to have been the inspiration of Mr. Halsey's story. The hero, George Goodwin, is a weak young man, cashier of a bank, who has been led into theft by an older clerk. His wife is socially ambitious. When the theft is detected, the chief offender gets off with a suspended sentence; the hero gets ten years in the penitentiary. Here, in the grip of the contract labor system, and at the mercy of a corrupt warden and his brutal satellites, he is slowly tortured to death. His wife, who feels that she is the cause of his guilt, meanwhile suffers mental agony outside. Of course, there is a child, born soon after Goodwin's imprisonment. The one ray of hope comes from the fearlessness of the prison doctor, who is at sword's points with the warden. The devotion of his wife and the chivalry of the doctor at last nerve the hero up to an act of courage which exposes the warden and defeats his plot to get rid of the doctor. In his assault on the reader's sympathies Mr. Halsey describes all the shocking details in flaring journalistic rhetoric.

THE STORY OF TRISTAN.

Tristan and Isolt: A Study of the Sources of the Romance. By Gertrude Schoepperle. Ottendorfer Memorial Series of Germanic Monographs (New York University). No. 3. Frankfort a-M.: Joseph Baer & Co.; London: David Nutt.

The student of the legend of Tristan and Iseult (to employ the usual English spelling of the name) starts with an advantage that is rare in Arthurian studies—namely, a general agreement on at least one point of fundamental importance, which is, that the principal extant versions of the story are not derived independently from oral tradition, but have a common source in a lost French metrical romance. Nothing is more frequent in the study of stories than the assumption of hypothetical lost versions. For the purpose of proving a theory, such hypothetical versions obviously furnish a far more plastic material than the stubborn texts that have been actually handed down to us in the manuscripts. In the case of the famous legend before us, however, the evidence is too plain, and even the most skeptical must concede that here we have a real instance of a text of the highest importance—the one that first doubtless gave this immortal story its standing in European literature—yielding to the "iniquity of oblivion."

In a study of the sources of the legend obviously the first problem is to reconstruct from the extant versions the narrative of this lost French archetype—the *estoire*, as following Miss Schoepperle's example, we may call it. In his edition of Thomas's "Tristan" Bédier had attempted such a reconstruction, his principle being to assign to the archetype all narrative features that are found in at least two of the extant versions. In Miss Schoepperle's opinion, however, this table of concordances has no value, partly because Bédier has been unconsciously biassed in his interpretation of the various versions and partly because he has neglected to consider that where Thomas's text is lost we cannot tell whether coincidences between Gottfried von Strassburg (whose work is in the main based on Thomas) and Eilhart von Oberge may not be due to direct imitation of the latter by the former. She herself argues at length that Eilhart's "Tristrant" represents with substantial accuracy the lost *estoire*. The main point involved is the different conception as to the duration of the influence of the love-potion. In the Béroul version, so similar in many respects to that of Eilhart, this influence lasts only three years; in Eilhart it endures in full strength for four years (until the end of the forest episode), but then weakens, although it never ceases entirely; in Thomas and the prose "Tristan" there is no abatement of the influence, as long as the lovers live. According to Bédier, the conception of the *estoire* is reproduced by Thomas; according to Miss Schoepperle by Eilhart. The difference of conception, we may remark, affects especially the portion of the narrative in the two versions which follows on the return of the lovers from the forest. In regard to this question, we should ourselves be inclined to side with Bédier. It is difficult to believe that in the primitive form of the story any term was set to the efficacy of the love-potion. Miss Schoepperle, herself, seems to grant this. Now, inasmuch as Thomas sets no such limit, it is likely that in this feature he represents the *estoire* most exactly, for otherwise we should be obliged to suppose that the author of this lost archetype of the extant versions modified the original conception, but that Thomas, who was drawing exclusively from the *estoire*, changed it again in a way that rendered it identical with the primitive conception. This process does not strike us as probable; Eilhart's modification looks rather like an effort to explain the possibility of Tristan's long absence from Iseult of Cornwall, after he had fled to Brittany. There are other evidences of degraded narrative in Eilhart, as in his inadequate motivation of the false statement of Iseult of Brittany concerning the color of the sails which led to Tristan's death. Miss Schoepperle tries to prove that the German poet here does imply the same motive as Thomas—namely, jealousy—but it seems to us without success.

In her discussion of the date of the *estoire* Miss Schoepperle shows on what slender grounds Bédier has referred this lost romance to the early part of the twelfth century. We agree with her that the evidence on which this conclusion was based is too uncertain, and that, on the other hand, the ideas of courtly love with which the poem was strongly marked point rather to the second half of the century. Miss Schoepperle, however, does not seem to note, herself, how important a bearing this question of the date of the *estoire* has on the old debate as to whether there were Arthurian romances before Chrétien de Troyes; for, after all, the existence of an early "Tristan" romance supplied the strongest argument in favor of that theory.

The greater part of the book is devoted to an analysis of the elements of Celtic and general popular tradition, respectively, in the *estoire*. No one before Miss Schoepperle has performed this task with anything like the same thoroughness. She appears to have gone through the whole body of extant Celtic saga material (which is, of course, mainly Irish) in search of parallels for the *motifs* in the Tristan story, and it is safe to say that this part of the work will never have to be done again. The net result is to render it probable that this story of tragic passion owes much more to Celtic tradition than Bédier or Golther has admitted. In some other respects her conclusions do not differ from those of her eminent predecessors. That is to say, she regards the story of Tristan's youth and the story of Iseult of Brittany as of subsequent and non-Celtic origin. It was from such Celtic sagas as that of "Diarmaid and Grainne" that the love-story of Tristan and Iseult, in her judgment, was derived. She might have added that the identity of the Tristan story with the Celtic saga just named was a favorite theory with the late J. F. Campbell. Miss Schoepperle does not attempt to determine in what part of the Celtic territory the legend of Tristan and Iseult had its origin.

This is an excellent book. In thoroughness of research it leaves nothing to be desired, and the reasoning, though close and acute, is always clear. The orderly arrangement of discussion and evidence throughout is one of its conspicuous merits. It is refreshing to come across a work of investigation in the history of stories that exhibits so well-balanced a judgment and so true a sense of proportion.

Public Utilities, Their Cost-New and Depreciation. By Hammond V. Hayes, Ph.D. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.

The volume of literature on valuation of public-service enterprises grows apace, and it is fair to assume that it will continue to grow while the stupendous task of railway valuation is in process of completion. Mr. Hayes has, according to his preface, attempted to show three things to those whose business it is to assemble facts for the purpose of making a valuation:

> First, that it is the duty of the appraiser, not to ascertain the fair present value—that function belongs to the court or commission—but to ascertain with accuracy such figures as are necessary evidences of value and loss of value; second, that the original cost can be obtained without inordinate difficulty, and is a figure of importance to those who must rule as to what the fair present value should be; and, third, that depreciation is affected only indirectly by inefficiency, and that as a necessary consequence depreciation is dependent wholly upon the relation of the age to the life of the perishable property.

His book contains a readable summary of the main principles recognized in determining "original cost," "cost-new" or "replacement cost," and of the most scientific methods of treating the matter of "depreciation," and it may be recommended (with Whitten on "Valuation of Public Service Corporations") to those who desire such acquaintance with these matters as may become a well-informed layman.

The reviewer has no fault to find with Mr. Hayes's discussion of the purely engineering and accounting questions in connection with valuation. But in his treatment of "increased land values" he makes it clear that there is some confusion in his mind as to the matter of "unearned increment"—so-called—in valuations for rate-making purposes. He admits that the public service company appealing to the courts for relief against confiscatory rates must receive credit for this "increment" in any statement of "present value," but insists that in the regulation of rates by the State "original cost" should be the rule for land. And he goes so far as to say, "It is thus seen that there are two different fair present values (*sic!*) for the same property—one value to be determined and used by the State in the regulation of rates and another to be determined and used by the courts when a question arises as to whether an imposed rate is equivalent to a confiscation of the property of the undertaking" (p. 210). With all respect to Mr. Hayes, this is surely not sense, and it may be wondered that, after writing the words "two different fair present values" above quoted, he did not stop and reconsider the whole matter. There may be such a thing as a "fair present value" for taxation and another "fair present value" for rate-making, but there can only be one "fair present value" for rate-making. Mr. Hayes is not the only writer on this subject to go astray on this matter of land values: Mr. Whitten in his book committed himself to almost as great an absurdity by favoring the theory that increased land values should not be allowed for rate-making, but should (in some way not explainable or susceptible of rational accounting) be prorated over a number of years and considered as "income"!

Apparently, the thing that confuses this question for many people is the uniformity and extent of the increase in land values generally in the past. Mr. Hayes quotes the Minnesota Railroad Commission (1908) as saying, "It must be apparent to all that if the constantly increasing value of railroad properties is to be taken as the basis for computing proper returns, without regard to the original cost of the same, it is only a matter of time when transportation companies will by absorption own a disproportionate share of the wealth of the country" (p. 67). That balderdash of this kind should be uttered by a State Commission and gravely quoted in a serious work shows how much need there is of a clear understanding as to the rights of private capital invested in the public service. Mr. Hayes will help a little to this clear understanding if in future editions of his book he will eliminate such portions of his remarks on land values as constitute a pronouncement on what is and what is not "fair present value."

Aramaic Incantation Texts of Nippur. By J. A. Montgomery. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Museum, Publications of the Babylonian Section, Vol. III.

Professor Montgomery, well known by his authoritative work published some years ago on the Samaritans, has undertaken the very difficult and most unselfish task of publishing the large series of incantation texts on clay bowls which were found in the upper layers of the mound at Nippur, excavated under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. The catalogue of the University of Pennsylvania Museum counts more than one hundred and fifty specimens of such bowls, but a large number are in so fragmentary a condition and the writing on them, moreover, so illegible that Professor Montgomery was wise in excluding them entirely from his publication. He has confined himself to forty-two more or less complete specimens, and we wish to commend especially the careful copies of the text embodied in the thirty-eight plates attached to the publication. The bowls vary in shape, but most of them are about the size of a modern porridge bowl, with the writing running round the bowl, generally beginning in the centre.

The question as to the exact date of the bowls, of which large numbers have been found elsewhere in Babylonian mounds, is an exceedingly difficult one. Some guidance is furnished through the stratum in the mound at Nippur. From this and from other indications Professor Montgomery concludes that the texts should be placed not later than the sixth or the beginning of the seventh century. This date will probably turn out to be correct, though, of course, it is possible that some of the bowls may be considerably earlier than others. The interest of the inscriptions on the bowls is twofold: First, the language, and, secondly, the proof furnished through them for the persistence of superstitious beliefs in connection with the dead. The language on most of the bowls is Aramaic and closely allied to the variety of Aramaic found in the great rabinical writings known as the Babylonian Talmud. The inscriptions thus furnish new material for the study of the Semitic dialect that was current among the Jewish and Christian settlers of Babylonia after the old Babylonian language had disappeared.

The inscriptions themselves are full of appeals to angels, demons, and spirits, invoking the protection of the good powers and endeavoring to prevent the evil ones from interfering with the repose of the dead. The inscriptions thus lead us into a world filled with superstitious dread of demons, precisely of the same order that we encounter in the ancient religion of Babylonia and Assyria. Indeed, some of the names of the demons are Babylonian deities who have been degraded in their rank. So we find the Babylonian sun-god Shamash, the moon-god Sin, the goddess Nanâ, and other gods, like Bel and Nergal, invoked. But the main feature of the list of angels, demons, and spirits is their eclectic character. They appear to be gathered from all parts of the world, though Persian influence is predominant. The formulas themselves used in connection with the invoking or the exorcising of spirits and demons are naturally monotonous—the same ideas are emphasized over and over again. The demons are adjured through powerful charms to flee, not to appear, never to come back, "neither in dreaming by night nor in slumber by day."

In the course of these appeals to the demons curious devices are introduced. So, for example, in one case the formula of exorcism imitates the terms of a decree of divorce, some of the terms of which are introduced *verbatim*. There can be no doubt from the contents of the inscriptions that the Jews and Christians, as late as the seventh century and probably considerably later, still

clung to the belief that demons were continually lurking near, and that they were particularly dangerous to the dead unable to protect themselves. The bowls, with their magic inscriptions, were, therefore, placed with the dead as a protection, and frequently, to symbolize the hoped-for release from the demons, two bowls were cemented together with the representations of the demons on the inside, signifying their imprisonment.

The work is thus of interest to a student of the history of popular superstitions, and it is to be particularly commended because of the many valuable notes scattered through it. The glossary attached includes the material derived from earlier publications of similar texts, so that it is a full concordance for the study of such incantation formulæ.

Notes

Messrs. Longmans announce: "The Passing of the Reform Bill," by J. R. M. Butler, and "The Confederacy of Europe," by W. Alison Phillips.

We may expect from Putnams, within the next few weeks, the following volumes: "One Year of Pierrot," by the Mother of Pierrot; "The Marriage of Cecilia," by Maude Leeson; "The Shears of Delilah, Stories of Married Life," by Virginia T. Van de Water; "The Peacock Feather," by Leslie Moore; "Frémont and '49," by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh; "Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirks," by Howard Palmer; "The Shadow of Ætna," by Louis V. Ledoux; "The Backward Child," a practical manual by Barbara Spofford Morgan; Jean Finot's "The Science of Happiness," translated from the French by Mary J. Safford, and the two books by Emile Faguet in translations by Sir Home Gordon—"Initiation into Literature" and "Initiation into Philosophy."

Two new volumes by Samuel Butler, entitled "The Humor of Homer" and "The Fair Haven," concluding the complete edition of his works, will be issued at an early date by Mitchell Kennerley.

The same house has in preparation "Monologues," by Richard Middleton, which, according to a statement by his literary executor, is the last collection that can be made from his manuscripts and papers.

The second series of Theodore Hunt's "English Literary Miscellany" is in the press of the Bibliotheca Sacra Company, Oberlin, O.

The Page Company of Boston will bring out this season a new book on Bulgaria and Macedonia by Prof. Will S. Monroe.

"The Indian History of the Modoc War" has been written by Jeff. C. Riddle, son of Wi-ne-ma, called the heroine of the war, who is still living. The book is announced by D. L. Moses, of San Francisco.

"Ein Charakterbild von Deutschland," announced by Heath, is designed for German reading in intermediate classes. It has been put together by Elizabeth Merhaut, the German author, and Prof. M. B. Evans.

Mr. John Spargo is bringing out, through Huebsch, "Socialism and Motherhood."

Among the books on social questions which Mr. Murray, the London publisher, is preparing, are a study of the land system by J. A. R. Marriott, and Mrs. Bosanquet's history of the C. O. S., "Social Work in London, 1869-1912."

"Morocco the Bizarre," by George E. Holt, and "Troubled Mexico," by Hamilton Fyfe, are announced by McBride, Nast & Co.

Forthcoming books of the Oxford University Press include: "The Gods of Northern Buddhism," by Alys Getty; "Pestilence in Literature and Art," by Raymond Crawfurd; "The Law of Associations," by Herbert A. Smith; "Bibliography of the Works of Dr. Johnson," by W. P. Courtney, and, in the Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History, edited by Paul Vinogradoff, Volume IV: "The Early History of Contract," by W. Barbour, and "The Abbey of Saint-Bertin and its Neighborhood, 900-1350," by G. W. Coopland.

The first number of the *Political Quarterly* will be published immediately by the Oxford University Press. It will contain articles on the Home Rule situation, the Dublin labor dispute, the United States Senate, the registration of titles to land, municipal government in Birmingham, the school in relation to civic progress, the state in recent political theory, and reviews of events—the political year in Canada, the Imperial Parliament, etc.—and of books.

It is said that M. Anatole France is busy on a new work, to be entitled "Les Anges," and the question has been asked whether, in view of his recent visit in England, the title in any way reflects Pope Gregory's "non Angli sed angeli."

"La Vie à Paris," the weekly chronicle which the late Jules Claretie wrote for the *Temps*, will be prepared henceforth by M. Abel Hermant, the novelist.

A pension has been given to M. Faguet, who recently retired from a professorship at the Sorbonne, held since 1890.

We are glad to welcome the "Collected Poems" (Putnam) of Grace Denio Litchfield, whose work in scattered form has been known to the public for the last two decades. Brought together in a volume of nearly 350 pages, her verses will impress readers as a substantial achievement whose level is distinctly high. For Miss Litchfield has unmistakably real poetic quality. Having gone to school to Keats and Shelley and Tennyson, she has formed the instinct of seeing life in terms of beauty. Indeed, her fluency in contriving choicest imagery is her chief defect. The reading of such a poem as her "Narcissus" must hold for ordinary mortals much of the confused delights of rushing down a scenic railway past shimmering landscapes ranging from sunlit glaciers to still and fragrant tropical nights. There is no straining for effect, she manifestly writes as she lives, the votary of precious overtones. Individually, line after line arrests one by its happy effect of precise observation heightened by poetic feelings. Of a mountain lake she says,

> Or if no light was, drew the darkness down
> And wore it like a cloak of elder-down.

Æolus, in her fancy,

> Sent his wild brood hallooing up the land.

She makes of Baldur, lying dead, in another poem,

> A fallen star, in his own light enshrouded,
> And confined in the darkness of the world.

Nor is Miss Litchfield's interest confined to the sensuous; the prick of thought is usually to be felt beneath her velvety surfaces.

Besides three long dramatic poems, which it is not necessary to review here, Miss Litchfield's volume contains a hundred pages of short lyrics. On the whole, these do not seem to the present writer to have quite the merit of the longer work. But the lack appears to be owing less to native ability than to choice of theme. The general tone is forlorn and even a bit melodramatic, as if issuing from a heart too much engrossed with the sharp-practice of love. But in a few instances she has achieved perfection, as in the following stanzas:

> Into my life she came
> One golden day,
> Softly as blossoms come
> Into the May.
> I only knew that she was there
> By the fragrance in the air.
>
> Into my heart she came
> One day of days,
> Stilly, as on night's dark
> God's stars outblaze.
> I only knew that she was there
> By the glory everywhere.

"R. L. S." (Macmillan), by Francis Watt, is not a biography. There is not at this hour a deafening clamor for a new biography of Stevenson. It is not a critical study. To produce that the author would have to probe more deeply for Stevenson's qualities as letter-writer, playwright, rhymer, and stylist, and add another chapter on the romancer; he would have to turn a stronger search-light on his women-characters, his religion, his own character. Perhaps Mr. Watt wishes to satisfy a gossipy interest in "originals." He surely keeps close upon Stevenson's heels among the many scenes and persons that reappear in his books, including even the historical characters that creep into them in various transformations. At any rate, between the carmine covers of the volume are most of the matters that would engage that ever new public which knows not Stevenson but would like to learn from a book that is not too "deep."

From the time of the Veda until to-day the singing quality has never been lost from India's voice. It reached its height about the fifth century of our era—that is a millennium and a half gone by—in the poet Kalidasa, the master genius of Sanskrit literature, and one of the world's greatest dramatists and lyrists. With the present interest in the work of the living Bengali poet, Tagore, it seems particularly opportune now to draw attention to a volume entitled "Kalidasa: Translation of Shakuntala and Other Works," by Arthur W. Ryder, professor in the University of California, published in Dutton's series of Everyman's Library. In this book the play of "Shakuntala," or "Çakuntala," is translated in full. The rendering by Dr. Ryder, as a scholar is thoroughly faithful, even though limited by the wholly justifiable adaptation of a literary style in English to represent what was highly literary in Sanskrit. Abridgments are given of the two

other romantic dramas handed down from Kalidasa, together with outlines of the story of the poet's two literary creations in the art-epic line, interpreted through versified selections in English. Excerpted stanzas, well turned in verse, show the beauty of Kalidasa's poem on "The Seasons"; while his lyric masterpiece, the "Cloud Messenger," is excellently rendered in a five-lined rhyming stanza that conveys an idea of the exquisite poetic feeling which runs through the poem in the original Sanskrit.

Continuing her studies in mysticism, Miss Evelyn Underhill has turned her attention to the beginnings of Christianity and the early history of the Church ("The Mystic Way"; Dutton). She has succeeded in giving to this much studied subject a fresh and suggestive interpretation. In her view the mystic is a separate species as sharply marked off from the rest of mankind as "normal" mankind supposes itself to be marked off from the higher apes. The mystic uses the whole or a relatively large part of man's psychic life, rather than a little patch of consciousness. Under the spur of his vivid faculty of intuition he thrusts forward his whole personality on a new path. This step forward in the life of the race is not fully taken until the appearance of Jesus of Nazareth. For the mystery of the mystic way was only partially solved by the Indian mystics. They attained union with reality, but at the cost of forces which should have been stimulated by such union. And the Hebrew prophets gave only a hint of what was to come. In his effort to reveal the great "secret" Jesus was only partially successful as far as his immediate followers were concerned. But Paul and the writer of the Fourth Gospel developed and diffused this new type of consciousness. The fourth Gospel is described as the product of a mystic seer writing a record of a new kind of life; as an account which tells us more of the writer's experiences than of historical facts in the life of Jesus. After the death of these men the process by which the knowledge of the new way of life is spread is somewhat more obscure.

Psychological conversion gives place more and more during the second, third, and fourth centuries to formal belief. The average Christian changed his religion but not his mind. The promise of the "new life" becomes identified not with psychological change but with eschatological hopes. Yet the "new life" flowed on, expressing itself now here, now there, but above all in monasticism. To St. Macarius the Great, writing in Egypt about the middle of the fourth century, Miss Underhill points as the first scientific Christian mystic. By him were the experiences and intuitions of the New Testament giants first reduced to a clear and orderly system. His account is, moreover, touched with the vivid light of personal experience. Nor was it Dionysius the Neo-Platonist, but rather Macarius, that constituted the vital link between East and West in the chain of the Christian mystics. He was indeed a thoroughfare of the spirit of new life. Monasticism was, then, an essentially mystical movement. It provided a professional training school for the mystic, in spite of the fact that its history, like that of the Church, was characterized by perpetually recurring lapses from the mystical to the mechanical. In monasticism the mystic spirit found a channel on the confines of the Church. But in the Church's very heart, its ritual, the mystic spirit also created for itself a place in which to live and whence to give forth its influence. In the ritual life of the Church, particularly in the mass, the author attempts to trace a reflection of the experiences of the mystic way.

To the American traveller who thinks of Canada as too near to be interesting, or who recalls, after a journey across it, only Quebec and the Rockies, Mr. Joseph K. Goodrich's "The Coming Canada" (Chicago: McClurg) may be commended. The historical chapters, which fill a third of the volume, are of the slightest; and the accounts of commercial and industrial development, railway expansion, agriculture, and sport could hardly be more superficial. For those for whom it obviously is written, however, the book can hardly help proving useful; and we hope it may increase American understanding of a country which not only does most things very well, but which also contrives to manage a number of things—taxation, banking, administration, and justice, for example—appreciably better than we manage them in the United States.

A gratifying evidence of the increasing interest in historical scholarship shown by local societies, organized for purposes of good fellowship and the perpetuation of the memory of ancestors, is seen in the occasional publication under their auspices of works of a serious historical character. Under the title, "Forerunners and Competitors of the Pilgrims and Puritans" (Brooklyn, published for the Society, 1912), the New England Society of Brooklyn has recently issued, in two elaborate volumes edited by Dr. Charles H. Levermore, a collection of narratives of early voyages, designed "to show how many adventurers were visiting, exploring, describing, and even trying to occupy the New England coast during the years immediately preceding the successful settlements at Plymouth, Salem, and Boston." The series includes the text of some twenty-five narratives, beginning with 1601 and extending to 1625, of voyages to the New England coast, meaning thereby the region from Cape Breton to the mouth of the Hudson River. The selections are, in a majority of cases, extracts only, and the longest and most important portions are those taken from the narratives of Champlain, Lescarbot, Biard, and John Smith. Though the title is infelicitous and somewhat obscure, the work is well edited and printed, and brings together for the first time in a continuous series a valuable group of narratives. It bears no marks of either originality or novelty, but it does furnish a convenient collection of the narratives of voyages made by persons other than the Pilgrims or Puritans of the Bay Colony to the shores of New England. The editor's introduction on the development of the trading companies is representative of present-day interest in the part which the companies played in the settlement of America, though it might have been made more timely by including the results of recent investigations upon the subject.

In 1904, a group of Oxford mediævalists planned a calendar of the royal acts of the kings of England from 1066 to 1154, to be issued under the title "Regesta Regum, Anglo-Normannorum," as an "instrument de travail" to assist in their private researches. All but two of the original collaborators fell away from the undertaking, but the work has gone on, and now the first volume has appeared, "Regesta Willelmi Conquestoris et Willelmi Rufi," carrying the subject to 1100 (Oxford University Press). Two more volumes are to follow, one containing the charters of Henry I, a series rich in new documents, and of Stephen, a smaller and less valuable group, and the other the charters issued by the Empress Matilda and by Henry of Anjou in the years 1153 and 1154. The general editor, H. W. C. Davis, has directed the work and coördinated the material, and the other surviving collaborator, R. J. Whitwell, has given regular and continuous assistance in the search for documents and the preparation of a part of the index. Others, too, among whom is Professor Haskins of Harvard, have come to the rescue, either furnishing copies of documents, contributing notices of printed material, making critical observations, or undertaking the thankless task of reading the proof.

The volume now published, which will be the shortest of the three, contains 487 items, chronologically arranged and critically edited, of which 92, hitherto unprinted, are given in full in the appendix. The list covers diplomas, grants, charters, notifications, precepts, confirmations, memoranda, accords, letters, mandates, writs, ordinances, gifts, inquests, and canons, a few of which did not issue from the royal chancery and were not even attested by a sovereign. Some of the documents calendared or printed are pretended, others spurious. The editor's introduction, an elaborate and learned disquisition, discusses the value of the documents for general history, and contains essays on the old English chancery, the chanceries of William I and William II, an itinerary of William I, the household officials of William I and William II, justice and administration of the charters, a list of manuscript sources, a bibliography of printed books, and an index of grantees and beneficiaries. The volume closes with carefully prepared indexes of persons and places. For the general student of English constitutional history, the essay on "Justice and Administration" will be found especially serviceable, as throwing useful sidelights upon the subject, though few of the points noted are strictly new. The portions relating to local administration and local custom are distinctly the most interesting, and the discovery of three cases of itinerant justices holding iters under William I and William II, such as are afterward found taking place under Henry I and Henry II, is a noteworthy addition to knowledge.

Sébastien Castellion's noble plea for tolerance, the "Traité des Hérétiques a savoir, si on les doit perséeuter," hitherto almost "introuvable," has been known through the extracts in Ferdinand Buisson's "Castellion," or in the rare Latin text, "De Haereticis an sint persequendi," published at Basel, 1554. Two Genevan pastors, Olivet and Choisy, have published through Jullien of Geneva an excellently printed three-franc reimpression of the French text of

1554 from the two copies still in existence at Basel and Geneva. Pastor Choisy, who is also professor in the University and author of two volumes on Geneva in Calvin's and Beza's days based on careful research in the archives, stands sponsor for the scholarship of the reprint. In his brief preface he concurs in Buisson's judgment and the testimony of Beza that the "Traité" was a piece of collaboration mainly by Castellion, who edited it and contributed the two prefaces, the selection from the preface to his own translation of the Bible, and the "Refutation" of reasons for persecution, the last under the pseudonym of "Basile Montfort." The "Traité" included selections from Luther's and Calvin's earlier and milder views, from Erasmus, Brentius, Conrad Pellican, Urbanus Regius, Augustine, and earlier church fathers. The full text justifies Buisson's conclusion that it was "not a mere foreshadowing of tolerance, but a rational and methodical defence of full religious liberty"—though it might be added that Castellion's "principal points of the true religion" could not all be accepted by liberals of to-day. The work refutes Littré's thesis, so far at least as theory is concerned, that there is not to be found a spark of tolerance in the sixteenth century. The editors deserve thanks for making available Castellion's cogent treatise with its real insight into the nobler and more essential principles of Protestant thought. One regrets that there is not some statement as to how far the "simplified" spelling of the sixteenth century has been standardized, and wishes that Professor Choisy's modesty had not prevented his giving some estimate of the value of the "Traité" and of its place in the history of tolerance.

Mrs. Marie Robinson Wright, author, who travelled two thousand miles on muleback in Mexico and Bolivia and three times crossed the South American continent, in 1904 making the record trip over the Andes, died on Sunday in Liberty, Sullivan County, N. Y. She was born at Newman, Ga. She was the author of "Picturesque Mexico," "The New Brazil," "The Republic of Chile," "Bolivia," and "The Old and New Peru."

Brig.-Gen. James Grant Wilson died on Sunday in New York city. He was born in Edinburgh in 1832, and was educated in this country, largely by private tutors. He served during the greater part of the Civil War, being active in the Vicksburg campaign, and in 1865 was appointed brigadier-general. He resigned this post the same year, and lived, with the exception of some years of travel abroad, in New York. For his part in raising a memorial to Columbus in this city he was knighted by the Queen Regent of Spain. As an editor he is remembered for his work on the Chicago *Record*, of which he was proprietor before the war. He also edited the poems of Fitz-Greene Halleck and other volumes; and was the author of several books, among them "Sketches of Illustrious Soldiers," "Bryant and his Friends," "Love in Letters," "Life of General Grant," and "Thackeray in the United States."

The death is reported, on January 15, of Baron Hermann von Soden, since 1901 chief pastor of the Jerusalem Church in Berlin. He was born in 1852 at Cincinnati and was educated at Tübingen. His specialty in scholarship was textual criticism and study of the Holy Land, which he had visited many times. Among his books are "Palestine and its History" and a work in four volumes, completed a few months ago, on New Testament texts.

The death is reported from Nice, France, of Paul Déroulède, the French writer and politician. He was born in Paris in 1846. He entered the army, and was captured at Sedan, September 1, 1870. After the capitulation of Paris he took part in the second siege of that city against the Commune. He had reached the rank of lieutenant, and had been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, when, on account of a severe fall from a horse, his health was so much impaired that he was obliged to quit the service. He was at one time a Deputy, president of the League of Patriots, and was an ardent supporter of the late Gen. Boulanger. M. Déroulède was noted throughout his life for his patriotic outbursts in the columns of the newspapers, and his writings led him into many duels. He was banished from France in 1900 for trying to substitute a plebiscitary republic for the parliamentary republic, and remained abroad for five years until he was pardoned. His literary work was very extensive, embracing poetry and romance, and patriotic exhortation of all sorts.

Science

"The Life of the Fly" (Dodd, Mead), by J. Henri Fabre, contains all the essays on Diptera and all the purely autobiographical essays of the "Souvenirs entomologiques." As a whole, the volume is perhaps less impressive than "The Life of the Spider," but any of Fabre's writing is eminently readable; his passionate curiosity, endless patience, and life-long devotion to an ideal, are revealed afresh in this new collection of essays. The translation, by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, is of more than usual excellence.

More significant even than books dealing with State and county bird-life is J. H. Gurney's "The Gannet" (London: Witherby & Company), which treats of a single species in 567 unpadded pages. Chapter headings give an idea of the range of treatment—Names, Distribution, Colonies, Numbers, Nidification, Habits, Flight, Mortality, Age, Plumage, Osteology, and Anatomy. The work includes an historical preface, bibliography, and five appendices dealing with allied species, tropical boobies, parasites, historic remains, and fossils. The name "gannet" first occurs in "Beowulf." The part it has played in literature and history, from the writings of old explorers and voyages, down to the most recent technical anatomical treatises, has been carefully studied and abstracted, one of the best accounts having been written by one Martin Martin, and published in 1698. There are estimated to be about one hundred and one thousand gannets to-day, living in the northern seas. The book contains many beautiful photographs and is attractively made.

At the back of "Wild Animals at Home" (Doubleday, Page), by Ernest Thompson Seton, is an appendix containing a list of the mammals living in the Yellowstone Park, most of which were observed by the author in 1912. The book deals with bits of the lives of these animals. Their actual habits as observed in the Park are supplemented by tales of earlier days and incidents of other trips, the chapters affording easy and light reading, with about the range of treatment of a popular lecture. A few headings selected at random are The Cute Coyote, The Well-Meaning Skunk, and Sneak-Cats, Big and Small. We could wish that, even in so evidently popular a book, the author had put something of comparative comment, the leaven of a philosophic touch here and there. Even a single page of discussion of the strange instinct which drew the bull back to the bloody milk, time after time and finally to its death, would have been much more worth while than the mere narration of the episode. We are glad to read the five "nots" of the beaver, that it neither uses its tail as a trowel nor uses big logs for its dam; neither drives stakes nor throws trees any given way, and does not finish its lodge outside with mud. But we fear the author is gullible in believing the story of the crippled buffalo bird which wintered with a bull, searching for seeds during the day and roosting at night for warmth deep buried in the woolly fur between the horns of the great animal. Is not the cowbird the buffalo-bird of olden times, and not the normal nesting blackbird? The comical thumb-nail sketches are good, the photographs fair. It is an ideal book for the Pullman car en route for the West. The most important thing which can be said about a book of this type is that the light and frivolous pattern of its diction is woven on a framework of real scientific truth.

Prof. George Poe, cousin of the poet, Edgar Allan Poe, and a noted scientist and inventor, died in Norfolk, Va., on Monday, aged sixty-eight. He had been mentioned for the Nobel prize for scientific attainment. In 1875 Professor Poe liquefied nitrous oxide for the first time, which was hailed as a great scientific discovery. He was a native of Virginia and a veteran of the Civil War.

Drama

Our Irish Theatre. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

In this book, which she describes as a chapter of autobiography, Lady Gregory sketches the origin and early career of the Abbey Theatre. For the most part it is a rehearsal of facts already well known, but her lively relation of them, for the future information of her little grandson, is likely to find many other interested readers. The story of the humble beginnings of the Irish National Theatre and of the astonishing results achieved, in the face of most disheartening difficulties, by the courage, ability, and zeal of a few enthusiasts, has a significance that makes it well worth the retelling. And Lady Gregory, a vigorous and attractive writer, fresh-

ens it by intimate reminiscence of her associates in the enterprise of which she was always a mainstay. She devotes a particularly interesting chapter to J. M. Synge, his slow and laborious development as a dramatist, the inspiration that he found in his prolonged sojourns among the peasantry of Western Ireland, his wit and geniality, when once his natural shyness had been overcome, and his brave but hopeless fight against mortal disease. It was a pity that he could not live to give his finishing touches to his "Deirdre of the Sorrows." His tongue was very sharp sometimes. He said of one actress whom he disliked that she turned the Deirdre of W. B. Yeats into the Second Mrs. Conchubar, and he spoke of a vehement Englishwoman as an example of civilization in its most violent form.

Naturally, the point of view of Lady Gregory is characteristically and often delightfully Irish. Nothing in her records is more amusing than her account of the duel between the Abbey Theatre management and the Dublin Castle authorities over the production of "The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet." In this encounter she had the artful aid and encouragement of that adroit and specious councillor, the author, Bernard Shaw. The play had been banned by the English censor, whose authority does not extend to Ireland; but subordinate Castle officials, not wishing to run the risk of offending the powers in London, asked the Abbey directors to withdraw the play and thus avoid possible trouble, at the same time pointing out that it could not be considered Irish and scarcely came within the limits of the theatre's charter. Into the merits of the question it is not at all necessary to go. What is tolerably plain is that Lady Gregory and her associates quickly discerned that the veiled threats from the Castle to annul their patent were in the nature of bluff, and they promptly availed themselves of the opportunity to put the Lord Lieutenant "in a hole." Unquestionably they out-manœuvred their opponents from first to last, and conducted their campaign with admirable tact and unflinching resolution. Declaring that the very existence of the Irish Theatre was at stake, and that they could never accept the principle of subserviency to a British censor, they defied consequences, and gave their performance without any interference, gaining a big moral victory and reaping all the advantages of a tremendous advertisement. It was a master stroke in its way, and the Castle, by its own blundering, was made to look superlatively foolish; but Lady Gregory's hearty subscription to Mr. Shaw's assertion that the piece is one of deep religious intent and purport will provoke a smile.

About one-third of the book is occupied with the adventures of "The Playboy of the Western World" in the old world and the new. That play has been the subject of as much discussion as it deserves. Lady Gregory, of course, pays it the tribute of unalloyed admiration. It is, however, worthy of note that, as she remarks, the original manuscript was so full of bad language and objectionable sentences that both she and Yeats insisted upon liberal expurgation, which was effected. With a little stricter editing, possibly, much needless offence might have been avoided. She ridicules the stupidity of those who failed to appreciate the spirit of Synge's fantasy. No one is likely to dispute the assertion that much of the characterization and incident in it is purely fantastic, but it was not in the guise of whimsical or satirical fantasy that the piece was presented, but as a comparatively realistic picture of Irish life and character. There may have been no excuse for the rioting indulged in by the objectors—however much it contributed to the financial success of the production—but no one should be surprised that, among imperfectly educated Irishmen, a somewhat illusive symbolism should have been mistaken for deliberate misrepresentation.

Paul Elder & Co. have in press "The Foot of the Rainbow," a drama by Myrtle Glenn Roberts.

English translations of Volumes III and IV of Hauptmann's Dramatic Works, now in the press of Huebsch, will be ready this season. The first of the two volumes contains "The Reconciliation" and "Colleague Crampton," translated by Roy Temple House; "Lonely Lives," translated by Mary Morison, and "Michael Kramer," translated by the editor, Prof. Ludwig Lewisohn. The other volume has "Hannele" and "The Sunken Bell," translated by Charles Henry Meltzer, and "Henry of Auë," translated by Mr. Lewisohn.

Maurice Bourgeois has been authorized to translate into French "The Playboy" and "The Well of the Saints," and has provisionally reserved the rights of the other works. "The Playboy" is to appear in the *Grande Revue* and to be produced by the Théâtre Subventionné de l'Oeuvre. We should say that he was exceptionally well qualified to serve as Synge's official interpreter in Paris. He relishes his author without losing his head over him; he has digested the history of the dramatic movement in Ireland, and his analysis of the European, the Irish, and the personal elements in Synge's work is sounder and fuller than anything else we have seen. To other students of the subject, his bibliographical appendices, amounting with the index to more than eighty pages, will be invaluable.

There will be a remarkable cast for the coming revival of "The Tyranny of Tears" in London. It will include Robert Loraine, Fred. Kerr, Alfred Bishop, Ethel Irving, and Evelyn D'Alroy.

Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, who have just returned to England, played for sixteen weeks in South Africa. Their itinerary covered the four large towns—Durban, Johannesburg, Pretoria, and Cape Town—and their repertory included "Kismet," "Othello," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "The Taming of the Shrew." Mr. Asche has taken the Globe Theatre for a season of several months, and "Kismet" will be his opening production. He has in reserve a new play which is the result of a meeting between Sir H. Rider Haggard and himself in South Africa. It is an adaptation, for which the actor is responsible, of Rider Haggard's story of Zulu life, "A Child of Storm." Of this piece Mr. Asche said in a recent interview: "The only white man in the story is Allan Quatermaine. All the rest are Zulus, and one of the reasons of our visit to South Africa was to see the kraals and get the necessary local color."

The annual Grasmere folk-play has just been performed. It is called "A Woman of Property." Here is an outline of the plot: A Miss Postlethwaite, a woman of middle age, has suddenly come into possession of a rather important fell-farm and an omnibus business. She needs the help of a certain William Braithwaite, a retired farmer who lives near by, to look after her sheep, and she employs Isaac Forrest, a village joiner, to see to her char-à-banc. These men become rivals for her hand and heart, but she is indifferent to both of them. A neighbor, Mrs. Dobson, is taken into her confidence, and Miss Postlethwaite tells her that the only man she thinks would suit her is Mrs. Dobson's brother, John Holmes. Mrs. Dobson goes off determined to bring the match about. But John, as he tells his sister, is "nea hand at coortin," being really in love elsewhere, and Miss Postlethwaite realizes that she had better make up with William Braithwaite after all. William, who knows how the land lies, and that John is determined to leave Millbeck Farm, determines to help him to marriage, and offers him the post of hind at his farm at Scandale. Then Miss Postlethwaite herself proposes marriage to William Braithwaite in the following words: "How wad it be thinks ta, ef thou was to—to gi thy hoose up i' t' village, and come and bide at Millbeck and give an eye to t' sheep, ay, and t' stock and a'?" To which William replies. "As shepherd does ta mean?" "Nay," she rejoins, "I was meanin—like—as t' maister. Will ta come, William?" "Why, Matilda," says the old suitor, "thou knas weel eneuf its whor I've been wantin to be at for years."

Many well-known Englishmen are supporting the scheme for the establishment of a national festival theatre at Glastonbury for religious and choral drama. Preparations are so far advanced that it may be possible to stage the first production in August. The building will be in the form of an amphitheatre, and will seat about 1,200 people. There will be a suitable stage, with modern appliances, and a hidden orchestra. Prominent performers will be entrusted with the leading parts, and the chorus will be recruited from local choral societies. The proposed theatre is for "the expression of the national spirit in music, drama, and the allied arts." The term "allied arts" includes folk-lore, folk-songs, and dancing. The festival this year will last for one week, during which there will be three performances of "The Birth of Ar-

thur," a music drama, by Reginald R. Buckley and Rutland Boughton.

A London critic, writing of the performance of Miss Christopher St. John's English version of the old Latin play, "Paphnutius," by the Abbess Hroswitha, says:

The play is one to be seen, and we can hardly imagine that the last of it will have been heard in these two presentments. In spite of a production necessarily hampered a little by a transference at short notice from the King's Hall to the Savoy, and of a performance of the title-part rather sadly lacking in the elementary quality of a correct memorization, the presentment was followed with deep interest by a large audience.

Music

MUSIC IN PARIS AND NEW YORK.

A wail about musical conditions comes from Paris. Gabriel Astruc, who gave the city a third opera house—the ill-fated Théâtre des Champs Elysées, which had to be closed four months after it was opened—has been telling his woes and expressing his opinions, in an article entitled "A Fallen Temple." It was as a temple of music that he built that theatre. He did it in spite of the skepticism of his friends, among them Camille Chevillard, who asked him: "Are you sure that music is loved in Paris?" This eminent orchestra conductor understood the situation, knew that there are in that city only ten thousand persons who are willing to spend from 20 cents to $2.40 for a musical entertainment.

A Beethoven festival, says M. Astruc, cannot be given in Paris unless some Wagner numbers are interpolated. He thought the Parisians had developed an interest in Russian music, but found that what they really loved was "the Russians"—their costumes, their scenery, their dances and fairy-tales; and even this fad was ephemeral. The modern Parisian, it seems, has no time to go to the opera. He goes to his "tango" (as one goes to his club), where professional and business men of every age and size congregate. At eight he goes home, takes his bath, dines, and when all this is done it is ten o'clock—too late for the opera or the theatre; so he takes a peep at a moving-picture show and goes to bed. Sports, tennis, football, polo, golf, bicycling, automobiling, and aviation—all these are hurting music; "it may even die from them."

While M. Astruc's pessimism is naturally deepened by personal losses, there is nevertheless a considerable amount of truth in his indictment. Paris has fallen wofully from its former musical preeminence, the days when Chopin, Liszt, Meyerbeer, and a host of other foreign musicians joined the French celebrities to make it the musical centre of the world; the days when there were at the Opéra galaxies of bright stars whose names make most of the present-day singers there seem like tiny planets or satellites. But that there is still a love of the best is shown, to name only one instance, by the extraordinary popularity of Fritz Kreisler, who can give as many recitals in Paris as he pleases, always to crowded and enthusiastic audiences. Nor must we forget the Conservatoire and its influence.

The brilliant operatic stars that used to shine in Paris have been visible for some decades at our Metropolitan Opera House. We have performances of Italian operas such as the Parisians used to enjoy, but which now are a mere memory. We have performances of German operas far better than the French can hear at home, or even in Berlin, Dresden, or Munich. In French opera alone are the Parisians ahead of us. We could wrest even that supremacy from them if we would; *teste* Oscar Hammerstein at his Manhattan Opera House.

A comparison of conditions in the French metropolis with those among us cannot but dispel gloomy forebodings about the latter. It is not only the great singers of the operatic and concert stage who come here. The violinists, pianists, and other virtuosos cross the Atlantic in bewildering numbers, and what is significant is that they usually find our concert halls more profitable than those of foreign countries.

One of the leading American composers, Rubin Goldmark, whose orchestral works have won admiration in Boston as well as in New York, has been engaged by the New York Philharmonic to deliver two lectures, on February 28 and March 7, at the Hotel Astor. The subjects are: "The Orchestra, Its Instruments, and How They Are Used," and "The Development of Symphonic Music from Its Earliest Beginnings to the Present Day."

On March 25, at the Waldorf-Astoria, there will be an "Evening of Light Music" by the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Mr. Stransky's leadership, for members only, with one guest each. On the "Evening of Light Music" selections from operettas and dance music by such master composers as Johann Strauss, Offenbach, Suppé, Sullivan, and others ("Fledermaus," "Orpheus in Hades," "Beautiful Galatea," "Mikado," waltzes, etc.) will be rendered, giving the rare opportunity of hearing tuneful and light music performed by an organization of the first rank.

Lilli Lehmann, an English version of whose memoirs is in preparation, is the vocal wonder of the age. Born as long ago as 1848, she still sings in opera as well as at song recitals. She will appear in "Don Giovanni" at the Salzburg Mozart Festival next summer, together with Gadski, Geraldine Farrar, and other members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. A few weeks ago she gave a recital in Berlin, concerning which the leading critic, Leopold Schmidt, wrote that her voice had all the power and beauty of former days. The audience was disposed to ask for a repetition of every number, and she had to add a number of extras.

Liza Lehmann, widely known as the composer of song cycles, has been appointed one of the teachers of singing at the Guildhall Music School. The London *Daily Telegraph* calls attention to the fact that she used to be well known as a concert singer, and that she has written an excellent book on the art of singing. Moreover, "she had the rare privilege of receiving hints from no less a celebrity than Jenny Lind, and also acquired from Clara Schumann the traditions of the Lieder that her husband bequeathed to the world."

From England come rumors of a decline in violin playing. Increasing devotion to sports is given as one reason. Another is that people have come to realize that the violin is a difficult instrument. At a recent conference W. W. Cobbett declared that when "bridge" came on the scene after-dinner music was almost knocked on the head. Moreover, the fallacy that music—the art of Bach and Beethoven and such-like virile men—is effeminate was not yet exploded. What he called pleasure-drunkenness was becoming more and more prevalent, and young people were shrinking from hard work, such as was needed for the achievement of efficiency in the playing of stringed instruments.

Carl Goldmark, the composer of the "Queen of Sheba," will be eighty-four next May, but he denies he is an old man, because he still can compose. He is at work now on a composition—whether an opera or a symphony he refuses to divulge.

Italo Montemezzi, whose "Love of Three Kings" has proved a decided success at the Metropolitan, thanks largely to a good libretto and the delightful art of Lucrezia Bori, has chosen Rostand's "The Distant Princess" as the subject of his next opera.

Nikisch has taken up Schönberg. At a recent concert in Leipzig he conducted his "Kammersinfonie." "At the end," we read in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, "there were lively expressions of displeasure, but the applause of the composer's adherents was louder."

Art

AN "ART COMMISSION MOVEMENT."

Our readers may remember that a sort of Congress of municipal art commissions was held in New York last May. Delegates from seven cities met in conference, accepting the invitation of the New York Commission; and together they discussed the many questions relating to public art, in cities and States. As a means of giving form to the general conclusions reached, the conference appointed a committee to work out a scheme for the further organization and extension of art commissions in this country. The report of this committee has just been published; and on account both of its subject and of its scope it deserves more than passing comment. We will say at once that any

one desiring copies of this report may obtain them by applying to the Art Commission, City Hall.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the larger aspects of this movement. Their significance is universally perceived. We are turning our back upon the happy-go-lucky period of our public art. It was for a long time possible for anybody to give anything to a city, call it a work of art, and be sure of having it accepted with thanks. But nowadays we have nearly all gone over to the view that it is necessary to look even a gift-statue in the mouth; to get expert judgment about fountains and arches; to prevent court-houses from being made at once robberies and frights. The very conference of last year was a clear sign that the idea of exercising some form of control over municipal art has not only come, and come to stay, but has spread rapidly and widely. What New York has tried to do has also been attempted in Baltimore and Milwaukee and Los Angeles, to mention only a few of the scattered places. The huggermugger era has closed, and we have come out into a new point of view. All that is left to do now is to agree upon the lines of progress hereafter to be followed; and to standardize, as it were, the whole process of so organizing commissions, with power to supervise and veto, that our public art will be less often an affliction and more frequently a delight. This is the work which the committee undertakes in its report.

It presents, indeed, only what it calls "suggestions," but these have been maturely considered, and are embodied in the concrete form of draft bills to establish art commissions and define their functions. These proposed acts are in three forms—a bill for an art commission in cities of the first class, one for cities of the second class, and a bill for a State art commission. We cannot go into the details, but it is obvious that they have been studied in the sensible desire to adapt control of public art to differing and local conditions. Any municipality or State contemplating legislation of this sort would be sure to find in these draft bills the results of experience and of special skill to guide it.

Discussions in the conference last May touched upon a number of points, but the most important of them had to do with the make-up of art commissions and the range of their powers. There is, for example, the question whether an art commission should be composed wholly of professional men—painters, sculptors, architects. The general agreement was that the lay element should be represented. It comes in, perforce, in the person of the Mayor, or Governor, who should always be, in the committee's judgment, a member *ex officio*. But the report thinks it also desirable that other laymen should be appointed. So far is it from the intention to set up artistic exclusiveness. Yet it is felt that no commission should be made so large as to be clumsy, the recommendation being that the membership should not go above nine, or, as a rule, below five.

Should art commissions be empowered with an absolute veto? Or should their power be made advisory only? These are vexed questions. The report holds that a municipal art commission should have the final right to say what plans for public buildings should or should not be accepted, what designs for statues or monuments should be permitted execution. But in the case of a State commission, the opinion is that the full veto power could not be wisely conferred. It is pretty certain, however, that the advice of a State commission, properly constituted, would be taken with little demur. One recommendation made in the report is obviously of great moment. It is that an art commission should have a continuing right of supervision over buildings or works of art the plans or designs for which it has approved. As everybody knows, slack or faulty execution may easily lead to what amounts to another work than the one originally accepted. The report urges a form of contract by which final payment shall not be made until the art commission shall have passed upon the completed structure or monument. This is but one indication of the thoroughness with which the committee has considered all features of the art commission movement. As the American city bids fair soon to come to its own in better government, it is important that it come to its own, too, in matters of public art; and we know of nothing more hopeful in that line than this report on art commissions.

"Le Dictionnaire critique et documentaire des peintres, sculpteurs, dessinateurs, et graveurs," two volumes of which have already appeared, is nearing completion, according to an announcement of the publishers, Roger & Chernoviz. The general editor of the work is M. E. Bénézit.

The third *Lieferung*, plates 41 to 80, of *Archiv für Kunstgeschichte* (Leipzig: Seemann), brings the usual interesting array of novelties in excellent collotypes, mostly from originals in private possession. Perhaps the most remarkable works are very fine portrait drawings by Dürer and Cranach and a fantastic landscape by Goya, in the Havemeyer collection. A fragment by Crivelli, a series of Legends of St. Bonaventura by Francisco Herrera, an Annunciation by Paolo Veronese, a Honthorst, and a Joos van Cleve portrait illustrate the catholicity with which the editors make their selections. Their enterprise is suggested by two publications from the City of Mexico, a Pedro Campaña and a Bouts schoolpiece. Of almost topical interest is a most pacific bust of a bishop, sixteenth century, from the town of Zabern of recent military notoriety.

An elementary and thoroughly feminine little book is "First Steps in Collecting" (Lippincott), by Grace M. Vallois, an Englishwoman. It abounds in epistolary sentences like this one concerning John Dwight, gentleman potter of Fulham: "He must have been a singular man, one does not believe all the strange stories told of him, but allowing for exaggeration, he must have been what we call a 'crank.'" The work is essentially a compilation, showing no especially important results of research, though the author is herself a collector and descendant of collectors. Frequent citations prove her familiarity with the standard works on furniture, pottery, glass, and tableware. She also quotes from books, ancient and modern, which illustrate social or commercial conditions amidst which the objects described were produced and used. She is especially indebted to the "Verney Memoirs." This sentence from the preface truthfully describes the readable and entertaining pages that follow:

> My books are not learned—there are plenty of those—but I aim at interesting my readers, and so enticing them towards more robust efforts, when the more technical and advanced books will, I hope, be sought for with ardor.

Old English china, in the collector's sense, means porcelain made in England between the middle of the eighteenth century, when the factories at Bow and Chelsea were established, and 1820, the beginning of the great decadence of the arts of design. This is the period of ceramic history covered by "The China Collector, a Guide to the Porcelain of the English Factories" (Dodd, Mead), by H. William Lewer. While the book is not intended primarily for experts, it presupposes a certain apprenticeship in collecting. The works described and illustrated are not usually the great state pieces, but those of a more modest sort, such as a middle-class collector may now and then acquire. Each pottery has a separate chapter in which under appropriate headings are given the main facts about its history, glazes, decoration, production, characteristics, chronology, and marks. These chapters are admirably condensed, as one notes in the summing up of the Lowestoft controversy. Marks are extensively reproduced and emphasized, but the author sagely urges that they "must not always be regarded as the sole test of origin or excellence." The illustrations, made from color sensitive plates, are remarkably good, for an inexpensive book. This work, in a general way, may be recommended to collectors who are without access to larger and more costly works. It is to be noted, nevertheless, that what is called china collecting in this country is not concerned with many of the wares discussed by Mr. Lewer.

Charles Edmund Dana, well known as an art critic, died Friday at his home in Philadelphia. He was born at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in 1843, and studied in Paris, Dresden, and Munich. From 1893 to 1904 he was professor of art at the University of Pennsylvania, and since then had been a lecturer at this institution. Among his writings is a four-volume work on "Glimpses of English History."

George William Sheldon died on Wednesday week at his residence in Summit, N. J., at the age of seventy-one years. He was born at Summerville, S. C., and graduated from

Princeton in 1863. After being a tutor at Princeton and an instructor of Oriental languages in the Union Theological Seminary, of New York, he took up literature as an occupation. For several years he was art editor of the New York *Evening Post*, and subsequently, from 1890-1900, literary adviser at London of the publishing firm of D. Appleton & Co. Among the books published by him are: "American Painters," "Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of New York City," "Hours with Art and Artists," "Artistic Homes," "Artistic Country Seats," "Recent Ideals of American Art," "Ideals of Life in France." He received the degree of L. H. D. from Princeton in 1896.

Augustus Koopman, American painter and etcher, died on Saturday in Etaples, France. He had held a number of exhibitions in New York in recent years, and a collection of his etchings has a place in the permanent collection in the public library. Mr. Koopman was born at Charlotte, N. C., in 1869. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia; under Bouguereau and Fleury, and at the Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts, in Paris. From 1896 to 1899, he taught painting in Paris, and later lived in London, 1902-6, specializing in portraiture. He had since made his home in France, passing a portion of each year at Etaples, on the northeastern coast of France, where there is a large colony of French and American artists. Mr. Koopman was the winner of the first William Clarke prize, American Art Association, Paris, 1899, and among other awards which he received were the second Wanamaker prize in 1908; bronze and silver medals at the Universal exhibition in Paris, in 1900, and medals at the Buffalo and St. Louis expositions in 1901 and 1904, respectively. Besides the collection of his works in the New York Public Library, Mr. Koopman was represented in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Congressional Library, in Washington; the Philadelphia Art Club, and the St. Louis, St. Paul, and Detroit Art Museums.

Finance

FINANCIAL EUROPE'S SUDDEN RECOVERY.

Last month's remarkable rise on the New York Stock Exchange, having continued to the extent of turning the whole community to prediction of better times, was checked two weeks ago. The period of lower prices and diminished activity, usual on such occasions, followed; but at precisely that moment, a series of equally remarkable events occurred on the foreign markets. Two weeks ago to-day, the official discount rates of seven great European central banks came down. Last Thursday the Bank of England, which had already twice reduced its rate this month, cut it down a full 1 per cent. The Bank of France, which up to that time had kept its rate at the 4 per cent. level fixed in October, 1912, at the crisis of the Balkan War, announced a reduction to 3½.

These reductions were of high significance, in their bearing upon the world-wide money situation. The London bank rate has now been lowered three times within three weeks, from 5 per cent. on January 8 to 3 last Thursday, and the present rate is actually lower than any fixed at the end of January in a decade, except for 1909 and 1905. The action of the Bank of France, last Thursday, was of even larger interest, because the maintenance of the "Balkan panic bank rate" had been widely accepted as proof that the French situation was still grave. Simultaneously with these changes in the money market, British consols, long the focus of depression in high-grade investment securities, rose with great violence—touching a price 5 points above that of January 6, and higher than any reached in 1913. French Government rentes advanced 2 points, and the general London stock market burst into an enthusiastic rise.

There has been much conjecture, of a somewhat bewildered sort, over this sudden and complete change in Europe. The truth is, such a change was long overdue. For six months, financial Europe had been a victim of imaginary terrors; a time was bound to come when it would recognize the facts, and that time was likely to be the hour when the accumulated capital of the European investor was rushing back into the "January market."

But why did those apprehensions disappear so suddenly, in face of financial Europe's own obstinate prediction, throughout December, that the reasons for them were sure to continue? Why did the European stringency not turn to ease in July, when it became evident that the Powers would not come to blows; or in September, when any one could see that the Continental markets and the Continental banks had surmounted whatever crisis had been ahead of them? That is the really singular problem. It adds to the atmosphere of unreality which pervaded the whole of 1913.

In the perspective of later history, it will probably be accepted that there were four separate influences at work in shaping the strange situation which began in European finance in October, 1912, and which has ended only with this present year. The Balkan War, with the heavy burden which it imposed on capital, was one. The breakdown of an over-extended credit position, especially at Paris and Vienna, was another. The crisis in Europe's high diplomacy, over the partition of Turkey, was a third. The last was the extent to which, despite the financial embarrassment brought about by the other causes, European capital was still committed to new foreign loans, rashly undertaken in a prodigious aggregate by financiers of every sort, when engagement in "underwritings" was the fashion. This final source of apprehension survived, long after the others had been removed.

We seem to be hearing less from Europe, since last month's important change in the foreign money markets, of the "impending new flotations" which grew so wearisome from perpetual iteration, but which Lombard Street, only a month ago, was confident would stand in the way of return to normal markets during 1914. What has become of them? A not unreasonable theory would be, that there are just as many impending now as there were in December or September; that European capital was as well able to absorb them then as it is now; but that not until the test of the New Year money markets had proved how abundant the supply of capital really was, did financial Europe come to understand its own condition.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, J. F. Elementary Principles of General Biology. Macmillan. $1.50.
Agnew, W. N. The Industrial Traffic Department: A Treatise. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
American Bar Association Report. Vol. XXXVIII, 1913.
Ashmun, Margaret. Modern Short Stories. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Avebury, Lord. Prehistoric Times as Illustrated by Ancient Remains. Seventh edition. Holt. $3.50 net.
Benett, W. Religion and Free Will. Oxford Univ. Press.
Bibliography of Irish Philology and of Printed Irish Literature. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Bostwick, A. E. Earmarks of Literature. Chicago: McClurg. 90 cents net.
Burdge, Dwight. Home-Made Verse. Battle Creek, Mich.: The Author. $1.
Buttenweiser, Moses. The Prophets of Israel. Macmillan. $2 net.
Cabot, R. C. What Men Live By. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Caine, William. The Irresistible Intruder. Lane. $1.25 net.
Cameron, W. J. In Arcady, and Other Poems. London: Erskine Macdonald.
Cannan, Edwin. Wealth. London: King & Son.
Continental Legal History Series. Great Jurists of the World. Boston: Little, Brown. $5 net.
Crockett, S. R. Sandy. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
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Disraeli, Benjamin. Whigs and Whiggism. Political Writings. Macmillan. $3.
Diver, Maud. The Judgment of the Sword. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Gardner, Percy. The Principles of Greek Art. Macmillan. $2 net.
Gillmore, I. H. Angel Island. Holt. $1.35 net.
Giraud, Victor. Les Maitres de l'Heure. Paris: Hachette.
Grabo, C. H. The Art of the Short Story. Scribner.
Haines, C. G. The American Doctrine of Judicial Supremacy. Macmillan. $2 net.
Hemmeon, M. de W. Bugage Tenure in Mediæval England. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Herbert, Alice. Garden Oats. Lane. $1.30 net.
Hobart, G. V. Boobs. Dillingham. 75 cents net.
Hodges, George. The Battles of Peace; The Heresy of Cain. Macmillan. $1.25 net, each.
Home University Library. Nos. 73, 74, 75, 76, 77. Holt. 50 cents net, each.
Jessopp, Augustus. One Generation of a Norfolk House. Putnam. $2.25 net.

Jost, Ludwig. Plant Physiology. Supplement. Oxford University Press.
Knauth, O. W. The Policy of the United States Towards Industrial Monopoly. (Col. Univ. Press.) Longmans.
Lee, Mrs. J. C. Across Siberia Alone. Lane. $1.35 net.
Lingo, C. L. Bases for Freight Charges. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
Loeb Classical Library. Julian. Vol. II, translated by W. C. Wright. Macmillan. $1.50.
Lutz, G. L. H. The Best Man. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
McCain, C. C., and Shelton, W. A. Freight Rates. Lessons Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
McKeever, W. A. The Industrial Training of the Boy. Macmillan. 50 cents.
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Stokes, Hugh. Francisco Goya. Putnam. $3.75 net.
Strindberg, August. Plays: Swanwhite. . . . .; Advent; The Storm. Boston: Luce, $1.50 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1914.

The Week

The maximum strength developed by the supporters of the Burnett-Dillingham Immigration bill, which was passed by the House last week, fell short of the two-thirds necessary to pass the bill over a Presidential veto. The bill was passed by 241 votes to 126, but Representative Goldfogle's motion to recommit the bill and strike out the literacy test rallied 140 votes against 239. Assuming that this latter vote represents the temper of the House on the specific issue of a literacy test, it is plain that a veto by Mr. Wilson could not be overriden in the House. A transfer of five votes from the minority to the majority last February would have put the bill on the statute-book in spite of Mr. Taft. It would need a change of fourteen votes from the present showing to pass the bill over Mr. Wilson's head—not a very wide margin, but wide enough, if one considers how bitterly fought the issue and tightly drawn the lines. Hence it is more than ever the duty of the President to make his opposition to the bill effective.

"No merger" is the answer of the Maine Progressives to the suggestion that they join with the Republicans. No other answer was possible in the presence of the eminent anti-mergerist, Mr. Perkins, whose record in such matters is part of his country's proudest history. The temptation to unite with their former associates was rejected the more easily because of the assurance that the National Committee would send both money and men into the State to assist in the fight. Party loyalty and the natural human inclination not to allow anything to go to waste unnecessarily thus combined to insure the continuance of Democratic success in the State of Reed and Dingley. A stranger to our politics might suppose that it was the Democratic National Committee that was promising sinews of war to one wing of a divided foe, but this would be to apply logic to politics too thoroughly. Think of the glory of the Maine Progressives in defeating, not one party merely, but two; and if worst comes to worst, there is always the certainty of a moral victory.

It is difficult to believe that William Allen White and the Emporia *Gazette* take Armageddon as seriously as they ought. Just because that newspaper, long the only Republican paper in its county, by turning Progressive has left "hundreds of sincere and worthy men and women without a party organ," it will, during the coming campaign, "print, without charge, as news, the Republican ticket two or three times a week." Republican announcements will be accepted at the usual rates, but Democratic announcements, as heretofore, will not be accepted at any rates, "as the Democrats have their own paper." More:

> Mr. Mason, who contributes a column in the paper, is free to support the Republican ticket and the Republican candidates, if he chooses to, and during the months of September and October the Republican State and county committees may have a column in the *Gazette*, without price, to edit as they please.

Speaking for an Absent One, we desire to know why a Progressive newspaper should give any space to Republican lies when from the very beginning of the Progressive movement the columns of all of the important newspapers have been closed to it, under orders from Wall Street.

A short-ballot measure for New York State elections has been introduced in the Senate by Mr. Murtaugh and in the Assembly by Mr. Stoddard. It proposes an amendment of the Constitution providing that the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General, the Treasurer, the Controller, and the State Engineer shall be appointed by the Governor, these appointments not to be subject to confirmation by the Senate. They are to be removable at the pleasure of the Governor without limitation, except that in the case of the Controller a statement of the reasons for the removal must be given to the incumbent. If this amendment should be adopted, the only offices appearing on the general State ballot would be those of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and judges. The sentiment in favor of the short ballot is strong and general, and we believe that opposition to it is very slight among the members of any party, exclusive of those who are "in politics." It is difficult to point to any public end that is served by the election of the heads of the State departments that would not be better served, or at least equally served, by their appointment by the Governor. The further shortening of the State ballot by the elimination of the judgeships—either through making them appointive or through holding judicial elections at a different time—would add greatly to the benefit sought by this proposal.

Necessity is the mother of scientific financing. Of this fact, New Jersey is the latest exemplar. With expenditures outrunning receipts, her legislators are now forced to consider the problem of the State's finances from the point of view not of political advantage merely, but rather of financial sanity. If a direct tax were not so fearsome a thing, nothing, apparently, would stand in the way of voting money without reference to revenue. But elections may turn on the imposition or the increase of a direct tax, and so there is nothing for it but to resort to downright study of the balance sheet. This is very dull compared with the careless acceptance of whatever estimates the State departments happen to submit, but it is a necessity in more States than New Jersey. What a well-regulated Government might be expected to do instinctively we are thus forced to do by the woful condition of our State finances. Some savings will doubtless be made in New Jersey as a result of close examination of the existing budget, but they will almost certainly go only a small part of the way towards turning a deficit into a surplus. The Legislature will have to face the hard alternative of not attempting so much or finding the money to pay for whatever is attempted.

Secretary Rex has compiled a table showing the expenditures by American cities of 30,000 or more population for municipal market facilities. Of the 193 cities of this size, 14 reported expenditures of more than $10,000 each in 1911; 50 spent between $1,000 and $10,000; 45 expended less than $1,000 each.

This has to do with Chicago's municipal-markets commission. A represen-

tative of South Water Street itself testified that the business done there, of $250,000,000 a year, is "wasteful, uneconomic, and unsanitary." Small disbursements for retail markets are in general profitless unless preceded by a building-up of wholesale terminal markets. The Chicago commission believes that the first step is the establishment of such a central wholesale market. The City Club committee of New York, which studied the local problem in 1912, similarly reported that the retail markets were conducted at a loss, and that "the institution of properly located wholesale markets . . . would seem to be the policy for the future." No American city has yet organized markets that compare with the better ones of Europe. The Halles Centrales of Paris cost about $10,000,000, and the Berlin system $7,000,000.

The political outlook in Pennsylvania is more interesting than any that has been presented in that State for several decades. The announcement that Representative A. Mitchell Palmer is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Senatorship, with the backing of President Wilson, at once gives the situation national importance. It is half a century since the country has thought of the possibility of any such representation of Pennsylvania in the United States Senate. Not only has the State been sure to send to that body hidebound protectionists, but the Senatorships have been regarded almost absolutely at the disposal of the Republican machine built up and controlled by the Camerons and Quay. Mr. Palmer represents the opposite of all this; and the significance of his candidacy is accentuated by the statement, which he makes in announcing it, that, as he understands, "Vance C. McCormick, of Harrisburg, who from the beginning has been a leader in our movement in Pennsylvania, will be a candidate for Governor." With the Progressives in the field to divide the Republican vote, and with Gifford Pinchot as their probable candidate for Senator, the prospect of Palmer's succeeding Penrose is distinctly encouraging. This result would be justly acclaimed as a big showing for the direct election of United States Senators at one of its first important tests since the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment.

Southern Senators who have always been loud in asserting their interest in wedding the negro to the soil now neatly contradict themselves in connection with the Lever bill. Its purpose is to further agricultural education by granting $480,000 immediately, $3,000,000 ultimately, for "coöperative extension work" between the State agricultural colleges and the Department of Agriculture. One would think that Senators Smith and Vardaman would leap at an opportunity to train the negro for farm work, and thus keep him out of other occupations. Instead, they are fighting tooth and nail for a provision that appropriations made to each State "shall be administered by such college or colleges as such State may direct"; with the avowed object of permitting Southern Legislatures to cut off every cent from institutions for negroes. To the amendment of Senator Jones, guaranteeing to colleges for the colored their share, the Senators retort with their threadbare argument that the negro can never amount to anything except by white guidance, and must therefore receive all his money through the whites. What has become of all their protestations that the negro's place is on the farm?

That "there are 2,273,603 illiterate males of twenty-one years of age and over in the United States" is a statistical fact, and it is a fact of importance. What ought to be done about it is a question worthy of attention. But the additional statement, made in the report of the House Committee on Education, that this number is "enough to determine any national election at any period of our history" is childish nonsense. It would perhaps not be worth commenting on were it not an example of a vicious custom, extremely common among reformers of all sorts in our time, of blowing great bubbles of imaginary evil out of the figures relating to whatever thing the particular reformer is interested in. The evil of illiteracy is what it is; why try to make of it what it is not?

As to the figures themselves, however, it is to be noted, in the first place, that of the 2,273,000 illiterate adult males, only 617,000 are native whites—including both those of native parentage and those of foreign or mixed parentage. The negro illiterates, 819,000 in number, are, of course, almost entirely included among the inhabitants of the Southern States in which the negro vote is powerless to affect the result; and, what is a more cheerful thing to point to, that number for 1910 stands against 976,000 for 1900—a *decrease* of 157,000 in the number of *illiterates* among the negro male adult population, while the *total* of that population shows an *increase* of 398,000. The process of improvement is not as rapid as it should be, but it is going on. As for the foreign-born adult males, the total number of illiterates among them is 788,000; and in view of the fact that about this amount of net immigration takes place every year, that it takes five years for an immigrant to be naturalized, and that many never get naturalized at all, it is safe to say that only a small fraction of this 788,000 are voters. But a most interesting point remains, concerning the natives of foreign or mixed parentage. These (we are speaking of the adult males all along) number in all 4,500,000; and among this great multitude only 60,000 are illiterate. The proportion of illiteracy in the second generation of our immigrants was thus, according to the Census of 1910, only 1.3 per cent., as against 4.2 per cent. among native whites of native parentage; and as against 2.0 per cent. shown for that same second generation in the Census of 1900.

We confess to being deeply disappointed with Mr. Henry Ford, of Detroit. In response to a telegraphed invitation from a member of the State Executive Committee of the Progressive party asking him to accept the party's nomination for Governor, he has said no—it being obviously proper for a party so emphatically devoted to the rights of the people to offer the Governorship by telegraph through a member of the State Executive Committee. We are disappointed with Mr. Ford, because in so refusing he has written himself down as inconsistent. Initiator of the most far-reaching scheme of profit-sharing on record, Mr. Ford has refused to join hands with the greatest profit-sharing political party on record. Right from the start the Progressive party has shown its readiness to embrace every popular individual in the vicinity, and to share the profits of his popularity with him. To be prominently in the public eye, to evince the promise of great strength at the polls, has been accepted as proof

that a man was born to be a Bull Moose. For Mr. Ford to refuse to share the profits of the huge advertising he has recently enjoyed is, as we have said, inconsistent.

Could the flabbiest of mollycoddles have spoken out so sharply against the excesses of athleticism in the colleges as Mr. Courtney, of Cornell, did the other day? In speeches before Cornell alumni associations in the West, the greatest of American rowing experts, the field-marshal of countless victories, has explicitly declared that the legitimate work of the university is suffering from too much athletics. Too many men on probation are on the football team, the track team, and even the crew. The strain of too many games and races is bad for the men. The extraordinary development of athletic finance and politics is bad for the morale of the university. The plea that the good athletes are the men who succeed in life will no longer hold. Business men were formerly glad to procure the services of college graduates who had distinguished themselves in athletics, but this is no longer the case. The heads of great manufacturing concerns would rather have men who attended to their class work. The reason, indicated by Mr. Courtney, but not put in so many words, is that probably the athlete of former days was an all-round man, whereas to-day he is an expert—and little else.

It is proposed to alter the name of the Ohio State University to the University of Ohio. The matter is highly complicated. In the first place, the name Ohio State University was chosen to distinguish the new institution from the older Ohio University at Athens. To change the name to the University of Ohio, it is objected, would obscure the distinction between the two universities in the public mind, and thus be a breach of courtesy towards the Athens institution. That is, there is a greater difference between the names Ohio University and Ohio State University than between Ohio University and the University of Ohio. Apparently, the authorities of Ohio Northern University and Ohio Wesleyan University are not particularly concerned with the proposal. The Legislature, or somebody, should do something to keep these various Ohio Universities from being confused with one another. The case is similar to that of the American Boy Scouts and the Boy Scouts of America.

Those who watch developments in journalism with something of a professional interest will keep their eyes on the experiment which the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* is making. At a time when there is so much hasty talk about the need of making newspapers cheaper and commoner, the *Ledger*, under its new management, has boldly struck out in the opposite direction. It began by abandoning its Sunday "comic"—that feature of American journalism which is so utterly incomprehensible to intelligent foreigners. The *Ledger* also raised its price to two cents, and set about giving the money's worth. It prints more news than any one-cent paper can, and looks carefully after its quality. Its advertising rules have been revised with a view to correct standards invariably maintained. In a word, the *Ledger*, instead of flinging itself upon the love of sensation and vulgarity, has made its appeal to intelligent readers.

We claim that the repressive method has been tried and tried unsuccessfully for over a dozen centuries, and has succeeded only in making this subject [sex] —a subject full of deepest beauty and truth—a matter of shame, secrecy, uncleanness, and dirty jokes.

Thus one ardent defender of the new sociology. It is a confession of faith which invites much speculation, but for the moment one point will suffice. Where do the new sociologists get the anthropologico-statistico-historical information which they bring forward so easily for our confounding? Just how did the writer in question determine that it was a dozen centuries ago that the suppression of sex discussion began? How is it to be reconciled with the other equally authoritative and familiar statement that the suppression of sex and sex-frankness began about ten thousand years ago when the "matriarchate" went to pieces, and male dominance took its place? Did Puritanism begin twelve centuries ago? Was Fielding suppressed in the eighteenth century? Amazing! Here are the Frazers, the Leckys, the Havelock Ellises, who spend a lifetime in formulating the merest timid approximations to the history of human institutions, and along comes Vassar, '08, or Columbia, '11, and has no difficulty in asserting that in 776 A. D. the sex taboo fell upon Europe, and in 1649 the pall of Puritanism settled over England. Where do they get it all?

Mr. Balfour has been performing an extraordinary intellectual feat. It consisted in giving the Gifford Lectures at Glasgow University, in which he dealt with the most abstruse subjects of philosophy, metaphysics, and theology, without a manuscript. All that he had before him was some notes on the back of an envelope. Few men in the world could be so sure of thinking on their feet, or finding the right word, when treating of topics which demand the closest application of the mind. And it must also be remembered that Mr. Balfour was addressing a highly cultivated and critical audience. Its composition was humorously defined by a university poet, at the time when Max Müller delivered the first Gifford Lectures, thirty years ago, as follows:

. . . There were bookworms, lank and bilious,
There were sons of the Bill and the Brief and the Till,
All sleek and supercilious; . . .
Theologians wise, in such glossy ties,
That they shone like the face of Moses;
And elderly dames, of Progressive aims,
With spectacled Roman noses;
And Queen Margaret girls, their teeth like pearls,
And their cheeks as red as roses.

Now it is Sweden which suffers with a rush of militarism to the head. The reason—there is always a pressing reason for armaments—is found in Russia's military preparations in Finland. An amazing Power, this Russia. Eight years ago the world was sneering at the Colossus of the North with the feet of clay. To-day Russia is the trump card for the jingoes of almost half a dozen nations. Sweden is warned against Russia. Austria-Hungary has just been told that Russia has sworn never to rest until her flag floats over the Carpathians. Germany's great war-loan was largely conditioned by the supposed revival of Russia's military strength. Rumania will be urged to defend her recently acquired gains from Bulgaria against Russian resentment. In the Far East, China is arming against the Czar, and Japan naturally watches Russia with mistrust. In the meanwhile the Russian General Staff must be wishing that things within the Empire were only half as well as the jingoes across the border insist they are.

WILSON AND CONGRESS.

The President is about to make a new and severe test of his influence with Congress. He has let it be known that he is against the clause in the Panama Act exempting American coastwise vessels from Canal tolls, and will urge Congress to repeal it. But instead of addressing himself directly to Congress, he has given out a letter which he has written to Mr. Marbury, of Baltimore. It states his position unmistakably, and with a courage and moral elevation which command admiration. Not for him, he declares, is it to indulge in a haggling debate when the national honor is involved. If there is even a doubt that we are keeping our solemn promises, if our adherence to our pledged word is so much as debatable, then the case has already gone against us in the high court of honor. Having blundered, or been betrayed, into a false position, there is nothing to do but to retreat from it without quibbling, evasion, or delay. Let Secretary Knox, if he will, set up a pettifogging defence to Great Britain's charge that we were proceeding in violation of a treaty; let him call Sir Edward Grey's attention to the fact that no "actual injury" has yet been done, insist that the whole question is as yet "contingent," and gravely remind the English Secretary for Foreign Affairs of a forgotten maxim of "municipal law"; President Wilson will have none of these tricking facilities. He goes straight to the moral core of the whole matter.

Undoubtedly, there are difficulties to be met in Congress. A first obstacle to be got over is the Baltimore platform. It roundly declared: "We favor the exemption from tolls of American ships engaged in coastwise trade passing through the Panama Canal." A large and rational view of this declaration would be that it was inserted into the platform by three or four men, that it was never discussed by the Convention, probably not one delegate in fifty having even heard of it, and that it is absurd to suppose any such chance utterance to be binding on the party. We admit, however, that it will be difficult for Mr. Wilson, after some things he has said about the platform, to dispose of the matter in this way. In addition, he has to face the fact that a decisive majority in both Houses voted for the exemption clause. To induce Congress to reverse itself is harder than to persuade it to venture upon new legislation. Nevertheless, it is already evident that Mr. Wilson's direct and forcible appeal to the honor of the country is having its effect, and that without any prolonged fight Congress will repeal the clause granting exemption to American vessels.

It is obvious that this Panama tolls matter does not stand by itself. In the President's mind, it must be linked with the whole aspect of our foreign relations, at present, and particularly with the trouble and peril which threaten us in connection with Mexico. We do not know what Mr. Wilson said to the Congressmen on the foreign affairs committees whom he summoned to the White House a fortnight ago, but what he might well have said would be something like this: "Gentlemen, we are facing a delicate and even critical situation. To refrain from going into Mexico with arms in our hands, and at the same time to satisfy European Powers and Japan that their interests there are safe, is immensely difficult. We have to call upon all those nations to exercise great forbearance. Their patience and their good will we court and we need. Now, I put it to you whether, in these circumstances, we ought not to do everything in our power to display our good will to them. If any one of them says that we are not living up to a treaty with it, ought we not to look earnestly into the rights of the matter? If several of them say that we are pigeon-holing arbitration treaties which we asked them to negotiate, ought we not to brush the dust off those treaties and ratify them as soon as possible? If Japan is sensitive about any action in Congress against her citizens in this country, pending a new diplomatic arrangement covering the question of Japanese immigration, ought we not to refrain most carefully from any such action? The plain truth is that we are asking the Powers to act in concert with us about Mexico, and that it would be the height of folly not to remove every possible cause of friction with nations whose help we are seeking. As we cannot think of going ahead with a policy of isolation, the only thing for us is to show the greatest friendliness and fairness when we turn to acting in unison."

If the President makes his plea to Congress and the country in some such manner as this, there can be little doubt of the result. The Chicago *Inter Ocean*, not friendly to President Wilson, recently spoke of his "visible control over Congress," which it frankly said was "greater than that of any other President within living memory." It proceeded to give several reasons in explanation, such as the disappearance of once-powerful Democratic leaders in Congress, the number of new men there who feel that their political lives depend upon doing what Wilson desires, and so on. Some force must be conceded to this, but the true account must not omit to reckon with President Wilson's unusual qualities and with the directness and effectiveness of his methods. He is not afraid, on occasion, to go against powerful party leaders. Both Mr. Underwood and Senator O'Gorman are strongly for the Panama-tolls exemption, for instance. On some features of the currency bill, the President asserted himself in opposition to several Democratic "war-horses." He has succeeded, thus far, by going at the business in the most straightforward way, by quietly assuming that Congressmen are his "colleagues," and by bringing his powers of reason and persuasion to bear at the points, not of least resistance, but of greatest. It is because he has been thus inventive, while perfectly simple, as a President anxious to compass certain legislation, that he has been so fascinating a study to those who like to see how old government institutions can be made to start into fresh life and vigor in new hands.

FEDERAL POWER AND CHILD LABOR.

Congress has gone so far as to provide that no work for the United States Government, even on private contracts, shall require full-grown men to work more than eight hours a day. Unless some Constitutional question is involved, which we have not been able to discover, we do not see how Congress can refuse to provide at least as much protection for little children.

These remarks of the Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee refer to the bill, introduced at the instance of that committee last week, prohibiting the shipment in interstate commerce of goods produced by any establishment in which child labor—as defined in the bill—is employed. With the object aimed at in that bill, the elimination of child

labor, it is needless to say that the *Nation* is in hearty sympatby. But to hasten its accomplishment by such a straining of the Constitution as would be involved in this bill—in essence identical with the Beveridge bill of six or seven years ago—would be dangerous.

Mr. Lovejoy may be quitc right in the opinion, indicated in the foregoing quotation, that such a law would not be declared unconstitutional by thc Supreme Court. The power conferred on Congress by the Constitution "to regulate commercc with foreign nations and among the several States" is not limited by any words of that instrument. What limit, if any, the Supreme Court would regard as set by the whole spirit not only of thc Constitution but of our entire polity as it has existed in fact from the foundation of the Union, we cannot pretend to predict. But the burden of maintaining the spirit of the Constitution, the spirit of our whole life as a nation, cannot justly, and cannot safely, be placed exclusively on the shoulders of the Supreme Court. In tbe largest way, this duty rests primarily on Congress and tbe President. And the issue brought up by this bill is one that concerns the largest way imaginable. Nobody pretends that the measure proposed has for its real object the regulation of interstate commerce; its real object is the regulation of the ways of life of the people of tbe several States. And the question before Congress is whether its power over the commerce among the States shall be used as a club to compel any reform of conditions within the States which a majority of Congress may deem desirable. The passage of tbis bill would be a precedent of almost boundless potency for the assertion, as occasion may present itself, of Federal authority over one department after another of the life of the people of the several States.

If experience showed that the end could he attained in no other way, it might be urged that the importance of tbe specific object outweighed the gravity of tbese general considerations, serious as they are. But no such plea can be maintained. It is true that in a number of States progress in the abolition of child labor has been slow. But in many of the States it has been very rapid; and in those which have remained backward as to legislation or administration or both, puhlic sentiment is evidently gaining force at such a rate as to insure the achievement of the purpose in a fairly near future. Nor are we required to rest on experience relating to this matter only. The closely related subject of workmen's compensation has had a history of the most significant character. State after State is adopting advanced measures for lifting from the working people the burden of distress due to industrial accidents. And the comprehensive body of laws adopted hy the State of New York for the general improvement of factory conditions, after only a year or two of agitation of tbe subject, bears eloquent witness to the possibilities of separate State action on this whole class of questions. The old cry that no State will act upon them because of the fear that other States may not do the same has lost almost all the force that once was ascribed to it.

The means necessary to the effective enforcement of a national child-labor law give added emphasis to the objection that lies against it. Its advocates complain of the inadequate enforcement of existing child-labor laws in some of the States, quite as much as the slowness of others in adopting such laws. In order to insure the enforcement of a national law, therefore, it would ohviously be necessary for Federal authorities to interfere, on an extensive scale, with a matter touching in an intimate way both the lives of individuals and the conduct of private business. Any one can see how far this would go towards breaking down our traditional ideas of the limitation of Federal power; how easy it would be to justify by the precedent any new invasion of the domain of local self-government. The figures of the national census show a rapid diminution in the percentage of child labor engaged in the country's industries. The Childen's Bureau was instituted by Congress less than two years ago, and its publicity work is sure powerfully to stimulate this movement throughout the nation. To rush into a measure of national compulsion in these circumstances would be, in our judgment, a deplorable error.

AMERICAN JUDGES AND THE AMERICAN TEMPER.

In this city two judges wero this week pronouncing sentence in two cases of unusual interest. In both cases, the guilt of the accused had heen established, to the full satisfaction of the court. Judge Thomas sentenced the brothers Littauer to six months' imprisonment for smuggling and conspiracy to defraud the Government; but he suspended the sentence, so that it becomes inoperative except as a personal humiliation. Justice Jaycox sentenced Cassidy, the boss of Queens, to eighteen months' imprisonment for the attempted sale of a judgeship, and declared that no lighter punishment could meet tbe requirements of justice. That the judge who did not flinch from the imposition of the penalty was right, and that the other judge's clemency was misplaced and regrettahle, is doubtless the general opinion, and it is emphatically ours. But tbe remarks addressed to the guilty men hy the judges in passing sentence have something in common which throws an instructive light on the general course of criminal justice in this country.

Judge Thomas castigated the Littauers severely, but felt that their public humiliation was sufficient punishment; Judge Jaycox sternly performed his duty as to the sentence, but felt that it was no more than fair to give Cassidy credit for courage in his career as a politician. And in all prohability it *was* no more than fair. It gave the judge a certain feeling of acting "on the square" with Cassidy; there was about it a human quality to which every American instinctively responds. We cannot find it in our heart to blame the judge for it. And yet in their own way these friendly and sympathetic words addressed to Cassidy hetray, as does in a different way tbe leniency shown to the Littauers, a weakness which, in one form or another, is continually manifested by American judges. It goes against their grain to maintain, in a case of which the "human side" has been in any way brought sharply home to them, that cold, inflexible, and impersonal attitude which is an essential element in the effective operation of the criminal law. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is largely owing to our very democracy that our courts are open, so much more frequently than those of less democratic countries, to the cbarge of heing respecters of persons. Inflexibly to set aside one's own impulse to be humane and considerate, when that impulse is inconsistent with the stern requirements of the judicial office, requires a constant and paramount sense of tbe elevation and isolation of that office; and this runs counter to our democratic habits of thought—indeed, it

runs counter to the national good nature which is closely related to our democratic habits of thought.

But in actual operation all this works out results the reverse of democratic. For it is quite out of the question to carry on the ordinary business of the criminal courts in any such spirit. In grinding out their daily grist of commonplace convictions and sentences, they act mechanically enough. It is only when there is some special appeal to the feelings that there is a chance to get the human sympathy of the man interposed between the criminal and the sternness of the judge. And this can be done a hundred times for the man of wealth, the man of good standing in society, the man with powerful or respectable friends, to once that it can be done for the poor and friendless violator of the law. The feeling that has grown up, with only too much basis, that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, owes its origin in the main not to corruption, not to legal chicanery, not even to any class partiality, but to the accessibility of our judges to the effective human appeal of any individual case. This being impossible in the common run of cases, we have the spectacle of the noteless and humble ruthlessly condemned to suffer the full penalty of the law, while those who in one way or another stand out above the crowd have a chance for some form or other of mitigation in their punishment.

Unfavorable comparison of our criminal justice with that of other nations is no more familiar than is the like comparison in regard to our elementary and secondary education. It is constantly pointed out that our young people take a year or two longer than those of European countries to be prepared for university studies, and that when they do take up those studies their preparation is found to be less thorough. Now, whatever other causes may contribute to this, we feel sure that there is almost complete unanimity among competent authorities that the predominant cause is the lack of rigid discipline. And this is no accident. The severity of an exacting discipline at school, a discipline based on the idea that the claims of scholarship are paramount and that the business of the teacher is to assert them as an undeviating rule, is not congenial to the American temper. If teachers or school authorities were to attempt to enforce it, they would have not the support but the opposition of the typical American parent. When we really wish to have it, wish it from our hearts, we shall get it. And so, too, we shall get a firm and unsentimental administration of justice when we desire it from our hearts; we shall not get it so long as, in our hearts, we care more for the claims that the individual culprit may have on our forbearance or sympathy than for the stern demands of a justice that is really and truly no respecter of persons.

THE STORY OF A LEGISLATURE.

From San Francisco comes a volume giving an account of the California Legislature of last year, the session made nationally notable by the visit of Secretary Bryan in connection with the Asiatic exclusion legislation. The story as told is a long one, but readable and apparently fair. It is written by Mr. Franklin Hichborn, the correspondent of the Sacramento *Bee*, and is the third such publication he has put out. His previous volumes are credited with having been read by every newspaper editor and every candidate for the Legislature, and with having had much to do with recent political developments in California. The session of last year attracted wide attention. It was the first Legislature in regular session under the initiative, referendum, and recall, under the legislative recess arrangement, and chosen at an election in which women participated. No act could become a law until ninety days after the Legislature had adjourned, and not then if the referendum was invoked against it; in that case, it had to await the verdict of a popular vote.

The Legislature was overwhelmingly Progressive. This fact, coupled with the fact that the preceding Legislature had been Progressive, too, and had thrown off the railway domination which had long prevailed, put the session of 1913 in a peculiarly favorable position for constructive work. The old engine had been relegated to the scrap-heap, and The People—Mr. Hichborn always capitalizes the words—had only to open the throttle of the new one. But difficulties confronted the majority at the very beginning. A proposal was made for a non-partisan caucus to decide upon the officers of each house. Objection was made, however, that such a joint caucus was unprecedented; it was almost equally hard to arrange a caucus in which party Progressives and progressive Republicans could all participate. But why, with a large Progressive majority, bother about Republicans of any sort? Well the "logical candidate" for President pro tem. of the Senate was a hold-over Republican who could not see his way clear to entering a purely Progressive caucus. In the end, however, good officers were chosen, including the "logical candidate" for President pro tem. But the distribution of patronage was not affected by the new political ideals. It "was conducted upon the same vicious system of division among members as had ruled during the days of 'machine' domination."

Nor can a favorable verdict be passed upon the subsequent proceedings of the Legislature. As Mr. Hichborn confesses: "For the first time in the political history of California, the Legislature was put to the test of constructive work. It was found unequal to the task." The most conspicuous cause of this failure, we are told, was the lobby. What! one exclaims, a lobby in California? What was the recess for if not to give The People opportunity to say what they liked and what they did not like among the bills that had been introduced? This was the idea; moreover, "the Legislature had acted in accordance with the spirit of the new provision" by not passing many bills before the recess. It also provided for distribution of the bills throughout the State, each member being permitted to send full sets to as many as ten constituents. Thus "the Legislature had done its part. It remained for The People of California to do theirs." But consider what this meant. There were 5,738 bills and 149 constitutional amendments pending. One newspaper divided these into 227 sections, and published a synopsis of each bill and a complete index. Another devoted two columns a day to them, but managed by this method to deal with less than one-seventh of the total number. The upshot was that one or two measures especially brought to the public attention were aided by the recess. On the other hand, even the weapon of the recess was seized upon by favor-seeking persons to advance their interests, and The People were either puzzled or deluded by some of them! Yet Gov. Johnson and the Pro-

gressives were in absolute control. One thing is evident: there is no short and easy path to political perfection, and it is time that root-and-branch reformers ceased to cajole The People into thinking that there is.

PARLIAMENTARY BORES.

A member of the House of Commons was one of the speakers the other evening at a dinner of the Authors' Club in London. For years, he said, he had watched with fascinated interest a group in the House that provided a goodly quantity of material for sketch-writers; he meant the Parliamentary bores. They consisted, he explained, of three classes. There was the unconscious bore, a pathetic type of man, who thought that he was giving pleasure, and so went on in order to give more. Then there was the semi-conscious bore, almost but not quite pathetic, a man with lucid intervals during which it occurred to him that he was not altogether a success; he went on in order to achieve that only half-won success. Finally, there was the open, avowed, brutal bore, who knew what he was doing and gloried in it. He always "went on." Besides these out-and-out bores was the expert, not necessarily a bore, but often falling into that class. For instance, the educational expert. How numerous this group of bores has sometimes been thought to be was illustrated by a remark made to the speaker when he first went into the press gallery. Finding there a veteran of forty years' service in reporting what took place on the floor below, the newcomer spoke of what a bore it was when men made such long speeches. The philosophical reply was: "My dear fellow, what does it matter? If one fool is not talking, another one will be."

Would it be treason to wonder whether, along with more important things, we have inherited from the mother of Parliaments the tendency to have statesmen

> Who think too little, and who talk too much?

One recalls the immortal figure of the Representative from Buncombe County, who frankly confessed that his flow of words served no public end. Arizona was the proud sponsor of another such orator not many days ago, when Senator Ashurst was under the painful necessity of actually preventing a vote upon a measure which he is desirous of bringing to a vote, owing to the fact that he had a three hours' speech in his system which he had to get out. The Senate rules are careful to provide that, in a contingency of this sort, the vote must not be taken until the speech has been delivered, since it is better that ninety-nine measures should be talked about than that one should come to a vote. It was all very well for Byron to write:

> His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,
> Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call "rigmarole."

But where has freedom flourished without a vast deal of rigmarole?

Indeed, if mere survival is anything, the Parliamentary bore is justified. Every legislative body has tried to suppress him. And it has done this by more than formal resolution. Formal resolution may be adequate for such matters as declaring war and making peace, but no one knows better than a Congressman that, for the really disturbing things of life, more drastic action is required. This drastic action has been taken. The rising of the bore to address the chair has been made the signal for general withdrawal on the part of his audience. Has this affected the man with a speech tearing at his vitals? Quite the contrary? Deprived of the ears of his contemporaries, he addresses those of posterity, and as a consequence probably lengthens out his remarks further than was his original intention. It is occurrences like this that show how completely we are under the control of convention. Otherwise, would not every Parliament have a rule that A might speak whenever and as long as he pleased, but that B could have the floor for only five minutes every other Monday? There is a slight approach to this ideal in the practice of our House of Representatives in extending the time of a member who is pleasing it, but how often this means merely amusing it! One result of this custom is to drive the bores to seek election to the Senate.

We should not let our prejudice against Parliamentary bores carry us too far, however. The peril in the situation is seen when it is asked who shall be the judge of the facts in the case. A man who shakes his fist at the backs of his retreating colleagues and thunders after them that their seats may be vacant permanently because they refuse to heed his words, is likely to be the biggest bore of all, yet he may turn out to know what he is talking about. In this instance, the country decided that La Follette's enemies were the bores, or at all events the greater bores. Then it must be recognized that one man's bore is another man's delight. There are people who are actually thrilled when a man in a frock coat extends a long arm into the air and gives vent to his convictions on the subject of what William Sulzer is and is to be. The discouraging thing is that the method we are told to follow with reference to other ills is inapplicable to this one. What can't be cured, we are admonished, must be endured. But endurance is the very thing that the Parliamentary bore craves and, alas, usually gets.

THE TILDEN CENTENARY.

Commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Samuel J. Tilden is not due to any fond cherishing of his personal qualities. He was not a man of fascinating gifts. It was not within his power to bind great numbers of men to him in warm and devoted friendship. His was a cold nature. Nor can it be said that a fame which has mounted since his death, or the discovery of unsuspected virtues in him through the publication of letters and other documents, has heightened admiration for the man himself and led to the celebration of his centenary. Tilden was in no way ennobled or made to seem an ideal figure by what was put in print about him after he was gone by even so sworn and loyal a friend as John Bigelow. In his "Recollections" Mr. Bigelow does not attempt to conceal the somewhat disappointing impression that Tilden made upon him after the loss of the Presidency. There are, indeed, many discounts to be made in the total estimate of Tilden's title to long remembrance. But frank mention of them does not, after all, alter the fact that he played a great and worthy part in our history, and that he deserves to be recalled and praised for what he wrought.

It was his rare good fortune to associate his name as leader with a period of political re-birth. To-day it is hard for any one whose memory does not go back vividly to the years 1872-1874 to realize the atmosphere then enveloping American politics. It was a sordid time. Public life had seemed to go not only

stale but corrupt. What befell the Republican party, drunk with power, one needs only to turn back to the famous speech in the House of that good Republican, George F. Hoar, to understand. His arraignment of his own party for corrupt tendencies is good historical evidence, on Voltaire's theory that we are safe in believing the evil which public men assert, not of their opponents but of their associates. It is certain, at all events, that a great many Americans were depressed and almost despairing in the face of political conditions in those years. Lowell's poem on Agassiz dates from 1874, and he wrote in Florence of the "festering news" which came from the United States

> —public scandal, private fraud,
> Crime flaunting scot-free while the mob applaud,
> Office made vile to bribe unworthiness.

Now it was at such a time that Samuel Tilden gave promise of a better day. By his great services in the uncovering of Tweed's rascalities, by his determined and successful fight upon the Canal Ring —made up, as it was, of thieves of both parties—he made himself a national protagonist of reform. In his attitude and in his ability, people saw a new hope. And the rising to him was remarkable. It was, to many puzzled Republicans, like the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep. They saw their sons turning eager glances towards Tilden. In the colleges there was a great stir. The hearts of young men burned within them as they read the speeches and the powerfully written messages of the reforming Governor of New York, saw him attack one abuse and fraud after another, and make himself the inevitable leader of his party in the nation. A new spirit was abroad in the land. It was, as we have said, a time of political renaissance; and for the energy which he, more than any other, imparted to it, for the impetus which he gave to others, for the high hopes which he roused and, in part at least, fulfilled, Samuel J. Tilden is rightly held in undying remembrance.

This was his chief title to fame. He was able, however, to impress himself in many other ways upon his generation. It is needless to dwell upon these now. His skill in the law, his consummate ability as a political organizer, the literary power, combined with political courage, which he exhibited, for example, in his letter of acceptance—all these things are of record. But the main reason why we pause at the hundredth year since Tilden was born is that it was given to him to energize the reforming spirit in American politics, and to do it at a period when conditions were at their worst and the outlook seemed peculiarly gloomy. Out of him went a virtue which in the lapsing years gave us other men to take bosses by the throat—a Cleveland, a Hughes, a Wilson. Reason enough, then, for marking with a white stone the Tilden centenary.

FRANCO-AMERICANA.

PARIS, January 31.

The first volume of a fifth edition, completely revised and copiously annotated, of the "Histoire du Canada" (Alcan; 665 pages, large 8vo, 10 francs), by François Xavier Garneau, is virtually a new book; and it keeps its peculiar interest as a French-Canadian classic amid the clash of French and American historians. The author's grandson, Prof. Hector Garneau, of Montreal, has supplied the work with an Introduction, giving a needed account of its writing seventy years ago; constant notes and bracketed additions to the text, bringing it up to the present state of research; and 212 Appendices, forming a storehouse of documentary, bibliographical, and controversial information. For the history of Canada was matter of controversy even in the making, an inevitable consequence of the colonization from the start. This is recognized in the preface to the present volume by M. Hanotaux, of the French Academy: "A double ideal drew to unknown North America explorers and missionaries."

Colonial functionaries and traders on the one hand bore uneasily the restraint of the persisting missionary ideal on the other. In New England, the religious ideal held sway as completely and longer; but the missionary element was wanting. In his first edition, Garneau remarked: "The United States owe their greatness, in part, to the Bible's privilege of fanaticising, so to speak, the spirit of the nation for the things of the earth, even more than for those of heaven"; and he cites the example of the Jews (p. 192). More significant still in the varying evolution of the French and English colonies was the fact that New England virtually governed itself from the beginning, whereas Canada, to the end of French domination, was regulated in each detail of its civil life from the King's Court across the seas. "When I wish to judge the spirit of the administration of Louis XIV and its vices, I have to go to Canada," said Tocqueville ("L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution").

It is meet and also just that the new and influential Comité France-Amérique should choose this work of Garneau for its first publication. Parkman, in spite of many inherited prejudices and natural ignorance of foreigners of the past, has written a real history of the French in North America; but native French writers of to-day seem unable to understand the nature or merit or consequences of the work of Old France in Canada. In the chapter on French colonization written for Seignobos's "Histoire Moderne" by Prof. Albert Métin (Minister of Labor in the present French Government), a single short paragraph is given to "Catholic missionaries who came in behind traders and *seigneurs*"; by whose means "the Church became and remained the greatest seigniorial landowner of Canada"; who are responsible for "Catholics only being allowed to settle in Canada" (in M. H. Garneau's Appendix, page 574, Cromwell orders that no Catholics be allowed in Acadie, already settled by the French); who "worked for the Church, kept lay Europeans from their villages of converted Indians, and so entered into conflict with the Governor, who wished his authority to extend over all the establishments of French missionaries." Of the French missionaries in Canada as explorers, pioneers, martyrs, even of Marquette's share in the discovery of the Mississippi—of that least amount of the history of France in North America which, in the United States, every public-school boy is expected to know and to which Protestant Parkman has given volumes and Congress statues—French University students are told nothing. M. Hanotaux has reason to say: "The French will never study the history of Canada enough."

This history of Canada by Garneau, even with the new enlightening notes, will not satisfy all parties, though he was "faithful to the end to his Catholic faith and Liberal ideas." "He does not see men and things at the religious angle only [in fact, scarcely at all, but the new notes and appendices furnish material to allay much controversy]. . . . His history is properly the political and lay history of Canada. . . . He prefers to give his attention to the improvement and progress of the colony." With a single chapter for those missionary explorations to which Parkman gave his volumes, Garneau keeps closely to the permanent French settlements. There was a lack of original documents when he began his life-work. Before his death in 1866, many gaps had been filled, and he profited by this in this third edition. After twenty-five years of patient labor he had brought his book down to 1840. Thus he

came to his work when the French traditions of Canada were still living and strong.

The book holds a place which has not been filled by other historians; and it reaches further than mere colonial annals. In it, as in reality, world history and local story commingle. The present volume reaches to 1744, when the French colony of fewer than 50,000 souls was strong interiorly, but little supported by the mother country. The competent outsider, Munro, says: "The Canadian habitant was much better off than his prototype, the French censitaire"; morcover, under early English rule: "If anything, the habitant was worse off than he had been before the conquest" ("Seigniorial System in Canada").

"L'Amérique et le Rêve exotique dans la Littérature française au XVIIe et au XVIIIe siècle" (Hachette; 456 pages, 12mo, 3.50 francs) continues the interesting work which Prof. Gilbert Chinard, of the University of California, began with a previous volume on American "exotism" in French literature of the sixteenth century. A further volume on America in Chateaubriand's writings is promised. This is a new and it is a sensible point of view from which to estimate the influence of America in European thought. The book is a brilliant example of the method of historical inquiry, so favored by the French University of to-day. The author has had to seek out all that was written about America in the various centuries, and then, card-cataloguing endless *fiches*, to bring into rational order the ideas they suggest. The result depends on the assimilative and judicial power of the historian, as it did in the older methods, which could scarcely have been applied to the present matter. Professor Chinard has done his work well. It was worth doing, and it is an important acquisition both to American and French history:

In a former volume I tried to show how the first travel stories, with their naïve enthusiasm for the savages, their admiration for the simple free life of these New World tribes who lived without priest or law or king and. most of all, knew no difference between *meum* and *tuum*, seemed to foretell the most daring theories of Rousseau. It seemed to me worth while inquiring whether some of these ideas which, in the sixteenth century, had caused a veritable moral revolution and been summed up by Montaigne in his chapters "Cannibales" and "Coches," had disappeared during a long interval, only to show themselves once more with the *philosophes*. Even if they are not to be found in the great literature of the eighteenth century, it is still possible, thanks to the narrations of travellers and missionaries, to follow their development for more than a century, and reconstitute the links of the chain which binds Jean-Jacques Rousseau to Montaigne. . . . As a whole, this Americanist literature is very definitely anti-social. It could not be otherwise.

After a clear introduction, the first part of the book takes up the Isles and South America, particularly in the romance-writing of the seventeenth century. The second part follows New France from Jesuits and their adversaries to Fénelon. The third takes the eighteenth century to the coming of Rousseau; and the fourth reaches from that prophet of the new age to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. There is an excellent chronological table of books published in this matter between 1598 and 1788. The author says far too modestly: "In the present state of science, this book could be neither complete nor final." It is competent for its object, and its value is permanent. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the *Athenæum* of July 29, 1876, appeared the second instalment of a series of "Notes on Shakespeare's names" by C. Elliott Browne. Among these was one on Lamound ("Hamlet," IV, vii, 93), the Norman whose horsemanship so impressed King Claudius. It reads:

Lamound, the name of the Parisian friend of Laertes, was thought by Malone to have been formed from La Mode, but it is not impossible that it may be an allusion to Pietro Monte (in a Gallicized form), the famous cavalier and swordsman, who is mentioned by Castiglione ("Il Cortegiano," b. I) as the instructor of Louis the Seventh's Master of Horse. In the English translation he is called "Peter Mount."

Now, one does not need to refer to the text of the "Cortegiano" or to the note on Pietro Monte in Cian's edition (Bk. I, sect. v, l. 20) to discover the blunder perpetrated here. Louis the Seventh reigned—most of us have to consult some book of reference to find out when. The Louis of Castiglione's day, the only Louis of the sixteenth century, as we know when we stop to think, was Louis the Twelfth. And the origin of the blunder seems to be equally clear. Mr. Browne probably sent in the name as "Louis XII"; the typesetter mistook the X for a V (X and V are easily confused in hasty manuscript); and the name appeared spelled out at length as "Louis the Seventh." Had the numeral been printed "VII," the slip would certainly have been discovered before long, for every careful worker is on his guard against misprints in numerals; but "Seventh" does not look as if it could be a mistake for any other number.

At this time Dr. Furness was seeing his Variorum "Hamlet" through the press. In the note on IV, vii, 93, he quotes the bulk of Browne's paragraph (including "Louis the Seventh") with the remark: "I regret that these valuable *Notes* on *Shakespeare's Names* reached me too late to be inserted in due place in the commentary under the first appearance of each character." Lamound, however, did arrive in time; for his first and only appearance in the play is towards the close. The haste with which he was thrust into the commentary is the cause, let us hope, of Dr. Furness's accepting "Louis the Seventh."

Once admitted to the respectable company of the Variorum, the blunder began to make its way. Nobody questioned its antecedents; because, for one thing, the reputation of Dr. Furness obviated suspicion; because, for another, nobody took very seriously the allusion to Pietro Monte. The name of the Norman cavalier ("Lamound" in the folio, "Lamord" in the quartos) was too uncertain for any one to spend time in considering a possible connection with "Peter Mount." So the note became a mere curiosity, to be used by successive editors when there was room for it; and "Louis the Seventh" escaped exposure.

To attempt a complete list of those who have helped to keep him in good society would be to break a butterfly upon a wheel. With the help of a friend, however, I have looked into all but two of the editions set down in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," and a few others of credit, such as the Tudor Shakespeare. Several of the editors omit all reference to Browne's idea, but the majority think it worth recording, always with the accompaniment of "Louis the Seventh." The majority are:

1878—W. J. Rolfe.
1890—Arthur Symons, Henry Irving Shakespeare.
1895—Israel Gollancz, Temple Shakespeare.
1895—E. K. Chambers, Arden Shakespeare (D. C. Heath).
1899—Edward Dowden, Arden Shakespeare (Methuen).
1899—C. H. Herford, Eversley Edition.
1903—Charlotte Porter, Helen A. Clarke, First Folio Edition.
1904—A. W. Verity, Student's Shakespeare (Cambridge Press). (Repeated in Pitt Press Shakespeare, 1911.)

Most of us, as boys, played the old game of follow-my-leader. Those of us who have edited classics will have had occasion more than once to join in a variety of it known to commentators. But it is surely not often that so many distinguished littérateurs and scholars may be observed careering along, one after another, into so obvious a mistake, on the heels of a misguided typesetter.

R. E. Neil Dodge.

Correspondence

SOCIALIST POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Recently protests from members of the Socialist party have appeared in the Socialist press against the order of the Central Committee of Local New York (Manhattan) Socialist party, forbidding the branches of the local from selling or distributing the *New Review* at public or propagandist meetings. The *New Review* is the most scholarly and perhaps the ablest Socialist magazine in the United States; among its contributors are some of the foremost Socialists in America and Europe. The reason why this publication was thus summarily blacklisted and boycotted was because its

editor, Mr. Herman Simpson (himself a member of the Socialist party) took occasion in a recent issue to publish an editorial over his signature calling attention to the extraordinarily large falling off in the dues-paying membership of the Socialist party throughout the United States.

After quoting from the *Party Builder* (published by the national office of the Socialist party, and, therefore, its official organ) that on June 28 last there were nearly 50,000 less members than a year previously, the *New Review* editorial went on:

> The statement struck us with amazement. We could not believe our own eyes. At last we concluded that the number given must be due to a printer's error. To be sure, no candid observer could have failed to perceive numerous sinister signs that there was something rotten in the State of Denmark. But a loss of 50,000 members, two-fifths of the entire number of organized Socialists at the end of March, 1912, seemed impossible, inconceivable. But our incredulity soon had to give way to indubitable certainty. The financial report of the national office for the month of June, 1913, shows receipts from dues amounting to $4,084.45, which is the exact equivalent, on the five cents per capita basis, of 80,961 members. The average membership for the first quarter of 1912 was given as 125,826, so that there was a loss of nearly 45 000 members in fifteen months. The printer made no error.
>
> The loss is appalling, but in actual fact it is even larger than is indicated by these figures. We know that from March to midsummer in 1912 the membership of the party kept on growing, although we do not have the figures on hand. An intensely fought Presidential campaign . . . must have brought tens of thousands of new members into the party organization. The actual loss of members during the past eight months is, therefore, not 50,000, but very probably 75,000, and possibly more. A loss of three-fifths of the membership of the Socialist party organization in so short a period is well calculated to rouse even the most indolent and lethargic among us to serious thought.

The *New Review* editorial then proceeded to discuss what seemed to be the reasons why so large a number of Socialists had left the Socialist party. It is not the purpose here to enter into any discussion of these impelling reasons, but simply to point out the action following the publication of that editorial. The politicians controlling the party were infuriated that a Socialist magazine should publish the facts of the tremendous loss of membership under their leadership; evidently what they especially feared was the dissemination of those facts broadcast, both in and out of the Socialist party. Local New York, controlled by the most powerful of those leaders, soon retaliated by the formal order of prohibition already referred to.

Thereupon the Board of Directors of the *New Review* Publishing Association formally protested against that order. "This board," the protest read in part, "regards the action of the Central Committee as a usurpation of authority, which, if permitted to stand, threatens to destroy within the party all freedom of speech and press and to suppress all honest and free discussion."

The boycotting and blacklisting order, however, is still in force; and any member violating it would soon find a series of charges, entailing suspension or expulsion, preferred against him.

I have here related the indisputable facts. One more fact is essential. The pretext upon which the Central Committee of Local New York passed this order was that if the facts were known, converts to Socialism would be discouraged from joining the party!

A Former Member.

New York, February 6.

WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS IN CIVIL SERVICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The United States Military Academy at West Point and the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis were established for the express purpose of preparing intelligent and industrious American lads for the military and naval services of our country. They have been successful in their mission, as has been shown by the wonderful achievements of their sons in both governmental and civic activities. They both give promise of a greater future. As the education and training acquired in these academies is exceedingly thorough and of extraordinarily high grade, there are scores of cadets in both academies who should in the future add to the honor and glory of both their country and their alma mater.

Notwithstanding all this honor and glory due to our Government academies, every thoughtful American ought to consider their real condition. Although, as stated above, they both give promise of bright futures in many ways, it cannot be denied that they also give promise of serious deficiency of service. This may sound paradoxical, but it is all too true. They not only give promise of such deficiency, but they are now, and for several years past have been, unable to render sufficient service to the nation. It is not the academies that are responsible for this, however—it is the fault of the appointing powers. There are but very few competent candidates appointed to the academies, and consequently there are not nearly enough cadets graduating from the academies to supply the constant needs of the army and navy. Statistics show us that admission is refused to about two-thirds of all the candidates for these academies because they are absolutely unfit mentally, or physically, or both. Most of those to whom admission is refused are rejected because they are so hopelessly unprepared mentally. It is true that the entrance examinations have been noted for their rigidity, but upon careful investigation we may find that they are no harder than an ordinary student who is preparing for a technical education should expect, and, to quote Col. H. L. Scott, ex-superintendent of West Point, "it has always been a source of regret to the West Point authorities that their entrance requirements have been kept so low, but it is recognized that they cannot well be otherwise. The class of candidates sent here, as to physical and moral characteristics, is in the hands of the appointing powers alone."

These "appointing powers" are the President of the United States and the Senators and the Representatives in Congress. We find that many of their appointees show a serious lack of education in the very elementary subjects. At a recent examination several candidates even showed unpardonable ignorance of the correct use of their own language. Some of their answers were written in such English as would be almost a deplorable disgrace to a fifth-grade grammar-school pupil. There are, nevertheless, as Gen. Barry, the former superintendent of West Point, states, "thousands of young men in the country well prepared in the required subjects, who would welcome an appointment to enter West Point." In consideration of this fact, Gen. Barry has earnestly urged that some efficient method might be employed that should cause the competent candidates to be separated from the incompetent before they are examined finally at West Point.

We may admit that strong evidence tends to show that the majority of the candidates who enter the academies come to their positions honestly, and that some of our Congressmen are successful in judging their appointees. It is also plainly evident that since about 66 per cent. of the candidates recommended fail to pass the examinations, there must be something radically wrong somewhere with the appointing powers. It is true that many Senators and Congressmen apparently select their candidates by competitive examinations. When there is a vacancy in his district, the Congressman notifies the public through the newspapers that any young man in the district within the proper age limits may present himself for examination at a designated time and place. The examinations are conducted by examiners authorized by the Congressman. The apparent system is to appoint the competitor who attains the highest rank. But since these examiners are selected by the Congressman himself, what is there to hinder the examiners from ranking the Congressman's favorite and most influential candidate in such a way as to insure him the appointment? There is abundant evidence that such schemes have been practiced again and again, the supposedly "competitive" examination serving to hoodwink the public.

Other Congressmen appoint their favorite candidates outright, without an examination of any kind. It may be that the Congressman has never seen his appointee, and perhaps he has never even heard of him, save through the would-be cadet's rich uncle, or some political demagogue with whom the young man's cousin's brother-in-law has a "pull." Again it should be stated that it would require a very unreasonably radical person to believe that such methods are successfully employed by all Congressmen, but is it not readily possible? An instance in a New Jersey district may be offered as a typical example. A certain young man, the son of an influential citizen, wished to procure an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Unfortunately, however, his Congressman was of a different political faction from that of his father. After the lad had spent about three years in preparation for Annapolis, and after having virtually given up all hope of pro-

curing the appointment because of the lack of political "pull," the father was interviewed by one of the Congressman's faction workers. The latter informed the father that the Congressman's faction wanted his political influence, and promised him that his son would be appointed to Annapolis if he would but turn to the opposite faction. The father refused to accept the bribe, and thus disgrace himself. Consequently, his son did not receive the appointment, and there is absolutely no hope of his ever receiving it from that district while such political demagogues reign there.

In place of the present unsatisfactory method of selecting candidates for West Point, Col. Clarence P. Townsley, the present superintendent of West Point, urged in his recent report to the War Department the adoption of an open competitive system as follows:

These cadetships belong to the people of the district, State, Territory, etc., and should be open competitively to all the youths eligible to compete, and it is my recommendation that *a law be enacted requiring competitive examinations to be held for each vacancy;* that youth to be appointed who passes successfully the best mental examination and who is physically and morally qualified. The examination questions should be prepared by the Academic Board, and a successful passing of the competitive examination should qualify a youth to enter, so that no other mental examination need be required. The details of conducting such examinations should, I think, be left to the Secretary of War. By announcing in the local papers some ten months or a year in advance that such a competitive examination will be held, stating its scope, it is believed that there will be a large number of eligible youths who will present themselves for examination in each district from which a vacancy is to be filled.

A system quite similar to that proposed by Col. Townsley is now used in selecting men from civil life to be second lieutenants in the regular army and in the Marine Corps, and it has long since proved a success. Should this method be adopted for the selection of cadets for both West Point and Annapolis, all vacancies at the academies would be filled, and the academies would then be able to supply the demands for more trained officers in the army and navy.

James Milton Conover.

St. Matthew's School, Burlingame, Cal., January 31.

THE BEGINNING OF JOHN BROWN'S CAREER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I desire to call attention to a source of information in regard to John Brown of Osawatomie, which has been overlooked by his biographers. I refer to a series of Pioneer Reminiscences of the Western Reserve by his cousin, Rev. Edward Brown, published in 1892 in the *Northwestern Congregationalist*, Minneapolis. In one of these articles the writer narrates an incident which furnishes the answer to a question raised by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard in his excellent biography: "When was it that John Brown . . . first conceived what he calls in his autobiography 'his greatest or principal object' in life—the forcible overthrow of slavery in his native land?" According to the testimony of John Brown's cousin, as will be seen, this determination to wage war against slavery had its definite beginning in November, 1837.

The following quotation is taken from Edward Brown's article, printed in the journal referred to, October 21, 1892:

Among the earliest of the pioneers at Hudson, O., was Owen Brown, my father's brother, in after years a trustee of Oberlin College. His eldest son, John, a very bright and energetic young man, making a religious profession at sixteen years of age, was desirous of studying for the ministry, incited thereto chiefly by that ardent founder of the American Board, Samuel J. Mills, a kinsman. Unable to furnish him money, his father gave him two horses, which he took, riding one and leading the other, to Connecticut and sold. Then he went to Plainfield, Mass., where, at an academy and under the private instruction of one Moses Hallock, he was fitted to enter the junior class of Yale College, which he was prevented from doing by a chronic disease of the eyes. . . .

With his father he was among the earliest of Abolitionists. He had been a surveyor in the mountains near Harper's Ferry, Va., and had often remarked that, with a good leader, the slaves, escaping to those fastnesses and fortifying themselves, could compel emancipation.

Prof. Laurens P. Hickok (since president of Union College and a distinguished preacher and writer of philosophical works) became, in 1836, professor of theology in Western Reserve College. He was regarded as conservative on the question of emancipation. One afternoon in November, 1837, we heard a rapid tramping through the college halls, and every room entered. Soon we saw it was Professor Hickok, who entered greatly excited. He said, "I want you all to come down to the old chapel-room immediately on the ringing of the four o'clock bell. I have some very important news to tell you." Promptly on time the room was filled with both faculty and students. Professor Hickok had brought an account of the murder of the Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy and the destruction of his press at Alton, Ill. (where he was publishing a religious paper of decided anti-slavery views), by a Missouri mob from St. Louis. They had before destroyed his presses, both at St. Louis and at Alton. After reading it, he proposed to us to call a meeting at the Congregational church in the village two days later.

The next day he mounted his horse and rode all over the township, calling at every house and inviting the people to the meeting. At the meeting he made a most eloquent speech, burning with indignation, in which he said, "The crisis has come. The question now before the American citizens is no longer alone, 'Can the slaves be made free?' but, 'Are we free, or are we slaves under Southern mob law?' I propose that we take measures to procure another press and another editor. If a like fate attends them, send another, till the whole country is aroused; and if you can find no fitter man for the first victim, send me." During the afternoon many speeches were made and strong resolutions passed.

Just before the close of the meeting, John Brown, who had sat silent in the back part of the room, rose, lifting up his right hand, saying, "Here, before God, in the presence of these witnesses, from this time, I consecrate my life to the destruction of slavery!" His aged father then rose, and, with stammering speech (for he was a great stammerer), said, "When John the Baptist was beheaded, the disciples took up his body and laid it in a tomb and went and told Jesus. Let us now go to Jesus and tell him." Then, in a very fervent prayer, weeping (but not stammering, for he scarcely ever stammered in prayer), he closed the meeting. . . .

It will be noted that this account explains two other points mentioned by Mr. Villard: the oath which John Brown obtained from several members of his family to do all in their power to abolish slavery, and the reference which he made to Lovejoy in his "Words of Advice" to the "Gileadites." J. Newton Brown.

Ardmore, Pa., February 5.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I thank you for having shown me Mr. J. Newton Brown's interesting letter. Stories like this one about John Brown are afloat without number. It is true, however, that the Harper's Ferry raider was at Hudson at the time of Elijah Lovejoy's murder, and doubtless attended the meeting. But undocumented recollections are a trap a wary historian must usually shun, particularly if recorded by one well on in years.

Oswald Garrison Villard.

New York, February 7.

"TRAGIC POSSIBILITIES."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is a curious and suggestive similarity of language in Hardy between a description of Egdon Heath and of Sue Bridehead. In "The Return of the Native," Egdon is introduced to us with: "It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities." And it seems to me more than a mere coincidence to come in "Jude the Obscure" upon this same phrase in reference to Sue Bridehead: "How permanently it was imprinted upon his vision—a face suggesting tragic possibilities."

In both books there is a play of light and shadow in which no single figure holds the stage. The interdependence of plot and setting is perfectly plain in "The Return of the Native." All through the book the Heath is the principal character, an ever-active protagonist; they who are in harmony with its "suggestiveness" succeed in their ambitions and are happy. In like fashion, the fates of all the chief characters in "Jude the Obscure" are directly circumstanced by the actions of Sue Bridehead; so long as these people live in accord with her nature, prosperity and fortune follow them.

In the terrestrial scheme developed by the novels of Hardy's maturity is not the influence of woman synonymous with that of nature? Lloyd Adams Noble.

Cambridge, Mass., February 8.

O. HENRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The chronology of O. Henry's life has not yet been satisfactorily given—for various reasons. There is, however, no reason for the conflicting statements in regard to his birth-year. "Who's Who" persistently gave the year as 1867, a date that is also given in numerous magazine articles, in Mr. Frederick Taber Cooper's "Some American Story Tellers," and in Nelson's Encyclopædia (1913); Payne's "Southern Literary Readings" (1913) declares that Porter was born in 1864; while the New International Webster's mystifies the searcher with a question-mark instead of a date. The New Standard Dictionary, on the other hand,

states that O. Henry was born on September 11, 1862. This statement is correct. Such is the date given in the Porter family Bible. In the volume of O. Henry's stories called "Rolling Stones" one may find a list of births and deaths that is copied from this Bible; and it is worth noting that both O. Henry and his father preferably spelled their given name as Sidney, not Sydney.

HYDER E. ROLLINS.

University of Texas, February 3.

Literature

ORIENTAL AND MEDIÆVAL CHESS.

A History of Chess. By H. J. R. Murray. New York: Oxford University Press. $12.

Mr. Murray, son of Sir James A. H. Murray, of Oxford Dictionary fame, has done a notable piece of scholarly work in this book, although it scarcely answers to its title. What one would have expected under that rubric would have been an account of the development of the game we know, the evolution of the gambits, the change in strategy produced by match play, biographies and anecdotes of the chief masters and champions, with examples of the most brilliant games and problems. Mr. Murray gives something of all this, it is true, in the last hundred of his pages, but he himself, with his instinct for thoroughness, would be the last person to call this a history of modern chess, and even this sketch is cut short with the era of chess magazines and journals sixty years ago.

What he has given us is something more difficult and, in a measure, more valuable. He has written the fullest and most accurate account of Oriental and mediæval chess—of the Indian Chaturanga, of the Persian and Arabic Shatranj, and of the Ludus Scacorum of the Middle Ages; in other words, he has taken up again the chief problems dealt with by Van der Linde in that curious amalgam of bibliography, anecdotage, scholarly research, and egotism which he called "Geschichte und Litteratur des Schachspiels." And it may be said at once that he has beaten the Dutch scholar on his own ground, not alone in extent of research—he gives double the number of Oriental and mediæval end-games—but also in thoroughness of treatment and soundness of judgment. One can never say that a piece of work is final, but it is difficult to see how Mr. Murray's work can be bettered for a long time to come. He appears to have consulted all the accessible manuscript sources relating to mediæval chess, many of which he has edited or abstracted for the present work, and until further material of this kind turns up it would scarcely seem worth while doing over again what Mr. Murray has done so well.

The conclusions which he reaches as to the origin and development of the game and its transition from the Orient to mediæval Europe do not differ widely from those of his predecessors. He naturally rejects Forbes's claim of a five-thousand-year antiquity for the game, since, even in India, it cannot be traced further back than the seventh century of our era. Mr. Murray believes that it originated as a two-handed war game played with dice on an Ashtapada board of 8 by 8 lines. The Chaturanga or "four-limbed" game represented the four elements—chariots, cavalry, elephants, infantry—of the Indian armies (with the addition of the king and his vizier), and these elements are still extant as rooks, knights, bishops, and pawns. Mr. Murray throws out the suggestion that chess may have been invented by a Buddhist desirous of replacing real war by a game, but the only basis for the suggestion is that the earliest mentions of the game in India are connected with Buddhists.

Nor has Mr. Murray been able to solve the intricate problem of the transition from India to Persia, which was the decisive stage in the development of the game, as indeed is indicated by its name. The Arabic annalists connected this transition with the introduction of "Indian numerals" which we, in our turn, call Arabic figures; and Firdausi thought so much of the incident that he made it part of the national epic, the far-famed "Shah-namah." Almost the only clue is afforded by the tradition that the game was brought to Persia at the same time as the book of Indian fables known as "Kalila-wa-Dimna," which is always associated with the name of Chosroes I (531-578 A. D.). The only difficulty about accepting this comparatively early date is that there is no reference to chess either in Indian or Persian literature till the next century. Yet a fairly trustworthy Muslim tradition connects the game with the Caliph Omar, in whose caliphate Persia was conquered by the Arabs.

Mr. Murray is at his best in dealing with Arabic chess. He has consulted the whole manuscript literature with great diligence and gives not alone 553 end-games, but an analysis of the main middle positions in Arabic chess derived from an unpublished treatise by Al-Lajlaj, who died in 970 A. D. Owing to the restricted moves of vizier and elephant (our queen and bishop) the opposing forces did not come to close grips enough in the first ten or a dozen moves to allow of anything like our modern openings or gambits.

As regards the introduction of chess into Europe, Mr. Murray, by an interesting application of phonetic laws, proves that it took place at the beginning of the tenth century, though the earliest literary references are about a hundred years later. The Low Latin *scacus*, derived ultimately from the Persian *shah* (but meaning "chessman," and not "king") could have taken that form only, he contends, in the tenth century. It may here be remarked that, like a true son of his father, he pays the greatest attention to the names of chessmen in their different forms, and is often guided by phonetic evidence where actual historic reference is inaccessible. It would have been interesting in this connection, if he had thrown some light on the newest etymology of checkmate, "the Shah is hopeless" from the Persian instead of "the sheikh is dead" from the Arabic.

Mr. Murray is equally thorough in his treatment of the mediæval game, of which he gives something like 750 examples, with solutions where these are possible; for it is characteristic of the mediæval problem that it was frequently unsound, and Mr. Murray, following Van der Linde, suggests that such problems were made the subject of bets. In this part of his work he edits a considerable number of problems in Old French and Middle English. It would have been as well if he had attached solutions in modern notation, as he does in other cases. Not everybody interested in chess is fully acquainted with the mediæval forms of French and English.

Mediæval chess is almost the same as Muslim chess, and suffers from the same want of strength due to the limited range of the queen and the bishop. When their moves were extended to the end of the board in the last decades of the fifteenth century, modern chess, as we nowadays know it, came into existence. The increased powers of these two pieces enabled the players to bring a strong attack against their adversaries in the first four or five moves, rendering, indeed, a "fool's mate" possible within the first four. So, too, the pawn, since it could become a queen on the eighth row, gained so much in significance by this increased range that pawn-play became more important in corresponding measure. Mr. Murray gives, from as-Suli, a comparison of the relative values of bishop and queen in the Muslim game, and contrasts them with those given by the authorities for modern chessmen, taking the rook's pawn as the unit of value in both games. Whereas the Arabic "fil," or bishop, was worth twice this value, the modern bishop is reckoned as equal to 5.3 times. Still greater is the disparity between the "firzan" of Muslim chess, reckoned by as-Suli at three times the value of the rook's pawn, with the modern queen estimated at 15.5. These two changes at once alter the character of the whole game, as was recognized by

the Italians, who probably introduced them, but called the new form of the game "scacchi alla rabiosa," or "mad chess," which, from French translations, Mr. Murray shows referred to the "mad moves" of the queen in the new game. The first printed work on chess, by the Spaniard Lucena about 1497, gives problems both of the old and of the new chess. But it is characteristic that he, for the first time in chess literature, analyzes the openings, including the King's, Bishop's, the Philidor, the Petroff, the Giuoco Piano, and the Ruy Lopez gambits.

With Lucena's work modern chess begins, and Mr. Murray's detailed history virtually ends. He gives, indeed, a few chapters containing a sketch of the development of the modern game; but these contrast markedly with the thoroughness of his earlier treatment, and leave room for a history of chess as applied to the modern game. He is thoroughly justified in thus restricting his task to that portion of the field in which his wide linguistic powers find their fullest play.

It should be remarked that Mr. Murray devotes as much attention to the archæology and the *Culturgeschichte* of his subject as he does to its literature. He reproduces chessboards and chessmen from all parts of the world, and often deduces interesting points from their shapes. He treats at less length, but quite adequately, some of the variant forms of the game, though he leaves aside the more modern chess eccentricities. He even takes into account other board-games, like backgammon, fox and geese, and "merels." He gives in full the Muslim legends about the origin of chess and the mediæval moral literature leading up to Caxton's work, thought by Scott's Antiquary to be the earliest English printed book. The whole subject has wider bearings than might appear at first sight. Thus Mr. Murray takes occasion to point out that the dominance of Persian players of chess in Islam is only another example of the immense influence of Persia upon Mohammedanism. He expresses the opinion that the Muslim players show more subtlety than their European confrères in the Middle Ages, but, at the same time, points out that it was only in Europe that the game received its full development by the changed powers of the queen, which has in turn reacted in modern times upon Oriental chess. Anecdotes, witticisms, and locutions relating to chess are given in profusion from Oriental manuscripts and mediæval romances. He has, however, put so much into his book that it is by no means easy reading, however much the author helps by convenient summaries.

When a scholar of such ability and equipment devotes sixteen years to a restricted field of research like the history of chess, it seems both ungrateful and impertinent to point to a few solar spots in his treatment of the subject. But, if only to evidence a certain care in the perusal of his book, one might notice a few cases where Mr. Murray's skill and knowledge have failed him for the moment. Thus it is incorrect to state that the Arabic version of "Kalila-wa-Dimna" is the immediate source of the mediæval European version (note on page 155); the Latin translation of John of Capua, entitled "Directorium Humanæ Vitæ," was the real source. Mr. Murray calls the Western versions of this literature "Fables of Pilpay," showing that his knowledge of this literature is rather scanty or antiquated. This is especially unfortunate, as the transition of chess and of the fables from India to Persia was probably simultaneous. So, too, he neglects the references to chess in the "Thousand and One Nights," on the plea that they can only be placed in the Mamluk period in Egypt. Recent research is beginning to trace back portions at least to a much earlier period. Reference might have been made to the celebrated game of chaupur of Rajah Rasalu in Indian legend, and de Goeje's name should not have been misspelled Goege, as on page 163. Mr. Murray seems to be unaware that the Arabic sections in Van der Linde's work were contributed by M. Steinschneider without acknowledgment on Van der Linde's part. In referring to modern "champions," the name of Zukertort is omitted, who had a right to the title after beating Steinitz in a championship series. The index is not quite so full as it might be; one would have been glad to recover again the reference to Montaigne, who is quoted in the text but whose name is omitted in the index; and there is an earlier quotation from Piacenza than that given in the index. But one is almost ashamed to point out such minute blemishes in one of the most thorough pieces of research that English scholarship has produced in recent years.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Witness for the Defence. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of Louie. By Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Murder, as Mr. Mason's heroine and Mr. Onions's hero commit it, is hardly what you would call a crime. Looked at rightly, *i. e.*, with a ready willingness to be guided by the author's intention, it is scarcely more than an undeserved misfortune. To understand all is to forgive all. The question then is—as we imagine an up-to-date author putting it to himself—What degree of murder can the reader be made to understand? Just how heavy a homicidal handicap is it safe to impose upon a favorite character? What delicious fooling can be extracted from the absurdities of such a proposition has been dramatically demonstrated by the whimsically audacious Mr. Barrie. But Mr. Mason and Mr. Onions, not having envisaged their self-imposed task shrewdly enough to realize its intrinsic thanklessness, have addressed themselves in all seriousness to the devising of murders that shall answer to the definition and still attach as little odium as possible to their perpetrators. Both of them have hit upon the expedient of making the villain the victim of the violent taking off, and thereby greatly simplified the problem.

Mr. Mason's heroine shoots a hard-drinking and peculiarly malevolent husband who "keeps all his drunkenness for her." Having thus peremptorily ended her seven years of domestic purgatory in India, she is acquitted upon jury trial and returns to her girlhood home in England. The exact degree of her guilt remains her secret until almost the end of the story, when inquiry into the evidence is privately revived by the perturbed relatives of a young man who wishes to marry her, and she is unexpectedly confronted with the witness whose testimony at the trial had cleared her. This personage, a barrister of considerable reputation and an M.P., had dined with her and the husband of detestable memory on the very evening of the murder, and so had been in a position to have his evidence believed, though by no means to believe it himself. Furthermore—and here we get back to the original root of bitterness—this same perjured witness for the defence is the very man who years ago had deliberately preferred his ambition to her love. Her confession as finally made to him—and us—just fails to bring the shooting within the plea of self-defence, but succeeds fairly well in shifting the responsibility for her ill-advised marriage and the consequent tragedy to his shoulders. Under conviction of sin he is more than willing that they should expiate their errors together; but a punishment better fitted to his crime is meted out to him, and Stella Ballantyne's welfare is given into the safekeeping of a younger champion.

The crime upon which "The Story of Louie" centres is justified—quite in the current mode—solely as a prophylactic measure. The hero saves the girl he loves from worse than death by strangling a noxious little beast whom she is about to marry. Two volumes have already been devoted to this affair from the executioner's point of view. Their readers will remember that the confidante of his crime was not the commonplace Evie in whose interest it was undertaken and whom he after-

wards married, but another woman, whose gratuitous offering of understanding and protection was always inexplicable to him. We have now a volume explaining Louie and her divinations—a whole life history. She is accounted for as the daughter of a lady and a pugilist, inheriting something of hauteur from the Honorable Emily, and physical perfection, loyalty, and endurance from the manly "Buck." Arrived at womanhood and realizing herself barred from her mother's class, she propounds to herself the problem of self-support, and in one way and another, as cashier, model, or typist, manages to solve it for herself and the illegitimate son whom she acquires early in the game. Mr. Onions has that rare patience which we are so often encouraged to confound with genius; his design is elaborated down to the very last detail. If his inspiration has not quite sufficed to build a wonderful spiritual drama around this framework of repellent fact, at any rate the attempt comes near enough to success to compel rather respectful admiration. What he appreciates is the man of Napoleon-of-commerce type and his disconcerting appearance in the midst of the English social order. Of the simplicity of heart which such a man can retain in his personal relations we have heard a great deal in American fiction, and Mr. Onions insists upon it strongly. But we recall with some misgiving that he has used this, and at least one other of his best ideas, before in "The Exception." The world being so full of a number of things, this is somewhat disappointing. And as for a murder, an apoplectic stroke, and two suicides—we hope he will not again tax our capacity for tragic appreciation so far.

The Tale of Lady Daventry. New York: Brentano's.

An adventuress with a brain and will "equal, if different to" Napoleon's and Luther's, is the heroine of this anonymous tale. She is a country girl, as we see her in the beginning, of scant accomplishments, great beauty, greater ambition, and "with ice, not blood, in her veins." She frankly marries the witty, wicked old lord for his wealth and position; she promptly intrigues with his grown son, whom she hates, to bring about the birth of an heir to the title; and she then fabricates a story of outrage in order to accomplish the ruin of the man whom she has played false. The old lord dies, after some years, in a frenzy of rage at the woman who has thus betrayed him, disfiguring her with a dagger as he gasps his last; and when her son, on attaining his majority and coming into the estate, learns by chance of his paternity and his mother's villany, he promptly commits suicide. She is thus left in the ruins of the structure she has built.

As a foil to all this thunder and melodrama, the reader follows the fortunes of Margaret Lester, daughter of a tenant of the Daventry estate, who is as good as the Lady Daventry is bad. She goes to London and makes her way there as an author, marrying in happiness and triumph at the very moment of Lady Daventry's final misfortunes. The contrast between the two threads reeks of poetic justice, though a student of narrative technique will object to the crudeness with which they are interwoven. People of unquiet nerves might be warned against the book, were not the protagonist too unreal to carry alarming conviction.

The White Sapphire. By Lee Foster Hartman. New York: Harper & Bros.

The subtitle, "A Mystery Romance," indicates the dual interest of this story. Half is romantic and half detective. The story has the merit of an unexpected climax, with still another climax for the final page. The action takes place in a country house in the Berkshires, and has to do with the theft of a precious ruby which has been abstracted from a safe, evidently by a burglar expert in the use of a steel drill. But that he should have taken twenty dollars and the ruby and left behind fifteen diamonds lying next to the ruby constitutes the mystery. This is finally solved, to the confusion of an old-time villain, by a guest at the house, a young cosmopolitan American, who, though an amateur at sleuthing, has once confuted Scotland Yard. That he is aided by a knowledge of radioactivity indicates the utter timeliness of the story.

MAXWELL'S LORD CLARENDON.

The Life and Letters of George William Frederick, Fourth Earl of Clarendon. By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Two vols. $8.50 net.

For about twenty-five years, from 1845 to 1870, the name of Lord Clarendon stood next to those of Lord John Russell and Palmerston among British Foreign Secretaries. On the European Continent it had, deservedly, a great prestige: how great, is illustrated in this story told by his biographer. In 1871 Lord Clarendon's daughter, Lady Odo Russell, sat next to Bismarck at dinner, and was astonished at his saying: "Never in my life was I more glad to hear of anything than of your father's death." At Lady Russell's amazement, Bismarck patted her hand and added: "*Ach*, dear lady, you must not take it like that. What I mean is that, if your father had lived, he would have prevented the war." Whether Clarendon could have prevented France from rushing into the net which Bismarck spread for her is debatable; but that Bismarck thought he could is a sufficient tribute to Clarendon's ability.

George Villiers, born in 1800, was descended from the great Earl of Clarendon, and on his mother's side from Cromwell. His people belonged to the powerful Whig oligarchy, and although they had comparatively small means (until, through the death of his uncle, Clarendon succeeded to the earldom in 1839), their habits and associations were wholly aristocratic. Young Villiers matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1816, took his M.A. four years later, and was attaché at St. Petersburg until 1823, when he became a commissioner of customs.

Out of that post, which often threw a damper on young men of promise, he was fortunately lifted and sent on a special mission to France in 1831. The next year Palmerston appointed him Minister at Madrid, where he served until 1839. On his return to England, he declined in quick succession the Governor-Generalship of Canada and the Mastership of the Mint, but accepted office in Melbourne's Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal. Thenceforward, whether he was in office or in opposition, Clarendon stood high in the esteem of both parties; and, indeed, although bred a Whig, he did not hesitate to join Lord Aberdeen's coalition Ministry as Foreign Secretary. Previous to this, he served as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland during the terrible famine years.

As head of the Foreign Office from 1852 to 1858, Clarendon shared with the Premier, Lord Aberdeen, the responsibility for "drifting" into the Crimean War, and, with Lord Palmerston, he determined the British attitude at the Congress of Paris. In 1864 he resumed his seat in the Cabinet; was Foreign Secretary after Palmerston's death, and again in Gladstone's first Ministry. He died June 27, 1870, less than four weeks before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War.

This list of Lord Clarendon's chief public services by no means represents the range of his political influence at home, much less of his importance as a statesman of international fame during the first half of Queen Victoria's reign. He possessed two qualifications for dealing with great public affairs: he saw very clearly what he desired to do, and he did it promptly and decisively when left to his own initiative. He had also the discretion and the tact, coupled with rare personal impressiveness, which counted for much in that period when diplomats still had the manners of *grands seigneurs*.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's biography is personal rather than political, a fact which adds greatly to its interest for the general reader. It shows us Clarendon far more intimately than Evelyn Ashley showed Palmerston, or than Spencer

Walpole showed Lord John Russell. Take him for all in all, Clarendon stands out as the embodiment of the highest type of Whig peer. He is as evidently representative of that remarkable species, now extinct, as the late Lord Salisbury was of the antipodal type of Tory peer. One wonders at first, why it was that Clarendon, in spite of his known efficiency as an administrator, in spite of his recognized eminence in his party, never rose to actual leadership. He was thought of for Premier, and Queen Victoria, at least, would gladly have had him in that office rather than Palmerston or Lord John, but he could not succeed in forming a Ministry. His biographer suggests that the lateness at which he entered Parliament—he became a peer only in his fortieth year—deprived him of early acquaintance with the personnel and with the ways of that body. Although he was a vigorous writer—his dispatches being among the best of that period—he lacked both eloquence as an orator and readiness as a debater. He lacked also that quality of imposing himself on his party which was the common possession of politicians as different as Disraeli and Parnell. Had he been really masterful, he would not have remained at the Foreign Office when, contrary to his purpose, England "drifted" into the war with Russia. He would have done what Lord John and Palmerston did whenever they were opposed: either persist regardless of consequences, or resign.

Although this memoir is not primarily political, it throws many sidelights on British and international politics. Beginning with the civil war in Spain, where Clarendon labored to secure Queen Christina against the Carlists, it touches on most of the political events and personages of Western Europe during the next forty years. Louis Philippe and the Spanish marriages, the Irish famine, the rise and progress of Louis Napoleon, English action during the American Civil War, the emergence of Prussia—these are some of the topics in which Clarendon's correspondence is abundant and fresh.

His own letters to his intimates are written without reserve. Nothing could be more entertaining than his remarks on men and things. His rich vein of sarcasm spares neither the Queen nor the Prince Consort—whom he refers to under the aliases "Eliza" and "Joseph"—neither Dizzy, nor Pam, nor lesser personages. One gets from his letters a sense of the banality of much of the court life. We infer from them Queen Victoria's lack of regard for public business—she would often stay at Osborne, which involved at least a twelve-hour journey on the part of her Ministers, at a critical moment when her presence at Buckingham Palace was most desired. Clarendon also recalls how the Queen herself sent to the *Times* a letter in her own handwriting, protesting against being criticised for remaining secluded in her widowhood, and how the *Times* printed it with the signature "Anonyma" (April 6, 1864). Clarendon, however, always writes sympathetically of her bereavement, and for several years she sought his private advice on public matters. Then, perhaps for the reason that one of his earlier satirical remarks had reached her, she turned against him; and when Gladstone proposed him for the Foreign Secretaryship in 1868, the Queen declared that she would not consent to his occupying any position whatsoever. Why she gave way, after a fortnight's stubbornness, does not appear.

The biographer prints many extracts from the diary of Lady Clarendon and makes us wish that all the important passages in the diary, which covers thirty years, may be edited. As she shared her husband's political confidences, she often supplies information on matters which are not mentioned in his correspondence. The letters of Emily Eden, caustic and entertaining, bring Victorian high-life vividly before us, and those of Mrs. Villiers paint society at its revels under that "blackguard," the Prince Regent. Charles Greville, Cornewall Lewis, Granville, and many others lay bare the state of public opinion at a given moment, or add to our knowledge of its shapers.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has achieved a well-rounded biography, in which we draw close not merely to Clarendon the statesman and diplomat and the Whig grandee, but to the very man himself. Sir Herbert, though a Tory, writes with perfect fairness. He has arranged his material clearly and has been happy in choosing what is vital.

The Spiritual Drama in the Life of Thackeray. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

With a tardy indignation, Professor Stephenson is fired by Charles Whibley's "Thackeray," which appeared a decade ago. In that study Mr. Whibley said little of Thackeray, the man, speaking almost exclusively of Thackeray, the writer, drawing sometimes unflattering comparisons with his contemporaries and applying French ideals of art in fiction with rather less than the proverbial love of the biographer. He produced indeed a critical commentary on Thackeray's achievement.

With this attitude Professor Stephenson has no patience. It represents an author, he asserts, "as a trinity of pen, ink-pot, and sheet of paper." When the critic declares that what Thackeray "was at the beginning he was at the end—a man of letters to whom time and experience gave not a new style, but merely better control of his material," he waxes warm: "Mr. Whibley ignores entirely the inward drama of Thackeray's great life. . . . He is blind to that long, slow, but at length victorious, warfare of Thackeray's religion against his weakness."

This essential struggle is divided into three acts. "Pendennis" ends the first, where a malign fate presides over the destinies of men, and Sorrow sits empress. "We see goodness linked always with futility; evil, splendid and triumphant." The year 1851 is the crisis; the writing of the lectures on "The English Humorists" the turning-point. Thackeray now awakes to the falsity of his earlier view of life. There seems to be no "curtain" for this act, but it closes with "The Newcomes," where "all the vices of Thackeray's earlier thinking have disappeared." The third act is short but serene, containing "Philip" and "Denis Duval," and presenting a conviction that whatever is is right, a genuine faith that "all's right with the world."

What shall one say of this novel view of the Victorian master? What proof is brought forward? The evidence found is in the novels themselves, whose characters are cunningly dissected, whose meaning or structure is explained by means of picturesque imagery. But the tone of the third period was apparently suggested to the author by some felicitously phrased but conventional ideas in a letter of condolence written by Thackeray to a cousin on the death of an aunt. These words are echoed and reëchoed in the descriptions of his final works in a way that is almost amusing.

Though Professor Stephenson displays on nearly every page a love passing that of the biographer, his handling of evidence reveals two fundamental misconceptions. The first regards Thackeray, the man. Mr. Whibley did glance too seldom at the writer's personality, but in proving him wrong, Professor Stphenson commits a more disquieting error. The dividing of a man's life into periods, always a difficult and questionable procedure, is in Thackeray's case particularly dubious. His whole work expresses a personality of rare charm, but with an art that is instinctive rather than conscious. His characters dictated their conduct to him. To the end he was governed by his material instead of moulding it by clearly seen principles towards preconceived effects. One cannot by taking thought add a cubit to one's stature; much less can a novelist who writes from the heart rather than from the head alter his personality. That this amiable, elegant, but disillusioned soul should be the scene of a lifelong conflict between religion and disappointment is not only a novel but a refreshing assertion.

The second misconception regards

Thackeray, the writer. To Professor Stephenson, maintaining his view of the master's final optimism, "Vanity Fair" becomes unmanly and pernicious. Addison becomes the central figure of "Esmond" because he is the most hopeful and successful character. "Philip," which every one regards as little more than an echo of earlier productions, becomes "a ripe apple beautiful without and sound within," while "'Pendennis,' for all its external brilliancy, is worm-eaten at the core." "Denis Duval," a fragment too short for almost any generalization, and particularly for conclusions with regard to the author's view of life, becomes "a pinnacle whence we view the entire field of Life and behold all the parts of it related in a single design, the meaning of which is that His will is done on earth as it is in heaven." So much does a figure of speech distort one's sense of values.

For even if the tone of robust optimism that Professor Stephenson discovers did exist in Thackeray's later work, it would detract from rather than augment that classic novelist's vogue. No one goes to him to learn that

> God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world.

He stands for a mood of realism, an ironic presentation of life, an attitude of brave sadness in the face of the manifold disappointments of this world, a purpose, as Trollope puts it, always to encounter "melancholy with buffoonery and meanness with satire." To find in him the apostle of an all-conquering optimism would rob the English language of one of its greatest satirists of life and manners. Though Professor Stephenson has written an interesting book, it is with Mr. Whibley's conclusions that the student and the lover of Thackeray can the more easily agree.

The Ottoman Empire, 1801-1913. By William Miller. Cambridge University Press; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The policy of the Cambridge Historical Series, and not Mr. Miller, has no doubt caused this book to belong, not in the class of those that interpret and enlighten, but of those that set forth in classified chronological order a large number of selected facts. The facts, moreover, are not taken from the social, economic, religious, and cultural fields except incidentally. The course of political events, wars, treaties, and policies make up the substance of the narrative, and the reader must for the most part establish causal connections for himself. Yet the author himself must be charged with a failure to develop adequately an important element of his story. It would be unfair to expect Mr. Miller to feel sympathy with the Ottoman Turks, but he ought to give their story a more distinct place in a book entitled "The Ottoman Empire." Their proposals in the direction of reform should not be dismissed sneeringly (pages 151, 361); their actual reforms should not be omitted entirely; their Constitution should receive at least as full exposition as that of any Balkan state (pages 174, 371, 414); their name should find a place in the index. The fact is that in writing of the Ottoman Empire Mr. Miller has looked mainly at the empty part of the cup. His book would more accurately have been entitled "The Near Eastern Question, 1801-1913 (with Special Reference to the Development of the Balkan States)."

Actually, the Turks have had much history in the past one hundred and twelve years. Each of their Sultans has possessed individuality, from Selim III, martyr to reforming zeal, and Mahmud II, destroyer of the reactionary Janissaries, to Abdul Hamid II, restorer of ruthless despotism, and Mohammed V, friend of liberty and progress. The Turks have made great changes in their lives and institutions, and no century but the nineteenth could have regarded the Turks of that century as unprogressive. When a nation has striven to make within a hundred and twenty-five years such an advance from mediæval to modern times as England made between Henry II and George V, and has arrived only at the time of the first George, has not that nation done very well? Mr. Miller devotes to the really great constitutional progress of Turkey not more than a half-dozen pages, scattered here and there. He gives as much space (pages 348 to 353) to the "drama of Oropós," an episode of murderous brigandage, which in the year 1870 embroiled Greece with England. Such is the outcome when the friend of the sheep writes the history of the dying wolf.

For Mr. Miller is a Philhellene. Fully one-fourth of his book is given to the story of modern Greece. Her sins are not covered, but neither are her achievements suppressed. Her rapid progress is indicated well, as is that of the other states which fill up the territory held in 1801 by the Ottoman Empire. Especially valuable is the development of the history of the past thirty-five years. The Italo-Turkish War perhaps receives too scant attention. The Balkan wars could not be brought beyond the failure of the London Conference in February, 1913.

It was hardly to be expected that an Englishman would overlook, as Mr. Miller has done, the brilliant beginning of the career of him who became Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, when in 1812 he expedited the conclusion of the Treaty of Bucharest, which not only released the Russian armies for resistance to Napoleon I, but saved Rumania, to become, not another Finland, but an effective buffer state between Russia and Turkey. Mr. Miller, however, has throughout made little attempt to develop the vast diplomatic background to the Eastern question in the chancelleries of the great Powers of the world.

The book has hardly any faults besides those of omission and disproportion. It is clear, sober, accurate, and nearly always fair. The maps are directly adapted to the text. The good bibliography shows the use of books in seven languages, which yet do not include Turkish or the Slavic group, Servian, Bulgarian, and Russian. The volume constitutes a welcome and timely contribution to the study of the complex situation in Southeastern Europe.

The Vanishing Race. By Dr. Joseph K. Dixon. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.50.

Further than to say that, as its title implies, it is about Indians, this book is not easy to classify. In the broader sense it is not history, and in the narrower it is not ethnology. With the sociological problem presented by the condition of the aboriginal race it makes no pretension to deal. The chapter with which it opens, on the habits, dress, religion, and other characteristics of the Indians, makes no new contribution to our knowledge of these subjects. In its "record of the last Great Indian Council, participated in by eminent chiefs from nearly every Indian reservation in the United States"—we quote from the title-page—the performance scarcely bears out the promise. From such an announcement the uninitiated reader might infer that the multitude of tribes still surviving here had been in the habit of holding an associated council from time to time, that arranged by Dr. Dixon concluding the series. As a matter of fact, a convention of that sort was as much a novelty to the Indians concerned as it will be to the public who are invited to read about it.

Moreover, the statement that it was attended by representatives of "nearly every reservation in the United States" is not supported by the evidence of the text, which shows most of the Indian worthies in the assemblage to have come from a handful of Northern groups, and not from "nearly all," or even from a considerable number, of the one hundred and fifty and more reservations under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, to say nothing of those controlled by individual States. For example, the reader will search in vain for any spokesman from a great body like the Navajo, equally famous in war and in peace, and numerically one of the largest, if not actually the largest, of our native tribes. Neither do we find in the gathering any of the pueblo or mission Indians from the territory ceded by Mexico, or any members of the

so-called five civilized tribes of the old Indian Territory. The nearest we come to the latter is through a Kiowa, an Apache, and a Southern Cheyenne.

By far the largest number of the chiefs who talked to the interpreters for Dr. Dixon's benefit belonged to the Crow tribe or to one of the several branches of the great Sioux nation. It is for this reason, doubtless, that so much of the book is written around the story of the destruction of Gen. Custer's command, narrated from the point of view of the few living Indians of prominence who took part, directly or indirectly, in the battle. This is by far the most important feature of the volume, and the speeches reported bear a stamp of genuineness which give them real value as exponents of Indian character and thought, whether or not we are ready to accept their testimony as absolutely accurate after so long an interval.

The illustrations, which number eighty, are photogravures, some being portraits of notable Indians and others depicting various phases of Indian life amid a wild environment. Artistically, they follow the trail first marked by Mr. Edward S. Curtis. They are, as a rule, fine examples of posing, and in their mechanical execution leave nothing to be desired. Especially noteworthy among the scenes are A Glimpse Backward, War Memories, and The Sunset of a Dying Race, which have an atmosphere quite independent of artifice in composition. Of the portraits, those of Two-Moons, Bear-Ghost, Pretty-Voice-Eagle, and Running-Bird stand easily first in quality. Well printed and handsomely bound, "The Vanishing Race" will fill a conspicuous place on the library table, irrespective of the part it may play among the soberer contents of the shelves.

Notes

Included in the March publications of Frederick A. Stokes Company are the following: "Bat Wing Bowls," by Dane Coolidge; "The Woman's Law," by Maravene Thompson; "Every Man's Money and How the Bankers Use It," by Louis D. Brandeis; "Montessori's Own Handbook," by Maria Montessori, and "America Through Oriental Spectacles," by Wu Ting-Fang.

"The Reconnaissance," a novel by Gordon Gardiner, is about to be published by Macmillan.

Mr. William J. Locke's new novel, "The Fortunate Youth," is promised by John Lane Company for the end of March.

Forthcoming books in the list of the Century Company include: "Dodo's Daughter," by E. F. Benson; "Barnabetta," by Helen R. Martin; "The Things He Wrote to Her," by Richard Wightman; "Little Essays in Literature and Life," by Richard Burton; "Idle Wives," by James Oppenheim, and "Bedesman 4," by Mary J. H. Skrine.

Baron von Wolzogen's musical novel, "Kraft-Mayr," which has proved a great success in Germany, is soon to be published by Huebsch in an English translation with the title, "Florian Mayr."

Paul Elder & Co. announce a handsome limited edition of "Out of Bondage," a volume of poems by Fanny Hodges Newman.

A volume dealing with an almost unknown Alaskan race is announced by the Fleming H. Revell Co., under the title "A Study of the Thlinglets of Alaska." The author, Livingston F. Jones, has labored among this people as a missionary for twenty-one years.

Other books announced by Revell are "Asia at the Door," by Kiyoshi K. Kawakami, and "The Crisis of Morals," by Harold Begbie.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will have ready at an early date the following volumes: "Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the Story of his Life," by Mary Thacher Higginson; "The Precipice," a novel, by Elia W. Peattie; "Burbury Stoke," a novel, by William J. Hopkins; "The Satchel Guide to Europe, 1914," by W. J. Rolfe, edited by H. W. Dunning; "In Freedom's Birthplace," an account of the Boston negro of to-day, by John Daniels; "In the Old Paths," a book of essays, by Arthur Grant; "The Passing of Empire," a book on British rule in India, by H. Fielding-Hall; "Ægean Days and Other Sojourns," by J. Irving Manatt; "Poems," by Walter C. Arensberg, and "The Americans in the Philippines," by James A. Le Roy, with an introduction by William H. Taft.

Among the books announced for spring publication by the Yale University Press are: "The History of the Department of State," by Gaillard Hunt; "Memorials of Eminent Yale Men: A Biographical Study of Student Life During the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," by Anson Phelps Stokes; "University Sermons," by Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D.; "Christianity Old and New: Proposed Reconstructions Viewed in the Light of Historic Development," by Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D.; "Trade Morals, Their Origin, Growth and Province," by Edward D. Page (Page Lectures); "Writings on American History, 1912," compiled by Grace Gardner Griffin; "Studies in Taxation Under John and Henry III," by Sydney K. Mitchell, Ph.D., Yale Historical Publications; "The Colonizing Activities of the English Puritans," by Arthur Percival Newton, Yale Historical Publications; "The Diary of a Voyage to the United States, 1793-1798," by Moreau de Saint-Méry, edited with an introduction by Stewart L. Mims, Yale Historical Publications; "Influences of Isocrates on Cicero, Dionysius and Aristides," by Harry M. Hubbell; "Poems," by Brian Hooker, and "Selections of Latin Verse," by the Latin Faculty of Williams College.

The spring list of E. P. Dutton & Co. includes, in fiction: "The World Set Free, a Story of Mankind," by H. G. Wells; "The Story of Helga," by Rudolph Herzog, authorized translation by Adele Lewisohn; "Liliecrona's Home," by Selma Lagerlöf, translated by Anna Barnwell; "The Green Graves of Balgowrie," by Jane H. Findlater; "Over the Hills," by Mary W. Findlater; "The Governor of England," by Marjorie Bowen; "The Honey-Star," by Tickner Edwardes; "A Wayfaring Soul," by Walter Raymond; "Drum's House," by Ida Wild; "The Passing of Oul-I-But," by Alan Sullivan; "Buddhist Stories," by Paul Dahlke, and "Korean Folk Tales," translated from the Korean of Im Bang and Yi Ryuk by James S. Gale.—Biography, history, and politics: "Christina of Denmark (1522-'90)," by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady); 'Wagner, as Man and Artist," by Ernest Newman; "The Philosophy of Ruskin," by André Chevrillon; "A History of Russia," in three volumes, by V. O. Kluchevsky; "The Reconstruction of the New Colonies Under Lord Milner (1902-'05)," in two volumes, by W. Basil Worsfold; "The Press Gang Afloat and Ashore," by J. R. Hutchinson, and "The China Year-Book for 1914," edited by H. T. Montague Bell.—Travel and adventure: "A Pepys of Mogul India (1653-1708)," an abridged edition of the "Storia do Mogor," by Niccolao Manucci, translated by William Irvine, edited by Margaret Irvine; "Things Seen in Oxford," by Norman J. Davidson; "The Life and Thought of Japan," by Okakura-Yoshisaburo, and "Tiger Land, Reminiscences of Forty Years' Sport and Adventure in Bengal," by C. E. Gouldsbury.—Religion and philosophy: Buddhist China," by R. F. Johnston; "Mechanism, Life, and Personality," by J. S. Haldane; "The Theology of the Roman Church," by the Rev. Father Herbert Thurston, S. J., and "The Message of Zoroaster," by Ardaser Sorabjee N. Wadia.—Miscellaneous: "The Romance of Names," by Ernest Weekley; "English Dramatic Poetry," by Felix E. Schelling; "English Historians and Schools of History," by R. Lodge; "English Elegiac, Didactic, and Religious Poetry," by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, D.D., and the Rev. Ronald Bayne; "The Tragedy of Education," by Edmond Holmes; "Higher Nationality," by Viscount Haldane of Cloan; "English Domestic Clocks," by Herbert Cescinsky; "Public Library Administration," by W. S. C. Rae, and "A Pilgrimage of British Farming (1910-12)," by A. D. Hall.

We have received a copy of the third edition, revised and enlarged, of "The Immigration Problem" (Funk & Wagnalls), by Jeremiah W. Jenks and W. Jett Lauck. The plan and scope of the work have not been materially altered. Yet the changes show a marked shift of attitude in the book. Several passages which tended to minimize the social aspects of the immigration problem and to maintain the ease of assimilation have been modified, and two critical sections (pages 211-213 and 369-370) have been added, dealing with the dangers of the present situation. Thus the argument is more definitely on the side of restriction than in the first edition. The chapter on Recent Immigrants in Agriculture has been quite rewritten, with the use of the data of the Thirteenth Census. The statistical tables have been corrected where necessary, and a large

number of new tables have been added. The appendices also include the text of the most important of the recent acts and proposed bills dealing with immigration. This book will continue to hold its position as the authoritative digest of the reports of the Immigration Commission, and as such will serve a widely useful purpose.

Scribners have been well advised to issue a new edition of "The Voyage of the Discovery," Capt. Robert F. Scott's record, in two volumes, of the National Antarctic Expedition, which he commanded during the years 1901 to 1904. In the list of "ship's company" we note the name of Shackleton, who was later to try again for the "farthest South," and that of Dr. Wilson, whom we take to be the Wilson of the last, fatal expedition. The book has absorbing interest, and though it cannot add nobility to the Capt. Scott revealed in the diary of his final dash for the Pole, it does at least enlarge and sweeten the portrait.

Appropriately dedicated to Ernest Thompson Seton, "On Nature's Trail: A Wonder-Book of the Wild" (Doran), by F. St. Mars, is a book of tales in which the author sentimentalizes nature without a single token of a troubled conscience. Most of his animals are bloodthirsty villains, who do wild deeds with abandon, and who are characterized, if anything, more definitely than the villains of melodrama. All of the tales are sure to "thrill" satisfactorily; one of the most agreeably thrilling is "The Master of the Situation," which tells of the astonishing adventures of Krar, a hoodie crow whose beak "suggested the business end of a pickaxe" and who was "a winged disaster and a servant of the Evil One." Another typical story deals with a quick-hatch, "whose name the trappers of the Rocky Mountains use when they want to call one by a worse name than devil." Mr. St. Mars's wild heroes dwell in sundry parts of the world—in Scotland, in Tibet, and elsewhere.

The small volume of "Indian Historical Studies" (Longmans, Green), by H. G. Rawlinson, professor of English literature at the Deccan College, Poona, contains a number of papers in part already published in India. The author's purpose has been to present to a general public portions of India's past for the benefit especially of the modern Hindu. The Western student of Oriental history will find in this book excellent though brief sketches of the lives of Buddha and Asoka, a good account of the Greek dynasties of the Punjab, an entertaining résumé of the travels of Chinese pilgrims in India, and a judicious estimate of the political importance of Akbar and Shivaji. The adventures of Robert Knox, an involuntary pilgrim in Ceylon, and those of the lively Ibn Batuta are related in an interesting manner, and the foreground is well filled with the history of the Sikhs in the last century. The final chapter is devoted to the question of foreign influences in the civilization of ancient India, where Mr. Rawlinson leaves the firmer path of history for the slippery track of speculation. The author remarks that the study of Indian history might "also check, in England and America, the spread of rubbishy ideas, propagated under the title Oriental philosophy by charlatans who often cannot read a line of Sanskrit." On p. 5, the turning-point of Buddha's life should be the twenty-ninth year, not the twenty-first.

W. A. Graham's "Siam, a Handbook of Practical, Commercial, and Political Information" (Chicago: F. G. Brown & Co.), is a stout little book of six hundred odd pages, which fulfils thoroughly the promise of its title. Under the head of Practical the reader will find chapters on the flora and fauna, a very readable short history of Siam, and nearly a hundred small but good photographs. Under which head Mr. Graham would set the chapters on religion and language may be questioned. They appear to be due to an afterthought, as they come at the end; but they make excellent reading. A whole chapter is devoted to art, architecture, music, dancing, and the drama, and there are appendices containing lists of animals, plants, minerals, trade statistics, etc. Among the religious ceremonies that of the swing-festival will appeal to students of comparative religion, as it evidently reflects an Indian prototype, but with remarkable variations. The modest author claims only "passable accuracy" for his innumerable data, but so far as the reviewer has been able to control the mass of statements, the work is as accurate as it is replete with useful and interesting information. A very clear map and full index complete the satisfaction with which one peruses this admirable volume.

"William of Germany" (Macmillan), by Stanley Shaw, contains a fair amount of new and interesting material for some future historian of the German Emperor. Dr. Shaw has not wholly relied on the standard sources of information concerning his subject—such as the Bismarck recollections, the Hohenlohe memoirs, and Dr. Paul Liman's character sketch of the Emperor—but has gathered in useful items about his court, the building up of the German navy, and various other matters, not easily accessible elsewhere. There is nothing very novel in his own view of his hero's character, which, after much detailed analysis, seems to him quite baffling. He sees in the Emperor a "Cromwellian trait," which inclines him to take "a religious, a patriarchal, one might say an Hebraic, view of government," in spite of his indomitable warrior spirit, and a recently developed "American Rockefeller element." Still another side of the Emperor's nature is dwelt upon in a curious chapter on the Emperor and the Arts, which goes deeply into the subject, down to the Sanskrit root of the word art and beyond the Secessionists (for whom William II, alas! has no liking) into the future of Cubism. Dr. Shaw is convinced that, if the Emperor were not "a first-rate monarch, he would probably be a first-rate artist." But, the author finally says, "in what rôle would he not have done well?" In spite of such doubtful conjectures, the book, on the whole, is quite readable, and may be recommended for its general accuracy and its fairness. It has, however, more than its share of the careless proof-reading which seems to be inseparable from the process of hurrying through the press book after book about Germany and her Emperor. "Odo Russell" for John Russell, "Emmanuel II" for Victor Emanuel, "Grossler" for Gossler, "Gari Melchior" for Gari Melchers, "Admiral Nogi" for Gen. Nogi, and such hybrids as "Frederick Karl" and "Burghertum" are among the minor blemishes with which the book teems.

The Transactions of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain for 1912 (London: Offices of the Society) opens with two presidential addresses—the first, that of Archdeacon Cunningham, continuing his inquiry into points of contrast between English and Scottish history by an examination of the guildry and trade incorporations in Scottish towns; the other, that of Professor Firth, on the development of the study of seventeenth-century history, constituting a noteworthy bibliographical and critical contribution to English history. One of Dr. Cunningham's remarks, which is particularly suggestive as coming from the author of "The Origin and Development of English Industry and Commerce," is worth quoting:

> The economic expert who turns his attention to history is tempted to lay stress on the sordid side of life; he has formed the habit of dwelling upon motives that are susceptible of money measurement, and when he sees evidence that a familiar motive is at work, he seems to think that everything is explained. If we are content merely to look on the surface when examining the condition of industrial and commercial life in the past, we are likely to find in them a reflection of human nature as we know it in our own century. But if we penetrate deeper, through these economic phenomena, we may get to know something of the springs of national progress and the sources of national character.

As a comment on the so-called materialistic interpretation of history, this remark deserves careful consideration.

The remaining articles in the volume are interesting, but with two exceptions are designed for the specialist rather than the general reader. The essay by Mr. Webster on the Polish-Saxon question at the Congress of Vienna is an illuminating study of a much-vexed problem, and throws new light on the purpose and policy of Castlereagh. A further examination of the work of the same statesman is seen in the paper by J. E. S. Green, who likewise defends the acts of the British Minister and endeavors to throw some of the responsibility for the customary misinterpretation of Castlereagh's failure at Verona in 1822 upon the shoulders of Canning, his former rival, who, Mr. Green thinks, designedly deceived Parliament and the country. The other articles in the volume are more technical in character, as indicated by their titles: "The Pedigree of Earl Godwin," with a table; "Some Mercenaries of Henry of Lancaster, 1327-1330," "Sidelights upon the Assessment and Collection of Mediæval Subsidies," by Professor Willard, of the University of Colorado, and "The Order of the Holy Cross (Crutched Friars) in England," a study of an order whose memory is kept alive

to this day by the name of a street in the city of London near the Tower.

New material concerning Hawthorne is collected in Caroline Ticknor's "Hawthorne and his Publisher" (Houghton Mifflin). Thirteen years of his life—from 1851, when he published "The House of the Seven Gables," to his death in 1864—are with the help of excerpts from his miscellaneous writings pretty well covered in these letters to his publisher, William D. Ticknor. In the early part of the narrative Ticknor is prominent, and all the way he is a revealing figure. Hawthorne somewhere says that he thinks no other author ever was blessed with such a publisher. He appears to have been right. The shy, seclusive genius relied on Ticknor in all practical matters—in arrangements for his portrait, in purchasing gloves on a journey, in paying the bills of his tailor. Ticknor was his banker and business manager, accompanying him to Washington to conclude for him the negotiations concerning the Liverpool consulate, and later even sailing across the ocean to start him in the duties of the office. In short, he was unwearied in his attentions. His death directly resulted from his care for Hawthorne, about whom he wrapped his own overcoat on an unexpectedly chilly drive in Philadelphia and from whom he three days later took his eternal farewell.

Several chapters have an intimate literary interest. After some letters from Miss Margaret de Quincey, Ticknor journeyed to "Mavis Bush," at Lasswade, where, despite her warning that the "cottage is too small to offer you beds," he spent the night very pleasantly, finding De Quincey "a noble old man and eloquent," who "wins hearts in personal intercourse." Delia Bacon also reappears. Hawthorne was of opinion that women "are only to be distinguished from male authors by greater feebleness and folly," and he once exclaimed to Ticknor that he considered "all ink-stained women detestable." But his generous assistance of the author of the "Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded" is well known. What is added here is the vigor with which he lent this assistance. Without consulting his publisher, he had half the edition that was printed in London at his expense sent to Boston with "Ticknor, Fields & Co." on the title-page. He wrote that, "having tried to help this poor woman, I do not like to desert her without doing my utmost. . . . By the by, Miss Bacon herself does not know of my pecuniary responsibility; so say nothing of it to anybody." The letters add something even to Theodore Bacon's bulky "Sketch" of his aunt's life. Hawthorne's interest was maintained to the end, when he confided: "The 1,000 copies, as they come from the printer's (exclusive of binding), have cost £238 7s. 9d. However, I do not repent me of what I have done; nor will I, even if I lose by it." And he did in fact lose nearly all of this sum. Many of the remaining letters deal with "The Marble Faun," its writing and revision, and his uncertainties and difficulties concerning the title, as Smith and Elder were "determined to take a title out of their own heads." He was not so diffident as usual about the book: "If I have written anything well, it should be this romance; for I have never thought or felt more deeply, or taken more pains." But up to the last moment he was willing to change the title he had clung to, if Whipple so advised.

Naturally the chief interest of the book is in Hawthorne himself. His elusive personality is made in these pages to show more of its human side than we find in previous collections of his writings. He does not reveal all in these intimate letters. Though he lived in a stirring period, he seldom touches on politics, except to express his humorous dislike of the British and his intermittent love of England as a place of residence. He is equally sparing of literary criticism, discovering little more than that he could not abide poetry and did not eagerly follow the work of contemporary writers. What he does tell us in these passages, what is scarcely hinted in "Our Old Home" or indeed in "Notes of Travel," is his preoccupations as head of a family, especially during the Liverpool consulship. The intangible and somewhat puzzling image of the man that floats before most of us becomes a solid and easily recognizable earth-born companion and fellow-mortal. At close range and in commonplace details he seems much as other men are. His pathetic longing for means and leisure, his impatience with the routine of official duty, his reluctance to submit his writings to the criticism of the public, his kindliness of heart struggling with common sense whenever an appeal for aid came to his ears—these and a score of other features in his daily life come to light in the letters which Caroline Ticknor has at length rescued from oblivion. This substantial and comely volume will accordingly be welcomed by every lover of our great American romancer.

Dr. James Douglas, in his "New England and New France" (Putnam), essays the task, as persistently difficult as it is perennially fascinating, of drawing historical parallels. In this instance, of course, the contrasts are more than the resemblances; and the chapters in which Dr. Douglas sets over against each other the history of the New England colonies and of New France tell, for the most part, independent stories, and thereby bring out, in striking fashion, the fundamental difference between the two regions in almost everything that relates to political theory, economic establishment, and governmental control. One suspects that the author either knows his New France better than he knows New England, or else that he likes it better; at least, the accounts of French colonial development show a range of incident and thoroughness of treatment less observable in the sketches of New England experience. The long chapters on the establishment of Plymouth and Massachusetts, for example—one notes, in passing, that for most purposes New England, with Dr. Douglas, comprises only Massachusetts—consist mainly of extracts from Bradford's "History" and Winthrop's journal. Much more interesting and original are the chapters on the status and careers of women in New France and New England, the contrasted state of education and religion in the two regions, and the successes and failures of Catholic and Protestant missions. Here the author's really wide acquaintance with his subject shows itself at its best, and the material is effectively handled. The agreeable sketch of *habitant* life in the Chaudière valley, originally written for the *Nation* in 1902, fares well with time. The illustrations reproduce some forty-five contemporary pictures and maps.

The Rev. Albert Whitcomb Snyder, a retired Episcopal clergyman, who died last week in New York, aged seventy-one, was at one time chaplain of Lehigh University, and had been rector of various churches in Illinois and New York. He was the author of "The Living Church," "The Chief Things," "Confirmation," "Church Doctrine for the People," and was also an editorial writer in religious and secular journals.

Science

Sport and Folk-Lore in the Himalaya. By Capt. H. L. Haughton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

The author of this book, like so many Anglo-Indians, kept a journal while on duty, and after long hesitation has been persuaded to come into print. Unlike many of his fellow-countrymen of correspondingly weak wills, however, he has observed a good deal which is well worth the reading. The book is a Kashmiri potpourri, jumbled together beyond all hope of selection, and one's last hope of making it a work of reference vanishes when the miserable index is examined. The author is a keen observer, and has made many notes of really novel interest. But all this is as completely lost in the volume as if still hidden in Kashmir. Under the title Gilgit we read, pages 41, 44, 97, 98, and so on, to forty-seven meaningless references. An exhaustive index would have made this book thoroughly worth while.

By far the weakest portion is the so-called folklore, which hardly deserves this name, so local and circumscribed are most of the tales. It seems probable that the shikaris who narrated certain of the legends drew as freely upon their own imagination as upon any widespread lore of their people. Much better are the accounts of hunting experiences with bears, markhor, mountain sheep, and ibex. The habits, amounting almost to life histories of the animals, are very cleverly and unobtrusively woven into the account of the hunt itself. The versatility of the author is shown in chapter v, Some Pages from the Life Story of a Bear, where the account is from the bear's point of view, and well done. The picture of the

mother bear in the hollow tree at the end of winter, first driving out her two yearling cubs to shift for themselves, then giving birth to two helpless things with slits for eyes and gaping toothless mouths, is absorbingly written, and the subsequent development and adventures of this trio is worthy of a high place among nature stories founded on fact.

But the best of the work is that descriptive of the people themselves, chiefly natives of Gilgit and Kashmir, and seldom has a writer given more vivid or accurate sketches of these picturesque natives. The chapter on A Gilgit Jalsa is especially good. A passage from the long account of the spectators at the afternoon's games deserves to be quoted:

> First come some smart little Gurkhas of the Kashmir Infantry and a party of long-limbed Punjabi Mohammedans belonging to the Mountain Battery. Close upon their heels follow several mounted officers, headed by the general commanding the Kashmir troops, a courtly old Dogra gentleman with over forty years' service, but active and upright though he has seen generations come and go during his many tours of duty in Gilgit. We have no time to talk to him now, or he might tell us of the hardships, the victories, and reverses of the Kashmir armies in these regions, before a handful of Sahibs came to organize and see that the troops got their rations and *occasionally* some of the pay that was due to them. . . . Other chieftains and men of rank quickly follow; the Mehtarjao of Yasin, in whom we may at once recognize the Chitrali strain by his round, almost child-like eyes. He looks the picture of jovial kindheartedness, bubbling over with boyish good spirits, and so he is—at times! For the rest, let us remember that he is a Chitrali, and then we shall not be surprised if on some future occasion we hear of him involved in some cruel intrigue, or see his now smiling face glowering with anger and hatred of some rival. But to-day he is riding and talking with the Governor of Punial, though "they that know" say there is but little love between them.

This reads more like a mediæval account of the attendance at lists, than of people living in the present year. It is this faculty of making these interesting natives individually alive that forms the chief charm of Capt. Haughton's book.

The Yale University Press will publish this spring "Mental Health of School Children, the Psycho-Educational Clinic in Relation to Child Welfare," by Dr. John Edward Wallace Wallin, director of the Psychological Clinic and professor of clinical psychology, University of Pittsburgh, and "The Fundamental Bases of Nutrition," by Graham Lusk, M.D.

The distinguishing feature of *Bird-Lore* for January-February is the census taken last Christmas of the bird-life of our country. The number of returns was greater than on any of the previous thirteen years. Two observers on Staten Island saw 1,008 birds of 30 different species. The artist, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, contributes a pleasant appreciation of the songs of the birds in the tropics and a colored plate of the wood thrush to illustrate the "educational leaflet," No. 72.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for January contains an account by Dr. W. Bachmann of his journey from Mosul to Van in central Kurdistan, with numerous illustrations and three colored charts showing heights, cultivated districts, forests, and roads. The remarkable promontory of Monte Argentario in Tuscany is described by Prof. G. Braun. The new boundaries of the Balkan states are treated in the military department from the geographic and ethnographic point of view, as well as the strategic value of inland ship canals.

Drama

Three Plays: The Stronger, Like Falling Leaves, Sacred Ground. By Giuseppe Giacosa. Translated from the Italian by Edith and Allan Updegraff. (The Modern Drama Series, edited by Edwin Björkman.) New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

There is a rich undercurrent of idealism in Italian literature of the nineteenth century. The liberalism of the revolution and the wars of independence fed on it. Free Thinkers, Catholics, and Reactionaries are alike inspired by it. The most corrupt Governments and the most violent reformers have advanced their programmes in its name. It has been deeply colored by scholastic philosophy and by Catholic insistence on free will and individual responsibility. It has been less social than individualistic, more ingenuous than effective, more utopian than practical. Going back to early Restoration days, we find this idealism in conflict with despotism; with the succession of middle-class Ministries and the growing consciousness of industrial problems, we find it in conflict with the spirit of greed and bourgeois materialism.

It is this latter struggle that Giacosa understands and that he studies most successfully. He had, to be sure, a certain sympathy with romantic sentimentalism. But when we think of Giacosa's creations it is neither Iolanda nor Diana that comes before us. "The Game of Chess" and the "Triumph of Love" are too lightly worked. Giacosa's lyric emotion was never clearly analyzed by himself, and the delicate humor that plays over that background, while it never lacks charm, has nothing particularly suggestive or profound. One feels accordingly that in making these selections from Giacosa's rich offering, Mrs. Updegraff has gathered together the most typical illustrations of his genius in a work that will give to the American public all of Giacosa it needs or will care to know. Her translations also are among the best that have appeared in the Italian field. Of all the recent output, they are the only ones to be compared with the high standards set by Mrs. Wharton in the versions of Sudermann and D'Annunzio. We have had translations of Giacosa coming from the professorial ranks. A glance at Mrs. Updegraff's work is enough to convince one that it was worth while to do the work over again, whether we consider accuracy of translation or efficacy of form. It is not that these latest translations are exact interpretations of Giacosa's thought. In a number of cases the subtleties of Italian idiom have surpassed the translator's linguistic competence. But even in such cases her dramatic sense has preserved both the coherence and the movement of text, so that the versions create quite the impression of original works.

The unpretentious introduction reviews sympathetically Giacosa's life and work. It might have been more useful had it taken its point of departure from research on Giacosa's visit and reception in America in 1892, rather than from a comparison of him with D'Annunzio. The comparison rightly concludes that there is no comparison possible. It wrongly credits Giacosa with superiority "as a student of real life"; and it wrongly gives these two men "recognized preëminence in modern Italian dramatic literature." Surely, a dozen names occur to one instantly as more essentially "dramatic," more responsive to Italian life, more enduring in vogue on the contemporary stage, and the statement that "Giacosa may safely be cited as the only modern Italian playwright who ever mastered" the "art of writing a play," needs no comment.

These slight, and often gratuitous, errors are such as to be easily remedied in future volumes from the Italian drama which are planned for the series.

"John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre" (Macmillan), by Maurice Bourgeois, impresses one as a new invention. Here is a subject on the literary "firing-line," written up as for a Sunday magazine, yet soberly and judicially handled, and supplied with the elaborate critical apparatus of a doctor's dissertation. As a matter of fact, it was received with "mention très honorable" for the Diplôme d'Etudes Supérieurs at the University of Paris. The author has apparently read everything written anywhere on Synge up to September 1, 1913. In an effort to add fresh touches to his biographical portrait, he has also interviewed Lady Gregory, Yeats, George Moore, G. B. Shaw, Masefield, relatives of Synge, and, one is tempted to say, every one else in Ireland whose path the poet crossed. The aftermath of biographical facts is not heavy. We learn that Synge did not ape the green-faced decadents in Paris; but was "always very plainly dressed, wearing a celluloid collar and heavy boots, and generally muffled up in a white neckerchief and long black cape."

His language was at times "almost incredibly gross, and he indulged in magnificent swear-words which had something of the Elizabethan or Rabelaisian licentiousness," yet, adds the historian, he "always remained as chaste and pure as ever man was." He was fond of Borrow, Pater, Loti, Anatole France, prided himself on his relationship to Lafcadio Hearn, and was in general far more intimately acquainted with contemporary literature and art than Mr. Yeats has allowed. He had no conversation, was reserved and silent and of a "peculiar tenebrosity of mind." Towards the end of his life he was occupied with an unpublished play dealing with the slums. The day before his death he desired to be moved into a room where he could see the Dublin mountains. "But he could not see them, and wept. The next day, at five in the morning, he said to the nurse, 'It is no use fighting death any longer,' and, turning over, passed away."

The spectacular revival of "Othello," which William Faversham has made at the Lyric Theatre, is a respectable but not remarkable achievement. To the scenery, admirable alike in design and color, almost unstinted praise may be awarded. It is the work of Joseph Harker, of London. But, as usual, the text suffered on account of the inevitable waits. R. D. MacLean, the Othello, was trained in the robust school of John McCullough, but has acquired a welcome moderation. His view of the Moor is that of a rough, simple soldier, and he played the first and second acts most effectively, with fine restraint and unaffected virility. In the later acts his acting was uneven. At times he sounded notes of genuine tragic emotion, but he could not sustain himself on the heights. Of some of the most exquisitely pathetic passages, he made little or nothing. But his performance was dignified and meritorious. Mr. Faversham, as the manager, chose Iago and kept him in the centre of the stage as much as possible. His interpretation was clever in its elaborate technique, but superficial, failing to indicate the power of an intellect and will necessary to provoke a catastrophe of such proportions. In striving to make Iago natural, colloquial, and plausible—as he often ought to be—he made him trivial. He failed to give any of those flashes of self-revelation in the soliloquies which imparted such vividness to the impersonation of Edwin Booth. He was interesting, but not terrible. Pedro de Cordoba was an excellent Cassius, but Constance Collier was a second-rate Emilia and Cecilia Loftus an exceedingly feeble Desdemona. It should be noted that the performance was received with favor by a crowded house.

The hundredth performance of G. K. Chesterton's "Magic" has just been given in the Little Theatre, London. A week or two ago the piece was doing so badly that its last performances were announced. Then there was a rush to see it, and the house has been full ever since. The probability is that all Mr. Chesterton's friends and admirers intended to see it at some time or other, but thought that there was no occasion for haste. The notice of withdrawal sent them all scurrying to the theatre at once. It is somewhat curious that the piece was so coolly received in the first instance, as it has many attributes which might be expected to be popular. Most of the critics treated it very unjustly. As a matter of fact, it is far more interesting than most persons would suppose after reading the published reports.

Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton will reopen the London Globe Theatre, which has been redecorated, on the 9th of March, with "Kismet." They expect to remain in London, or England, for a long time to come.

Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney have left England for Montreal, where they start their Canadian tour on February 9. They have with them four plays, "Typhoon," "The Unwritten Law," "The Lily," and, by arrangement with Sir George Alexander, "The Importance of Being Earnest." On his return to England Mr. Irving will complete preparations, already well advanced, for the production of Herman Bahr's comedy, "Bonaparte," which depicts the love story of Napoleon and Josephine.

Mr. Keble Howard has completed arrangements for a second season of "repertory" at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, near London, starting on March 9. On this occasion he will act as sole director and producer. Not only has he in hand all the requisite plays, but he has also engaged the full company. The keynote of the season will be comedy, and English comedy at that, as he is of the opinion that last year's programme was somewhat too heavy.

The Incorporated Stage Society of London has in preparation two plays by Anatole France—the first, a light one-act comedy, "Au Petit Bonheur"; the second, the "Comedy of the Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." Both have been translated by Ashley Dukes.

Edward Compton, who for thirty years has been acting old English comedy in the English provinces, starts his spring tour next week. His repertory includes Lord Lytton's "Richelieu," "Money," and "The Lady of Lyons," together with "Davy Garrick," to be given in conjunction with the screen scene from "The School for Scandal."

"La Danse devant le miroir" is the name of a new play by François de Curel which has just been produced at the Paris Ambigu. The title is explained in a speech by one of the characters: "When two lovers are perfectly in love, each sees himself or herself in a mirror, thinks that the image is that of the other lover, and gazes raptly at himself or herself without noticing really that he or she is alone." The conclusion is that love always is "dancing before a looking-glass." Régine is rich, and loves Paul. Paul loves Régine, but is ruined. In fact, he has already tried to commit suicide. He will not be supported by a wife, even though it were a love match. "But would you not take me if I were in trouble and dishonored?" Of course he would—and he imagines that she has been betrayed. She had never thought of such an interpretation, but uses it to find out whether Paul is as distressed as a real lover should be. Paul finds that the whole story is an invention, and rejoices. He is assured again by Régine herself that it is all too true. A fortnight before the wedding he finds out finally that it is all false. On the wedding day all is explained. She is pure and he is a gentleman. If her tale had been true he would have married her out of devotion and shot himself afterwards. She holds him in her arms. He is her real hero—and he takes a pistol out of his pocket and does shoot himself. The picture she had formed of him was so noble that he was afraid he could not live up to it.

Music

MASSENET'S "DON QUICHOTTE."

The Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company (known in Chicago as the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company) has inherited Mary Garden and several other popular artists of the Parisian school from Oscar Hammerstein, which explains why French opera remains its mainstay, especially when it visits the Metropolitan Opera House, where French operas are not in favor with the management. This year four of these invasions are planned. The first of them, last week, gave New York music-lovers their first opportunity to hear Massenet's romantic opera, "Don Quichotte," which was produced under the direction of Cleofonte Campanini, with a cast including Mary Garden, Hector Dufranne, and Vanni Marcoux (at present a member of the Boston Opera Company), whom Massenet himself called a "superbe artiste," and who has sung the part of Don Quichotte in Paris 150 times.

At least a score of musical works have been based on the great novel of Cervantes, the first of them dating back to 1690. Massenet's opera can be classed with them only so far as the Knight and Sancho Panza and the episode of the windmills are concerned. For the rest, the plot is based on a play produced in Paris in 1904, its author, Jacques Le Lorrain, being a provincial cobbler who, like Hans Sachs, was "a poet, too." He died shortly after the production of his play, which was entitled "Le Chevalier de la longue figure," and Henri Cain converted it into a libretto.

In this opera book Dulcinea is a courtesan, whom it amuses to be adored by Don Quichotte as a model of virtue. When, after a duel with one of her admirers, he proposes marriage, she mockingly consents on condition that he shall restore to her a costly necklace stolen by the terrible Ténébrun. He promptly starts with his Rosinante and Sancho in quest of the robber band. Seeing a windmill, he takes it for a menac-

ing giant, charges, and is knocked off his steed, without being seriously injured. In the next act he comes across the robbers, and again charges, but is soon disarmed and condemned to death. As they are preparing the halter, he makes them an address, telling of his mission in life to succor the poor and the oppressed. Ténébrun is moved to tears, and not only allows the knight to depart, but gives him the stolen necklace. With it he returns to find Dulcinea in the midst of festivities. She is delighted to recover her jewels, and so touched by his devotion that, after a fit of hilarity over his renewed offer of marriage, she tells him what sort of a woman she is; whereupon he retires, broken-hearted, with his faithful Sancho, to the depths of the forest, where he dies leaning against a tree, after once more seeing and hearing Dulcinea in his delirium.

As presented on the stage and intensified by Massenet's music, there is real pathos in this portrayal of the adventures of that grotesque mixture of fanaticism, blind impulsiveness, true chivalry, and kindliness known as Don Quijote de la Mancha. By way of contrast we have Sancho Panza, who seasons his devotion with a humor which reaches its climax in a tirade against all womankind, with which he tries to persuade his master that Dulcinea is merely having fun at his expense. The music is most impressive in the final scene, and in the festivities of the opening scene, where Spanish rhythms lend piquancy to the merry strains. The Don's serenade is commonplace, nor has Massenet provided Dulcinea with even one of those original and impassioned melodies which occur in those of his operas that have become famous. His "Don Quichotte" was not produced till 1910; when he wrote it he was beyond the age when composers seem to be able to create such melodies. In all other respects, however, the score reveals the practiced hand of a master of his craft. There are exquisite bits of orchestral coloring here and there, and Dulcinea's song to the accompaniment of her guitar in the fourth act has the true Spanish atmosphere and sprightliness. One of the finest effects occurs during the attack on the windmills, where the vigorous accents of the music are as exciting as the scene presented to the eyes. But it is in the introduction to the last act (which had to be repeated) and the subdued melancholy music accompanying the Don's last words to Sancho—on whom he bestows all he owns, the "Isle of Dreams"—that Massenet most nearly approaches the art which enabled him to place "Werther," "Manon," and especially the "Jongleur de Notre Dame" among the masterpieces of the French operatic stage.

We may expect shortly from the Putnams' press "Latin Songs, Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, with Music," by Calvin S. Brown.

Lilli Lehmann has contributed 200,000 crowns (about $40,000), to the Mozarteum to be opened with a festival on August 12 at Salzburg. One feature of this festival will be the conducting by Dr. Muck and Arthur Nikisch, at the head of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, of a series of pieces illustrating the evolution of symphonic music on Austrian soil.

The New York Philharmonic Orchestra has already engaged as one of next season's soloists Fritz Kreisler, who returns under the management of Charles E. Ellis.

Puccini was in Vienna not long ago, where he attended the one hundredth performance of his "Madama Butterfly" and the 172d of his "Bohême."

Cincinnati will have another May festival this year. These festivals have been held every other year, with a few exceptions, since 1874. The May Festival Association has never had to call upon its guarantee fund, and has accumulated a sinking fund of about $100,000.

According to the French composer, Ravel, who has lately taken to writing criticisms, modern composers owe their defects as well as their merits to Liszt, whom he admires greatly. It is to Liszt's defects, he writes, that "Wagner owes his turgescence; Strauss, his churlish enthusiasms; Franck, the ponderousness of his ideality; the Russians, their, at times, tinsel picturesqueness; the modern French, the simperings of their grace. But," he adds, "it is to him that all those dissimilar composers owe the best of their qualities."

Art

THE REVIVAL OF INDIAN ART.

LONDON, January 30.

The creation of Delhi as the seat of Government of British India, necessitating, as it does, the building of a new metropolis adjacent to the present city, at a cost of $20,000,000, as the officials compute it, or twice that sum, as some authorities assert, is quite naturally regarded as a potential event in the annals of Indian architecture—and for that matter, of Indian art. It has led to a heated discussion over the point as to whether the projected capital is to be erected by native master-builders in harmony with its surroundings, embodying the best features of Moghul, Buddhist, and Hindu architecture, or is to be constructed by Occidental architects in the classical, Renaissance, or purely modern style. Questions pertaining to the ideals and forms of art at present occupy the centre of the stage in the land of Ind, and are attracting the attention of the rulers as well as of the ruled, both of which communities, but a short time back, were justly accused of being apathetic towards such problems.

But whatever the Government may decide to do in the matter of dispensing its patronage to architects, there is no mistaking the fact that this wrangling has exerted a strong influence upon the natives, impelling them to appreciate indigenous art, and patronize Indian artists. This is really not a new impulse generated by the controversy. For some years past the cultured classes of Hindustan have realized that it would be most unfortunate if the process of modernization should kill the native artistic genius and reduce the Indians to mere imitators of Occidental artists.

This sentiment found dramatic expression when Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, who was in charge of the art section of the Allahabad Exhibition of 1910-11, barred the paintings of Ravi Varma, whose work, done in the style of the British Royal Academicians, had been rendered familiar to millions of natives, educated and ignorant, by cheap oleographs and collotypes, and many of whose masterpieces, bought at fancy prices, were hanging on the walls of the Laxmi Vilas palace—the favorite residence of the Gaekwar of Baroda, reputed to be one of the most discriminating Indians of his generation. The man who issued this mandate was a doctor of science of the University of London, steeped in the philosophy of William Morris, and recognized in Europe as an art critic of considerable discernment. He was only partly an Indian, the son of a Ceylonese knight who had married an Englishwoman, and had spent most of his years out of Hindustan. His decision to exclude Ravi Varma's paintings from the Allahabad Exhibition raised a commotion throughout India. But the cultured Indians gave him their influential support.

Several years prior to this a similar stir had been created when the gallery attached to the Calcutta School of Art was purged of all portraits done in the modern style, by Mr. E. B. Havell, in his capacity of principal of that institution. Mr. Havell's action, proceeding, as it did, from an English artist many generations of whose family had followed the same profession, gave deep umbrage to his countrymen; they accused him of resorting to such tactics to curry favor with Indians. Strange to say, it also offended many natives, who took the view that the alien artist was seeking to prevent the brown man from mastering the principles and technique of Western art. But the Briton refused to be daunted by opposition, and not only declined to undo his work, but repudiated the methods then prevalent in the Calcutta School of Art and introduced in their stead a curriculum of traditional ideals. He furthermore called attention to the fact that the useful arts of India were dying out: (1) because the Moghul Court which

patronized the artists had passed away and the British administration gave them no support; (2) because Western-educated Indians were too materialistic to possess love or taste for art; (3) because the wealthy Indians gave encouragement to foreign and pseudo-foreign *objets d'art;* and (4) because the tourists and export traders compelled the Indians to produce articles that vulgarized their genius. Over and above this, he asserted, the handicrafts of the country were suffering from the alien imports—a competition which could be overcome if the native workers were to employ improved hand-looms and other modern tools, and if the cultured classes were to patronize their wares. This agitation was unpopular, especially with the British, who deemed it a thrust at their civilization and a direct incitement to native insolence. To this probably is due the fact that, though still in the prime of life, Mr. Havell had to retire from his Government position on the plea of ill health.

As the result of Mr. Havell's endeavors, the Calcutta School of Art has fostered a cult of imaginative and idealistic art. Those who belong to it do not seek to reproduce minute details, but, with a sweep of the brush, produce the broad, general outlines of the subject. The general impression that these paintings leave on the mind of the critic is that they are intended more to depict abstract thought than concrete form. The artists are Hindus steeped in the philosophy and mythology of their race, and the subjects they choose are generally of a sacerdotal and allegorical character, suggested by the lore of the Vedic and Pauranic periods.

Yet the campaign of revival lacked life and force until about the middle of the last decade. Then the Japanese victories on the Manchurian battlefields and in the Tshushima Straits stirred Hindustan out of its torpor. The spectacle of an Eastern Power defeating a Western foe came almost simultaneously with the partitioning of Bengal by Lord Curzon—an act which the educated Indians, rightly or wrongly, construed to be an unforgivable affront offered by the alien Administration to native public opinion. The two incidents combined to increase faith in the destiny of the Eastern races. The Indians stampeded back to the ideals of Vedas and indigenous æstheticism; and began to crave for spirituality instead of materialism, hand-manufactured goods instead of machine-made merchandise, and articles of purely native design and workmanship.

When this intellectual reaction came, native art was in a most depressed and degraded condition. The majority of Indians educated in the West, not having any conception of æstheticism or any love for it, made little attempt to adorn their homes and beautify their surroundings: the few who did selected foreign art products for this purpose. Oftentimes the native penchant for Occidental trumpery led to bizarre effects. In more than one drawing-room in India the writer has seen common hat-stands strewn about to decorate the parlors. In a Maharaja's palace, the walls were lined with plate-rails on which were placed cheap vases of every description, tall and short, slender and thick, glass, china, and pottery-ware, standing as close together as they could be crowded, while tables, cabinets, and what-nots groaned under a similar tawdry load. The desire to patronize foreign wares was especially strong in the half-educated, and even more so among the barely literate, who thought they should be able to make up for their lack of Western culture by surrounding themselves with articles of Occidental manufacture. Since the leisured classes largely consisted of poorly educated persons, it came to pass that the men whose progenitors took the keenest delight in encouraging the native artists now transferred their favor to *Vilayat*—Europe. The insensate length to which this was carried can be inferred from the fact that one wealthy Indian sent his soiled linen over-seas to Paris to be laundered. Whenever these people who were rich in resources and poor in culture patronized Indian artists, they did so only on condition that the craftsmen would consent to copy European rubbish. For instance, the generality of landlords employed builders whom they kept busy erecting houses, mostly patterned after barracks. Indian painters began to produce weird pictures in which Hindu gods were portrayed dressed in European costumes, and in a Western environment. Krishna was shown seated in a phaeton along with a number of devotees, while Siva was seen sitting in a chamber lighted with candles with glass shades. The women of India also evidenced the desire to possess the flimsy mulls and silks woven by machine in Manchester and Paris, compelled the native gold and silversmiths to copy patterns of *bijouterie* from catalogues of British firms, and forced the makers of kitchen and dining utensils, the embroiderer, and the weaver, to imitate Westerners.

The political convulsion, in addition to turning the sympathies of the Indians towards the encouragement of native artists and traditional methods, provided a direct impetus to the revival of Indian handicrafts, and especially to hand-loom weaving. This impulse proceeded from the boycott that the Bengalis instituted against British goods in 1905. Since the output of power-driven Indian mills was pitifully small compared with the requirements of the country, the boycotters found that they must patronize the hand-looms. Consequently the native weaver began to receive support such as he had not enjoyed for decades. Hand-loom weaving, at that time, had become a moribund industry. The weavers virtually confined themselves to producing coarse cotton cloth (which they often wove from machine-spun yarn), which held its own in the market only because it was stronger than that produced by machinery, and which, for that reason, was largely consumed by illiterate Indian villagers. Yet the weavers earned such miserable pittances that yearly hundreds of thousands were forsaking the hand-looms for factories and mills. Those whose forefathers had been engaged in weaving muslins of gossamer fineness, and patterns of intricate and artistic designs, were in a still more depressed condition, their number having decreased almost to the point of extinction. The boycott came to these people as a saviour. In the ebullition of feeling, coarse cloth was used in preference to the thin, machine product, by men and women who, a few years before, would not have deigned to look at it. Those who wove fabrics of a better grade were patronized even though the hand-made cloth cost more than did the products of the Manchester mills. Improved hand-looms were invented or imported so that the weaver could do more and better work with less expenditure of time and labor. Societies sprang up everywhere to help advance the cause of *Swadeshi*—India-made goods. Shops were established exclusively for the sale of country manufactures. The boycott did not last long, nor did it materially hurt the British trade; but it exercised a revivifying influence upon hand-loom weaving and other handicrafts. The Nationalist movement (of which the boycott was a transitory phase), however, appears to have come to stay in Hindustan, and is giving an impetus to Indian art, religion, philosophy, and culture in general.

With the calming of Hindostan's political temper, the insane repugnance for Western institutions, exhibited by many natives immediately after the Japanese victories and the partition of Bengal, has disappeared. Therefore, the tendency to belittle and reject all Western civilization has vanished. Indians to-day are not resisting all modernizing influences, nor do they refuse to recognize and admire the beauties of Occidental art and life. But the crisis of the past decade has given them discernment which safeguards the artistic heritage of ages, and which insures the indigenous traditions of art.

Saint Nihal Singh.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in their list of spring announcements: "Gothic Architecture in Spain," by George Edmund Street; "Religious Art in France, XIII Century," by Emile Male, translated by

Dora Nussey, with 189 illustrations, and "The Great Art Treasures," edited by C. H. Collins-Baker.

The middle of March the Arnold Otto Meyer-Hamburg collection of drawings of the old masters will be sold at auction at the shop of C. G. Boerner, Leipzig. The collection contains many treasures of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, among them being original drawings by Rembrandt, Avercamp, Bega, Breugel, Cuyp, Everdingen, Goyen, Hobbema, Leyden, Ostade, Ruysdael, Terborch, and others, besides a large portrait of the Emperor Maximilian on horseback, by Burgkmair. A catalogue of the collection may be obtained from the firm of Boerner for three marks.

Mr. John V. Van Pelt's "The Essentials of Composition as Applied to Art" labors under the disadvantage of a too ambitious title. It is a second edition, revised and enlarged, of an earlier book which, under the more modest title of "A Discussion of Composition," has during the past ten or twelve years found considerable favor among both teachers and students of architecture. Based primarily, it should seem, on "La Composition decorative" of Mayeux, with amplifications showing the results of a varied though somewhat limited reading, it embodies the substance of lectures delivered to the students of architecture at Cornell University, and has the advantages and defects common to such books. It must of necessity be elementary in character to fit the stage of mental and æsthetic training of the students to whom it was addressed; and the casual and offhand allusions and *obiter dicta,* as well as the familiar style of the language in which they are expressed, seem at times somewhat beneath the dignity of a serious treatise. Moreover, it includes a number of topics which, proper enough in a manual for students of architectural design, are hardly appropriate material for a treatise on the essential principles of composition in art—such topics, for instance, as the programme for a riding-school, the proper arrangement of stables, or the right way to indicate "mosaic" in a plan. It would have been better to acknowledge frankly the evident field of usefulness for such a book by a title such as "A Manual of Suggestions for Students of Architecture"; for its scope is not that suggested by the title, and it nowhere handles æsthetic theory with broad philosophic grasp. On the other hand, it shows an alert mind, broad in its outlook and sympathies, and in its specific maxims and propositions and counsels it is generally sound. Its style is familiar, but readable, and it may be safely commended to students of architecture and of the arts most nearly allied to it. (The Macmillan Co.)

Charles Volkmar, one of the best-known art ceramists in America, died Friday at his home near Metuchen, N. J., aged seventy-two. He was the son of the late Charles Volkmar, of Baltimore, a portrait painter, and studied painting himself in the studio of the French landscapist, Harpignies. He was said to be the first artist in America to paint underglaze upon tiles, and his vases, jugs, and bowls in soft-toned glazes, manufactured in the pottery at Metuchen, brought him fame and were featured in all the exhibitions of arts and crafts in the country.

Finance

THE QUESTION OF BUSINESS REVIVAL.

Since the remarkable recovery on the New York Stock Exchange in January, followed by a similar revival in London (which the conservative London *Economist* describes as "the most important recovery that has taken place since the Boer War"), a general reaction in prices has ensued. It has resulted, at New York, in loss of a considerable part of the January gain in prices. At London, it has caused the loss of nearly 1½ point in British consols, following the extraordinary 6-point rise of the three preceding weeks.

It is true that evidences of a world-wide return to sound conditions in the money market have not ceased. On the contrary, in the face of the Stock Exchange reaction, two of the great European banks last week made further reduction in their rates, while the open market price of money reached still lower figures, both at London and at New York. There have also been signs of reviving activity in our steel trade, where prices, last week, advanced sharply for the first time since 1912, with orders on hand 10 per cent. above the January average and 20 per cent. above December. But even this left the mills working at only 65 per cent. of full capacity, and there have as yet been few distinct indications of revival in other industries.

Absence of such fulfilment of the recent inferences of Wall Street from the "bull market" then prevailing, and the fact that the market itself was moving down again, have caused the occasional remark that the action of Stock Exchange prices, during January, must have been illusory. But this suggests the inquiry, whether a stock-market movement like last month's may be safely taken as a forecast of general business prospects, and if so, why trade is making no response.

Those questions are best determined in the light of precedent. One is reminded, to begin with, of the markets of 1897, when the movement really began under which American finance and business were swept from the most extreme depression into what grew to be unparalleled prosperity. People familiar with that period, either through experience or through tradition, know that a great rise on the Stock Exchange occurred. But under what circumstances, in relation to the general position, and to what extent simultaneously with trade revival? The year before 1897 had been one of great hardship, in both finance and trade. Sales on the Stock Exchange in 1896 had been, with one exception, the smallest in sixteen years. It was in May, 1897, that the stock market began to rise; it went up 6 or 9 points in June, 10 points in July, and 8 or 10 in August—sales on the Exchange in the last-named month being the largest of any month in a decade.

But trade, during that vigorous three months' rise in stocks, did not revive at all; on the contrary, iron production, even in July, was 10 per cent. smaller than the year before; steel prices were lower than in January; unsold supplies had increased month by month, and business failures were more numerous. In September of 1897 the rise of stocks was replaced by a violent reaction. Prices fell 8 or 10 points that month, and the break continued. But at just that moment the trade recovery, which was to have so remarkable a later history, but of which there had previously been few signs, began. In the three autumn months of 1897, during which the decline on the Stock Exchange continued, iron production increased 20 per cent., to a higher weekly total than had ever before been reached. With the suddenly enlarged activity of trade, the country's bank clearings in September rose 50 per cent. above 1896.

The obviously interesting point of this retrospect is that trade revival did not really begin until three months after the rise in Wall Street started, nor until Wall Street prices were moving down again. The story of 1904, when recovery set in from the financial and industrial depression of the gloomy year which came before it, is equally interesting. From a condition of apathy in the first half of 1904, the stock market in July began to rise. In August the leading shares advanced 8 or 10 points; in September the rise was equally great; the market of October and November assumed the proportions of a boom.

But as late in that period as September, prices were demoralized in the steel trade and business at large was halting. It was only towards the close of that month—nearly three months after the stock market rise had got under way—that an upward turn came in the steel trade, and it was December, when Stock Exchange prices were indulging in a "perpendicular decline," which witnessed the first revival in the field of general business. So also reads the testimony of the first trade revival after the panic of 1907. On both Stock Exchange and business markets, the early recoveries of 1908 were the brief and abortive 'Sunshine movements." It was November of that year when the financial public took the bit in its teeth and ran away with stock-market prices; but it

was April of the following year before the decline in price of steel was checked, and a recovery began which rapidly spread to the whole business field.

In due course, we shall see to what extent, if at all, such a sequence of events is to be observed in the various markets of 1914. Precedent at least seems to prove this—that when real recovery is under way, the Stock Exchange not only indicates it first, but completes its forecasting process some considerable time before the industrial recovery which it prophesied has itself begun. If one asked the reason for this relatively slow response of the business world, the answer of experienced people probably would be that the plans of trade and industry can be changed and reversed only with slow deliberation, even when favorable underlying conditions are unanimously recognized; whereas the Stock Exchange, if it discovers such conditions overnight, can begin to "reflect" them energetically next morning.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baerlein, Henry. Abu'l Ala, the Syrian. (Wisdom of the East series.) Dutton. 70 cents net.
Bardoux, Jacques. Croquis d'Outre-Manche. Paris: Hachette.
Barry, J. D. Outlines: A Collection of Studies. San Francisco: Elder.
Bird, Richard. The Gay Adventure. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Björnson's Plays. Translated by Edwin Björkman. Second series. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Blakeslee, G. H. Recent Developments in China. Stechert.
Bolte, J. W. The Back Yard Farmer. Chicago: Forbes. $1.
Rooses, Max. Art in Flanders. (Ars Una series.) Scribner.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1914.

The Week

Are we perchance in the middle of a national political campaign without knowing it? Has the date of the Congressional elections of 1914 been set back from November to May? These questions are prompted by a little shower of pamphlets just issued by the Democratic National Committee. They have every appearance of the "campaign document." "A Record of Achievement," in black-faced type over the portrait of President Wilson. "Democratic Promise and Democratic Performance." Description of the banking and currency law as "our most important legislative achievement in half a century"—all this is so redolent of the approach of election day that one looks out of the window half expecting to see paraders. But it is merely a case of unwonted Democratic forehandedness. The sight of these documents scattered over the country should spur the Republicans to activity. They might give an emergency order for a new edition of that famous Roosevelt publication, "The Republican Party Fit to Rule."

Every new age finds new vices as well as new virtues. This must be the explanation of the good roads bill that went through the House on greased rails last week. River and harbor bills of the old type are felt to belong to the Old Guard era; perhaps even a public buildings bill of the traditional sort would smack too much of the pork barrel of the prehistoric days of the early nineteen-hundreds. But good roads—in what better work could the Government engage? Especially when the appropriation of $25,000,000 is so nicely divided as to give every Congressman's district a fair share. It is true that there are rumors of river and harbor bills, too, but if one passes it will be in spite of its tarnished name. "Good roads," on the contrary, has a fine sound, just the kind of sound that one would want a bill to have in a new day of things political. As for asking whether the spirit behind the new bill is not a very old spirit, such a question would be entirely too rude for the great mass of our Representatives to dream of putting it.

The confusion attending the recent choice of a Senator in Maryland, and the attempted choice of one in Alabama, was largely traceable to uninformed criticism of Gov. Goldsborough in the one instance and to the stubbornness of Gov. O'Neal in the other. Possible repetition of it has been forestalled by the bill providing a temporary method of election in States that have not yet legislated to carry out the Seventeenth Amendment. In any State that delays setting up its own direct-election machinery, the system that has been used for nominating and electing State officers is simply extended to Senators. The captious objection that the Constitution does not permit Congress to prescribe method and manner of the nomination, but only of the election, of its members, was rightly adjudged a wrongheaded extreme of States' rights doctrine. It is hard to show that the Constitution-makers, in the word "election," did not include the process of choosing candidates; and it was admitted even by Senators Shields and Bacon that the mere extension of nomination methods adopted by the States in their own affairs to nominations for the upper House "withdrew very little power from the States." There is now no reason for hitches in the direct election of Senators, and tardy States dissatisfied with the results of the Congressional action may make haste to arrange their own scheme of popular choice.

In his brief statement deploring the death of Senator Bacon, President Wilson rightly placed emphasis upon Mr. Bacon's services in the matter of foreign relations. The specific reference was, no doubt, to the late Senator's activity since he became Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. As such, and particularly in dealing with the Mexican trouble, Senator Bacon showed himself a consistent friend of peace. In statements given to the press, as also in utterances made on the floor of the Senate, he did all in his power to rebuke and repress the hot-heads all whose thoughts were of war, and to reinforce the President's pleas for patience and forbearance. But all this was only in keeping with Senator Bacon's high-minded and useful stand at the time when the treaty with Spain, after the war of 1898, was before the Senate for ratification. In the discussions of those days, the Senator from Georgia took the lead in seeking in every way possible to disclaim any purpose by this nation to retain possession of the Philippines permanently; and to safeguard the rights of the Filipinos. He made a record then which it must now be a satisfaction to all his friends to recall. Not a statesman of the highest gifts, never a compelling orator, nor yet an aggressive and powerful debater, Senator Bacon's long and honorable service in the Senate makes his death take on the aspect of a national loss.

Those who sit at the receipt of customs have felt a sustained effort at reorganization, since the Sundry Civil Appropriations Act of August, 1912, through Secretary McAdoo's abolition of 113 superfluous collectorships, and also the approval last week of new economies following a conference of collectors at Washington. Yet this last action speaks eloquently of the power of the customs system to adjust itself to important changes at the very time the new tariff and heavier imports laid upon it increased burdens. Secretary McAdoo, following President Taft's order, reduced the collectorships from 152 to 49, abandoned, or made sub-ports of, scores of old ports, placed salaries on a fixed basis, put the whole on a stricter merit system, and cut down the annual cost to $10,150,000! The newer changes are to bring the expenses down $150,000 more, and to put still others of the small ports under a central administration. A main merit of all these reforms is that, while saving in administrative complexities, they have readjusted the work of collectors to recent shifts in the points of commerce. The cancelling of many interior points of entry, in particular, meant the abolition of useless and clogging sinecures, long maintained as political posts in cities without appreciable customs receipts. These changes are now to be supplemented with a slashing of much of the red tape of old régimes.

Gov. Glynn is now fairly launched upon the great work of reorganizing the Democratic party in New York State. His conference with the President and Chairman McCombs was followed by a careful and earnest statement of his position. In this he commits himself squarely to the task of "putting the party on a proper basis." To this end no single step could be more conducive than the election of William Church Osborn as Chairman of the State Committee. The Governor states that he has prevailed upon Mr. Osborn to accept the position if elected, and says, "I believe that we have the votes to make him State Chairman." It is a long time since the post was filled by a man of anything like the William Church Osborn type; but the Tilden centenary is a reminder of the fact that the time has been when it was filled by a political leader of the first order. The enemy is demoralized. The people are awake not only to the need, but to the evident possibility, of destroying the evil system that has prevailed. The city government is completely in the hands of men who are opposed to machine politics, heart and soul. All the prestige of a President who wields a personal influence almost unparalleled is with the reformers.

The suicide of Treasurer Kennedy is just the kind of incident that is sure to mark the progress of such an unearthing of evil practices as has been going on in New York State under the auspices of District Attorney Whitman. A memorable exhibition of such working of the vengeance of time upon long-tolerated iniquities was given in this community within the past decade, when the life-insurance scandals were dragged to light by the masterly work of the Hughes investigation. Reputations supposed to be secure were blasted, lives of apparently assured success and prosperity were shattered. With this incidental work of fate, however, the public cannot be satisfied. It is not necessarily the most guilty that are struck down by it; in the case of Kennedy himself it is to-day an open question whether his self-destruction was prompted by dread of disclosures of direct crime on his own part or of such knowledge of the crimes of others as it was intolerable for him to confess.

But in the midst of these general considerations, the specific nature of Kennedy's career should not be lost sight of. It was typical of that kind of politics which is the disgrace, and has sometimes seemed the despair, of our democratic institutions. If we could not get rid of it, we should have to admit that, whatever its merits in other respects, democracy in America, as tried by one of the most vital of tests, was a demonstrated failure. Did Kennedy rise to the office of Treasurer of the wealthiest and most populous State in the Union as the result of a record of service and ability pointing towards his selection for such a trust? Quite the contrary. He had been an Alderman in Buffalo, and that post itself he had attained through the familiar methods of the ward politician and saloonkeeper. As Alderman he had distinguished himself not by civic virtue, not by good service to the community, but by his exceptional power among the worse elements of the Board, power used for the effecting of purposes desired by favored contractors and opposed by honest and public-spirited citizens in and out of office. It is safe to say that in no modern country with which Americans would care to have their own compared could such a career have been the stepping-stone to an office like that of State Treasurer of New York.

One would have to look far to find a better example of patchwork legislation than the so-called compulsory education law of Maryland. In the first place, the law is not compulsory, but permissive. Then it specifically excludes six of the twenty-three counties of the State from its provisions, so that these six counties may not compel the education of the children within their limits even if they wish to do so. One of the counties exempted contains the capital of the State. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, to learn that the law is regarded seriously in only a few places. Some counties take nominal advantage of the statute, making half-hearted efforts to enforce it. It is not necessary to take a stand against all local legislation on the part of a State law-making body to feel that a compulsory education law is peculiarly unsuited to such treatment. What can be the local conditions that make it advisable for Baltimore to educate all of her children, but for Annapolis to let hers do as they please?

The decisive defeat last week of Detroit's proposed new charter, by a vote of 25,245 to 15,962, is admitted even by the reformers who advocated it to be a lesson to revision that proceeds not wisely but too well. The pot-pourri of changes included not merely such meritorious proposals as the non-partisan ballot, the extension of elective terms from two to four years, the establishment of a Department of Labor Welfare and a Recreation Commission, with the separation of municipal from State and national elections, but a number that Mayor Marx qualified as jokers or worse. For all that, the new charter might have passed had not the newspapers insisted on the very clear alternative of piecemeal amendment of the old. Even the labor unions, counted on by the Charter Commission, went against it, as did wards that would have profited locally by a new political division of the city. Before the first returns had come in a supporting Alderman confessed that ambition had o'erleaped itself, by introducing a resolution singling out the more important and unquestioned proposals for gradual action.

The bill to set up a leasing and royalty system for Alaska coal lands is the natural and expected sequel to the bill for the construction of an Alaska railway by the national Government. This method of dealing with the Alaska land has been strongly urged, from time to time, during the past eight years or more, both President Roosevelt and President Taft having brought it prominently to the attention of Congress. The wretched mess of the Ballinger-Cunningham-Guggenheim affair was due primarily to the utter unsuitableness of the laws providing for entry of these lands to the conditions obtaining in the development of a mining region of this character. Those laws were based essentially on the homestead idea, which has been sadly out of place in regard to some of our older territories and which was grotesquely unadapted to the Alaska situation. The result was a choice between leaving the lands unused and resorting to fraudulent devices to beat the law. Under a proper leasing system, enterprise will have a chance, and at the same time the interest of the people in the mineral wealth of the region will be protected. Now that the development of Alaska seems in a fair

way of being put upon a good working basis, it is not out of place to recall that the policy embodied in the two bills is precisely that urged with the hearty approval of President Taft, by Secretary Fisher, who, on succeeding Mr. Ballinger, made it his first business to visit Alaska and thoroughly to study the problem on the spot.

The situation in Alaska in respect to the illegal trafficking in liquor among the Indians in the Yukon Valley is a sorry story of the neglect of the nation's wards in that far country. The exploitation of the native, it is a notorious fact, is an almost wholly unchecked evil, save for the efforts of the missionaries and their helpers; and these private agencies for betterment are sadly in need of a helping arm to strengthen them. The depopulation of Indian villages, due to the ravages of drink and disease brought upon them by the white men's vice and avarice, is an undisputed fact, and the Government's officers in the distant districts, such as that of Fort Yukon, make almost no pretence of controlling the law-breakers. Against such odds Dr. Stuck, Dr. Grafton Burke, and their faithful women helpers have worked nobly; and they do not despair, even though they have lost the present cases against the men indicted by their efforts. It is significant that it is the universal belief of the missionaries in Alaska that the best solution of the problem is the creation of an efficient constabulary force, similar to the Canadian force which has accomplished so much in the Northwest Territory under similar conditions.

Whatever the final outcome in Mexico, it is evident that very large claims for damages in consequence of the insurrection will be made by American and other foreign residents and property-owners. Some of these will doubtless be grossly inflated, after the good old rule, exemplified in the Cuban claims, of multiplying the actual losses by a hundred. But the perfectly legitimate demands will obviously involve great sums. The claims which the railways will file, on the basis of proved damage, will alone amount to several millions, it is safe to say. When the time comes, it is probable that special conventions will be negotiated with whatever government is finally set up in the country, for the purpose of creating tribunals to adjudge all claims against Mexico, and of providing means of payment.

In addition to the usual liability under international law, Mexico has a peculiar obligation, inasmuch as many of the aliens now suffering damage were specially invited to that country by the Mexican Government. This point was clearly made by Secretary Bayard in 1888, when protesting against certain cases of ill treatment of Americans. He said:

> Mexico, in pursuance of a policy of wise development of her material interests, has, by numerous legislative acts and executive decrees, invited foreign capitalists, engineers, miners, and business men of skill and enterprise to unite in bringing into the market the great wealth, mineral as well as agricultural, which remains as yet unutilized in her territory. . . .
>
> It is evidently a matter of the utmost importance to Mexico that the immigrants to be attracted within her borders shall be industrious, thrifty, and law-abiding citizens, and it is no less evident that such persons will not risk their persons or their property where they cannot feel assured that at least some reasonable effort will be made by the authorities to extend to them the protection of the law.

Announcement last week of the Canadian Government's programme for the decennial redistribution of Parliamentary seats is of particular interest for the plan initiated of equalizing the population of the various constituencies. The increase in the House of Commons from 218 to 235 members was long ago estimated, as were the specific reductions in the representation of Ontario, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and the specific gains of the Western Provinces. But whereas the last Liberal apportionment in the several Provinces largely followed municipal boundaries, Premier Borden has recommended that balance of population be now the guiding principle. Some of the discrepancies shown by the 1911 census are glaring. A member from Maisonneuve, Quebec, for example, represented 179,778 people, and one from Stanstead but 9,400; one from West Toronto, Ontario, 105,191, and a fellow-member from North Middlesex but 13,737. The old rule that a greater unit of population should be required for urban than for rural districts, however, will not be utterly disregarded. Since the increase in urban population is so marked it will help keep representation geographical; and it alone is likely to save Prince Edward Island its members.

The parcel-post system just instituted in Canada is based on American experience, yet has elements of proper caution. Rates show an increase above ours. For the first three months packages above six pounds in weight will not be accepted, and special charge is made for delivery by city carrier. The principle is laid down that the system must pay its own way, and the Toronto *Mail and Empire* remarks that, "until the service has been in operation six months, it will be impossible to gauge" its financial status. Only 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 parcels are expected, as against our 700,000,000 the first year. But the significant fact is that Canada, after fifteen years of indifference to a subject often urged upon the Laurier Government, virtually duplicates our system. It may be expected that, after adjustments which only time can bring, postal coöperation between the two countries will cover the parcel post, too, and its rates.

The election of Henri Bergson to the French Academy was inevitable after the extraordinary impression his philosophy and his personality have produced on academic and public opinion outside of France these past three or four years. Every one of the forty chairs in the Academy has its own distinguished lineage; but it is an odd circumstance that a newly elected member is not supposed to have anything necessarily in common with his predecessor. Thus M. Bergson is elected to the chair vacated by the death of Emile Ollivier, Napoleon III's Prime Minister and the historian of the "Liberal Empire." Inasmuch as a new member invariably makes his salutatory by pronouncing a eulogy on his predecessor's life and works, it frequently means a good deal of "boning up" on the part of the orator. For M. Bergson it will not be presumably very difficult to frame an estimate of M. Ollivier. But how about M. Alfred Capus, the author of light and genial comedies of contemporary Parisian life, who has been just elected to the chair of Henri Poincaré, one of the most profound and subtle of mathematicians? One can sympathize with M. Capus in his attempt to do justice to M. Poincaré's labors in celestial mechanics; but being a Frenchman, M. Capus will do it well.

WHAT THE PROGRESSIVES ARE DOING.

Despite serious losses in nearly every election since 1912 in which they have put their fortunes to the test, the Progressives are displaying a bold front. They are officially scorning reunion with the Republicans. The rank and file may be deserting in squads, as in Indiana and Iowa last week, but the leaders still insist that they will go on ploughing their lonely furrow. In Nebraska and Kansas they reject all overtures from the Republican enemy, and propose to fight it out on this line if it takes several summers. In Ohio they are planning to nominate a full State and Congressional ticket. At their recent meeting in this city, the sentiment was unanimous for nominating candidates for every office in the State, from top to bottom, as also in each Congressional district, besides having a Progressive put up for the United States Senate. All round the horizon, in fact, Progressive thunderings and lightnings of this kind are to be noted.

As a matter of abstract political right, no one will question the privilege of the Progressives to continue to flock by themselves. Any two Americans, any three tailors of Tooley Street, can form a party of their own if they choose. This is not named among Jefferson's inalienable rights, but it cannot be denied. As it used to be said that each citizen of Boston had his separate system of theology, so every citizen of the United States may have his private political party, if he finds none of those existing to his taste. But, after all, when presumably reasonable men stand together in a given course of action, they must have some motive, some purpose, some goal, which they can state, on demand, whether in their own defence or as an incentive to their followers. It is only fair, then, to ask the Progressive leaders what they hope to accomplish by persisting in separate party nominations everywhere. Those of them who, like Boss Flinn, say that they are simply modern Luthers, doing a sacred religious duty, and can *nicht anders* no matter what the consequences may be, need not be questioned further. An imperative moral obligation is reason enough, when it really exists. But the Progressives are not without their thoroughly practical men, who are not in politics merely for the health of their souls, and who have some definite plan of campaign looking to ultimate success and offices. What is it?

Plainly, their first objective is further to defeat and thwart the Republican party. If its prospects can be made to appear hopeless, the Progressives will soon annex the great bulk of the Republican vote and sweep the field. But sensible Progressives should look at the facts open-eyed. If they do, they will see that the actual annexing is by the Republican party at the expense of the Progressive. As Senator Borah took pains to point out with much detail in his Lincoln day speech, the voting strength of the Progressives has been everywhere waning during the past year, while that of the Republicans has been waxing. Wherever you make the test, Michigan or New Jersey, Chicago or St. Louis, the tale is the same. Consequently, the cool reckoners among the Progressives must be asking themselves what chance there is of forcing the Republican party to surrender to opponents growing demonstrably weaker. Will not the shoe of surrender be put upon the other foot? Does not the plan of the Progressives to go it alone in every State and Congressional district involve putting everything to the touch with the probability strongly in favor of everything being lost?

These questions it is not for us to answer. But there is one consideration which the Progressives never seem to think of, though it is more and more pressed upon the attention of thoughtful students of our affairs, and this we would urge upon the more serious-minded of them. It is that by their course in seeking to establish a separate party, they are doing much to destroy a part of the usefulness of all parties, and are distinctly breaking in our hands one of the historic weapons of government. They are doing this by making the Democratic party virtually immune to punishment for misbehavior. So long as the Republican-Progressive split continues, the Democrats are assured of power. No matter what they do, the division of their opponents will surely enable them to score enough easy pluralities to guarantee their retaining control of Congress and of the State governments which are now in their hands. In a word, the country is deprived, for the time being, of the check on the party in power by the party in opposition.

This is bad for the Democratic party. It is also bad for the nation. At Washington the tendency in Congress just now is to be recklessly extravagant. Special appropriations are piling up in a way which threatens not only to produce a deficit but to make this Congress the most spendthrift on record. Now, under ordinary party circumstances, the Democratic leaders who are alarmed at this log-rolling of money out of the Treasury would have a convincing argument to use with the lavish spenders of the public funds. They could say: "See here, you must go slow. You are surely making the next Congress Republican. The people will be so disgusted with our extravagance that they will turn us out." But to-day this appeal is futile. Democrats in Congress snap their fingers at it. They are confident that the determination of the Progressives to put up separate candidates everywhere will assure them of their seats, even if they act like wastrels. It will be said that the Progressives do not intend this—do not, in the name of party, seek to hamstring government by party. But a man, or a party, is responsible for the indirect as well as the direct results of a policy deliberately chosen. The Progressive rifleman may say that he meant to shoot a bear, but if his bullet actually kills a horse, it is cold comfort for the owner to be assured that it was not aimed at.

IFS ABOUT LINCOLN.

Two years ago the country had more than a surfeit of assertions that Abraham Lincoln would have been or have done this, that, or the other, if he had then been alive. He would have been a Progressive, surely, but also just as certainly would have remained a Republican, though inclined to join the Democratic party under Wilson; he would have been a Single-Taxer and a Suffragist; he would have been an eager supporter of Assemblyman Jones's bill to abolish poverty and of Congressman Smith's little plan to bring in the millennium to-morrow. All this was so overdone, with so obvious a vote-catching intent, that people soon began to laugh at it, and it was largely given up. If Lincoln *had* come back in 1912, it is pretty certain that he would have disposed of these various hypotheses with some kindly-shrewd epigram or story.

He might have adopted the remark of Samuel J. Tilden, reported by Mr. Stetson: "You cannot state the consequences of what never happened."

In all these imaginary resurrections of the great men of the past, there is always one singular assumption. It is not only that they would be in fullest sympathy with the best movements of the present, but that they would have discarded all the errors and defects which clung to them during their actual lives. Washington was a slave-owner, but those who passionately wish him back again in the war against human oppression always conveniently forget his slaves. Lincoln followed the spoils system. Civil-service reform had not dawned upon the political life of his day. For this he is not to be blamed. No public man can be held guilty of sins that were not accounted sins in his lifetime. But it is plain that if the actual Lincoln were to come back after fifty years, he would have many things to learn, and some things to abandon, before he could become the ideal and infallible leader whose endorsement everybody was so anxious to get a little time since. We allude to this aspect of the matter only to show that it is not so simple and at the same time so powerful an argument as some suppose, merely to exclaim: "If only Lincoln were here, he would agree with me in every particular!"

It is plainly not a subject on which to be dogmatic; yet there is a sense in which we may profitably ask what would be the spirit of Abraham Lincoln in facing present-day questions. The particular decisions he would come to, no man can say; but how he would attack our problems we may be pretty confident, for we know what his methods were. He was patient and he was thorough. His first business he made it to ascertain all the facts in all their bearings. Improvised remedies and patent cure-alls were never to his mind. In the presence of men who professed to have skeleton-keys wherewith to unlock every political difficulty, his attitude was one of amused distrust. When asked to pass upon the dreams of enthusiasts and the nostrums of half-baked theorists, he always acted upon that wise injunction of the Greek philosopher, "Remember to disbelieve."

We may, therefore, be very sure that if Abraham Lincoln were with us to-day he would not be found in the ranks of the hurricane reformers. He would not expect to make this tough old world all over in a day. His advice would be, rather, to look every matter carefully over; to consider the remote consequences of any proposed action before jumping at its supposed immediate benefits; to try out thoroughly the laws we have before rushing to the enactment of new ones; and to remind us that substantial progress is more apt to be achieved by painful inches than by great leaps.

But on one point all may agree. If Lincoln were here again, he would exhibit that wonderful sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, and that marvellous understanding of their several interests and points of view, which steadily marked his public career. This was among his highest gifts as a statesman, and it is one which every striver in our public life might well covet. The clash of classes in the United States has become more intense and formidable than it was fifty years ago. How to arrive at a just reconciliation of conflicting interests, how to attain a broad national policy out of all the demands of localities and separate interests—that is our great task. And to it we should be thrice fortunate if our political leaders could bring even a small portion of Lincoln's spirit. There is nothing hypothetical about that. His entire sanity, his instinctive and never-failing humaneness, his ability to look before and after with large reason, and his willingness to wait for the full ripening of opportunity—these qualities of the statesman are not abundant at the present day. He was sympathetic, but he did not take it out in mere sentiment. Feeling in him always led to action; and in any large measure of progress he knew that some of the people, some sections, would have to make sacrifice of their special interests. He would have been ready to take as his motto, and so should those who are in the thick of work for progress to-day, the saying of George Bancroft: "The fears of one class are not a just measure of the rights of another."

NOBEL AND HIS PRIZES.

Mr. Leonard Hwass, one of the two witnesses of Nobel's will, has contributed an article to *Die Woche* of Berlin, in which he raises a question of great interest. Mr. Hwass's story chiefly concerns the wishes of Nobel himself, with whom he had been in frequent intercourse preceding the signing of the testament; and its main purport is that the actual administration of the fund has not been in conformity with those wishes. The Nobel award, he declares, "should never be bestowed as an *honorary* prize, but as a *promotive* prize for the encouragement of new and beneficent work." It was not—such is the substance of Mr. Hwass's contention—as a decoration for those who had succeeded in attaining the pinnacle either of fame or of fortune, not as a superfluous distinction for men whose working days were over, but as a help and encouragement to persons whose lifework was still in the main before them, that Nobel made his remarkable dedication of his fortune; his eye was on genius, indeed, but his purpose was not to bestow upon it the lustre of an honorary award, but to free it from the trammels of economic need.

In support of this contention, Mr. Hwass adduces various circumstances related to Nobel's life, and some utterances of a general nature tending to show that his inclinations lay altogether in the direction of such use of the prizes. One bit of internal evidence taken from the will itself is added to these outside considerations. Mr. Hwass draws attention to the direction in the will that the prizes shall be awarded annually to those persons who, in the various fields, have contributed most materially to the benefit of mankind *during the preceding year*. This would seem quite clearly to imply that the award was expected to go, as a general rule, to persons still in the full exercise of their highest powers, and thus lends support to the idea that it was to be a help to future work rather than a testimonial of past excellence. We will concede that literal adherence to this rule is not practicable, upon any theory of the purpose of the award; but that an effort is made to conform to it as nearly as is reasonably possible may be inferred from the fact that for the year 1912 the peace prize was not awarded, because the committee was unable to discover a person who "within the year has worked most or best for the fraternization of nations, the abolition or reduction of standing armies, or the calling or propagating of peace congresses."

Apart altogether from any question of

the desires or expectations of the founder, the problem of what it is possible to accomplish for the encouragement of genius, or the promotion of great work for humanity, by means of valuable prizes is a puzzling one. To keep in view both the consideration of pre-eminent merit and that of pecuniary need is in the highest degree difficult, in any field. In physics, chemistry, and medicine, it must be a comparatively rare thing that a man whose actual achievement has been sufficient to mark him out as deserving of an award so extraordinary as the forty-thousand-dollar Nobel prize is not already in a position of assured comfort; though it must be said that in these fields the addition of such a sum to his resources may often make a vital difference in regard to the command of leisure, or of appliances, for work along just such lines as the recipient may wish to pursue. But as soon as the consideration of a candidate's pecuniary circumstances is taken into account, there must inevitably be danger of a lowering of the standard of excellence which it is so desirable that the prize should represent. If, on the other hand, the promise of future achievement, rather than accomplished results, is to guide the choice, the risk of erroneous judgment enters, of course, in a degree that has been wholly absent from the actual history of the awards that have been made. And if one glances at the list of the awards thus far recorded in these fields, one finds that, while some have gone to men whose life-work has been all but concluded, a considerable proportion of them have been won by men in the prime of their powers, to whom the pecuniary aid may reasonably be supposed to be of real consequence.

It is the prize for literature, however, that gives occasion for the most perplexing questions. Mr. Hwass makes a very good point when he draws the distinction between "a dramatist or novelist enjoying a large income" and "a noble-minded lyric poet, who lifts us to ideal heights, and who rarely possesses much of this world's goods." The lyric poet certainly has small chance of making his gift productive of the wherewithal of comfortable living; and on the other hand to give a small fortune, such as the Nobel prize, to a brilliant novelist or dramatist is very likely to be a case of carrying coals to Newcastle. And yet he would be a bold man who should assert with confidence that the golden allurement of a Nobel prize would operate, on the whole, to increase the output of the most precious poetry. No one would willingly condemn a Burns to the dire poverty with which he struggled; but it is impossible to imagine him as writing "To a Mouse," or "Highland Mary," or "Of a' the airts," or "Tam o' Shanter," with a princely money prize either in his mind's eye or in his pocket.

TAKING RAILWAY MANAGERS FROM AMERICA.

There are several points of view from which one might consider the commotion in the English business world, over the selection of an American railway expert as general manager of the Great Eastern Railway of England. Taken by itself, the appointment would scarcely have caused or justified the outburst of indignation in the newspaper and professional comment of London. Our own transportation enterprises have on recent occasions borrowed the services of English engineers, without causing a ripple of professional excitement.

The real basis for the indignant reception of the news in England was not the fact of the recourse to America, but the explanation of his action by the head of the English railway company, who coupled with his announcement the remark that he had been "compelled to go to America to find a man competent to fill the position," because of the "dearth of young and capable railway men in the English railway world." The retort of the London newspapers, that such a statement was a reflection on the methods of the English railway directorates, rather than on the quality of their working staffs, expressed a sentiment very natural, and not wholly illogical. The truth of the matter doubtless lies somewhere between this newspaper statement of the case and the cynical comment of Lord Claud Hamilton himself.

It is no secret that the English railway lines have lagged far behind the American industry in applying the newest principles of economy in operation. But the reason for this slower grappling with the problem lay in the urgent necessity which spurred the American lines to such lowering of the expense ratio, rather than in any necessary incapacity on the part of English managers. When Mr. James J. Hill, followed by the younger railway operators, first introduced, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, such new expedients as the heavier "train-load," the larger freight car, the longer freight train, the heavier rail, and the more powerful locomotives—all with the purpose of reducing the so-called "ton-mile cost"—our greatest railway systems were emerging from bankruptcy. With most of them, there was at the moment so little encouragement, in the outlook for largely expanded gross receipts, that reduced working expenses were a paramount necessity to get back into the field of dividends.

The English railways have at no time had that particular incentive. None of them has had the problem of serving new territory where traffic was yet to be developed. Dividends came with sufficient regularity, year after year; it is not, therefore, as surprising as it might seem, without allowing for this difference in English and American conditions, that the English railway managements should have been far slower than our own in introducing such methods and in creating trained staffs who were competent to apply them. The old methods seemed to the English managements to be justified in their results, throughout the period when the younger generation of American railway men were going through a practical school of education in the new problems of operation.

More recently, however, the question of rising fixed expenses, especially for labor, has become a serious consideration for the English companies. When, therefore, the Great Eastern Railway—which, we believe, has been the first of the great English systems to attempt the general introduction of these particular economies in operation—began thoroughly to canvass the field, it naturally discovered, first, that its own operating staff had been trained in the methods which were prevalent in American railway management two decades ago, and, secondly, that to obtain trained experts for the purpose, recourse to the American railway staffs would be judicious.

The outcome of such a process, if continued, cannot fail to be beneficial to the railway administration of both countries. As for the outcry against an

"American invasion" of the English railway field—on the ground that it indicates British national decadence or American intrusiveness—that sort of inference has been made too familiar, through the first hysterical response on other occasions of the sort, to be taken very seriously. People will not yet have forgotten the London clamor over Great Britain's disappearing "empire of the seas," when our Shipping Trust was buying up the White Star and Leyland Lines at fancy prices, during 1891. But the British mercantile navy still dominates the ocean, and the Shipping Trust has not much to remember of the operation except a highly expensive and unlucky bargain.

There will also be recalled, as a phase of that same period, the sudden discovery by our industrial investors and promoters that thereafter nobody more than forty years of age would do as the manager of a great corporation. Yet we still have our Hills and Garys; we have had opportunity, since 1901, to observe the capacities of men past middle life, in the person of our Morgans and Harrimans, and we have also been compelled, by force of circumstances, to acknowledge that the younger school of managers will on occasion make mistakes which another decade or so of experience might have spared them.

Perhaps the nearest analogy to the present controversy in the English railway field occurred when our own Eastern railways very generally made up their minds that their working forces, if not their operating leadership, would have to be helped out by "new blood" from the West. The reason for that conclusion, which was applied with excellent results, was precisely the reason which underlay last week's English incident. It was chiefly on our Western railways, at that time, that the problem of economical operation had been worked out through force of circumstances.

THE MAN WITH THE NOTE-BOOK.

President Huerta's recent tribute to the power of the press, in the form of an invitation to ten newspaper correspondents to come and tell the truth about Mexico at his expense, ought to be telegraphed over to England. A compliment to the power of the press is, by implication, a compliment to that humble but necessary cog in the great machine, the reporter. Now, in England the reporter, even though he is called a pressman, is not in good repute. And, oddly enough, it is at the hands of his elder brother, the literary worker, that the pressman suffers most. In spite of the fact that for a consideration the well-known playwright or novelist can be induced to write for the *Daily Mail* and so take the bread out of the reporter's mouth; in spite of the fact that a great many ultimate consumers of royalties began life in the grind of Fleet Street, the reporter, as represented in current British fiction or on the stage, cuts a very poor figure. The general conception of him is of a rather disgusting and illiterate little beast with frayed cuffs and a note-book. Mr. Shaw, who ought to know better, has thus depicted him in "The Doctor's Dilemma"; Mr. Arnold Bennett, with a kindlier but equally patronizing touch, has drawn him in "The Great Adventure." Mr. Chesterton, in his new play, says, "He's worse than a guttersnipe; he's a Fleet Street journalist."

The reporter, though a worm, is a cynical worm, and rarely puts himself to the trouble of turning. He is accustomed to see life from the inside and the underside, and it neither surprises him nor hurts him to be pilloried by the playwright who depends upon him for the half-column puff that makes the box-office happy; or the author who entrusts to his imperfectly manicured hands a typewritten outline of his forthcoming novel, with a photograph, taken when the author's hair was not so thin on top; or the society leader who furnishes a list of the guests at her exclusive function; or the clergyman whom he frequently misrepresents by making the clergyman say exactly what he did say; or the scientist whom he frequently misunderstands, though more honestly, one dares say, than the scientist is misunderstood by his scientific colleagues. Only now and then will the bitterness of the man conquer the cynicism of the reporter; and he will protest as one of the profession has recently protested in the columns of an English publication. He will say that it is not true that, as a rule, reporters come in through the transom or the coal chute; that they flourish big note-books; that they misspell common words. It is true that they do not always wear gloves, as Mr. Shaw accuses them of not doing. Yet why protest? Playwrights and authors will go on portraying the reporter as doing all these things, because the type has become fixed in common thought. It is said that Thackeray began this business of traducing the pressman. Dickens had his fling at him. Since then the type has become as definite as that of the stage Irishman.

If the reporter is inclined to be meek under such criticism, it is not altogether because he is a cynic. He takes it largely as a tribute to his power for good and evil. He recalls that from time immemorial satire has had its fling at every human institution, the church, the army, the doctors, the lawyers, the writers, the poets. Society has appointed agents to help it in the business of being born and dying, in making war, in fighting its legal battles, in curing itself of its diseases, in writing fables for its amusement; and, like every master to his hired man, society cannot refrain from now and then turning upon its hirelings and denouncing them for a pack of inefficient, pretentious knaves. How much more should the master's stick rattle about the ears of the particular hireling who has arrogated to himself the functions of the church, the law, medicine, science, literature, art? The reporter recognizes that a beating is all in the day's work. He is all the more exposed to satire because, by comparison with the power he wields, he is, indeed, a somewhat insignificant person. He is without the borrowed dignity of magnificent ecclesiastical vestments, without soldier's epaulets, the prestige of the lawyer's robe, the doctor's parchment and mystic language. He is just a chiel—except that he is more often Irish than Scotch—takin' notes. When he prents 'em there is an awful how-de-do. Society knows it and resents it.

Outside of England the reporter is much better treated by his prosperous elder brother, the novelist and playwright. In French literature the journalist, as they call him, is very frequently a malignant figure, but rarely a guttersnipe. To the Parisian imagination the reporter is the man who makes and unmakes Ministries, drives financiers to suicide, cements or disrupts international alliances, beats open the doors of the Théâtre Français for ambitious vaudeville artists, and has writers and painters eating out of his hand. Here at home we do not concede him

so magnificent a rôle. We have kept some of the ridiculous outward trappings of the stage type—the note-book, the slangy, incisive speech, the all-wisdom. But the favorite hero of newspaper romance and the theatre is the Titan city editor, manipulating half a dozen telephones and half a hundred men, issuing his orders in crisp, Napoleonic phrases, or shouting down the tube to the pressroom like Richard III at Bosworth Field—a magnificent apparition who is quite as unreal as the shabby little pencil-pusher of British imaginings, but infinitely flattering to the profession.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL.

Some years ago one of the undergraduate magazines printed a cartoon representing the corner of a philosophical lecture-room during a lecture on philosophy. Of the eight or ten students shown in the picture two or three were reading magazines, two or three were yawning dreadfully, while the others were fast asleep. Beneath appeared the words, "Is there an external world?" The student who designed this cartoon is probably entitled to rank as the original "new realist." For two centuries or more philosophers have been turning over the question, how an idea (assumed to be circumscribed) can know an object which lies beyond its circumference; and those who have been brought up upon this discussion should be ready to appreciate, or at least to forgive, the philosophical movement which has been advertising itself in America for several years past as "the new realism" (see the *Nation* of October 17, 1912), and which is represented in England by Bertrand Russell and George E. Moore. Of the philosophers of this school, Mr. Russell, who is about to give a half-year of lectures at Harvard, is easily the most commanding figure, and his philosophy has been neatly summarized in his little book on "The Problems of Philosophy" in the Home University Library.

Recently I have given this book to two classes in philosophy, with very interesting results. First, it was shown that a man who writes with distinction and with personal authority will capture the undergraduate where the textbook-maker fails. Mr. Russell's style is wonderfully clean-limbed; or, as his mathematical colleagues would say, "elegant." His skill in putting Kant or Plato into a page or two would be hard to surpass. Being quite assured of his position, he writes with an easy and confident frankness both charming and a trifle irritating. For between the lines may be read that if you fail to agree Mr. Russell will be pleasantly amused. The more so since he must surely be aware of the pitfalls that await the unwary. On its face the book is a series of astounding dogmatisms which have all the appearance of artlessness, but which for the most part have (elsewhere) been carefully predigested. For example:

If we already know that two and two always make four, and we know that Brown and Jones are two, and so are Robinson and Smith, we can deduce that Brown and Jones and Robinson and Smith are four. This is new knowledge, not contained in our premises, because the general proposition, "two and two are four," never told us there were such people as Brown and Jones and Robinson and Smith, and the particular premises did not tell us that there were four of them, whereas the particular proposition deduced does tell us both of these things.

This would be set down as rank nonsense by one who did not know that in an earlier work Mr. Russell had agreed to assume that "Brown and Jones are two" shall mean that Brown and Jones exist.

The other result appeared when my pupils endeavored to give Mr. Russell his place among the schools of philosophy. Then it turned out that (as one pupil wrote) no one "ism" had been provided for Mr. Russell. For he achieves the remarkable result of standing for a naïve empirical realism and, with the same uncompromising firmness, for a high and dry Platonic idealism; or, since, in his philosophy, both are forms of realism, for realism in the modern sense and for realism in the mediæval sense. His world consists, in other words, of two kinds of reals: the particular reals of common experience, such as the sun, which, as an independent real, is not less real when unperceived, or such as our thoughts and feelings; and the universal reals, such as those expressed in the formulæ of mathematics, the most remote and apparently irrelevant of which stands for an "entity" not less self-subsistent and independent of the mind by which it is known than the sun itself. The only difference between these two kinds of "entities" is that the particular reals "exist," while the universals "subsist" or "have being." But the latter are superior to the former as perfection is superior to life. How being and existence are combined, we are not clearly told. In the new realism it seems that doctrines have no need of being combined to be held by the same person. Yet there is a certain unity in Mr. Russell's philosophy, not quite covered by his general admission of "tough-mindedness," and his peculiar combination of matter-of-fact with Platonic realism becomes more intelligible when we remember that he is a Cambridge mathematician and the heir-presumptive of an earl. The last point seems to me not quite fair as philosophical criticism, yet not insignificant.

Mr. Russell's most impressive achievement began as "The Principles of Mathematics," of which the first and only volume appeared in 1903. The plan of this work was abandoned, and in 1910 Mr. A. N. Whitehead and Mr. Russell published the first of four volumes (of which three have now been issued) of a new work, entitled "Principia Mathematica." The first book was written in English, the second is written largely in the sign-language of the symbolic logic. In this language the work is a nearly closed volume and a standing menace to all students of philosophy who object to doing two thousand or so large octavo pages of symbolism without a more certain hope of reward. For enough may be gathered from the more intelligible portions to learn that under these signs Messieurs Whitehead and Russell have hidden the secrets of the universe. The *principia mathematica*, in a word, are nothing less than the *principia* of logic and metaphysics. Formerly, indeed, mathematics was supposed to confine its attention to number and space. The newer mathematics of groups and series claims to have devised a calculus of relations which will cover all "entities" whatsoever; not only volumes and numbers, but persons, ideas, sensations, emotions, prices, moral values, commercial transactions—anything you please. From this point of view truth of any kind is a question of mathematical relations; and what cannot be expressed in symbols is not true. Nor beautiful; in his essay on "The Study of Mathematics" Mr. Russell betrays an enthusiasm which recalls Plato's identification of mathematical truth with divine love. Mr. Russell's philosophy may thus be described as a symbolic philosophy, and the description may be extended to the new realism generally. In the division of labor Mr. Russell supplies the symbolic logic, Mr. George E. Moore the symbolic ethics (see his "Ethics" in the Home University Library), and the American new realists the symbolic psychology.

One need not go far to appreciate the fascinations of this symbolic calculus. Professor Royce, himself an idealist, conceives it to be the embodiment of rational and divine order. To my own imperfect view quite as much may be said for the calculus of chess, which seems to me to be a symbolism of the same kind, with equally fascinating problems. In other words, I should say that the symbolic reals are about as truly representative of life and experience as a bishop whose activities were confined to diagonal squares would be representative of the Archbishop of Canterbury. I may even intensify the vulgarity of this judgment by suggesting that the chess symbols are too human and per-

sonal. The realistic world may be better conceived as a mosaic of counters, *i. e.*, poker-chips. Does Desdemona love Cassio? Write "Desdemona" and "loving" and "Cassio" upon so many poker-chips, and then in their possible arrangements you may see the possibilities of love "between" Desdemona and Cassio. One is reminded of Mr. Kallen's remark, that the new realists are the philosophical cubists.

Among the new realists the point of most undoubted unanimity is a contempt for modern idealism. And for purposes of unrestrained emphasis they prefer to identify idealism with the blindest expression of the theory in Berkeley's "Principles," and thus to make the whole issue rest upon the question of the existence or non-existence of an external world. This interpretation not only leaves idealism unaccounted for, but fails to reveal the true inwardness of realistic antipathy. If, following a fashion condemned by realism, we judge idealism by its motives, it should seem fairly clear that one motive underlying all forms and degrees of idealism is what Kant called "critical." The "critical" motive takes account of the fact that any object that is known is known by a person and may be expected to have a character which reflects the point of view of the person who knows it. Such a point of view will be embodied in any vehicle of description, not excepting the signs of symbolic logic. The critical philosophy takes the world as we have it (for example, in natural science), and then asks how far this world is the expression of human nature. According to Kant, human nature explains why things are known in an order of space and time; and the pragmatists have discerned in the world an expression of our needs. In Berkeleyan idealism the critical motive fairly swallows up the world. But to identify idealism with the philosophy of Berkeley is simply a quiet way of ignoring what nine-tenths of the idealists have stood for, and, in particular, of passing over their contributions to logic.

Now, the new realism is not merely opposed to the incredibilities of Berkeleyan idealism, it is hostile to every attempt to take our world critically. For the new realists it is not enough to deny that the world is created out of nothing in the process of knowing; going to the opposite extreme, they insist, as a sort of axiom, that the fact that our world is known makes no difference whatever in what it is known to be. The new realism is thus a return to pre-critical dogmatism, a deliberate and conscious, even highly self-conscious, assertion, if one may put it so, of naïveté. For the school is not wanting in scholarship, though it appears to have lost the historical sense; and Mr. Russell's scholarship is extraordinarily extensive. In his "Foundations of Geometry," published at twenty-five (he is now forty-one), he owns an indebtedness to such prominent idealists as Bradley, Bosanquet, and Sigwart, while the book is dedicated to McTaggart. But they must have cancelled the debt, for there is clearly no evidence of it now. Mr. Russell writes as if the philosophers of this school had never lived. Nay, more. The American new realism would be what it is if nothing had happened since Mill. Mr. Russell's realism is a sort of delighted mediævalism.

The American new realists forego the function of criticism out of respect for modern science. Their favorite argument is the *argumentum baculinum*. Mr. Russell uses the walking-stick, but his distinguishing prepossessions are mathematical. Now, one of the prepossessions of mathematicians is that they have a special monopoly of reasoning; and, again, that they are peculiarly, if not exclusively, successful in arriving at absolute truth. And it is true that mathematical results have the appearance of being uniquely impersonal and absolute. This fact furnished the ground for the mystical number-metaphysics of the Pythagoreans. Since Kant, however, the absolute significance of mathematical truth has been at least open to dispute. And it is a question whether the tendency of mathematical theory itself has not been to confirm, while enlarging, Kant's position. The late M. Poincaré, at any rate, was a fairly good Kantian. Mr. Russell's mathematical theory is a return to pre-critical absolutism. Not only does he hold, against Kant, that space and time are independently real—that is, irrelevant to any human point of view—but, against most modern views, he stands for absolute movement and position and for the theory that space is an assemblage of points. The climax is reached when he tells us (in "The Problems of Philosophy") that "two and two are four" "must apply to things equally whether we think of them or not." How this realistic situation is to be described is beyond my power to conceive; and it seems relevant to ask whether the two's of the real world are yards or metres, and also whether they are "two's" or, say, "zwei's." One is reminded here of a realistic little maid, who, after learning that "Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowls of the air, and to every beast of the field," asked, "But how did Adam know their names?" This is the realistic problem.

One of the peculiarities of the mathematical mind is the equal delight of mathematicians in what can be clearly defined and in what cannot be defined at all. The mathematician affirms his theorems because they can be proved from his axioms; he then with equal emphasis affirms the axioms because they are incapable of proof. Thus the love of the transparent is united with the love of the opaque. The new realism, as I have remarked elsewhere, is a typical philosophy of the opaque; and Mr. Russell is no exception. He believes in the reality of the material world because of an "instinct," in to-morrow's sun because it is "probable," in the veracity of memory and in the truth of the simple propositions of arithmetic because they are "self-evident"—although he admits, in seeming contradiction to the assumptions of symbolic logic, that propositions may be more or less self-evident. It would be difficult to find better examples of what Shakespeare calls "a woman's reason" or a more masculine courage of affirmation.

One of the foundation stones of Mr. Russell's logic is the proposition, *p* implies *q*. The analysis of implication is dismissed in the "Principles" with the statement that "implies" is indefinable. In the "Principia" *p* implies *q* is defined to mean that "if *p* is true, *q* must also be true"—which leaves the nature of the relation still open to discussion. For example, there is a dollar in my purse, and my purse is in my pocket. Do these two propositions, merely as such, imply that there is a dollar in my pocket? I, for one, should say not. There is nothing implied, for example, if Peter knows only that there is a dollar in my purse, while Paul knows only that my purse is in my pocket. Let the facts be what they may, nothing is *implied*—there is no logic in the situation—until the two propositions are thought by the same person; just as twelve words thought separately by twelve persons fail to constitute a sentence. The symbolic logic claims to dispense with this necessity for a personal thinker. The symbolic logic is definitely, in fact, a method of arriving at truth through the investigation of the possible "aggregations" of propositions. What an aggregation of propositions may be must be left to the reader to say. The symbolists seem to regard any two propositions as an aggregate when they are asserted simultaneously, irrespectively of whether they are asserted by the same or by different persons or by different persons in communication. To me the word "aggregation" suggests something more like potatoes, each of which remains within its own skin; and where propositions remain each within its own skin I am unable to see any "logical" connection whatever. I am thus led to suspect that the symbolic logic has confused logical implication with spatial inclusion and displacement. When more potatoes are forced into a full basket, others are forced out. But this is not a process of implication except as one term signifies the other in the point of view of a knowing mind. This must be my excuse for suggesting

the poker-chip interpretation of Mr. Russell's logic. To me it seems that the symbolic logic (along with much of our symbolic psychology) writes our thoughts upon counters and then studies the various arrangements and displacements of the counters.

The world of independent reals is sublimely beautiful, but it is not expected to prove either familiar or tractable. The realism of this new school presents, in fact, an interesting parallel to the realism of Flaubert or Zola or Thomas Hardy, in whose presentations of life the characters are borne along on the stream of unconscious forces, foreseeing their destiny apparently (the reader can usually foresee), but mysteriously incapable of altering it; and nothing has a happy ending. Both in philosophy and in literature realism stands for the doctrine that consciousness makes no difference. The realism of the American school takes a rather work-a-day attitude towards its world and apparently assumes that philosophy, if it cannot reconstruct, can at least make the world more comfortable. Mr. Russell holds that philosophy has no "practical" use whatever:

> Philosophy is to be studied, not for the sake of any definite answers to its questions, since no definite answers can, as a rule, be known to be true, but rather for the sake of the questions themselves; because these questions enlarge our conception of what is [theoretically] possible, enrich our intellectual imagination, and diminish the dogmatic assurance which closes the mind against speculation; but, above all, because, through the greatness of the universe which philosophy contemplates, the mind also is rendered great, and becomes capable of that union with the universe which constitutes its highest good.

Greatness of mind! Does this mean that life is great only so far as it is lived in the light of a clear self-consciousness? For a generation given over to the pragmatisms of unillumined energism this should be a wholesome doctrine. But in Mr. Russell's view, knowledge and life are mutually irrelevant—as they are bound to be. Following the example of Aristotle, he separates the "speculative" virtues from the "practical." Philosophy, it seems, then, is a noble pursuit for those who are economically free; nobler than hunting or golf; yet equally unproductive from the standpoint of practical life. Philosophy, in other words, is appropriate only to a leisure class.

Mr. Russell's ideas about religion are embodied in a fine essay entitled "A Free Man's Worship," in which he preaches the ancient Stoic doctrine of lofty submission to Fate. I quote the closing paragraph:

> Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power.

Shameful to relate, throughout this really noble passage, I find myself obsessed by the vision of a Platonic realist shaking his fist at a cigar-shop Indian. I can grasp what is meant by a rational attitude towards a benevolent or an accommodating universe, or towards a malevolent universe. But what would be a rational attitude towards a universe that is simply bloodless and inscrutable strikes me as a most perplexing problem, and a problem which realism has yet to solve. Meanwhile we may ask whether a point of view so truly high-minded does not deserve, whether, in fact, its existence does not imply, a more significant universe.

WARNER FITE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There is preserved in the John Carter Brown Library at Providence an excessively rare "Plan of the Town and Harbour of Boston," published in London in 1775 by I. De Costa. Only one other impression of the original is known to me, although diligent inquiry has been made in the hope of discovering further copies of what is probably the first plan of Boston made after the opening of the Revolution, for it most quaintly sets forth the engagements at Lexington and Concord. The copy now in the John Carter Brown Library was formerly owned by Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, the well-known firm of London booksellers, who thought it of sufficient value to warrant the reproduction (1911), in excellent facsimile, of an edition of fifty copies, carefully colored by hand after the manner of the original. The unusual interest and rarity of this print make desirable the transcription of the title in full:

> A Plan of the / Town and Harbour of / Boston. / and the Country adjacent with the Road / from Boston to Concord / Shewing the Place of the late Engagement, / between the King's Troops & the Provincials, / together with the several Encampments of / both Armies in & about Boston. / Taken from an Actual Survey / Humbly Inscribed to Richd. Whitworth / Esqr. Member of Parliament for Stafford. / By his most Obedient Servant / I: De Costa.

The title is followed by nineteen numbered references to the position of troops, batteries, men-of-war, etc.; and at the bottom of the plan, which measures 19x14½ inches, the imprint reads: "London Publish'd as the Act directs July 29th 1775. by I. De Costa Red Cross Street Southwark." The engraver's imprint is: "C. Hall sc." To the facsimile published by Messrs. Stevens the following is added: "Reproduced from the original Print preserved in the John Carter Brown Library, Providence, R. I. London: Republished by Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, Map & Print Sellers, 39, Great Russell Street, W. C., over against the South West Corner of the British Museum."

The plan is drawn in elevation, Lexington and Concord being shown by groups of houses. The British troops and "Minute Men" are shown, together with three interesting groups representing the "Bridge where the attack began," "Col. Smith's return from Concord," and "Lord Percy's return from Lexington." The position of troops on Boston Common is given, and numerous men-of-war in Boston harbor are also drawn in elevation.

Before publishing the facsimile, Mr. Henry N. Stevens sought in vain to obtain information respecting De Costa, the first publisher of this plan; and, unfortunately, nothing as yet concerning him has been forthcoming. The dedication seems to indicate that De Costa was the designer as well as publisher; but within the past few months light has been shed on the authorship of the plan. Strangely enough, it appears to have been wholly or in part the work of Capt. Jonathan Carver, the early Western traveller, about whom a lively controversy has been waging for some years past. In a letter dated August 8, 1775, one Isaac Foster, in writing to Major Robert Rogers, the famous ranger, says: "Carver and Dacosta have finished a new plan of Boston at the request of Whitworth." Whitworth, it will be remembered, was the gentleman who became interested in Carver's original project of crossing the continent to the Pacific, and who proposed heading an expedition for that purpose. There can, therefore, be no doubt that the Carver here referred to was the traveller. Foster further says in the same letter that Carver expected to be appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs, a position for which we know the traveller made application in the form of a memorial (February 25, 1773) to the Earl of Dartmouth, "his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the American department."

Nor was Capt. Carver new at the business of map-making. The evidence is clear that he was a surveyor and draughtsman before making his Western journey; and he was concerned, during his residence in England, in the making of at least three maps (besides those later included in the "Travels"), and the plan of Boston. There are in the British Museum four copies of the earliest map (1769) extant bearing Carver's name—two in manuscript and two engraved. One of the maps appearing in the first, second, and third (London, 1778, 1779, and 1781) editions of the "Travels" was taken from that of 1769. The scale is slightly reduced, and the latitude and longitude corrected somewhat, but the maps are substantially the same. In the second issue of Thomas Jefferys's "American Atlas" (London, 1776) there appeared a finely executed map entitled: "A

New Map of the Province of Quebec, according to the Royal Proclamation of the 7th of October, 1763, from the French Surveys connected with those made after the War, by Captain Carver, and other Officers in His Majesty's Service." It is suggestive that the name of Carver has prominence, while the "other officers" who assisted are not mentioned by name. In the first edition of the "American Atlas" (London, 1775) the eighth plate is "A Map of the British Empire in North America; by Samuel Dunn, Mathematician." In succeeding issues the map reappears with the addition to the title of the words, "improved from the surveys of Capt. Carver." And Carver lent more than his name to this map, for careful comparison of the first with later issues of the "American Atlas" will show that his contribution was material. The shore line of the Great Lakes is considerably altered, and the region between the Mississippi and the lakes is changed in the water courses and names set down.

All this, coupled with much other information which careful investigation has brought to light since the appearance of the late Prof. Edward Gaylord Bourne's famous article in the *American Historical Review* (XI, pp. 287-302) ought to go a long way towards dissipating the charge frequently made that Carver was an ignorant shoemaker and soldier, utterly incapable of writing the book which bears his name—a book the marvellous popularity of which is attested by the fact that it appeared in nearly forty known editions in English, French, German, and Dutch, during the century following its publication in 1778.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Correspondence

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE SUPREME COURT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Chief Justice Clark, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, is quoted by the daily press as having said in a recent address in New York city: "The overwhelming preponderance of the judiciary was unexpectedly created in 1803 by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, without a line in the Constitution to authorize it, when that body assumed the right to veto any act of Congress it chose to hold unconstitutional."

This statement coming from an eminent jurist has been accepted as definitive by a great many people and has been used as the basis for a very "progressive" editorial in at least one important daily paper (the *North American*, Philadelphia, January 30).

Referring to the belief so widely cherished that the Constitution of the United States gave to the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional, the editorial in question ventures: "Never was there an emptier myth; never was an easy-going people summoned to worship a fetich so palpably fashioned of wood."

The undersigned begs leave to recall in this connection "a line of the Constitution" and a few historical facts well known to many people, but apparently forgotten by some:

The Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made . . . shall be the supreme Law of the Land. [Article VI.]

The judicial Power shall extend to all Cases, in Law and Equity, arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties made. [Art. III, sec. 2.]

These are lines of the Constitution that surely have some bearing upon the point at issue, and they become the more significant in the light of certain historical facts.

When the Constitution was drawn up in 1787 the framers were already familiar with State Constitutions that were "supreme law." In pursuance of such Constitutions, the State courts had already set aside the acts of Legislatures in several States, South as well as North.

That a similar power was conferred upon Federal courts by the above-quoted sections of the Constitution was moreover taken for granted at an early period. While the Constitution was still before the States for ratification, this function of the Federal judiciary was clearly pointed out in the *Federalist*. In one of Alexander Hamilton's contributions appeared the following statement:

A Constitution is, in fact, and must be regarded by the judges, as fundamental law. . . . Nor does this conclusion by any means suppose a superiority of the judicial to the legislative power. It only supposes that the power of the people is superior to both; and that where the will of the Legislature, declared in its statutes, stands in opposition to that of the people, declared in the Constitution, the judges ought to be governed by the latter rather than the former. They ought to regulate their decisions by the fundamental laws rather than by those which are not fundamental.

A few years later, during the controversy over the Alien and Sedition laws, the Legislature of Rhode Island resolved (February, 1799) that the Constitution of the United States "vests in the Federal courts exclusively, and in the Supreme Court of the United States ultimately, the authority of deciding on the constitutionality of any act or law of the Congress of the United States." Similar declarations were made by other States at the same time.

There followed, in 1803, the opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of Marbury vs. Madison, delivered by Chief Justice John Marshall and lately dissented from by Chief Justice Clark, of North Carolina, as being "without a line in the Constitution to authorize it." The opinion of 1803 has been upheld, however, in constitutional practice for something more than a century.

Webster asserted the same principle explicitly in his famous reply to Hayne in 1830, and the question lay very close to the heart of the difficulty between North and South that brought on the war between the States. The supremacy of the Union meant the continued supremacy of the "supreme Law of the Land," with the national Supreme Court (not the individual State) as the final interpreter.

Most of us still venture to believe that the above-quoted lines of the Constitution confer upon the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. We have some rather eminent opinion and some century-old precedent as foundation for our belief. We may be wrong, but we feel that our opinion may perhaps be dignified by more respectful terms than "empty myth" or "wood-fashioned fetich."

RAYNER W. KELSEY.

Haverford College, Pa., February 12.

"THE SOCIAL EMERGENCY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are we in the United States confronted by a "social emergency" of grave character which must be firmly met, as alleged by Mr. Foster in the *Nation* of January 22, and would teaching sex hygiene in the public schools, as often asserted, conduce to purity of morals and better physical health?

The vast majority of teachers in the public schools are women, unmarried women ranging from young misses just out of their teens to seasoned veterans of uncertain age who have long since left the frivolities of youth behind them. Their teachings, obviously theoretical, would lack convincing force with inquisitive Young America. On the other hand, physicians capable of setting forth the scientific facts of sex matters would probably fail in pedagogic ability, knowledge of a subject and ability to teach being quite distinct things. But, to tell the truth, more than a mere mastery of the subject is required; more than pedagogic ability is required. The one thing above all that is needed is a fatherly or motherly instinct in dealing with young people when discussing so delicate a subject. Outside of the actual father or mother, not one person in ten thousand has that faculty.

The underlying idea of such sex hygiene societies as Mr. Foster speaks of is that young people will be sexually more moral if taught systematically matters connected with human sex. This theory seems to run counter to the teachings of experience of those who have most to do with young people. Take, for instance, a school-room full of children and explain with diagrams and illustration what would be the horrible results of swallowing a match, and the result is bound to be that a number of them—pupils who never thought of swallowing a match—will yield to the counter suggestion and do the very thing sought to be avoided. The child eternally warned not to play cards experiences a horrible fascination to do the forbidden thing. The sale of cigarettes in a given locality is increased by the active propaganda of boys' clubs pledged not to smoke cigarettes. Take a mixed school of say 1,000 pupils, boys and girls, instruct them in sex matters, with all the care and all the scientific apparatus possible, and the results—well, no man intimately acquainted with child nature can have the least doubt what the results would be.

Whether we Americans are growing erotic and sex-mad, as is frequently suggested, may be doubted, but it is un-

doubtedly true that certain newspapers are following orders said to have been given them by their owners: "Play up sex matters strong." It should seem as if we had about reached a stage of civilization where public opinion might insist by legal enactments that such public debauchery must stop.

But perhaps the greatest source of sex immorality comes from the unsupervised dance hall and unregulated amusements for young people of both sexes. Behind that stands that preëminently American practice of lax parental control which permits young girls to go without chaperon and alone or in company of a young man whose antecedents are but slightly known. The results are often disastrous to the girl.

Obviously the remedy is not in teaching the child, but in an awakened conscience and sense of responsibility on the part of the child's parents—less instruction in school as to how venereal diseases are contracted and more instruction at home as to suitable hours and companions for young girls at night. An experience of twenty-five years in school, social, and charitable work has convinced the writer that the reason why many girls go wrong lies in laxity of parental control and of public supervision of amusements open to the youth of both sexes.

Another prolific source of corruption of youth reaching the age of adolescence is the lascivious style of dress affected by women of good social standing. It is silly to argue that these women are unconscious of the effect they are producing on the opposite sex; they know to the fraction of a millimetre exactly how much display they are making. Working girls copy the "style." The results are not far to seek; the sexual appeal to the male is understood and answered.

It is firmly, humbly, and respectfully suggested that our social purists and sex hygienists who are concerned about the welfare of the youth of this country might well begin at home by creating a public sentiment that would drive off the street and out of public places all indecently dressed women of whatever station of life, and thus remove temptation from the feet of our young men and women. The ostensibly decent woman indecently dressed has ruined thousands of susceptible young men and women. *Voilà l'ennemie!*

E. L. C. Morse,
Formerly President of the Calumet Branch of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago.

Chicago, February 12.

NEWFOUNDLAND BALLADS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial on the subject of "Ballads in America" suggests to me the probability that Newfoundland is still an untilled field of ballad material. It is certainly true that among the fishermen of Fortune Bay, and also in the districts from Brigus to Fogo, the old ballads still survive on the lips of fishermen, who sing or recite them on winter nights by the fireside of a neighbor. Moreover, the sealing songs of the North are begging to be collected, and in them perhaps lies the most real seed of romance that a native American balladry can show. Men like Nicholas Peddle, of Mosquito, Levi Chipman, of Spaniard's Bay, and Edmund Wornell, of Greenspond, are as interesting as Raftery and Carolan, and though as poetry much of their work is curiously like that of the Sweet Singer, nevertheless they know the traditions and embody them in verse. And the Devonshire fishermen from whom the Newfoundland captains are descended would find their speech on these men's lips if they were to return to-day.

The people of Pictou and Antigonish Counties in Nova Scotia have not yet forgotten their ballads, and if we ever produce a Synge to re-create in an alien speech the poetry of the more remote Scotch districts in Nova Scotia there will be as potent a literary exodus to this land as there is now to be witnessed from London and Dublin to the Aran Islands. Even now in Antigonish there are scholarly students of the Gaelic poetic remains which exist in verbal tradition on the lips of the farmers and fishermen, and it is a matter of pride with many who have little English that their Gaelic is a language in which they may shape their images in poetic form. I know of no country where you will find so many professed "poets" in a small district.

Edward J. O'Brien.

South Yarmouth, Mass., February 13.

LOSS OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am sorry that "A Former Member of the Socialist Party," writing in the *Nation* of February 12, did not give the causes for that party's loss of 45,000 members between March, 1912, and June, 1913. To most of us "former members" these causes are patent enough, but not to the general public.

The Socialist party in the United States is composed of two factions: reformers and revolutionists. The majority of the former left because the platform of the Progressive party promised them everything they desired. The majority of the latter could not conscientiously remain in the Socialist party after that party inserted in its constitution the clause known as "section 6," which denounced as non-Socialists all persons for any reason advocating "crime, sabotage, and violence."

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Columbia, Pa., February 14.

RELIGION UP TO DATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the door of a church near Boston there is a huge sign, with such words as these: "All aboard for next Sunday—Everybody come—Grand music—Illustrated sermon—Come and GET THE HABIT." Recently in a Young Men's Christian Association house the announcement was made that every evening there would be prayers, followed by sandwiches. In another church the preacher acts out in the form of melodrama the Biblical text of the day; in still another one the priest advertises services, followed by refreshments and a dance. Indeed, one is led to ask: Why should any one oppose the all-pervading tendencies of the day, and try to keep vaudeville and religion apart? Why not have tango-sermons, followed by "The Church's One Foundation," appropriately reduced to a one-step rag?

And this is called a religious revival. Verily, "il en a toute la fureur triste."

R. A.

Cambridge, Mass., February 15.

NOTHING BUT THUNDER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There was once a man—I mean Alexander von Humboldt—who spoke kindly of the Spanish-Americans, and they cherish his memory ever since, styling him "the sage who approached most nearly to divinity by the power and extent of his intelligence." France acts to a certain degree as a publishing centre for them, issuing from her presses Spanish-American works of a consummate scholarship, such as Rufino José Cuervo's "Diccionario," as well as the exquisite poetical effusions of an Acuña or a Chocano, and the ever-grateful Spanish-Americans call her *el cerebro del mundo*. What do they get from you?

Nothing but thunder!

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Interrupt an American in the midst of his vociferations against the Mexicans, and ask him to name a Mexican poet, and will he feel any shame at not being able to name a single one? The American method of spreading information which keeps an inmate of a log cabin well posted as to some recent sensational event in a foreign country and leaves him in a total ignorance as to the intellectual achievements of the self-same country must be done away with, and the sooner the better. A few days ago I was asked to translate a business letter from Mexico, and was greatly delighted on seeing the words *fluctuat nec mergitur* on the trade-mark of the firm. Thus I can close this letter with a prayer and a hope.

Joseph de Perott.

Worcester, Mass., February 14.

Literature

A LEADING FEDERALIST.

The Life and Letters of Harrison Gray Otis, Federalist. 1765-1848. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 volumes. $6 net.

The career of Harrison Gray Otis covers the period during which Massachusetts Federalism played its part in our history and passed to its decay. It is described by Mr. Morison, a descendant of Otis, with fairness and ability. It may be said that the biographer does not overestimate the importance of his subject, who was not a leader of the first importance. It is as a man who reflected the will of his party rather than as one who controlled it that we must make up our verdict in regard to Otis. He was at the head of the Boston aristocracy, and was honored for his so-

cial position, his capacity as an orator, and his tact as a party manager. He entered Congress in 1797, when the Federalists had control of the Government, because the Republicans were committed to the defence of France. He supported the alien and sedition laws, the Judiciary act of 1801, and the attempt of the Federalists to make Aaron Burr President. He was, says his biographer, "a typical Federalist, representing his party at its best and at its worst." He retired to private life in 1801, built up a lucrative law practice, and made money in various non-professional ventures. During this period he became the visible head of the Federalist party machine in Massachusetts and gave most of his political activity to State politics. From 1817 to 1823 he was a Senator in the national Congress, where he devoted himself to a fruitless effort for bringing about a restoration of New England to a position of equal influence among the States.

The superior class still ruled in the good old Bay State. In Virginia and elsewhere in the South any politician who valued his prospects swore by the gods of equality. Aristocracy there must wear the mask of democracy, if it had any political success at all. In Massachusetts a public man might declare that the democratic control of government was a peril to society, and escape with his life. To those who viewed the Federalist party from afar, Otis, brilliant orator, most politic and courteous of hosts, dispenser of princely hospitality, and chairman of its central caucus, was its head and chief ornament. Those who knew the inside of things realized that he was only a figurehead. There was a powerful machine, with a central committee and many subordinate committees, and none of them selected by the rank and file of the party, and Otis was at the head of the Central Committee. But behind him was the Essex Junto, a small group of able men, who were too wise to show their hands, but who controlled nominations as rigidly as party bosses of the present time. None knew it better than Otis himself. He was, says Henry Adams, "no favorite with any class of men who held fixed opinions." John Lowell, probably the most influential of the Junto, said: "Mr. Otis is naturally timid and frequently wavering—to-day bold, and to-morrow like a hare trembling at every breeze." He was not popular with the leaders, and for many years he was denied his dearest wish, a nomination for Governor. When it came to him in 1823 he was defeated.

The most noted event with which Otis's name is associated is the Hartford Convention. He was second on the list of Massachusetts delegates, wrote its most important report, and took on himself the main share of the labors of the meeting. In later life his enemies attacked him fiercely for his part in what they called a treasonable movement. He wrote extensively in its defence, but was never able to satisfy the public that he had uncovered all that was done in that secret assembly. To many persons it will be a disappointment to learn that no important new evidence has been brought to light through the industry of the biographer. This is in spite of the fact that many letters by and to Otis have been used. The absence of evidence of the real intentions of the participants in the convention is a striking result of the examination of more than one collection of New England letters. Mr. Morison, like Henry Adams, concludes that the objects were to gain control of the Federal revenue and to force Congress to permit New England to provide her own defence. He concludes that the constitutional amendments suggested were only to satisfy the people who resented the domination of the non-commercial States and who were tired of submitting to the power of the South through the representation of three-fifths of the slaves. This may be true, and we are not justified in saying that there was more behind the movement than came to light; but to take such a position is hard in view of the attitude of New England earlier in the war. It is certain, however, that Otis's part in the movement, as far as the movement went, was not that of a radical. He rode on the wave somewhat behind its crest. Mr. Morison has described the performance with excellent spirit. Although he pleads the cause of New England, he does it in a broad and intelligent way. He successfully shows why she felt herself aggrieved.

It is, however, as a means of knowing the political and social conditions in Massachusetts that this Life of Otis is most significant. Herein is its contribution to knowledge. A chapter on The Federalist Machine, 1800-1823, contains new and valuable information on party history. It shows what party control was like before the popular convention gave the party a popular basis. The position Otis took in regard to abolition brings out a side of the controversy too much neglected by the historian, who has usually fallen under the Garrisonian spell. To Otis the movement was rash and unnecessarily provocative of sectional bitterness. His attitude on the tariff is also interesting. His vote in the Senate defeated the bill of 1820. He said at that time that the tariff would ruin the interests of navigation, and his vote had the approval of his State generally. Shortly afterwards he appears as a large owner of cotton-mill stock, and noted that manufacturing was the industrial hope of the community. "Two years ago," he said in 1823, "our sun had sunk never to rise again, as many said and more feared. Manufacturing stock with its liabilities made a man to be considered as so much minus. . . . All is now reversed, and the stocks as well as spirits have risen *inordinately*." Ten per cent., he added, was the usual dividend. Like most other wealthy New Englanders, he now became a protectionist.

The author enlivens his biography by making it keep close step with the personal life of the subject. He realizes what is so easy to forget, that a biographer is not entirely an historian. It is Otis in his relation to the times, and not the times in their relation to Otis, that Dr. Morison presents to us. He has even felt justified in showing in rather large proportion the attractive social qualities of his subject. If this should displease the reader who happens to be a student of history, it will please a much larger number who read for information and pleasure and who appreciate the minor side of human nature as well as the march of public events. In fact, Mr. Morison has done the difficult task of writing a good book about a small man in such a way that it will please the general reader and be useful to specialists.

The Flying Inn. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Chesterton is now possessed by the Destiny of the English which seized upon Rudyard Kipling when he gave up being merely a teller of plain tales from the hills and a singer of barrack-room ballads, and began to write stories like "An Habitation Enforced," and those in "Puck of Pook's Hill."

But Mr. Chesterton's Imperial idea is not Kipling's. Chesterton has always been anti-Imperialist—even boasting openly of being a Little Englander. He has long made it his business to rope, tie, and brand with their right names the wild horde of runaway words that have (as he asserts) got most men's vision of truth so sadly mixed and topsy-turvy. Now your British Imperialists have for the sake of their Imperial Idea, under cover and sanction of these spacious words, made unholy alliances. They are joined with the Japanese for the sake of the Empire of the East; they are champions of the Turk against Christendom for the sake of the Empire of the West and the overlordship of the sea. They let the military virtues of the native-born English decay, and they recruit the Imperial British army among the heathen yellow, brown, and black men of His Majesty's other dominions. They do, positively, in some of those dominions (so good churchmen complain) actively support the Mussulman against the Christian missionary.

Having gone so far under the mere spell of a phrase, why should they not go further? It pleases Mr. Chesterton's

sense of logic and his lively fancy to assume that they have gone the limit—to identify the temperance movement, which is spoiling the taverns of Old England, destroying the indigenous race of Sam Wellers, wiping out the fine Dickensian atmosphere of the Island, with the Mohammedan interdict against alcohol. The great ones who are making England over again in the Imperial image are victims of the subtle fascinations of the East—they play sedulous ape to the Turk, borrow his trappings, from his fez to his harem. For the purposes of the allegory, this baleful influence is embodied and concentrated in one fanatic statesman, Lord Ivywood, and it is Ivywood who levies war on the inns of England. The native powers, in like fashion, are gathered into the person of Patrick Lalroy, as good an Englishman as the Iron Duke or Bobs of Kandahar, a huge Richard of the Lion Heart figure, red-headed and hot-blooded, who goes singing about the kingdom with an inn sign and a barrel of rum and a round Cheddar cheese—the Flying Inn, in short.

The minions of the law are behind him, and adventure, audacity, romance, keep him company, whether he travels with a donkey, a stolen motor car, or an armed uprising like that of Wat Tyler or Jack Cade. There is a dog, too, to bark joyously at his heels, and a publican, the last of the sturdy British stock. It is this publican who makes the "Song Against Grocers, by Humphrey Pump, sole proprietor of The Old Ship Pebblewick, celebrated as the house at which both Queen Charlotte and Jonathan Wilde put up on different occasions, and where the ice-cream man was mistaken for Bonaparte."

Here is part of the song:

God made the wicked Grocer
  For a mystery and a sign,
That man might shun the awful shops
  And go to inns, to dine,
Where the bacon's on the rafter
  And the wine in the wood,
And God that made good laughter
  Has seen that it is good.

His props are not his children,
  But pert lads underpaid,
Who call out "Cash" and bang about
  To work his wicked trade.
He keeps a lady in a cage
  Most cruelly all day,
And makes her count and calls her "Miss"
  Until she fades away.

The righteous minds of innkeepers,
  Induce them now and then
To crack a bottle with a friend,
  Or treat unmoneyed men.
But who hath seen the Grocer
  Treat housemaids to his teas,
Or crack a bottle of fish sauce,
  Or stand a man to a cheese?

There is also a lady in the book, an alluring, elusive sort of lady. It is for her that the incarnate powers of darkness and light contend, and she is lost and won after watching from a turret tower window (all lattices and arabesques) such a fight as Helen saw from the walls of Troy or Rebecca from the castle keep beside the wounded Ivanhoe.

There is an astonishing deal of rollicking good stuff in the book, wit, satire, drollery, philosophy, and an amazing trick of character-drawing in a style that mingles realism, the fantastic, even the passionate and fanatic. For the benefit of those who may wonder what he is driving at, Mr. Chesterton has provided a compact exposition or moral of the fable in these words of Patrick Dalroy:

Did you ever hear of the great destiny of Empire? . . . It is in four acts: Victory over barbarians. Employment of barbarians. Alliance with barbarians. Conquest by barbarians.

Children of the Sea. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

The old fable of the leper's bride is still capable of its blood-chilling office. Too often it has served the turn of pathos, or at best of melodrama; too seldom succeeded, as in this tale, in approaching the effects of pity and terror which belong to the tragic mood. The action is set with extraordinary effectiveness, the first scene in Japan, the second in Iceland; but adroitness of staging goes but a little way towards accounting for the power of the performance. These are human characters, embodied with skill and sympathy, and the chief factor in the catastrophe is moral, not physical.

If Ericsson, chief buoyman of a Franco-Danish cable-ship, had not been an habitual light-o'-love, he would not have gone philandering after a strange girl on the Japanese coast and been so dreadfully befooled. Fate punishes him, and in the punishment is involved the Icelandic maiden Schwalla, with all her youth and love and innocence. But, in truth, pity broods over them both, they are almost equally childlike and hapless. For Ericsson, though "a brigand towards women, yet, strangely enough, . . . was not a libertine." His sin was not the grosser sin of sex; though he followed wandering fires, his quest was pure love. In Schwalla he found it—too late.

Apart from its tragic theme, the story has interest for its picture of an Icelandic village community, and for its portraiture of the few persons directly concerned with the tale. Each of them stands out warm and vivid—Ericsson, the stalwart and conquering and doomed; Schwalla the strong and pure, fit to be his mate; Magnuss the egoist and dog-in-the-manger, great-hearted poet and friend. These and others among the figures which people this little world have value of their own. They are not the conventionalized puppets of fable, but human beings, in whose midst a dreadful thing befalls. We have come to like and understand them when the swift inevitable blow falls—on us as well as on them. It is the end of our little company, the end of Ericsson and Schwalla as creatures of this human world. What becomes of the bodies which fate has not been able to part, is a secondary, almost irrelevant, matter, and may well be left unsaid, as the chronicler here leaves it.

Old Mole. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Cannan's novel, "Round the Corner," was reviewed but recently in these columns. With the fine martial regularity of the better-class English novelist the author puts forth his new contribution—a well-constructed, skilfully handled book, depicting life in the England of to-day. The book is an advance on its predecessor. It is clever, even eloquent, certain to hold the attention of the reader; but still it leaves in the mind a vague incompleteness. Few more picturesque characters than Old Mole have set forth on their travels in a latter-day English novel. There is a flavor of Fielding in the tale. Herbert Jocelyn Beenham, M.A., "sometime sixth-form master at Thrigsby Grammar School in the county of Lancaster," is no ordinary schoolmaster. And even though an absurd combination of circumstances sends him, after twenty-five years of teaching, spattered with scandal, into a caravan of strolling, somewhat shady, and drunken players, there is nothing more silly about him than about Parson Adams or a hero of Le Sage. A picaresque aroma greets us at the very outset of the book and continues well into the heart of it.

The growth and development of Old Mole continue amain, but once he quits the strolling life and turns, by those vicissitudes that make life, into a London celebrity, he is no longer so interesting. The tale runs to its logical conclusion and Old Mole continues a lovable old fellow enough. But undeniably there is the lack we spoke of, and it lies more, perhaps, in the heart of the author than in any of his characters. For though he would scarcely believe it, Mr. Cannan is still an intellectual in an age whose great men have left and are leaving mere intellectualism behind them. One is reminded of a passage in a book of Fielding Hall's that bears upon the point. "We want," he says, "that inward light that never dies. We want a greater unity than nature or humanity; to feel at one with that which never dies or changes." When Mr. Cannan attains to the vision of that inward light, his novels will attain to something much more than mere skill or cleverness or eloquence.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

The Quest of the Holy Grail. By Jessie L. Weston. (The Quest Series, edited by G. R. S. Mead.) New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

This is a clear and readable summary of modern speculations in regard to the origin and evolution of the legend of the Holy Grail. As in her larger works on the same subject, Miss Weston rejects the theories that this famous legend may have had its origin in Christian ceremony or traditions, or in folklore (more specifically Celtic) conceptions concerning a food-providing talisman; on the other hand, she again urges her own theory that it sprang from some occult ritual in honor of the Vegetation Spirit and that its closest parallel is to be found in the ancient Adonis cult of Egypt and the East. The Vase and Lance of the Grail procession she interprets accordingly as "well-known phallic symbols, the Vase or Cup [*i. e.*, the Holy Grail] representing the female, the Lance, or Spear, the male element, while the blood is the Life." This theory has, of course, excited widespread discussion, but from the nature of the case it withdraws itself from proof, and we do not believe that it will ever get beyond the status of an ingenious speculation. The gap of at least a thousand years between the Adonis cult of antiquity and our earliest records of the mediæval legend is in itself a serious matter. This, however, is not all, for, to employ Miss Weston's own words, "we do not know precisely—in fact, we know very slightly—what really took place at these feasts [*i. e.*, of Adonis]." To be sure, Miss Weston cites some supposed modern survivals of these rituals which are intended to honor and propitiate the animating Spirit of Nature, but the resemblances with the Grail legend are of the vaguest kind.

Apart from this general theory of origins, there is much in Miss Weston's interpretation of the texts that seems to us objectionable. To begin with, we have as little faith in Wauchier's appeal to a Welshman, Bleheris, as a source for his continuation of Chrétien's "Perceval" as we have in Layamon's similar appeal to Bede and Saint Albin at the beginning of his "Brut," not to mention other manufactured authorities of mediæval poets. No one, however, would judge from Miss Weston's book that there were still doubters on the subject, for she states without qualification: "but in any case we now know that the earliest extant form of the Grail story came from Wales." In a similar spirit throughout the present work she speaks of the so-called "Didot-Perceval," as if it were beyond all question the prose version of Robert de Borron's "Perceval." As a matter of fact, no one knows whether Robert de Borron ever wrote a "Perceval." Miss Weston is here taking for granted, of course, that the results of her studies on the subject in the second volume of her "Legend of Sir Perceval" are assured. This seems rather strange, however, in view of the fact that not a single Arthurian scholar (except Dr. Sommer, who, *more suo*, claims to have anticipated her) has accepted this supposed demonstration. For our own part, we differ with Miss Weston on certain fundamental principles of method. When a new conception concerning the Holy Grail appears in one of the later texts, we do not believe that this is likely to be an original trait of the legend neglected by earlier writers—rather, we should say that all the chances are in favor of its being an independent modification or addition of the author of the later text. We cannot accordingly ascribe to Wauchier's continuation of Chrétien's "Perceval" the same authority as Miss Weston does, and as far as the Vulgate Cycle of the prose romances is concerned, the case is even plainer; yet Miss Weston seriously connects a detail of one of the most fantastic episodes of the prose "Lancelot" (Gawain's visit to the Grail-Castle) with the Weeping Women feature of the Adonis rites. Altogether, she makes hardly any allowance for invention on the part of a group of writers who, as it appears to us, gave as free a rein to fancy as any that ever lived.

Miss Weston speaks of Dr. Furnivall's edition (1864) of the Old French "Queste del Saint Graal" as the only edition of this work, but we have now that of Dr. Sommer (which records the readings of various manuscripts and, besides, is much more accessible) in his "Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances," Vol. VI, published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, D. C. The "Merlin"—continuation (or "Livre d'Artus") of MS. 337 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, which is here referred to as unpublished—has also recently appeared as Vol. VII of the same series. Furthermore, Miss Weston seems unaware of the existence of Miss R. J. Peebles's Bryn Mawr thesis, "The Legend of Longinus in Ecclesiastical Tradition and in English Literature, and its connection with the Grail" (1911), which strengthens, however, materially the argument for the Christian origin of the Grail legend.

Splendid Failures. By Harry Graham. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

Five of the papers here collected have appeared in English reviews; the three now printed for the first time are quite as good. The title "A Splendid Failure" originally belonged to the paper on George Smythe, but very well suggests the character of the group, or rather the characteristic which they have in common. Smythe, Wolfe Tone, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Haydon the painter, Charles Townshend, "the Infant Roscius," Hartley Coleridge, and Maximilian of Mexico—a company of strange bedfellows, yet here they lie. In the thirty pages or so allotted to each Mr. Graham has contrived to give a clear impression of their personalities and their careers. Wolfe Tone, "the first of the Fenians," and George Smythe, "the Paladin of Young England," have been so thoroughly submerged by the wave of time as to call for somewhat violent means of resuscitation. Yet Tone was one of the most spirited and picturesque figures of his day, an Irish patriot who paid the full price for his Irishry. It was in the period of our own successful Revolution that he conceived the plan, which to-day sounds so modern and so unhopeful, "to break the connection with England . . . to unite the people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past divisions, and to substitute the common cause of Irishmen in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter."

George Smythe's splendor, like that of Wolfe Tone, Haydon, Charles Townshend, and Hartley Coleridge, was a splendor of promise rather than of achievement or desert. In all of these instances failure resulted from lack of self-control. Smythe was loved by Rogers, eulogized by Macaulay, marvelled at by all his contemporaries. He was the wit without peer, the orator who was to send his age down to history, the brilliant young statesman from whom anything might be expected. Nothing remains of it all; he is remembered vaguely as the original of Disraeli's "Coningsby." He was not a victim of fate, but simply failed, as the current phrase is, to "make good." With Hartley Coleridge we incline to lay something more to the score of inheritance: his weakness and his failure were hardly less. Haydon's lack of self-command took a different form. He knew what he wished to do and bent himself to his task with untiring energy. But he lacked poise, judgment, common-sense, and his genius o'erleaped itself.

The failures of William Henry Betty and the Emperor Maximilian are of a very different sort. In his character of the "Infant Roscius" Betty was anything but a failure. The boy, under his 'teens, who could so cry out on the top of question, so berattle the English stage, that players like Charles Kemble and Mrs. Siddons herself were forced to share his triumphs in order to triumph at all—such a boy, even if his supremacy ended after two seasons, must be held to have succeeded. Betty commanded ten times the salary of the best actors of the day. The House of Commons once adjourned, on Pitt's motion, to see the Infant Roscius in "Hamlet"—it was one of the most amazing flukes in his-

tory. But it was a fluke. When Betty, his education completed, his manly stature attained, again ascended the stage, it was to appear with small applause before provincial audiences. He seems to have accepted the situation with a good grace, and his early success had made him independent. The fluke by which Maximilian ascended his perilous throne was to have no such comfortable corollary. Yet that also was a fluke. His momentary glory was a glory of circumstance, and not of character. The reverse is true of Toussaint L'Ouverture. Here is the one heroic figure of the group. His success was on the great scale; in no generous sense, no sense that he himself would have accepted, did the pathos of his end affect it.

Alone in the Wilderness. By Joseph Knowles. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.20 net.

As the complexity of civilization increases, experimental returns to aboriginal simplicity will doubtless multiply; though one can scarcely see why any one should care to repeat the triumphant experiment of Mr. Knowles. At last the dream of a thoroughgoing return to nature has been realized. A self-tutored artist (formerly a wilderness guide), Mr. Knowles went into the woods of northern Maine in August, 1913, naked, without so much as a match or a knife, and, after living for the stipulated two months in total independence of the advantages of civilization, emerged tanned and bearded, clad in bearskin and deerskin, carrying bow and arrows and a deer-horn knife. Before the experiment, Mr. Knowles's physical condition, as recorded by Dr. Sargent, of Harvard University, indicated that he was an exceptional man; after the experiment, a second examination showed an appreciable gain.

His life in the woods the author habitually views in two aspects, the physical and the mental. He entered the woods on a rainy day, and, being unable to make a fire, he spent two nights resting and running alternately at short intervals in order to keep warm. Afterwards he enjoyed the warmth of a fire and the shelter of a lean-to, save for one miserable night which resulted in a fever. His food consisted of berries, bark, fish, partridges, squirrels, and some venison and bear meat. The bear he trapped, and killed by clubbing him on the nose; the deer he killed by breaking his neck by main force. Mr. Knowles apparently did not suffer through the absence of salt from his diet, nor from the extreme irregularity of his eating, as regards both quantity and time. Nor was he rendered uncomfortable through giving up suddenly the habit of smoking cigarettes. His physical life, in brief, though not without tribulations, seemed to him of almost trifling importance in comparison with his mental life.

"My suffering," he writes, "was purely mental and a hundredfold worse than any physical suffering I experienced." It had never occurred to him that he might be lonely, but the thought of his isolation and of his friends and his past life tortured him so relentlessly, especially at twilight, that he vowed again and again that he would return next day to the camp whence he had entered upon his wanderings. Seeking diversion from his thoughts of civilized life, he drew, on birch bark, with burnt sticks from his fires, a number of sketches, first-rate examples of which illustrate his book; and he found further diversion in cultivating the friendship of a chipmunk, a flock of partridges, and a deer and fawn, to all of whom he spoke as to human beings.

Mr. Knowles's account of his experiment, though badly written with respect to grammar and diction, is sufficiently vivid and detailed. The chief defect in the book consists in the conclusions that he endeavors to draw. Though these conclusions are, in spirit and substance, in accord with some of the leading thoughts of our day, they are set forth in a disorganized, slapdash manner, and, when related with the author's intentions regarding his future, are fatuous. His experiment is to "lead up to something of international importance and magnitude"—at least, if his plans are carried out they "will create a new foundation on which the nation may stand." More specifically, what he hopes to establish, "with the coöperation of the United States Government," is a "College of Nature," "where young men may go for a short time, just as they go to college to learn things scientific." It is to be hoped that Mr. Knowles will use his influence, such as it is, wisely. Whatever the extent of his influence, he has certainly attracted in New England a considerable public attention of a cap-flinging kind, which is well illustrated by a photograph showing "a portion of the crowd that greeted Joseph Knowles on his arrival in Boston." Since, however, a small part of the public remains skeptical, Mr. Knowles is planning a second excursion, on which he will allow "a dozen representative men" to accompany him and watch him.

Vom Weltreich des deutschen Geistes. Von Eugen Kühnemann. München: C. H. Beck.

There is a tendency among the writers of books to make a volume of miscellaneous prose something like a scrap-bag into which is thrown everything that cannot be placed elsewhere: essays, addresses, after-dinner speeches, book reviews, etc. The reader who expects from a book something different from what he is accustomed to read in the papers, would prefer, however, not to find in it references to yesterday's performance of a play, to last year's literary sensation, to banquets and other events of hardly more than temporary and local interest. To open a book with so momentous a title as the one quoted above and find the very first selection beginning:

> Hochansehnliche Festversammlung! Nach den Worten des Herrn Ministers ist die Königliche Akademie zu Posen nun eröffnet!

and a number of others introduced by allusions to the festive board at which they were delivered, is not likely to attune the reader's mind to the import of its message.

The author will be known here as the first German to hold the Carl Schurz professorship at the University of Wisconsin, from his exchange professorship at Harvard and his lectures and addresses at Columbia University, Carnegie Hall, etc. He enjoys a prestige and popularity that impose certain obligations, and to publish a book without removing the all too obvious traces of its origin seems a hazardous undertaking. The note of nationalism which runs through the volume, and the virtuosity with which the author plays upon the emotions of his readers, continually remind of the platform and of a more or less solemn or festive gathering. Without the passages that frankly refer to these occasions, the reader might take the book more seriously. For there are in it some commendable papers on Socrates, Plato, Rousseau, Frederick the Great, Kant, Fichte, Herder, Schiller, on the last of whom Professor Kühnemann is especially authorized to speak. Even the papers on Bismarck and Schurz and the Schurz memorial address are thoughtful and suggestive. But the festive mood lends itself to the utterance of so-called beautiful sentiments which on the printed page impress as sonorous platitudes, and Professor Kühnemann has not escaped the pitfalls of his oratorical vocabulary. Moreover, the things said and done during his visits to this country, while undoubtedly meritorious in themselves and significant to the academic world immediately concerned, are hardly of such momentous interest as to be faithfully recorded in a book intended for the general reader. They, too, were undoubtedly included to emphasize the note of Germany's intellectual hegemony, which point of view explains the author's criticism that Gerhart Hauptmann unduly accented the note of pacific internationalism in his "Festspiel in deutschen Reimen."

Some readers will also take exception to Professor Kühnemann's attitude towards modern science and the manner in which he disposes of Haeckel. He

says in the address entitled "Leben und Wissenschaft":

Es ist in frischem Gedächtnis, wie ein verdienter Forscher vor unser Volk getreten ist mit dem Anspruch, die Welträtsel zu lösen; wir kennen seinen beispiellosen Erfolg. Denn dieselben Leute, die sich ungebildet vorkommen würden, wenn sie nicht den Theologen und Philosophen bei ihren Gedankengängen das ungläubigste Misstrauen entgegenbrächten, ergeben sich so leicht wehrlos den Behauptungen, die von der Seite der Naturwissenschaft kommen. Die moderne Naturwissenschaft ist ohne Zweifel ein Stolz des menschlichen Wissens. Aber diese Erscheinungen zeigen, dass der Glaube an sie in der gegenwärtigen populären Bildung zum Aberglauben geworden ist.

His attitude towards American education may be gathered from the following sentences on President Eliot:

Eliot gehört nicht zu den grossen Denkern, nicht zu denen, die wie Plato, wie Kant, wie Goethe den Jahrtausenden geboten. Er hat nicht aus unerhörten Tiefen neue Quellen aufsprudeln lassen für die Menschheit. Er ist rein amerikanisch. Er hat mit dem gesundesten Verstande und mit unerschütterlicher Energie die Umbildung von Harvard zur Gelehrtenuniversität im europäischen Sinne vollzogen, immer aber den Gedanken der Erziehung zum öffentlichen Dienst des ganzen Volkes festgehalten. Er hat die Atmosphäre geschaffen, in der der Typus des Gelehrten auf amerikanischem Boden gedeihen kann.

Notes

Mr. W. E. Carson is bringing out, through Macmillan, a new edition of his "Mexico, the Wonderland of the South."

We may expect in a few days from the University of Chicago Press "Unpopular Government in the United States," by Albert M. Kales.

The following are titles in Little, Brown's list of forthcoming books: "From an Island Outpost," impressions and observations by Mary E. Waller; "Felicidad," a romance by Rowland Thomas; "The Adventures of Peter Cottontail" and "The Adventures of Unc' Billy Possum," both by Thornton W. Burgess, and "Great Jurists of the World from Papinian to Von Ihering," in the Continental Legal History series.

"The Business of a Gentleman" is a story by H. M. Dickinson which Putnams are issuing this week.

This week John Lane Co. is publishing "The Garden Patch," by Edward DuBois Flint, and a popular edition of "The Red Lily," Anatole France's manual of garden plants garnished with poetry and observations.

Books soon to be brought out by Small, Maynard & Co. include: "Mrs. Brand," by H. A. Mitchell Keays; "The Dog and the Child and the Ancient Sailor Man," by Robert A. Wason; "Sunrise Valley," by Marion Hill; "Sweetapple Cove," by George Van Schaick, and "More About King Edward," by Edward Legge.

A. C. McClurg's spring announcements include in fiction: "The Hoosier Volunteer," by Kate and Virgil D. Boyles; "The House of the Dawn," by Marah Ellis Ryan; "Fine Feathers," by Webster Denison; "Shea of the Irish Brigade," by Randall Parrish; "The Green Seal," by Charles Edmonds Walk.—History and biography: "The Coming Hawaii," by Joseph King Goodrich; "Kit Carson Days," by Edwin L. Sabin, and Junipero Serra, his Life and his Work," by A. H. Fitch.—Economics and sociology: "A Primer of Political Economy," by Alfred B. Mason, and in the National Social Science series, edited by Frank L. McVey, the following: "The State and Government," by John S. Young; "The City," by Henry C. Wright; "Political Economy," by Frank L. McVey; "Competition, Fair and Unfair," by John Franklin Crowell; "The Cost of Living," by Walter E. Clark; "Rural Welfare," by John L. Coulter, and "Statistics," by W. B. Bailey.—Miscellaneous: "The Art of Story-Telling," by Julia Darrow Cowles; "Daly's Billiard Book," by Maurice Daly and W. W. Harris; "Earmarks of Literature," by Arthur E. Bostwick; "Right Living, Messages to Youth from Men Who Have Achieved," edited by Homer H. Cooper, and "Will o' the Wasps," nature studies by Margaret Warner Morley.

The following miscellaneous books are in Houghton Mifflin's spring announcements: "The Women We Marry," by Arthur Stanwood Pier; "Stories and Poems and Other Uncollected Writings," by Bret Harte; "Overland Red, a Romance of the Moonstone Cañon Trail," anonymous; "When Thoughts Will Soar," by Baroness Bertha von Suttner, authorized translation by Nathan Haskell Dole; "The Heart's Country," by Mary Heaton Vorse; "Memoirs of Youth," by Giovanni. Visconti Venosta, translated by William R. Thayer; "A Child of the Orient," by Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown); "The First Step," a short novel by Eliza Orne White; "In the High Hills," poems by Maxwell Struthers Burt; "Henri Bergson," by Emil Carl Wilm; "Commodore George Hamilton Perkins, U. S. N., his Life and Letters," by Carroll Storrs Alden; "Ægean Days and Other Sojourns and Studies in the Isles of Greece," by J. Irving Manatt; "The Misadventures of Three Good Boys," by Henry A. Shute; "Confederate Portraits," by Gamaliel Bradford; "The Owl and the Bobolink," by Emma C. Dowd; "Where Rolls the Oregon," by Dallas Lore Sharp; "What Is it to Be Educated?" by C. Hanford Henderson; "A Life of Tolstoy," by Edward Garnett; "The New Politics and Other Essays," by William Garrott Brown; "Before Vassar Opened, the Beginnings of the Education of Women in America," by James Monroe Taylor; "Religious Confessions and Confessants," by Anna Robeson Burr; "The Americans in the Philippines," by James E. Le Roy, with an introduction by William H. Taft; "Letters of a Woman Homesteader," by Elinore Pruitt Stewart; "Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, the Beginning of the Feud, a Narrative in Contemporary Letters," by Frank A. Mumby; "The Sister of the Wind and Other Poems," by Grace Fallow Norton; "On the Cosmic Relations," by Henry Holt, and "The Place of the Church in Evolution," by John Mason Tyler.

Among the books announced by Rand, McNally & Co. are "Figures Famed in Fiction," by H. G. Pillsbury, and "Where He Dwelt," a life of Christ by Alfred T Schofield, M.D.

From time to time we have commented on the successive issues of the "Collected Works of William Morris," which the Longmans have been publishing, and as the long row of the volumes increases —there are twenty of them now—their monumental effect becomes more apparent. Though they show nothing of the artificial typography of the products of the Kelmscott Press—being indeed more readable than those books, if not so lovely—their handsome page and excellent photogravures would have delighted the eye of the master printer. The four volumes now issued, XVII to XX, contain "The Wood Beyond the World," "The Well at the World's End," "The Water of the Wondrous Isles," and several of the shorter prose romances. They are part of the marvellous improvisation that went on in Morris's busy brain in the intervals between his Socialist propaganda and his occupation with the Kelmscott Press. His daughter, Miss May Morris, who continues her delightful introductions, tells how in that period of nine crowded years he wrote ten of these tales, some of them works of considerable length. He seldom corrected; if his first draft did not suit him he would ordinarily throw it away, and make a fresh start; and not the least interesting part of the introductions is the number of these fragmentary sketches and beginnings which Miss Morris has rescued. Especially by comparing these later fragments with some from his Oxford days, which she also prints, one sees how little Morris really changed or grew in the thirty bustling years between his youthful and his mature prose. There was increase of knowledge and, possibly, a more portentous fluency, but he was the same light-armed improviser always; of true gravity or the power of arresting the reader he had as much in the callow Oxford era as in his age of social zeal. Miss Morris gives a picture of him presiding at the Hammersmith lectures which is like a flash of critical intuition into his soul, although she did not mean it to be taken in just this way:

Whenever possible, my father would take the chair for the Sunday lecture, and after this lapse of years I can hardly picture the meeting-room without him as the central figure—though indeed something of him was always with us when not present. I can see him seated at the plain wooden table taking notes, or absently decorating the paper with flower-work and lettering; or, with his head splendidly relieved against a background of indefinite mixed shadow, speaking down the narrow room on "Early England" to listeners happy to be taken for an hour out of the stress of disputed problems. When the meeting was over, Mr. Walker, or one of us, would often go to the chairman's table just to see what the little drawings were, left on paper or blotting-pad. Such pretty wanderings of the pencil! A sort of planchette-drawing—dream-roses and

twining garlands that formed themselves unbidden.

Somehow that involuntary wandering of the artist's hand in pretty, decorative ways, that uncontrolled revelling of the imagination in an ancient world idealized out of all semblance of the reality, seem to let us very intimately into the secret of his social revolt and of his revolutionary tales. In any proper sense of the word he was no Socialist at all, but, like a good many other of the more refined of the brotherhood, an anarchist of dreams; his picture of the converted world is like that which must come to a naughty child who has run away and fallen asleep in a meadow of miraculous flowers.

The president of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, Dr. John Venn, has gone into some pleasant by-ways of research for the material of a volume of short essays which he has brought together under the title, "Early Collegiate Life" (Cambridge, Eng.: Heffer). Drawing on the records of his own college for illustration, Dr. Venn gives in these papers an intimate and no less entertaining picture of life in one of the great universities of England when the institution was in its youth and early manhood. Some of the papers were read on the occasion of particular college celebrations, and there is a filial piety in those dealing with the memories of founders and benefactors that is very charming and that emphasizes pleasingly the continuity of collegiate traditions and ideals. The essay on The Early Undergraduate reveals the fact that, in the course of some four hundred years, that species has suffered variation principally in its external plumage. In 1579 the Vice-Chancellor complains of a young gentleman of the name of Punter that "he was detectid of much disorder; as, namely, that he had uncased, as they call it, one of the stagekeepers of Caius College plucking off his visor," and that thereafter Punter had been guilty of other flagrant indiscretions. *Mutatis mutandis* we seem to recognize the picture. There is some uncommonly good reading in the chapter entitled Academic "Sports," the "sports" referred to having no relation to athletics, but being various eccentric characters who at one time and another have been members of Caius College. Undergraduate letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries throw an interesting light on university life of the time, especially on the expenses incidental to a university career, and here again the diplomatically worded appeals to his father for money of a certain William Gaudy can be paralleled by modern instances.

In "The Forest of Dean" (Dutton) Arthur O. Cooke has made a welcome contribution to the literature of touristry. His book pretends to no more ambitious aim than that, and it fulfils its purpose admirably. The Forest of Dean is less familiar to the tourist than the larger crown preserves of the New Forest, but it is hardly less interesting, and certainly not less picturesque. It is curious, therefore, that it has not heretofore found a writer to celebrate its beauties in a volume more pretentious than the guidebook. Lying on the peninsula of Gloucestershire, between the Severn and the Wye, the Forest is in the heart of some of the most beautiful scenery in England. As a crown preserve it dates probably from pre-Norman times, and it has shared in the checkered history common to all the crown lands, its early records telling the familiar tale of oppression by the royal huntsmen in protecting their "tall deer" from the onslaught of the vulgar, and of contumaciousness on the part of the sturdy, half-tamed inhabitants of the Forest. Mr. Cooke's purpose is descriptive rather than historical, and his account of the history of the Forest is perhaps more condensed than it need have been. The descriptive chapters, however, are excellently written, dealing not only with the scenery and points of interest, but with the life of the people and the industries of the Forest. The book is freely illustrated with drawings of considerable merit, in color and in black and white, by J. W. King.

The relations of the judiciary and the people, under our system of government, have never received a better exposition than in Mr. Frederick N. Judson's Yale lectures which make up the little volume, "The Judiciary and the People." Mr. Judson is impressed with the grave importance of his theme, and discusses it seriously, candidly, and courageously. There is no flippancy, no appeal to emotion, no demagoguery. The first lecture is devoted to the independence of the judiciary and the separation of the powers of government, under our Federal and State Constitutions. In the second and third lectures, the supremacy of the judiciary over illegal executive acts and unconstitutional legislation is explained and justified. While the author has no hesitation in rejecting the view that the courts were guilty of usurpation of power, when they began the practice of nullifying statutes, because unconstitutional, he is not disposed to commend all of the decisions which have annulled legislation. He notes with commendation the more liberal construction by the United States Supreme Court of the police power, and ascribes the narrower view often taken by State courts to the "excessive restraints upon legislative power" in many State Constitutions, and to the "progressive deterioration in the character of State legislation." The fourth lecture is the one which will be read with most interest and profit, for it deals with the recall of judicial decisions and judges. While it contains nothing which is very novel or brilliant, it presents the leading arguments for and against these schemes with the utmost fairness. Mr. Judson's conclusion as to the recall of judicial decisions is, that "it misconceives the fundamental theory of our political system with its distribution of the powers of government." He is equally outspoken in his condemnation of the scheme for the recall of judges. Its tendency, he believes, "would be to substitute for the fearless and independent judge, a spineless, flabby, cowardly judge, shaken by every wind. . . . The fatal objection to it is not that the people would necessarily be unwise in its exercise, but because its existence, whether exercised or not, would be fatal to the independence of our judges." In the concluding lecture, Mr. Judson deals with the defects in our judicial procedure. Most of these he traces to legislation based upon distrust of the judiciary, and the consequent inability of judges properly to control the conduct of trials. "The only effective remedy for this deplorable situation," he declares, "is the vesting of a larger discretion in the judges, so that they may have the power and the independence to disregard technicalities, to regulate the rules of procedure, and inaugurate a reform of the anomalies of our archaic rules of evidence."

A quaint and extraordinary anthology has been brought together by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Brown and published by Putmans, under the title of "Dedications." These, taken mainly from English and American books, but with a few foreign titles included, are divided into groups in accordance with the person or object addressed, and there is a certain interest in the resulting categories, such as, for example, "To Deity," "To Lovers of Mankind," "To Oneself," "To Animals," "To Things Spiritual," "To Any and Every One." Within each group the dedications are arranged chronologically, and a philosopher could find much to muse on in the change of tone from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Perhaps what will astonish most of those who open the book is the amount of graceful literature, in prose and verse, to be found within its covers; it is a kind of history of men and manners in allusion and epigram and direct eulogy.

Quiet as a falling leaf is the manner of Lady Ritchie in her last volume, "From the Porch" (Scribner). Whether entitled "Divagations," "Monographs," or "Reminiscences," her substance is largely the memories of other days. What a various experience has been hers. In "A Discourse of Modern Sibyls" she gives personal recollections of George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Oliphant, with the placidity of a knitter in the sun. A whole chapter is devoted to Charles Dickens, and Browning, Carlyle, and Tennyson walk for us again in Kensington Gardens. In her "Monographs," she frequently uses letters to call back the faded faces of little-known people of a bygone age. "The Swan of Lichfield" appears in a garb much less Johnsonian than one would expect. Mrs. John Taylor, of Norwich, sits quietly among her group of friends. Major James Rennell, the geographer, writes old-world letters to his grandson. Morland and Stevens rise briefly from the past. Other more personal papers there are, but all are fitly included in "From the Porch," for all are like glimpses down a vista flecked by the soft sunlight of an English afternoon.

The reprint of Lord Cromer's "Political and Literary Essays" (Macmillan) conveys the same impression of his mental quality that was made by his "Modern Egypt." The reader renews acquaintance with an intellect of singular poise and sagacity. One finds here fuller proof of the author's range of reading and delight in literature for its own sake; and the pages on Disraeli, which we had

noted on their first appearance in the *Spectator*, are touched with more moral fervor than Lord Cromer customarily cares to display. His seizure upon the Oriental nature of Disraeli, together with his exposing of the man's character in all its ethical poverty, was not only a piece of honest criticism, but a bold thing to do. It provoked many in England to resentment. They did not like to see the adventurer stripped by the statesman.

The bulk of Lord Cromer's volume, however, is devoted to variants of his old themes. British Imperialism, the policies of colonial government, the treatment of subject races—with all these he deals. Out of his own long experience and reflection he has evolved certain rules of administration, and these he would apply, with the necessary local adjustments, whether in Egypt or India, China or South Africa. Lord Cromer is fully aware of the nemesis which a Christian and democratic government over weaker peoples creates for itself. It is committed to their education; yet their education invariably results in discontent and agitation. But there is no turning back. We must allow enlightenment to do its work. Only, the wise governor, the foresighted Imperialist, will be all the time conceding enough to native demands to knock the props from under the native demagogue or insurrectionary. It is obviously a dangerous game, requiring the closest observation and the nicest play, but of such is Imperialism, according to one of its greatest modern practicers and expounders.

Mr. Francis Watt is not a particularly clever writer, nor is he even very skilful as a compiler, but a "Book of Edinburgh Anecdotes" is the sort of thing that would make itself, and his volume of that title, published by Scribners, has abundance of entertainment, not to mention some good pictures. The scattering fire of witticisms and stories is divided into chapters in accordance with the men concerned—lawyers, churchmen, scholars, doctors, royalty, authors, artists, and the like. A comparison of the wit of these various classes might make a pretty little essay, and the palm, we think, would certainly go to the bar and bench, with literature a good second. It is noticeable also that the faces of the lawyers, as shown in these portraits, are the strongest and most full of character, as if that profession was best suited to ripen the canny and disputatious traits of the Scots nature. Those who know their "Weir of Hermiston" will not be surprised to find a vein of sardonic grimness running through the legal humor of Edinburgh, and there is no better specimen of this than the Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield, on whom Stevenson is said to have modelled his Judge. One of Braxfield's maxims was: "Hang a thief when he is young, and he'll no' steal when he is auld." His opinion of reformers was equally thoroughgoing: "They would a' be muckle the better o' being hangit." And it was at the trial of the reformer, Gerrald, that he made his famous, and most blasphemous, remark. The prisoner had urged that the Author of Christianity himself was a reformer. "Muckle He made o' that," growled Braxfield, "He was hangit."

Of the literary anecdotes collected by Mr. Watt we can quote only one. It is characteristic at once of De Quincey's magniloquent way of talking, even when ordering a dinner, and of the Scottish servant of the old days. "Weel," said the cook, "I never heard the like o' that in a' my days; the bodie has an awfu' sicht of words. If it had been my ain maister that was wanting his denner he would ha' ordered a hale tablefu' in little mair than a waff o' his han', and here's a' this claver aboot a bit mutton no bigger than a preen. Mr. De Quinshay would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at."

The omniscient Baedeker has not yet felt the need of covering South America. It is to be hoped that with the opening of the Panama Canal and the consequent inevitable increase of tourist traffic to the Southern Continent, he will rise to meet the occasion. A professional maker of guide-books is always at a tremendous advantage over the amateur. Long years of experience have taught him what information is safe to be included, and what may properly be omitted. In the meantime, by far the most useful *vade mecum* for the intending tourist is Miss Annie Peck's "South American Tour" (Doran), which has just appeared. Although it has many of the faults which one finds in amateur guide-books, including the presence of time-tables, always subject to change, irregular and unsystematic arrangement of details, and an inadequate index, it is really a creditable performance. Numerous photographs add to its value and many of them, now appearing for the first time, are unusually interesting. The personality of the author does not obtrude itself unpleasantly. The book contains interesting, brief historical paragraphs and a vast amount of detail, which testifies to care and diligence in the work of compilation, although there are a number of amusing mistakes, chiefly due to the author's unfamiliarity with the Spanish language. "Matriz," for instance, which, as everyone one knows, is the term applied to a cathedral or metropolitan church, is supposed by the author to be the name of a large plaza! Even Baedeker is at times unconsciously humorous in some of his detailed explanations, so it is not surprising that Miss Peck should have thought it necessary to state that in the Maury Hotel "generally a button will be found near the head of the bed, by which the light may be extinguished after retiring." Although there are no references to the chief cities of Venezuela and Colombia or the Guianas, on the excuse that the ordinary visitor to South America does not visit these places, the rest of the Continent is well covered from the tourist point of view. Most of the places described appear to have been visited by the author. Considering the amount of pains which Miss Peck has taken in producing the text, it is greatly to be regretted that her publishers did not supply the book with an adequate map of South America and plans of the principal cities.

Theodore Low DeVinne, president of the well-known DeVinne Press, died Monday at his home in this city. He was born at Stamford, Conn., December 25, 1828. He learned the printer's trade in the office of the Newburg *Gazette*, and later was an employee and then partner of Francis Hart. After Mr. Hart's death he succeeded to the business, in 1877. With a great love for artistic printing he stoutly maintained that the best work could not be done with typesetting machines. As an author, he is remembered for "Invention of Printing," "Historic Types," "Christopher Plantin," "Plain Printing Types," "Notable Printers of Italy During the Fifteenth Century," etc. At one time he was a valued contributor to the *Nation* on matters of typography and the like.

Edward le Moyne Heydecker, Assistant Tax Commissioner in this city, who died early last week, aged fifty, was the editor of the "General Laws" and of various textbooks, and was author of "Commentary on Mechanics' Liens" and "War Revenue Law, Annotated."

Dr. Roswell Park, one of the most eminent of American surgeons, died suddenly at his home in Buffalo on Sunday. He was born at Pomfret, Conn., in 1852, and in 1872 graduated from Racine College, Wisconsin. Since 1883 he had been professor of surgery at the University of Buffalo. Dr Park was one of the physicians who attended President McKinley after the assassination. He was the author of "Lectures on Surgical Pathology," "History of Medicine," "Textbook of Surgery," two volumes; and "The Principles and Practice of Modern Surgery."

Alphonse Bertillon, whose system of identifying criminals by thumb-prints has been widely employed, died in Paris on Friday. He was born in Paris in 1853, and early became interested in anthropometry. In the early eighties he demonstrated the value of his discoveries, and since that time had been head of the department of identification of the Paris police. He was also a handwriting expert, and it will be remembered that in this capacity he was called in to testify in the Dreyfus trial. Among his numerous treatises are works on anthropology, ethnology, and criminal photography, besides those in his special field. For his services to science he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Drama

Mr. Faust. By Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1 net.

This modern paraphrase of the Faust legend is clever enough to justify the boldness of its inception. Its motive is the glorification of the spirit of individualism and the theme is worked out with no little dramatic ingenuity and uncommon literary imagination and facility. Faust is a man of the world, young, rich, cultivated, and cynical be-

cause of the variety of human pleasures and ambitions. In the first act he is discussing life with his two friends, Brander, who, being in love, is an optimist, and Oldham, a pessimist, whom disgust with existing conditions has brought to the verge of suicide. When they leave him, he moralizes, in a passage of notable eloquence, on the vexatious problems of life and liberty, and consigns to the Devil a statue of Washington for the calm indifference which it expresses to the doubts with which he is afflicted. Then Satan appears in the guise of a well-dressed commonplace citizen, introduces himself courteously, and, after accepting a glass of Scotch whiskey, offers his services. The conversation that follows is written in an admirable vein of serio-comic satirical humor worthy of Shaw or Gilbert. Faust, finally convinced of his visitor's identity, maintains that he is powerless to minister to the discontent that comes of exhausted experience and laughs contemptuously at the old temptations of sensual pleasures, poetically portrayed, and the power of incalculable wealth. Changing his tone, Satan next depicts the joys of an earthly Paradise, remote from all the distractions of civilization, the abode of perfect peace, and pledges himself to become the slave of his host unconditionally, if he cannot find happiness therein. Faust accepts and presently departs with the subservient fiend and Oldham, who has returned to say farewell before killing himself, and joyfully seizes the chance of a respite from his troubles.

The scene then shifts to a tropical elysium, wherein resides a venerable Buddhist, who expounds "the way" and dilates upon the blessedness of Nirvana. Oldham is converted; but the imperious will of Faust revolts at the idea of absorption into nothingness. He refuses the proffered Paradise and challenges the Devil to acknowledge defeat and submit to servitude. But Satan, temporizing, says that he knows of a yet more certain sanctuary, and straightway transports Faust and himself to the nave of a great cathedral, wherein he appears as a priest, explaining that, contrary to all received notions concerning him, he is really one of the humblest agents of the Almighty, his mission being to suggest evil to men solely with a view to their ultimate salvation. Faust, bewildered, gradually succumbing to the emotional influences of solemn ceremony, celestial music, and the atmosphere of the place, is on the verge of a rapturous profession of faith, when he realizes that this must entail the submission of his own individual to the Eternal will, and, in an outburst of passionate protest, asserts his own inviolable independence, though with little comprehension of the subtle ecclesiastical distinctions between predestination and free will. In the fourth act Faust, who now recognizes Satan as his inveterate foe, bent only upon his enslavement, creates a riot in a public meeting, by denouncing the theistic idea and declaring that Satan is the father of all the creeds, which are only his lures for the general destruction of mankind. In the resultant uproar he is stricken down, and in the last act he is dying, using his ebbing energies to complete the story of his trials for the benefit of the world. Satan, still his familiar, assails him for the last time, warning him that the death of the body is followed by the slow, agonizing, and final dissolution of the soul, but that this bitter experience may, in his case, be averted. Let him surrender his book and he, Satan, having the power, will insure for him dead, painless oblivion. This temptation, too, Faust spurns, triumphantly proclaiming that he has found his peace in the assurance that he, whether immortal or not himself, is at any rate a part of the life-principle that is immortal, and that, in the end, he will have his share in the immortality to be reached by later generations of aspiring souls kindred to his own. His book he bequeaths to his one disciple, Midge, the intelligent but ignorant little servant girl whom his friend Brander, repenting her seduction, has married. The cynical reader will ask: Does Mr. Ficke have in mind that Satan is so nervous about the influence of "Mr. Faust"?

Mr. Björkman has done well to include this play in the Modern Drama series which he is editing. That it could ever be a success upon the stage is most unlikely. To the religious public it would, of course, be anathema. But it is essentially dramatic, and deals with great issues in a serious, if somewhat fantastic, way. The employment of an active personal Devil in a rationalistic scheme is obviously illogical, but as a dramatic figure he is strong and subtle. In intellect and guile he is a worthy representation of the Prince of Darkness. And the study of Faust, self-centred, aspiring, and indomitable, is drawn with consistency and power. But in the final estimate it is not easy to discern much difference between annihilation and complete fusion in a flood of immortal ether.

"Sanctuary," Percy MacKaye's bird-masque, which was given last summer in New Hampshire, will be published at once by Stokes.

Included in the spring announcements of A. C. McClurg & Co. are "Gerhart Hauptmann, His Life and Work," by Karl Holl, and "The Green Cockatoo and Other Plays," by Arthur Schnitzler.

Mr. Edwin Björkman, whose authorized translations, for the Scribners, of Strindberg's plays have now reached a third series, calls the present instalment unusually representative. It is said to give "a cross-section of Strindberg's development as a dramatist from his naturalistic revolt in the middle eighties to his final arrival at resigned mysticism and Swedenborgian symbolism." To discover quite this would require a closer reading of the text than the reviewer has been able to compass. On the surface most of these plays present the old familiar picture of an author grieved and peevish because life falls short of his ideal. It is, of course, the writer himself speaking when one of the characters says: "I tell you . . . that when you happen to be born without a film over your eyes, then you see life and your fellow creatures as they are—and you have to be a pig to feel at home in such a mess." The play, in the present batch, which most completely embodies this spirit is "After the Fire." The house of a dyer of supposedly respectable family has burned down. The action of the drama takes place among the ruins, which furnish a diabolically clever device for disillusion. First, all the keys are found together, which fact would seem to prove that the fire was incendiary; next the position of a certain lamp implies illicit relations between the owner's wife and a boarder; the owner also is convicted of diverting to himself a portion of the inheritance designed for his brother; and by hidden closets it is seen that the late sire of the family had made his fortune by smuggling.

"Debit and Credit" and "The Thunderstorm," which are included in this volume, are mere sketches in a similar vein. In the former a doctor of philosophy, through a loan contracted by his brother, has achieved some fame as an African explorer. When he returns to Sweden the net of evil circumstances which this and another loan have set going tightens about him to the point of suffocation. To cap the climax, his fiancée proves to be a harlot. "The Thunder-storm" seems less unfinished because it contains at least one complete picture, that of a selfish old gentleman who, having left his wife and child according to a pre-marital agreement, has settled down to finish out his life in self-centred peace. Of course, the wife comes back to mock him, in Strindberg's approved fashion; has, in fact, been living over him in the same apartment house long before he discovered it, and with her new husband has been conducting gambling rooms. Even after the readjustment at the close of the play, the old gentleman feels no assurance that he has seen the last of her. "Advent," described by the author as "A Miracle Play," is in the manner of "The Dream Play," which has been fully characterized in these columns. It is only another long-drawn-out riddling of what passes on earth as respectability. "Simoom" is a study in atmosphere, and as such is well done. The action is supposed to take place in Algeria at the present time, and an Arabian girl at the dictation of her lover kills a lieutenant of the Zouaves by invoking the spirit of Simoom, the storm. The killing is artistically contrived by devices of song, dancing, and charms, all being designed to furnish hypnotic suggestion. The one bright spot in the volume is the

fairy play of "Swanwhite." Some have thought Strindberg in this instance under the influence of Maeterlinck, and he may have been so far as concerns petty details. But the play lacks the Belgian's organized symbolism, and may indeed be enjoyed without any reading between the lines. We commend it to those who are anxious to see Strindberg applauded on the American stage. It would furnish a happy surprise after the impression left by "The Father" and "Miss Julia."

Although Mr. Björkman's translations are, for the most part, in smooth, idiomatic English, they are not entirely free from slips which are easily traceable to Scandinavian usage. On p. 94 we read, "*What* does that concern me?" On p. 83, "Well, *what* does that help us?" On p. 68, "*If* I know how to hate?" for "Do I," etc. On p. 210, "How I have *had it* during the summer?" for "How I have got on?" On p. 211, "I hope you pardon." On the same page, "now when I" for "now that I."

Ellen Terry will leave England next month for Australia and New Zealand, where she will talk about the heroines of Shakespeare. She will begin her venture in the Town Hall, Melbourne, on the 5th of May.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on January 27, says:

As was expected, M. Albert Carré, the new administrator-general of the Théâtre Français, has made it one of his first duties to secure for the theatre a closer monopoly of the services of its *Sociétaires*, or actors and actresses who have a financial interest in the institution. The Minister of Public Instruction, M. Viviani, to-day issued a decree modifying the famous Decree of Moscow, which contains the original constitution of the Comédie Française, and was signed by Napoleon in the Kremlin in 1812. For the future *Sociétaires* will not be allowed to use their leave of absence for their personal profit, unless authorized to do so by Ministerial decree, and the plays in which they perform outside the Théâtre Français must be on its répertoire. The regulations with regard to length of leave are to be strictly enforced, and *Sociétaires* will be fined £4 for every day taken beyond their allotted time. After three days the fine will be increased to £20 a day. The question of performances by the whole company outside Paris, such as those given in Brussels in the autumn, is still under consideration.

Music

EARS TO HEAR.

London, February 7.

St. Paul is not usually considered an authority on the arts, but there is an *obiter dictum* of his about music that is not out of date even to-day. Any concert-goer will immediately recognize its truth and value. "I will sing," said the apostle, "with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." Would that every modern "artiste" would follow his example!

The Pauline principle requires to be applied to playing and hearing as well as to singing. The second part of it needs especially to be emphasized. For every ten persons whose emotions respond to the music they perform or hear, there is not more than one who plays or listens intelligently. The conviction is growing that it is on this side that musical education in England most needs development. The standard of technical performance—of manual dexterity, that is to say—has notably risen during the last few decades. For example, there is a much higher finish in orchestral playing nowadays than a generation ago. But do not the finest performances lack something of their due effect if audiences are not able to "appreciate," in the strict sense of the word, the compositions to which they listen? The lack is now evidently felt, and attempts are made on all sides to repair it. Musical "appreciation" is becoming the subject of books and lectures, and advertisements of classes in it are occupying more and more space in the musical press.

One of the January educational meetings was a week's conference of music teachers and others held at Hammersmith. The programme devoted a whole afternoon to a discussion on the teaching of "musical appreciation"—or of "the appreciation of music," as one of the more precise speakers suggested it should be called. The conference was unanimous in the belief that appreciation ought to be taught, and could be taught. The chairman, Percy A. Scholes, one of the most active propagandists of the Home Music Study Union, did his utmost to elicit some expression of adverse opinion, but no *advocatus diaboli* could be induced to appear. That in itself was surely a sign of the times.

The keynote of the discussion was the recognition that music has to do with three things—the physical, the intellectual, and the emotional. Appreciation implies the joint operation of the three. In teaching, it has been the custom to pass directly from the physical part to the emotional, especially in the case of children of exceptional musical talent. Only in a minor degree has any intellectual element found place in the course. If it has become at all prominent it has been taught quite apart from the other elements. Harmony, for instance, has ordinarily been taught away from the keyboard, and the student has mastered its rules much as though he were taking lessons in mathematics. In advocating that the emotional and intellectual sides should not be kept apart, Mrs. Curwen happily referred to the delight children take in pulling things to pieces. Let the teacher show the child how to pull a tune to pieces. The child will follow the process with lively interest. "Oh, that's how tunes are made, is it?" he will exclaim, and straightway he will wish to try to make up tunes for himself.

Stress was laid by several speakers upon the importance of carrying the intellectual analysis of music as far as the point at which it works sub-consciously. The chairman aptly quoted the old rhyme about the centipede which lost her power to run owing to the toad's malicious query, "Pray, which leg goes after which?" The objection to the analytical programme, said Prof. Stewart Macpherson, is that it takes your mind off the music when it should be on it. All that is in the programme should have been done beforehand. Another speaker gave the practical advice that, before children were taken to a concert, the programme should be gone through at home or at school. It was difficult to "get the hang" of chamber music, in particular, until one heard it a second time. Perhaps this will help to explain the difficulty of obtaining an audience for new works. The musical critics usually attribute it to a lamentable popular indifference to the arts. But, if the public is so insensitive to the appeal of music, how is it that a Beethoven programme will always draw a full house? One reason, at any rate, for the difference is that the Beethoven music is so accessible for previous study. For a small sum people can buy the overtures, symphonies, trios, or anything else, arranged for piano solos or duets. They play these over at home, and are therefore prepared to listen with intense interest when they hear the same things produced in all their glory in the concert-hall. If present-day composers were shrewd men of business, they would take care that every advertisement of a "first performance" was accompanied by the notice: "An arrangement of this work for the pianoforte can be obtained for one shilling." However that may be, a certain degree of familiarity seems to be essential to the fullest enjoyment of the best music, and the counsel that children should be shown beforehand the development of the themes they are going to hear at concerts is well worth following.

Something was said at the conference about the connection between the physical sensations of tone and the appreciation of music. If these sensations were properly cultivated, we should not tolerate the awful voices, the street noises, the domestic noises—or the school pianos, added an interrupter—that we put up with now. Parents, it was urged, should pay more attention to this part of musical training.

The discussion was brought to an excellent close by Professor Macpherson's outline—in response to an appeal from the chairman—of the proper equipment of a teacher of musical appreciation. First, he must have a real love of music and a strong desire to pass it on. He must be able to play well enough to illustrate what he is teaching, and not

to destroy the hearing sense of his pupils. There should be no false shame about him, and he should not hesitate to use the pianola in the case of pieces beyond his own powers. He should not merely be a pianist, or a singer, or a harmony teacher, but a musician—a musician all round, with an ever-growing knowledge of music. And he must have plenty of sympathy. He must not tell a child that he has got to feel this or to appreciate that, but must draw out the child by means of a wise direction of his thoughts. H. W. H.

Massenet's "Don Quichotte" had four performances in Chicago during the first season of Campanini's management. The other novelties were Franchetti's "Cristoforo Colombo," Kienzl's "Le Ranz des Vaches," Leoncavallo's "Zingari," and Fevrier's "Monna Vanna." Of the thirty-six operas sung, seventeen were Italian, eleven French, and five German. American opera was represented by Victor Herbert's "Natoma." No fewer than ten of the operas in the list were each sung only once. "Die Walküre" had the same number of performances as "Don Quichotte." This was exceeded only by "Madama Butterfly," which had five. The critics agreed that "Don Quichotte" improves on acquaintance.

Caruso at one time sang in Paris for about $100 a night. Now he gets $2,500 or more—in New York. Patti got $5,000 a performance in New York, but in Paris, as a writer in the *Musical Leader* points out, she got only $200 or $300 a night. It must be remembered, however, that the maximum receipts in the largest opera house in Paris are only $4,000; whereas the Metropolitan often has an audience that paid $12,000 or more. The world's greatest singers make New York their headquarters simply because they earn more here than elsewhere. There is no sentiment about it. If their "cachets" were screwed down too much, they would remain in Europe.

Every summer, as Robin H. Legge informs readers of the London *Daily Telegraph*, England is invaded by foreign singing teachers and their pupils. The teacher takes an English country house and fills the neighboring village with his pupils.

Marion Bauer's suite of four piano pieces, entitled "In the Country," has in a few months reached its second edition. It is published by Arthur Schmidt.

The London Philharmonic now includes a British composition in each of its programmes.

Alfred Bruneau and Theodore Dubois were among the pall-bearers and speakers at the funeral of the great French pianist, Raoul Pugno. In his address, Bruneau said:

> It was by delicacy and tenderness that he first captivated his hearers. His miraculous hands never seemed impatient to let loose the thunderous chords which were in reserve. Those hands were supple and coaxing, they called into being tones which, under the subtle caresses, reached into our very souls. To join and to vary colors they were true rivals of the innumerable and magic instruments of an orchestra. Those hands have created marvels—bewildering and sublime tonal fairy tales.

A new chamber music organization is about to be launched in New York, which, by reason of its personnel, as well as the unusual combination of flute, harp, and 'cello, gives promise of an interesting future. This organization is to be known as the Trio de Lutèce, and enlists the co-operation of three artists of recognized worth, George Barrère, flute; Carlos Salzedo, harp, and Paul Kefer, 'cello.

Art

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

The jury of the Pennsylvania Academy, this year, has evidently favored the idea of an exhibition that may be small, but must be good. The discriminating character of the selections made and, likewise, the astuteness of the hanging committee are demonstrated by the genuine and sustained interest felt in passing through the different galleries of the exhibition. There is no room or corridor that does not offer more or less potent inducements for lingering, either to see the work of a well-known artist or to make the acquaintance of one still unfamiliar. Jonas Lie's Panama pictures in a room to themselves, Donato's sculpture in one hall and Manship's in another, so arranged that the value of the contributions can be readily appreciated, are some of the attractions. In truth, a sort of holiday atmosphere pervades the place, and the impression is subtly conveyed that leisure and enjoyment are not foreign to a general art exhibition.

Doubtless, one of the factors in bringing about this agreeable state of affairs is the intimate relationship existing between the Academy and the Schools of Painting and Sculpture, which it fosters and directs, in the very building in which the exhibition is held. Art students are frequently met in the galleries, evidently very much at home there, and keenly alive to the merits and defects of what is exhibited. Their interest has the personal element of desire to see the work of the artists who are their teachers, and also of the artists who were once students in the school; and their discerning comments set one to reflecting upon the importance of this sort of easy familiarity with good art. It is unquestionably a valuable by-product of an artistic education, establishing, as it does, standards of criticism, and creating, ultimately, an intelligent public for the appreciation of what artists produce, while the fact that the greater number of these young people do not themselves become artists, but stray off into widely diverging paths, does but extend the sphere of influence.

Nevertheless, in spite of the many who fall by the way, these students may, and do, make artists, as is just now foreshadowed, for example, by one of their number—Gertrude Lambert by name—who has been exciting comment by achieving the distinction of having her work admitted into the Academy exhibition. Evidently painting from the class model, she has made with a few rich colors a telling composition of a portrait of a tragically intense, foreign-looking girl standing against a luminous gray background. Her picture suggests the temperament and painting of the youthful Géricault, and, barring the uncertainty of all such predictions, it seems probable that we shall hear of her in the future.

At any rate, more tentative than this student production are the works of the modernists—as the Post-Impressionists and their confrères are now calling themselves—whose appearance in this exhibition is limited to a few casual and sporadic manifestations that usually carry with them more or less cause for regret. If the last part of this last statement is correct, it may be a happy thought to ascribe the shortcomings of Glackens's Family Group to this movement, on the ground that the picture was shown last winter at the International Exhibition. However that may be, the picture rather needs sympathetic consideration, for certainly the color, always this artist's chief interest, has quite escaped his control, and riots violently and inharmoniously over the canvas. Yet it is not so incoherent but that one may feel respect for its unfulfilled possibilities and recognize the ambition to accomplish something in flesh and color akin to Renoir. The attempt seems an instance of more courage than judgment on the part of the artist, which can be condoned the more readily in view of the refreshing charm of his use of light and color in his two other pictures of this exhibition—The Green Car and The Bathing Hour, which have no apparent connection with the modernists, and reveal him quite master of his means of expression. Arthur B. Davies adds another touch of mystery to one of his pictures by introducing the cubist idea of form in a clever kind of supplementary way, as if he would be in the fashion at any hazard (most unlike Davies, by the way), or perchance was displaying the badge of some secret order. His other painting, Avator, has no hint of any influence later than Blake, with whom he has always been sympathetic.

Whatever may be the effect of the views of the modernists upon their own work, I believe they have an influence upon the artistic contingent that is not malign, because it sets those others to thinking and tends to make them react from the object-lesson before them, with

a more vivid appreciation of sanity of line, form, and color.

Robert Henri's Irish character portraits, in which be has made subject, brush-work, and color reinforce one another with delightful freedom and understanding, really show nothing newer in method than was practiced in the days when Hals and Rubens walked the earth. To the portrait called Herself was awarded the Carol H. Beck medal, as the best portrait in oil in the exhibition, and she bas the air as to say that such distinction could be no surprise to her; sbe is altogether buxom and happy, of kindly mien, ruddy complexion, and bounteous amplitude of quivering yet solid flesh beneath her simple peasant dress.

There are many portraits shown, giving on the part of a number of people renewed evidence of confidence in the artist and in posterity, which the event does not always justify. The portrait of Booth Tarkington, by Wayman Adams, is in the nature of a character study, and is interesting for the expression of unwieldy weight in the seated figure and the sinister, brooding intentness of the face. Leopold Seyffert's portraits of women, of which there are several, are marked by a studied simplicity and a quite obvious attention to working out the color scheme, which, however, does not prevent them from pleasing by the refinement with which it is accomplished. His portrait of Mr. Yarnall also gives evidence of thought; the composition verges too near that of Whistler's Mother to be called new, but the adaptation and the figure are so in accord that the result is a portrait of definite interest.

Howard Gardiner Cushing gives the typical modern girl and the picturesque possibilities of her costume with distinction. There is excellent tone in the picture, and the color is delightful, but the girl, the vase, and the table seem too manifestly posed against the blankness of the background. Jean McLane's portrait of two children, which won the Lippincott prize, is undeniably clever also, but there is an obvious striving for effect in the keying up of the light; lacking such effort, the less-studied aspect of her other picture of a child and her nurse is the more agreeable of the two. In general, it may be observed that simplicity of setting is a characteristic of many of the portraits, and that they gain in dignity and force when the attention is thus allowed to concentrate on one part of the picture.

Of figure painting other than portraits, Gari Melchers's Maternity is a brilliant piece of painting, fresh in coloring and fine in the rendering of the heads of mother and child. He is an artist who has always been gifted with feeling for color, and the hardness that was often a quality of his early painting has been modified in this picture to a more delicate firmness. The Tenement Mother, by Marie Danforth Page, is a strong, expressive group, without any especial charm, but with good qualities of drawing and handling, and less artificial in treatment than Miss Genth's Mother and Child, which hangs near it.

In landscape a plea might be made for more sky and less spottiness and overemphasis of pattern, though when one comes to the study of individual pictures tbere is enough variety to gratify any taste for landscape of the restless and intricate sort. Schofield's Hill Country, which took the Temple medal, is an admirable portrayal of a wide stretch of snowy landscape, so painted that it holds a well-balanced mean between the temptations of over-fretted surface on the one hand and uninteresting emptiness on the other. Rosen's snow scene is less extensive and more poetic, with soft snow, beautiful reflections, and a pleasant feeling of space. Parke Custis Dougherty has something of Rosen's way of seeing nature, with a stronger feeling for the value of an occasional accent of decided color. Childe Hassam's The Yachts is a charming composition of summer sea, white sails, and blue sky, nice in tone and Japanese in suggestion. Richard Farley manages to embody a good deal of the poetry of sea and shore in his marines, and in the one called An Angry Sea movement and speed are well felt.

Jonas Lie's Panama paintings give scope for the display of his characteristic force and energy. More attention to selection and elimination would have given some of these canvases greater pictorial value, as Pennell's lithographs from the same vicinity bear witness, but they all have, along with the artistic value which is by no means slight, the enhanced interest that belongs to them as representations of transient phases of an enterprise of moment to both sides of the world. Energetic painting naturally suggests George Bellows, whose Polo Crowd and Snow Dumpers bave all his accustomed vigor of action and ability to compel attention. The borses of tbe snow dumpers are quite extraordinary, can only be explained, in fact, as instances of sympathetic drawing—they are so entirely incorrect and at the same time so highly expressive of life and movement. Berenson would certainly style Bellows's art archaic, a term that he defines as meaning an art that "is going through the process of learning to construct tbe figures and discover the attitudes required for the presentation of form and movement." Whatever we call him, or however we regard his achievement, his work always makes a centre of discussion and interest that we should be sorry to be without.

The excellence of the sculpture displayed is remarkable, and, among all the different forms it takes, the assemblage of fountain figures is unusual; their appearance brings pleasant suggestion of the existence of many formal gardens and inner courts that may need adornment. Janet Scudder's Boy With Fish is a graceful example of such figures; Edward Berge's Frog Boy is another, and others still could be mentioned; of them all the most impressive is Paul Manship's Duck Girl, to whicb the Widener memorial medal has been awarded. The exhibition of this figure and several others by Manship, shown here for the first time, gives very convincing proof of the range of his art. His industry, readiness, and fertility of expression recall Gainsborough's impatient tribute to Reynolds's art, when he said: "Damn him! he's so various." The Duck Girl is classic in treatment, with a modern understanding of that term; contrast of line and surface and subtle play of light and shadow with a material that looks like the bronze it is, and not like clay transformed—all combine to make a beautiful figure stamped with the individuality of the sculptor. Very different from this is his portrait of a week-old baby, which is convincingly realistic as a portrait of very early infancy, but gets its charm from the lines and folds of hooded cloak and encircling bands that envelop the little form placed upright in a shallow niche that stands on a base adorned with graceful festoons. Renaissance suggestion, of course, but no copy—just a case of the artist's taking his own where he finds it.

This exhibition of Manship's work serves to show that it is not superiority of modelling, but his feeling for line and his genius for design, enriched by his knowledge and understanding of the traditions of great art, that make him so unusual. Giuseppe Donato is another sculptor well represented in tbe exhibition and spoken of frequently with admiration. He has unquestionably many gifts, not the least of which is a fertile imagination, but he can scarcely be regarded with the interest that would be accorded to an independent sculptor so long as he is dominated by other sculptors, and as yet Rodin and MacMonnies obscure his personal vision.

L. E. S.

Spring announcements of A. C. McClurg & Co. include: "The Two Great Art Epochs," by Emma Louise Parry; "Cubists and Post-Impressionism," by Arthur Jerome Eddy, and "Indian Blankets and Their Makers," by George Wharton James.

Don C. Seitz has gathered into a booklet, with a portrait, "Whistler's Stories" (Harper). It is a good idea thus to fix the present state of the Whistler legend before too much has been forgotten or too many apocryphal additions have been made. Mr. Seitz makes a pretty

clean sweep both of written ana and of oral anecdote. Very littlq of a genuine sort is likeiy to be added. Thc collection contains, of course, many brilliant sayings, but the whoie effect is hardly pleasing. It is, after ail, a very limitcd kind of wit. In the retort maiicious yet semicourteous nobody has surpassed Whistler. But his repertory is pretty well exhaustcd by such brittie flashes. His wit is invariably at somebody's expense, it lacks humor and humanity. At timcs, however, it has extraordinary finality. "Do you think genius is hereditary?" asked an admiring lady one day. "I can't teli you, madame," Whistler rcplied. "Heavcn has granted me no offspring." The level of this collection is well below that of "The Gentle Art." Stiii lovers of Whistler wiii want to own it, even if it confirms on the whole Degas's quiet reproof, "Whistler, you talk like a man of mere talent."

The appearance of the third volume of M. Saiomon Reinach's "Répertoire de reliefs grecs et romains" brings to a close the publication of extant classicai reliefs on which the author has been at work a number of years. Every reader will sympathize with M. Reinach's confession in his preface that this has been a work "magni laboris et sudoris"; for the collection of such vast material must have involved endless patience. But his satisfaction at the completion of a work which will be of such invaluable help to every student must be proportionately great. The first volume, which appeared in 1909, was entitled "Les Ensembles," and contained reliefs with groups of figures which either formed part of the decorations of ancient buildings or ornamented smaller objects. The second volume, which was published three years later, and the present one deai with the other classes of reliefs, arranged alphabetically according to their present localities. The obvious disadvantages of an arrangement according to countries and museums are corrected by a fuli index of subjects with references to all three volumes. The author makes no pretence of having attained, or evcn aimed at, absolute completeness; but the majority of known reliefs are here presented in an easiiy accessibie form, which wiii save cvery archæologist many hours of research work and many purchases of other books. The text is limited to the iegends on the plates giving the titles of the objects represented, their present locality, and references to their chief publications. One might aimost wish that this work could have gone one step further; and instead of giving merely black-and-white iiiustrations which serve only as records of the compositions of the objects, could have conveyed also something of their artistic merit. But then the price wouid have had to be so much higher that it would have placcd the book outside the reach of the ordinary student. (Paris: Ernest Leroux).

Henry L. A. Cuimer, painter of Western landscapes, dicd early last week in Salt Lake City, Utah. He was born at Davington, Kent, Eng., and came to this country in 1867. His best-known paintings are The Mystery of thc Descrt, Shoshonc Falis, The Grcat Augusta Bridgc, and Tcmple of Om. Hc aiso wrotc "Rcsources of Utah."

Finance

CURRENCY LAW AND GOLD EXPORTS.

During the past week, $4,000,000 gold was shipped from New York to Paris, making $12,000,000 sent since the year began. News of the withdrawal was received complacently on the markets, whose attitude seemed to be that we can spare the gold, that France needs it, and that relief of the situation at Paris —the one troublesome spot in the present financial horizon—is the paramount consideration. In point of fact, the Bank of France has managed to add $14,000,000 to its gold reserve since the opening of the year, nearly all of it derived from the American shipments; and it is primarily to those receipts that one must ascribe the reduction in the French bank rate, the fall in money rates on the Paris open market from 4 per cent. to 2⅞, and the resultant manifest sentiment of relief on the Continental markets.

These shipments of gold, as it happens, have thus far footed up almost exactly the same amount as did our gold exports to Paris in the same weeks of 1913. The recent shipments have, however, aroused some European observers to conjecture as to a possible continuous flow of gold from the United States to Europe when the new banking and currency bill goes into force. Mr. Moreton Frewen, a somewhat erratic economic thinker, of the old bimetallist school, has lately warned us to "make up our minds to lose perhaps $300,000,000 or $400,000,000 of gold in the next two years." Nobody else has made such foolishly extravagant predictions. Sir Felix Schuster, for example, simply said of our new law, in his recent speech to his bank's shareholders, that "it is too early yet to say how the general situation as regards gold will be affected."

The question is interesting, though not because of fear of that export of gold through currency inflation which Senator Root predicted. That is abundantly guarded against by the 40 per cent. gold reserve required against outstanding notes. But the law allows a city bank, instead of the 25 per cent. reserve now required in cash against its deposits, to keep only a 6 per cent. cash reserve on hand, with the rest of its reserve (which in future would aggregate 18 per cent. of its deposits) represented by credits at a Federal reserve bank.

This provision will dispense with a considerable part of the cash requirements; for the credits last-mentioned would be obtained by rediscount of an individual bank's commercial paper. Against the deposit thus created, the Federal reserve bank must keep a cash reserve of at least 35 per cent. Instead of 25 per cent., as at present, the total minimum amount of cash which must be provided against an individual bank's deposit liabilities would therefore be something like 10 per cent.

What would become of the rest of the cash—whether gold or other "lawful money"—which is at present held in bank reserves? There are several answers to the question. One is, that every member bank must begin by taking stock in its regional district bank, in the ratio of 10 per cent. of the member bank's capital and surplus. That would drain off into the regional bank reserves a good part of the present cash reserves of national banks. When the issue of notes under the new law is in progress, each regional bank must keep 40 per cent. in gold against its outstanding notes. It would undoubtedly have to draw on the country's general supply of gold, to provide for such requirements.

How much gold would be left unemployed after this was done, is a matter more or less of conjecture. Supposing a very large amount to be thus left in the hands of individual banks, in excess of minimum reserve requirements against deposits, would it flow at once to Europe? Such an inference would be just a little bold. It would create a good deal of difficulty about explaining why the New York banks last June, with a surplus of $41,000,000 above required reserves, and with $300,000,000 specie in their vaults, not only did not send all the unnecessary excess to Europe, but actually, at just that time, ceased exporting gold entirely—this notwithstanding the well-known fact that Paris was still endeavoring to draw gold to its bank reserves.

In fact, the past experience of our market gives no color whatever to the assumption that, whenever our banks have more gold than the law requires as reserve against deposits, they will send the excess to Europe. To precisely the extent that our banks have ever accumulated and kept a handsome "surplus reserve"—and they have done so most of the time in the past half-century—they have shown that the mere fact of more gold being in the country, and in the vaults of the country's banks, than was needed for lawful bank reserves does not infer that foreign countries will get the excess. That depends on other considerations.

There have been years in the past when our gold export for a twelvemonth has exceeded $100,000,000. But there have also been years when our gold import was even larger than that figure. There will be similar vicissitudes in the movement—due to business

activity, international investment activities, or the course of international trade—even after the new currency system is inaugurated. The one sure outcome of that system is that our markets will not, as in 1906 or 1907, be driven to the recourse of prodigious import of gold from Europe's markets, whether to support a highly extended volume of trade activity, or to protect our business community against panic. If, for similar reasons, there were to be a somewhat larger average shipment to Europe, in our seasons of dull trade, from the ninety millions worth of gold produced every year from the mines of the United States, that would be no misfortune to any one.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Year Book. 1913. Appleton.
Amos, Hosea and Micah. The Bible for Home and School. Edited by J. M. P. Smith. Macmillan.
Backhouse, E., and Bland, J. O. P. Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
Ball, C. J. Chinese and Sumerian. Oxford University Press.
Bangs, John Kendrick. The Foothills of Parnassus. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Beaumont, Joseph, D.D. Minor Poems. Edited by Eloise Robinson. Houghton Mifflin.
Finot, Jean. The Science of Happiness. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Franklin, W. S. Bill's School and Mine. So. Bethlehem, Pa.: Franklin, MacNutt & Charles.
Fynes-Clinton, O. H. The Welsh Vocabulary of the Bangor District. Oxford University Press.
Glehn, Couville and Wells. Cours Français du Lycée Perse. Cambridge: Heffer. $2 net.
Grant, Arthur. In the Old Paths. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Gratacap, L. P. Benjamin the Jew. Benton.
Hamilton, Clayton. Studies in Stagecraft. Holt. $1.50 net.
Hicks, A. M. The Craft of Hand-Made Rugs. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Hodges, George. Christianity Between Sundays. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hopkins, William John. Burbury Stoke. Houghton, Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Houston, A. C. Studies in Water Supply. Macmillan Science Monographs. $1.60 net.
Johnston. Maps of Kennebeck, 1754. Massachusetts Historical Society.
Library of Congress. A List of American Doctoral Dissertations Printed in 1912. Government Printing Office.
Lucas, S. P. A Historical Geography of the British Colonies. Vol. II, West Africa; Vols. IV, Part I, and III, South Africa. Oxford University Press.
Myers, Gustavus. History of Canadian Wealth. Vol. I. Chicago: Kerr & Co.
Orsi, Pietro. Cavour and the Making of Modern Italy, 1810-1861. Putnam.
Ouimet, Francis. Success at Golf. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. IX, Sorrow-Speech. Oxford Univ. Press. $1.25.
Parker, P. A. M. The Control of Water. Van Nostrand. $5 net.
Peck, A. S. The South American Tour. Doran. $2.50 net.
Pollard, A. F. The Reign of Henry VII from Contemporary Sources. Volume II. University of London Historical Series. Longmans, Green. $3 net.
Pratt, Lucy. Ezekiel Expands. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Prévost, Marcel. Guardian Angels. Translated from the French. Macaulay. $1.25 net.
Radlkofer, L. New Sapindaceae from Panama and Costa Rica. Smithsonian Institution.
Ridge, W. P. The Remington Sentence. Doran. $1.25 net.
Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. (Arden edition.) Boston: Heath.
Siegfried, André. Democracy in New Zealand. London: G. Bell & Sons. $1.75 net.
Spens, A. B. A Winter in India. London: Stanley Paul & Co.
Tasuku, Harada. The Faith of Japan. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Tynan, Katharine. Twenty Five Years: Reminiscences. Devin-Adair Co.
Vickers, K. H. England in the Later Middle Ages. Putnam.
Waddell, Helen. Lyrics from the Chinese Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Ward, L. F. Glimpses of the Cosmos. 3 vols. Putnam. $2.50 net each.
Warner, Anne. Sunshine Jane. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Weaver, Lawrence. Houses and Gardens by E. L. Luytens. London: *Country Life.*
Wilson L. N. G. Stanley Hall: A Sketch. Stechert & Co. $1.25 net.
Winstedt, R. O. Malay Grammar. Oxford Univ. Press.
Worcester, D. C. The Philippines, Past and Present. 2 vols. Macmillan. $6 net.

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The Week

As silently and as inevitably as on the question of the tariff and the currency, Mr. Wilson's ideas are now coming to realization in the field of international relations. The ratification of the long-delayed arbitration treatics simply emphasizes what the events of a year have shown, that the best judgment and conscience of the country are speaking through the President. "A majestic pedagogue, a doctrinaire Puritan idealist," says the Paris *Temps* of Mr. Wilson to his dispraise in the matter of Mexico. But it is the pedagogue and the Puritan doctrinaire who has succeeded in combining clear reasoning and a strain of idealism in a winning formula. It is the pedagogue and idealist who, on this question of arbitration, for example, has swept away all the petty prejudices, all the tawdry slogans of national dignity compromised, and pusillanimous surrender to Great Britain and betrayal of our Irish citizens and our German citizens—all this tinsel argumentation that has stood in the way of this nation's definitely giving its adhesion to the principle of international good-will. It is the doctrinaire and pedagogue who has manifestly won over the better judgment of the country to admit that in our action on the Panama Canal tolls we were guilty of a breach of faith, and that we are ready to-day to make amends.

The Republicans' strongest practical argument for a Republican-Progressive amalgamation does not strike a responsive chord in the Philadelphia *North American*. "We do not find," confesses this ardent Progressive organ, "that our patriotism is greatly inflamed by appeals from Taft Republicans to unite against the 'common enemy.'" Not that the Wilson Administration presents the shining record that would have been inevitable under Roosevelt and Johnson, but still the Underwood tariff bill is preferable to "the iniquitous Payne-Aldrich bill," the Glass-Owen currency measure is better than the Vreeland-Aldrich scheme, and even the Wilson Mexican policy, while "bad enough," is merely a legacy from the Taft Administration. Nor is the *North American* particularly disturbed when it turns its eyes to Pennsylvania. "Think," say its agitated friends, "of Pennsylvania being represented by a Democratic United States Senator!" "We think of it," is the reply, "and find ourselves disappointed, but calm." The reason for this strange attitude is that the candidate will be A. Mitchell Palmer, as between whom and Penrose there is but one choice. Of course, Pinchot would be the ideal Senator, but Palmer will do very well. This kind of reasoning is becoming so common in Progressive journals all over the country, that, if their hatred of Republican policies and leaders were not so evident, one might suspect a deep-laid plot to flatter the Democratic party into dropping the cheese it now holds.

The appointment of the commission, announced by Seth Low as head of the National Civic Federation, for the study of the workings of all pure food and drug laws, State and Federal, will bring to the attention of the public the limitations of the most conspicuous Pure Food law we have. The bitterness of the contest in connection with this measure, first over its passage and then over its enforcement, has led multitudes to think that it amounts to a guarantee against improper foods and medicines. All that it does, however, is to prohibit fraud. Yet, as Dr. Alsberg explains, fraud is not so hard to fight as insanitary conditions which affect foods that may be offered for sale. The only safeguard against such sources of danger is inspection of the place of production and medical supervision of the workmen. This, in turn, must rest upon an adequate health service. The larger cities have been forced to pay attention to this service, with the result that in the matter of health protection they are far in advance of communities which would naturally have been expected to be the envy of the centres of population. To spread the gospel of really pure food is the object of the new commission, and it wisely begins by undertaking to find out the facts of the existing situation.

The reasons given by candidates why they should be elected to the offices they seek would form the material for a valuable thesis on political psychology. The "Official State Publicity Pamphlet" of South Dakota contains a good assortment of such reasons. One candidate for Congress "has studied the money question extensively and believes it possible to eliminate the multi-millionaire in the distribution of money." Another has the distinction of having drafted a bill for the protection of State funds, "which passed and became a law without one word being changed from the original." A third defines himself as a strange kind of party man: "Republican. Same kind in Washington as in South Dakota." And who could vote against a man who is "liberal on public questions and of charitable temperament"? The autobiographical details are even more interesting, as when we learn concerning one candidate that "his regiment armed with a repeating rifle was very successful in a hundred battles and skirmishes"; of another that "he and his helpmate struggled through the pioneer days with a determination to win, and they did win"; and that another was born in Norway, "of Danish-Norse and Phœnician-Norse deseendants." Irrelevant, these particulars? On the contrary, they show how thoroughly human is the game of office-seeking.

In the reappointment of a Municipal Court judge in the District of Columbia, only an eagle-eyed statesman could see a blow at the entire fabric of our Government and, indeed, at the whole Anglo-Saxon race, but Senator Vardaman has no hesitation about it. President Wilson has nominated Judge Terrell to succeed himself. The Mississippi Senator will fight confirmation, just as he would fight any other form of treason to our beloved country. No one denies that Mr. Terrell has given satisfaction during the term for which President Roosevelt originally appointed him. He is an educated man, a university graduate, had been a teacher in Washington, and a member of the Board of Education. But he is a negro, and the idea of a negro on a bench subverts all of Senator Vardaman's ideas of jus-

tice. Can a black judge know the law? Are proud white men who violate the city ordinances or who cheat and steal to be compelled to hear a negro judge defino their misdemeanors and pass sentence upon them? Not if Vardaman and Hoke Smith can prevent it. As for President Wilson, he could not have done other than name Judge Terrell again without stultifying himself.

Who shall decide, when two doctors, both expert in diagnosing the morbific conditions due to the presence of the Money Devil, disagree? The case is one between Dr. La Follette and good old Dr. Bryan. The former, after making a careful examination of the currency bill, declared that the symptoms were unmistakable: the Money Trust disease was written all over it. But the alarmed members of the family called Dr. Bryan in consultation, and he proceeded to rap the less skilled practitioner over the knuckles. In that well-known medical journal, the *Commoner*, he publishes his opinion, which is as follows:

> Then came the titanic struggle for currency reform. The money power, which has for a generation held the nation in its grip, fought desperately to retain its control. It required the high courage and the persistent perseverance of the President to win the victory. Victory was won, and the country is free. The finger-prints are still visible upon the nation's throat, but the hand is gone and the nation breathes a sigh of relief.

For us this is conclusive. If Dr. Bryan can find no traces of the Money Devil, then he must have flown up the chimney howling.

The question of the Johns Hopkins presidency has at last been solved by the offer of the post to Prof. Frank J. Goodnow, and its acceptance by him. Professor Goodnow's ability in his own field, his administrative capacity and experience, and his exceptional working power give promise of success in his new undertaking. In personal traits, he differs from what is generally thought of as the typical university president; he is eminently plain and straightforward in his ways, and it will be through these qualities rather than by means of diplomatic management that his influence will be built up. He has a difficult and complex task before him, with the Baltimore university not only about to change its home, but branching out into the field of technology. From the very start, he will be confronted with the conflicting claims of extent on the one hand and quality on the other; and we trust that he will recognize the vital importance of firmly adhering, in spite of all temptation, to the idea of high quality as the paramount aim of the University. It is upon that basis that it has rendered its great service to American scholarship and science, and it is upon that basis only that its distinctive merit as an institution of national importance can be maintained.

The complicated but exaggerated discord in the administration of the University of Illinois, involving the board of trustees, President James, and Gov. Dunne, has been ended for at least the time with two pleasant assurances uppermost. One is that the difficulty was in no wise political, but rooted in an apparent personal animosity of one or more of the trustees towards Dr. James; and that the State University has no fight on its hands against an injection of politics or religious controversy into its affairs. The other is that President James has commanded the support, in an assault upon his authority, not only of the faculty, alumni, and a majority of the trustees, but of Gov. Dunne and of the State generally. The relations of the head of the University to the Legislature have necessarily been close; in procuring funds and sympathetic interest his labors have properly been of a lobbying nature; and the energy and success with which he has pleaded the cause of a swiftly growing institution, obtaining two years ago a permanent mill-tax levy, which yields it nearly $3,000,000 annually, have gained him heated opponents. Yet the great concern of the press in the present difficulty was to show, in the words of the Chicago *Tribune*, that "the public will not tolerate for an instant the utilization of the resources of the University for community politics or any other" ulterior purpose. But this was apart from the practical question raised by the disaffected trustees, which was of divesting the president of important administrative duties, and vesting them in the board, in somewhat the fashion followed at the University of Kansas. The anomaly of lodging the executive powers of a great University in a board elected on party tickets, moved by frequent dissensions, and incapable of independence and enlightened knowledge, is everywhere recognized.

It is announced that President Wilson has decided to ask Congress to authorize the raising of our diplomatic mission in Argentina to the grade of an embassy. Mexico and Brazil are the only Governments in this hemisphere to which we accord that high recognition, and yet nothing could be more in accordance with our professed interest in our southern neighbors than the prompt bestowal of the compliment as soon as it is warranted. In the case of Argentina, there cannot be much doubt that this time has arrived. The amount of commerce between that country and this, and the bright future that apparently lies before Argentina as an influential factor in this part of the world, are given as sufficient grounds for the step determined upon by the President. It may be noted in addition, however, that Argentina's status as a "Power" would add weight to her part in any joint representations or intervention in Mexico. The effect of the recognition in Central and South America must be an encouragement of the not too prevalent feeling that the United States is ready to make good the friendly speeches which a series of our prominent men has addressed to the peoples of those countries. The dispatches from Buenos Ayres show that the President's step has been most favorably received in the Argentine.

Sir Edward Grey's declaration in the House of Commons that the British Government has no intention to impose responsibility on the United States in the matter of Pancho Villa and William Benton, is quite in line with the friendly course pursued by Great Britain with regard to the entire Mexican situation. But even more to the point than Sir Edward Grey's assurances is the explicit statement made by the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, that any attempt on the part of Great Britain to intervene in Mexico would be futile and impolitic. These straightforward words put the situation in the clearest light. Even when the full truth of the Benton episode is ascertained and guilt is affixed upon Villa, it is idle to suppose that

English arms can be brought into play in Mexico to vindicate the principle of *civis Britannicus sum*. If foreign intervention in Mexico is to come it must be upon this country's initiative. Once that is acknowledged, it may also be acknowledged that the death of Benton has intensified President Wilson's difficulties; that, judged by precise international etiquette, our position in Mexico is irregular as well as difficult; but that transcending all violations of international etiquette is the simple consideration that this Government has sincerely been trying to make the best out of a fearfully complicated situation, and that we have the right to ask other nations to be patient under provocation, seeing that we have ourselves been the principal sufferers.

The Canadian press has split on the report of a Parliamentary Commission that $40,000,000 was wasted in building the Western Transcontinental Railway, while all of it east of the St. Lawrence is superfluous; and there is an equally deplorable division in the House of Commons. There is room for a thousand party squabbles in defining "extravagance," but a question so practical and grave ought to evoke common-sense and patriotism for its resolution. The defence of the Liberal planners is that Canada, from reasons of safety and permanence, should always have as costly a railway as her purse can buy. The Conservatives hold that, at $161,300,000 for the 1,344 miles from Quebec to Winnipeg, the Transcontinental has cost half as much again per mile as the Canadian Pacific; and they grow eloquent over huge specific sums that might have been saved, as $6,200,000 by momentum grades, $2,400,000 by sharper curves, and $7,000,000 by cheaper stations and bridges. From the beginning the investigation had a partisan color, no Liberals occupying seats on the Commission; and the Government has itself to thank that the charges are treated as a campaign document. They are made, however, in all official seriousness; and with the sum involved so large, it is to be hoped that the public will insist on a determination whether milk has actually been spilt, and on an investigation of responsibility for it.

It is now a year since Lloyd George announced that 15,000 doctors had joined the panels under the medical benefit provision of the National Insurance Act; he gave an account the other day of the effect on the profession. Out of 22,500 general practitioners in Great Britain, 20,000 are now enrolled, and divided last year nearly $23,000,000 from the Government. The average for each doctor was stated to be $1,150, while in London it reached $1,650 and in Liverpool $1,850, with further receipts due to drugs and prescriptions. As but one-third of the population is insured under the act, and the remaining two-thirds pay at least as high for medical attention, he estimated the average physician's income in London at $5,000, in Liverpool at $5,500, and in Manchester at $4,500. "Some make considerably more, some considerably less, but undoubtedly it has raised the level of the remuneration of the profession." These figures were unchallenged at the medical dinner at which he was speaking. It is, of course, true that empanelled doctors now work harder; but the harder work represents benefit to thousands who formerly went without needed medical aid.

The landing of the labor agitators from South Africa in England, will raise the whole question of the legality of the action. Meanwhile, some people are wondering why, if the South African Government is so confident that its course was warranted by law, it should be going to the Union Parliament to ask the passage of an act of indemnity for all it has done. But this merely brings out the nature of martial law, under English jurisprudence, and its difference from the "state of siege" familiar in Continental procedure. The English theory is that martial law is not a positive thing, but rather the negation or suspension of law. Then when the regular reign of law is restored, those who resorted to the proclamation of martial law, or took orders under it, need to have all their acts validated. In the Bill of Indemnity laid before the South African Parliament, it is provided that no official, high or low, shall be proceeded against for "any acts, matters, or things whatsoever in good faith advised, commanded, ordered, directed, or done" under the proclamation of martial law. The enactment of such a bill would undoubtedly place the South African officials beyond the reach of any legal process, and would effectually prevent any interference with them by the British Government. Self-government cannot be granted without taking the consequences; nor can it be recalled at pleasure. This is almost certainly the view which the Prime Minister will take in replying to the protests of the Labor members of Parliament.

The Hobhouse bill pending in the British Parliament to prohibit importation of "plumage and bits of birds," which dispatches report as already effecting a revolution in taste and public sentiment, represents a sequel to the American law in which scientists can take much pride. How salutary is the impulse our legislation has sent round the world is shown by an international symposium of naturalists in the *Nineteenth Century*. The report that last week, of 6,974 birds of paradise offered in London, 5,230 remained unsold, while of 8,618 crowned pigeon crests only 970 found buyers, was paralleled as early as October by sales which left on the market egret plumes representing 15,000 birds. Legislation is already passed in one Continental country, and there seems no doubt that, in spite of dealers who aver that their work tends to the preservation of birds, a trade whose history is marked by frequent annihilations and consistent cruelty will in time be stopped everywhere.

The Russian Government, so backward in many of the primary duties, has been the proud pioneer in at least one field. In its efforts to encourage the consumption of liquor, the Russian bureaucracy is without a rival among the nations. Alcoholism, always a besetting sin of the Russian people, has developed in the last ten years to the dimensions of a plague. These ten years coincide with the establishment of a complete Government monopoly in alcohol. The country's drink bill has doubled since 1904, and now amounts to nearly a billion rubles, or five hundred million dollars. For a people on so low an economic level as that occupied by the Russian peasantry, the waste is enormous, and the seriousness of the problem has led to the enactment of a bill by the Duma for combating drunkenness. But in the Council of State it has met with the sharp opposition of the Ministry.

BRISTOW VS. COMMON-SENSE.

It is not worth while to waste words on Senator Bristow, of Kansas. His railing attack on the President last week met with such prompt rebuke in the Senate that he himself felt compelled to retreat from the plain meaning of his own language. He had intimated in the most unmistakable way his belief that Mr. Wilson's attitude towards free passage of American ships through the Panama Canal had been dictated by the transcontinental railways. Of course, he presently ran away and said he did not mean it, when he was called to task by Senators of all parties. That is the Bristow of it. The unhappy man is at his wits' end to find a way of getting elected to the Senate again, and simply followed the good old Kansas rule: when you have nothing else to say, or no real issue to raise, just damn the railways and accuse the Democrats of all the crimes in the calendar. This is probably the true explanation of Senator Bristow's indecent performance, and so far as he personally is concerned, we are content to let it go at that.

To his outbreak of folly, however, we owe it that several Senators spoke words of truth and soberness. A refreshing common-sense, for example, pervaded the remarks of Senator Owen with reference to the bearing of the Baltimore platform upon the question of exemption of our coastwise ships from the payment of tolls at Panama. Some people have talked on this subject as if they suffered from a strange mental disease, which we might call *platformitis*. They conjure up an unreal state of affairs, and then solemnly argue from it to impossible consequences. Apparently, they would like to substitute for the Constitutional provision forbidding Congress to pass any act in violation of a contract, a clause exalting the obligation of a platform still higher. Indeed, there has been a lot of wild talk to the effect that a Democrat who is ready to depart by so much as the tenth part of a hair from any of the planks of the party platform is no better than a swindler or a forger.

Senator Owen put the right stamp upon this kind of ranting. He quietly pointed out, what everybody in his senses knows to be true, that there are a great many things in the promiscuous and hastily concocted deliverances of platforms which cannot be thought of as binding the party to a given course of action in the future, no matter what may happen. The canal-tolls plank at Baltimore was one of these. It was considered by only half a dozen men, and that in secret; while it is safe to say that when the tired Convention adopted the platform in a block, not one delegate in fifty so much as knew that there was such a plank. The idea of fettering a party for all time by a process of that kind is the height of absurdity. Even if it were possible to create a semblance of moral obligation in this way, are statesmen to bind themselves not to let events teach them anything? Granting that, in July, 1912, they thought the policy of toll-exemption wise, are they to be precluded, in February, 1914, from changing their minds, if the weight of argument and a sense of national duty compel them, and from giving their countrymen the benefit of their mature judgment? The thing is preposterous.

It was also owing to Senator Bristow that the Senate had the opportunity to hear a rather notable defence of a Democratic President from the leading Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Lodge. The Kansas Senator had emitted a fine barbaric yawp about his unwillingness to see the policy of this country determined by Great Britain, Japan, or any other impudent foreign Government. This was, of course, primarily intended to go careering over the windy plains of Kansas, but the Massachusetts Senator recalled his colleagues to the gravity of the situation which now confronts the United States. The Mexican affair is imposing upon our shoulders a heavy international burden. While we are attempting to stagger along under it, we plainly need the forbearance and good will of all other countries with large interests in Mexico. This nation is, in a sense, asking the other Powers to make it a mandatory of civilization in the effort to restore peace in Mexico. But, as Senator Lodge forcibly said, the United States cannot act as an outlaw among the nations, at the same time that we are inviting them to repose a trust in us. It is this aspect of the matter which so closely relates our scrupulous observance of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to the whole question of our foreign policy, particularly just now as it affects Mexico.

We can't eat our cake and have it too. In that homely saying lies the pith of the argument which President Wilson is urging upon Congress and the country. The task which he has undertaken is one of undoubted difficulty. Selfish interests are against him. Blatant jingoism is an obstacle in his way. The false pride of Congress is a hindrance. But when we reflect that the course which he advocates is one in which the national safety as well as the national honor is involved, we are bound to believe that the sober second thought of the people will so array itself on his side that his final success is certain.

GOVERNMENT EFFICIENCY: Q. E. D.

In a remote age, and before the benefits of large-scale production and centralized management had been clearly recognized, there was passed, in a certain country, a law establishing a tax upon incomes. There was a great to-do about the drafting of the bill; its language was so complicated and awkward that many persons versed in public affairs, and entirely friendly to its general purpose, felt bound to criticise it with considerable asperity. But such was the confidence of the Government in its ability to find a way out of these difficulties, that, in spite of the mutterings of the grumblers, the bill was duly and promptly enacted into law.

This confidence was based on the circumstance that there prevailed in those days what to us must seem an amazing trust in the efficacy of individual enterprise. Instead of employing a force of salaried experts in the service of the Government, it was the custom to turn over questions like these to private law firms engaged for the purpose; and as for the mechanism of collection, the whole thing was to be entrusted to some one or other of the agencies that made it a business to do similar service for private corporations. How singularly the expectations of this method were disappointed is well known to all readers of history; and indeed many authorities on the history of institutions date from this incident the definitive establishment in the public mind of the superiority of centralized and governmental management over the operation of private agencies. The thing itself was not of paramount importance; but it

bristled with points that nobody could fail to see, and the lesson sank deep into the public mind.

Of the bungling of the law firm with the questions which it fell to them to decide, it would be tedious to speak. It was felt that there was some excuse for their flounderings in the curious ineptitude which ran through the language of the law. Still it did seem exasperating that the lawyers entrusted with this task—which, after all, was not of great dimensions and presented no profound problems to solve—should not at least have come to their own conclusions in a short time, and stuck to them. What actually happened was that, although a number of months intervened between the passing of the law and the beginning of the process of collection, scores of doubtful questions still remained suspended in the air when that process was first set in motion; nor was this the worst. Throughout the period during which the collection firm was getting its blanks filled out by the taxpayers, ruling after ruling kept appearing from the offices of the law firm, each making a modification or reversal of some previous ruling. Seldom had there been so flagrant an exhibition of the hollowness of the claims made for that rivalry in excellence which used to be the boast of believers in the competitive system.

But it was the operations of the collection agency that furnished the crowning example of the unsatisfactory character of private enterprise. From the moment it took hold to the end of the period within which returns had to be filed by individuals under penalty of the law, the air was thick with reports, conjectures, statements, and counter-statements, as to what had to be done, and when, and how. The famous "Form 1040," which was the final fruit of the labors of the agency in its effort to smooth the path of the wayfaring man, is a curiosity in ways too numerous to mention. Two little points must suffice: Although for the year 1613, when the act went into force, the tax was payable only upon incomes accruing during the last ten months of the year, the heading of the form was:

Return of Net Income Received or Accrued During the Year Ended December 31, 161—.

Underneath this appeared, indeed, in smaller type, the parenthesis:

(For the year 1613, from March 1 to December 31)

But this is the only word of warning or guidance the taxpayer had. Thoughout the paper, the year is spoken of just as though a whole year were in question; and exemptions, supertax, deductions—everything is on that basis. Even on the full page of "Instructions," printed on the back of the form, not a word about the ten months appears, and all figures are whole-year figures. The second point we have reference to is that, although it is stated in the "Instructions" that husband and wife may make a joint return, there is no indication anywhere in Form 1040 that that form is intended to serve this purpose. Everything in it is worded so as to refer to a single individual; and it was only by special inquiry that the hundreds of thousands of husbands and wives affected were enabled to learn that there was no other form, and that they had themselves to make in writing whatever modifications were necessary.

Now this may seem a small matter to rake up from the ashes of ancient history; but small matters may be significant. Under government management it is inconceivable that there should not have been a form printed expressly for the peculiar ten-month year 1613; it is inconceivable that there should not have been a form expressly for joint returns by husband and wife. In the failure to do these obviously necessary things, we see plainly the ingrained vice of the senseless parsimony which characterizes private business; even where, as here, no expense whatever is saved, the habit asserts itself. How many thousands of persons made erroneous returns owing to the innumerable imperfections of the collection agency's work, how many millions of hours were, in the aggregate, wasted in making inquiries which reasonable foresight and competent management would have made unnecessary, has never been computed. But the experience was worth far more than it cost. For the showing of the competitive system in this matter was at once so discreditable and so conspicuous that the nation resolved to put every form of business into the hands of the Government as rapidly as it was possible to effect the transfer, and the cry of the reactionaries that there were some things that could be better done by private enterprise was silenced forever.

How just was the conclusion drawn by our ancestors of three hundred years ago has been singularly illustrated in the experience of the past few months. With its operation entrusted wholly to the efficient hands and potent machinery of the national Government, the income tax of 1914 has given rise to none of that annoyance, perplexity, and blundering which made the experience of 1614 so trying, and its smooth and perfect working has been greeted by a unanimous chorus of admiration.

BUSINESS AND THE TRUST BILLS.

Between the attitude of business towards the industrial and commercial situation and the attitude of the Administration towards the programme of corporation legislation, there is more than one point of relationship. There is, to begin with, a striking resemblance between the two. For the temperament of business is neither buoyant nor depressed, but rather that of favorable and yet cautious expectation; and the temperament of the Administration, so far as can be judged by the reports that have been coming in from day to day, is neither aggressive nor timid, but indicates an intention to accomplish something substantial, yet to run no unnecessary risks and to invite no new complications. And it is safe to say that this feeling-the-way attitude on the part of the Administration is in a considerable measure the effect of the like attitude on the part of business. If industry and trade were as depressed as some opponents of the Administration represent it, or if they were as flourishing as we all should like them actually to be, the chances are that the programme of the President and Congress would by this time be far more distinctly outlined than it is.

To steer a wise course in such a situation as now surrounds the Administration is a delicate problem of public policy. Committed to do something, but something very imperfectly defined, it has to take into account not only the inherent merits of any given proposal, but also the political forces that come into play and the immediate effect upon business prosperity. In particular, it has to bear in mind that two great economic measures have just been enacted, and

that a false step in this new matter might redound to the discredit not only of the Trust legislation, but also of the tariff and currency measures. On the other hand, it must set down at their true worth idle rumors and extravagant pictures of distress. From sources least entitled to make such attacks—newspapers usually given to hounding the corporations—there come, for example, flamboyant criticisms of the Administration, upbraiding it for turning its attention to corporation laws instead of devoting its energies to the stimulation of business. The figures of unemployment are paraded as proof of the sad plight in which the country finds itself. That there is more unemployment than usual seems undeniable. But in the first place, there is a great deal of evidence that the situation is growing better, not worse; and, secondly, the figures themselves have no such meaning as is usually assigned to them. Some time ago the statement was made—and probably it is fairly near the truth—that there were in New York city about 325,000 men unemployed on any given day, this winter. But this is by no means so alarming or so significant as it may seem at first sight. For, if all the men who work for a living in this city were occupied, on an average, nine-tenths of the time, there would be a daily average throughout the year of about 150,000 men without employment; and when we remember that the winter necessarily furnishes much more than the average, and that there is furthermore a big drift of unemployed outsiders to the city every winter, only a comparatively modest number is left to be accounted for.

Up to the present, what seems to have emerged most clearly as regards the "Five Brothers" is that the bill designed to give a new definiteness to the prohibitions of the Sherman act is in a fair way of being abandoned. If the spirit of soberness engendered by a business situation hopeful and yet not buoyant has in any measure contributed to bring about this result, it is a good thing. The reasons in favor of the policy of letting the law alone in this respect were strong enough before the present Administration entered upon its career; and they have been greatly strengthened by the course of events since that time. What Attorney-General Wickersham and President Taft thought of the rapidly growing efficacy of the law as it stands, Attorney-General McReynolds and President Wilson have abundant additional reason to think. That their opinion is to this effect has been indicated in a number of ways.

A matter of some interest in connection with this point is the reference to it in the Baltimore platform. "We regret," says that document, "that the Sherman Anti-Trust law has received a judicial construction depriving it of much of its efficacy, and we favor the enactment of legislation which will restore to the statute the strength of which it has been deprived by such interpretation." Now, whatever may be thought of the desirability of "the enactment of legislation" here contemplated, there is no room for difference of opinion as to the statement of fact upon which the recommendation is expressly predicated. Not only is that statement false, but there is to-day virtually nobody who contends that it is true. Everybody knows that the Sherman act, so far from having been "deprived of much of its efficacy" by the Supreme Court decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, has been clothed by them with an efficacy it had never before attained. To those who make, or talk as if they made, a fetich of platform declarations, this interesting dilemma is therefore presented. Either they must deny a patent fact, or they must stick to the conclusion even though they admit that the basis on which it rests was an error. Either position would be an absurdity; and sane Democrats will not allow themselves to be impaled on either horn of this dilemma. When a platform recommendation is manifestly unworkable, all that has to be done is to ignore it.

SANITY IN EDUCATION.

If there is one field of activity more than another in which calm and well-balanced considerations might naturally be expected to prevail, it is the field of education. Teaching is one of the oldest pursuits in which men engage. It is a pursuit, moreover, to which a long line of philosophers have devoted close attention, and concerning which they have left the results of their observation and thinking for the benefit of later generations. Yet is any other profession so prolific of fads?

This aspect of education is the subject of an address "On a Certain Arrogance in Educational Theorists" by Superintendent Maxwell, of this city, which is published in the last number of the *Educational Review*. Dr. Maxwell does not imitate these theorists by exhibiting towards them the spirit which he denounces. On the contrary, he strives to find in their foolish schemes the kernel of good which may be there. He recalls the days when vertical penmanship was all the rage. With what dramatic action would a prominent advocate of the system seat himself at a small table on the platform, and illustrate by clever contortions of his body the unwholesome postures too generally assumed by school children in producing the slant penmanship then in vogue! How merry he made his audience over the picture presented by Mr. Samuel Weller as, with the aid of a protruding and gyrating tongue, he laboriously indited his first love-letter! "I well remember, too," remarks Dr. Maxwell, "the tone of authority, almost of infallibility, with which he spoke; how he made us all feel that we were absolute tyros in the matter of teaching penmanship; and that, for the first time, in the light of his dramatic and luminous exposition, our ignorance and our errors were revealed, . . . and how the straight path of vertical penmanship, in which there was to be no variableness neither shadow of turning, was to lead to health and efficiency in our pupils."

We know the outcome of that campaign. The order went forth to teach vertical penmanship; the attempt was made to obey it. But "instead of writing vertical penmanship, our pupils, for the most part, acquired a slow, stiff, backhand penmanship, unlovely to the eye, and therefore illegible, and they assumed just as unhygienic postures as before." The *coup de grâce* was given to the system when the business world raised an outcry over the inefficiency of the public schools, and graduates had to go to commercial schools to learn how to write rapidly and legibly. Yet the idea was not all bad. Children did sit in unhealthful attitudes during their work. Only, the right solution had not been found. Equally untenable were the notion that memorizing had nothing to recommend it, and the theory that the recess was a relic of barbarism, but each had its suggestion of improvement over existing conditions. What pre-

vented that improvement from being made much earlier, however, was the insistence of the root-and-branch reformers that there was nothing valuable in the old practice and nothing experimental in the new.

Of particular timeliness is Dr. Maxwell's analysis of the present stirring about vocational education. Never, as he well says, "did the trumpet of arrogance give forth a less uncertain sound than in the agitation with which the educational world is now seething for the introduction of industrial or trade teaching in the public schools." He puts his finger upon a vital spot when he dares to explain that this agitation originated with the manufacturers, who, having been cut off from the apprenticeship system of training workmen, found it difficult to obtain a sufficient supply of skilled artisans, and accordingly proceeded to try to persuade the State to assume the burden. Dr. Maxwell's discussion of this problem, his distinctions between what the schools can do in the way of industrial training and what they ought not, for the sake of the child, to undertake, should be read by every teacher and parent in the land. Here is his declaration of principles:

> I am in favor of whatever reasonable education will fit young people for their life work. But I am not in favor of giving any narrow trade schooling at the expense of that general training which is the right of every child, native or adopted, of the Empire State—that education which is founded on the right of the child to his spiritual inheritance—his inheritance of literature, of the arts, of institutions, and of religion—that education which proclaims that every power of the child, intellectual, physical, and moral, should be trained, or put in the way of being trained, to its fullest efficiency.

Specifically, he holds that "the school is not the best place to train the skilled workman," and that manual training should be expanded so as to "develop skill in all the rudimentary processes that are common to all the trades."

It is not only because of the wisdom of these particular recommendations regarding vocational training that they should be widely read, but because also of the spirit of reasonableness, of moderation, of love for the old in combination with welcome for the new—in a word, of sanity—that they so unmistakably exhibit.

THE PHILOSOPHER REDIVIVUS.

January was the month of Fichte in Germany; of magazine articles, memorial lectures, public meetings in honor of the philosopher of the War of Liberation, who died a hundred years ago. Germany has been celebrating the *Bürgerkrieg*, with whose events his last years were inwrought. His "Reden an die deutsche Nation," delivered before crowded halls of the Academy of Sciences in 1807-8, when the French still occupied Berlin, were exhortations to patriotism and national union with a very actual core of revolt. Quite apart from this, Fichte would be honored as a moulding spirit. From his teachings have come impulses to which modern Germany traces much of her economic and cultural development. He is one of the few who have brought philosophy into contact with practical life. His metaphysical ideas, that the essence of the Ego is action, that it is unconditioned because it is acting out its own nature, have appealed at once to the mysticism in German blood, and to the practical spirit of men eager to bring their environment under control.

That this conception of philosophy as something that comes home to the bosoms and business of men is growing, there seems just now a good deal to show. "A revival of philosophy" is the way English reviews speak of the remarkable interest in Mr. Balfour's Gifford lectures at Glasgow. Hundreds of plain citizens have waited in *queues* before the hall, and hundreds of thousands have read the press reports. Announcement that M. Bergson would deliver the spring Gifford lectures is met with an enthusiasm presaging even wider attention. The *conférences* of M. Bergson in Paris, meanwhile, are attended by people of all nations. Germans, Russians, Americans, and Italians are reported as taking notes minutely on "The Idea of the Soul in Spinoza" and "The Method of Philosophy." And it was Bergson who testified to finding "a real and hungry interest in philosophy" in New York. All this may be partly discounted by the public reputation of Balfour, and the immense vogue of Bergson. In some, the popularity of a thinker inspires distrust. Yet there is a growing public interest in pure philosophy. The atmosphere is different from the time when Kant or Hegel labored in academic chilliness, little known outside a specialized circle. The change seems due in large part to the labors of James and others, who believed that philosophy is the concern of humanity. At any rate, it is interesting whole new groups, as an instrument in the direct attack on life's problems.

The nature of such interest is an elusive social phenomenon. It may spring from a sudden and inexplicable wave of curiosity. As in the individual, it may become almost an obsession. It affects certain states of mind much more than others. Merely to speak of the present movement as a "revival" is significant. At times, men and women take to thinking metaphysically. Wireless, dreadnoughts, radium, aeroplanes, cannot stand before a rebirth of interest in ultimate things. Such a sincere concern, even if but temporary, might explain the interest of thousands in Haeckel, Balfour, and the rest. Moreover, the trend of philosophy in the nineteenth century built up many anterooms to metaphysics. Psychology and sociology had their first anchorage in philosophy. Mill and Comte are still philosophical names. The interest of natural scientists in philosophy has been intensified by the evolutionary theory. No biologist can have failed to read "Creative Evolution." The man of ideas and information has a thousand new reasons to be interested in philosophical discussions.

While remaining wary of exaggerated claims, we may be glad that philosophy seems stirring in her mystical and remote seat. It was the belief of James, as it is of some later leaders, that she should display qualities of wide and immediate human concern. Why cleave too closely to the old view of philosophy as a great system perfectible only in the future? Why not claim for it definite, living ends—at least of inspiration? Bergson, whether he live long or not, has stripped it of technical jargon and given it a style of literary appeal; subtle, yet with free play of illustration to make the abstract concrete. If many are to find in philosophy results commensurate with the ancient impulse that sends them there, it must be because it takes on a more human mission. It was its social quality that made it memorable in the case of Fichte, and justified the inscription from Daniel on his grave: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firma-

luent; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, February 13.

Norway's famous novelist, Knut Hamsun, shortly before Christmas issued a new story, "Børn av tiden" ("Children of the Hour"), which ranks as one of the best of his latter-day works. It is a quiet description of life and conditions in the north of his country, where the people have a stamp of their own. He knows their way of thinking and feeling, and in a few words can draw a vivid picture. The book is full of keen observations and witty remarks, at times bitterly ironical, and gives evident proof of the author's profound knowledge of human nature and sympathy with the struggling and suffering of men.

A book of memoirs which was looked forward to with great interest is the Norwegian professor Yngvar Nielsen's "Fra Johan Sverdrups dage" ("From Johan Sverdrup's Days"). It has proved to be in some respects a disappointment. The author took an active part in Norwegian politics in the latter part of the last century, more particularly in the eighties, and being a warm personal friend of the last union-king, the late Oscar II, he was known to have exercised considerable influence on that ruler's opinions of political figures and alignments in those stormy days. However, the book is less illuminating than was to be expected, and the author has not always avoided personal animus in characterizing political opponents. In spite of this drawback, the work will prove interesting reading to any one studying the modern political history of Norway.

The most sensational book of the past season in Norway is a three-act play, "Paradesengen" ("The Bed of State"), by the well-known dramatist, Gunnar Heiberg. It has met with almost unanimous denunciation from the press and public in its home country, and it is doubtful whether any Norwegian theatre dare give it a performance. The author has used living models in the boldest way imaginable, and builds the plot around the sick-bed and death of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, imputing to the latter's relatives the utmost eagerness to traffic in the great man's fame. The play is a malicious and venomous pamphlet, and artistically ranks below the run of Heiberg's work. A very different book, though centring on the same subject, is "Fra Bjørnsons sidste dage" ("From Bjørnson's Last Days"), the diary kept by Bjørnson's nurse, Miss Nulle Finsen. It is a detailed account of Bjørnson's remarkable struggle for life, of his varying moods from day to day, and a record of his many noteworthy sayings uttered at the time. Nevertheless, it is a question whether such intimate family interviews should be given to the public.

Other noteworthy Norwegian books are Niels Kjær's extremely witty and satirical comedy, "Det lykkelige valg" ("The Fortunate Election"), ridiculing present-day tendencies in Norwegian politics; Erik Vullum's popular historical work, "Hvorledes Norge blev frit" ("How Norway Became Free"); Olaf Bull's exquisite little volume of verse, "Nye digte" ("New Poems"), and the novels, "De unge dage" ("The Young Days"), by Peter Egge; "Den gamle bygd" ("The Old Parish"), by Hjalmar Christensen, and "Eiler Hundevart," by Regine Normann.

The Swedish author, K. G. Ossian-Nilsson, is an industrious and voluminous writer. Lately he has issued two new stories, "Odets man" ("The Man of Fortune") and "Lille Benjamin" ("Little Benjamin"). The former is a substantial autobiographical novel, picturing the author's own life from childhood through stormy years of struggle and development up to the mature days of manhood, when he casts a retrospective and contemplative glance at his own career. The story is full of life, and the psychological analysis of the young hero is of great interest, although not always quite convincing. "Little Benjamin" is a delightful story of a clergyman, who precipitates a quarrel with his brother clergymen by his liberal religious views. Other Swedish novels are Hjalmar Söderberg's "Den alvarsamma leken" ("The Serious Game"); Marika Stjernstedt's "Daniela Hertz" and "Alma Wittfogels rykte" ("Alma Wittfogel's Reputation"); Elin Wägner's "Helga Wisbeck," and Sven Lidman's "Tvedräktens barn" ("The Children of Discord").

The first ten years of the last century of Swedish history have lately been made the subject of many publications. The historian Sam Clason's new contribution to the elucidation of this period, "Gustaf IV Adolf och den europeiska krisen under Napoleon" ("Gustaf IV Adolf and the European Crisis under Napoleon"), deserves serious attention. The four essays, of which the book is made up, are scientifically supported and at the same time are sufficiently popular in treatment and style to make them capable of general interest. The author has made thorough investigations of foreign archives and examined Swedish sources with critical accuracy and impartiality, as was the case with his previous investigations on the same subject. The titles of the essays are "Sweden's Commercial Interests and the Struggle between France and England," "Stedingk's Memoirs, a Biased Publication," "Russian Dispatches from Sweden at the Outburst of the War," and "The Peace to Fredrikshamn."

The most important of the new Danish books is the novel, "Gæst den enøiede" ("Gæst the One-eyed"), by the young Icelandic author, Gunnar Gunnarson. The scene is laid in Iceland, that island of mysticism and faery, and the leading motive of the story is summed up in the last wish uttered by the hero: "Oh, that all might know that the greatest thing in the world is to deny one's self and bring peace on earth." It is a beautiful glorification of self-abnegation and charity. The story appeals to the best human instincts and deserves to find a large circle of readers.

Perhaps the most popular present-day writer in Denmark is Jeppe Aakjær, of Jutland, whose last book was reviewed in a former letter to the *Nation*. His novels are written with great force and have contributed largely to the improvement of the condition of the Danish peasantry, and his melodious and beautiful lyrics, easily accessible to the popular mind, rapidly became folk-songs which are sung all over the country. A small biographical sketch of Aakjær has been written by K. K. Nicolaisen. It is the first attempt at a biography of Aakjær in book-form, and though only fragmentary in scope and treatment, it may prove of interest to those wishing to get a survey of the poet's chief works and characteristics. Otto Gelsted's biography of the famous Danish writer, Johannes V. Jensen, is far more extensive and detailed. It is a well-written description of Jensen's life on the background of literary tendencies and currents among the younger generation in the nineties.

Among other biographies is the volume in the series "Mennesker" ("Men") written by Vilh. La Cour, and dealing with the life and work of the late editor and politician, J. Jessen. For its brief scope it gives much information. A larger and far more important work is Erik Henrichsen's biographical sketches of the statesmen and politicians who took a leading part in the Danish Constitutional campaign of the years 1870 to 1901, "Mændene fram forfatningskampen" ("The Men of the Constitutional Struggle"). This substantial volume is made up of eight essays dealing with the lives and times of as many political leaders, from Estrup to Klaus Berntsen, and gives a comprehensive, accurate, and intensely interesting survey.

Other recent Danish books are stories of the Congog by Jürgen Jürgensen, "Den store og den lille flod" ("The Big and the Small Flood"); a beautiful story by M. Andersen Nexø, "Lykken" ("Happiness"); a novel by Jakob Knudsen, "En ungdom" ("A Young Man"), though it does not rank with his previous works; a third collection of letters from Danish emigrants edited by Karl Larsen, "De der tog hjemmefra. III" ("Those Who Left Home," Vol. III), and a valuable critical examination by

Hans Brix of the poet Johannes Ewald's life and works. ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Not long since a London dealer advertised under Defoe's name a book bearing the following title:

A Free Discourse Wherein the Doctrines Which make for Tyranny Are Display'd. The Title of our Rightful and Lawful King William Vindicated. And the unreasonableness and mischievous Tendency of the odious distinction of a King de Facto, and de Jure, discover'd. By a Person of Honour. [A quotation of 4 lines from "Somn. Scip. ℔ 1. 6. Ciceronis de Republica."] London: Printed for John Lawrence at the Angel in the Poultrey, and Richard Baldwin near the Oxford-Arms in Warwick-Lane. 1697. 8vo 1 l. + 122 pp. + 2 ll. of advertisements.

On being questioned why he attributed to Defoe a book not previously known to students, the dealer very frankly replied that he could find no support for the ascription. Meanwhile, an examination of the copy owned by Harvard University—the gift of the "republican" Thomas Hollis—led not only to the conclusion that the style pointed but slightly, if at all, to Defoe, but to the discovery that an old hand had stated at the bottom of the title-page, "This was writt by Sr. Robert Howard." Whether or not this hand be that of Hollis, the fact that that worthy was an enthusiast for seventeenth-century republican literature would lend some support to any attribution found in a Whiggish book coming from his library.

Thus far no support for the ascription to Sir Robert Howard has been obtained from the usual sources of bibliographical information. There seems to be, however, a fairly strong chain of reasoning which tends to warrant our adding to the bibliography of Dryden's brother-in-law an item not given to him by the British Museum Catalogue or by the Dictionary of National Biography. In the first place, the author writes (p. 105) as if he were an old man, familiar with Parliament at the time of the Revolution. Moreover, it was a "Person of Honour" that wrote "A Free Discourse," and eight years before Howard had adopted this disguise when writing his "Historical Observations Upon the Reigns of Edward I, II, III, and Richard II." His "History of Religion" (1694) was from the pen of a "Person of Quality," and the book just named heads the list of publications advertised by Baldwin in the little book we are discussing. Furthermore, our author was plainly an admirer of "Julian" Johnson—the Ben-Jochanan of "Absalom and Achitophel"—to whom Sir Robert Howard addressed a "Letter" in 1692, and whom he praised in "The History of the Reigns of Edward and Richard II" (1690). Finally, the substance and style of the book last named, the authorship of which Howard acknowledged on the title-page, seem strongly to support the ascription to him of the work under discussion, "A Free Discourse."

The matter is to be decided only by an expert on Howard's writings, and—in the absence of a clearing-house of bibliographical information—one may be pardoned for fearing that it has been settled already without one's knowledge. One should be prepared to admit, also, that attributions found in old books have an uncomfortable way of turning out to be wrong. For example, in *Notes and Queries* (1st ser. II, 248) a contributor, "B. R.," stated that his copy of "A Discourse of the Nationall Excellencies of England. By R. H." (1658) had been conjecturally ascribed to Sir Robert Howard. The British Museum Catalogue, under "England," gives this book to R. Hawkins. Has any student of bibliography information tending to show that Howard was not the "Person of Honour" who in 1697 came forward to defend King William's title in "A Free Discourse"? W. P. TRENT.

Correspondence

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest the letter of Dr. Dunbar Rowland in your issue of January 22 in regard to the management of the American Historical Association, and the replies of Messrs. MacDonald and Jameson, appearing in the issue of February 5. Neither of these replies appears to me to face squarely the real charge, which is, to put it bluntly, that the American Historical Association is run by a small clique or ring which controls the elections and divides the honors among the members and adherents of the group. This charge has been made with increasing frequency during the last few years. It has been made usually in a jesting way, nobody caring to appear to treat the matter too seriously, both at the meetings of the Association and wherever groups of historians have been casually thrown together. Furthermore, there appears to be very little difference of opinion as to who constitute the ring.

I did not support Mr. Rowland's movement at Charleston because I did not approve of the remedy he suggested, but I do believe that the facts which I am about to submit afford ground for a radical change of *policy* on the part of the Association. As I have served on the nominating committees of both the American Historical Association and the American Political Science Association, I hope I may be allowed to contrast the policies of the two organizations in the matter of elections to office. The tenure of such offices as secretary, treasurer, and the managing editors of the reviews published by the two associations should in the nature of things be more or less permanent, and in the following discussion we shall leave these offices out of consideration. The constitution of the American Historical Association provides for the annual election by ballot of seven officers and six members of the Council; and the Council, composed of the officers and councillors so elected, together with the ex-presidents of the Association, chooses the board of six editors of the *American Historical Review*. Now, leaving out of account the two secretaries, the treasurer, the curator, and the managing editor of the *Review*, we have fourteen positions of honor, with little work attached, to be filled each year. Of the fourteen men at present holding these positions thirteen were in the office-holding group last year, and only one was taken from outside. At the recent meeting of the American Political Science Association I was chairman of the committee on nominations. Omitting, as was done in the case of the American Historical Association, the secretary and treasurer and the managing editor of the *American Political Science Review*, there are in the Political Science Association seventeen positions to be filled each year. Of the seventeen men recently chosen only six held office the preceding year, and eleven were taken from the general membership of the Association.

Why this difference in associations whose constitutions and general purposes are similar? It is the fixed policy of the Political Science Association to encourage the younger men who have demonstrated their ability to do good work by sharing the honors of the Association with them, and enlisting their aid and counsel. What, on the other hand, appears to be the policy of the American Historical Association? Is it a purely selfish one of reserving the honors for a select group of older men, or is it to guard zealously the interests of the Association against the radical views of the rising generation of historians, or yet, is it possible that the present group of office-holders believe that they enjoy a monopoly of the brains and talent of the Association? As long as the ex-presidents are members of the Council for life, not even the presence of two such doughty Progressives as Col. Roosevelt and Professor Hart can rescue that body from hopeless conservatism. Surely, then, a little new blood should afford no ground for alarm. JOHN H. LATANÉ.

Johns Hopkins University, February 20.

WESLEY OR SATAN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read in the *Nation* of this week the interesting contribution of Stuart P. Sherman. His reference in this to Wesley is to me surprising, and I question its accuracy. Wesley was a voluminous writer, and I do not profess to have read him exhaustively, but I was surprised at the implication that Wesley had somewhere said "Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven." Has not Mr. Sherman confused Wesley with one of Milton's conspicuous characters? I hope he will enlighten myself and other readers of the *Nation* on this point.

EVERETT O. FISK.

Boston, February 7.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In attributing to the founder of Methodism the wicked sentiment to which Mr. Fisk refers I leaned, perhaps a little too heavily, upon the Rev. Alexander Gordon, author of the article on Wesley in the Dictionary of National

Biography. The passage is as follows: "The story is told in a pamphlet of 1792 that the usher Andrew Tooke, of the 'Pantheon,' remonstrated with him [Wesley] for associating with his juniors whom he harangued, and got the answer, 'Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven.'" Gordon reported the story, I suppose, as characteristic, even if not strictly authentic.

I have not myself been able to find it in Wesley's works or his journals or his letters or in the biographies. But neither have I been able to find in the literary remains the man of whose conversation Johnson said that he could never get enough, and of whom he declared, "He can talk well on any subject." The Wesley that has come down to us—thanks to his own foresight and the pious solicitude of his literary executors and biographers—is an almost unmitigated saint, pretty thoroughly purged of worldly passion.

To the student of biography, however, the authorized version of Wesley seems just a bit incoherent; seems to lack a link which the "pamphlet of 1792" supplies. In the first chapter, so to speak, we behold the rigorous high churchman, the curator of the "Holy Club," the ascetic Oxford recluse, too apprehensive about his own soul's salvation to risk contact with Epworth rectory. In the second chapter we discover "the sole proprietor of scores of Methodist chapels all over the island." Having once tasted the delight of swaying thousands, he set up, in defiance of bishops, a more than archiepiscopal throne in the "suburbs of hell." Lest I exaggerate the autocratic nature of Wesley's rule, I quote the words of an unquestionably sympathetic biographer, Prof. C. T. Winchester: "He was absolute commander of the army of itinerant preachers; he was the judge who finally decided all cases of conduct or discipline; he had the power to admit or to exclude every member of every Methodist society in the United Kingdom." It hardly seems possible that Wesley's *favorite* text could have been that which bids us subject ourselves to the "higher powers." Almost at the end of his life he declared that he never willingly broke from the Established Church, just as Cobbett near the end of his life protested that he never desired to alter a single established institution of his country. As a matter of fact, both men did alter the institutions of their country; for in both was coupled with a general passion, more or less splendid, for saving the world an individual passion for having the salvation of the world in their own hands.

Now, as for associating Wesley with Satan, I must yield all the credit for that suggestion to Mr. Fisk. My own adventurous flight ends with Wesley and Cobbett. Yet I must say that, so far as my reading and observation go, all men of eminent organizing and administrative talents seem to approve the position of Wesley, or—if Mr. Fisk still insists that the passage is spurious—of "one of Milton's conspicuous characters."

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Ill., February 20.

TRIBUTE TO DE VINNE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The death of Theodore L. De Vinne removes a man of gentle disposition and sturdy and noble character. It is not eulogy but the plainest statement of fact to say that he occupied in his profession a position that few men reach in any profession—an acknowledged primacy. This came about, first, through his absolute mastery of the details of a craft which he elevated into a fine art, reviving the traditions of the old hand-printer; and, secondly, through his unfailing ideality, and another quality that goes with ideality—humility, the Cinderella of the virtues. He had pride in his profession and pride in his contributions to it, but never any false pride that kept him from learning a more excellent way. His associates of the *Century Magazine* were always sure not only that he would take the most honorable and generous position on questions of business policy—his passion for the best being a moral tonic—but that they could count on his devotion and ingenuity in providing resources to meet new emergencies in problems of printing.

In the days of the development of American wood-engraving these emergencies were continually arising. Mr. Drake's fertile experiments in extending the frontiers of that art made large drafts upon Mr. De Vinne's skill as a pictorial printer. The subtleties of one process called for subtleties in the other, and in the frequent and enthusiastic conferences between these two masters each learned from the other the possibilities and the limitations of the multiple reproduction of fine art. All sorts of adverse conditions had to be encountered: the painter or illustrator was unfamiliar with printing methods; the weather would affect the rollers; the ink would suddenly be found to be below standard, or the paper would run poor; but, come what might, Mr. De Vinne never lost patience. Artists, engravers, and pressmen were brought together, to the manifest improvement of the total result. Everything was sacrificed to good work, and the spirit of the old Florentine guilds took hold of the De Vinne Press. That the traditions of that intense period still survive, may be seen from the admirable printing of Cole's engraving of the Rembrandt portrait in the February *Century*.

Emphasis has justly been laid on the value of Mr. De Vinne's work to Mr. Cole's wonderful art. The time is likely to come when back numbers of the magazine will be sought for in garrets and bookstalls for the impressions of Cole's work alone, for there exist only a few sets of "engraver's proofs" of his blocks—these chiefly of the six sets of Old Masters and of the seventh group of Masterpieces in American Galleries, now in course of publication. Cole's burin, however, was not Mr. De Vinne's severest taskmaster; other engravers of our Golden Age of the wood-cut were more difficult to follow. But, though he sometimes approached the difficult problem with misgivings, the master printer never admitted an impossibility. He revelled in hard work as well as good work, and in passing beyond the frontiers that had been known to his craft. Now that he has passed beyond the Great Frontier of Life, let us hope that there will be something beautiful and congenial for him to achieve.

R. U. JOHNSON.

New York, February 17.

AN ITALIAN PHILOLOGIST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: On February 4 there died in Florence, at the age of eighty-one, Giovanni Tortoli, a man not widely known even in Italy for creative or scholarly production, but one who, having dedicated his whole life to lexicography and the study of the Tuscan idiom in its classical purity, certainly exerted a steady and beneficial influence for beauty on the literature of his contemporaries.

He was chiefly known in connection with the ancient and famous Academy of the Crusca, of which he had been a member ever since 1858, and president since 1905. He was one of the principal compilers of the famous, though still uncompleted, dictionary of that Society, and had besides published several erudite studies, chiefly on Ariosto and other sixteenth-century writers.

Tortoli was not the kind of philologist who has a passion for the mere science of minute linguistics apart from artistic expression, but rather one of those severe students of the classics in their own literature who yearn to bring to the rather loose literary expression of their time the austere simplicity of a former and undeniably greater age. He was a humanist in the art of words, strong in erudition and taste, whose dignified vocation it was to stand retiringly out of the mad rush of literary output, a warning and a restraint to his contemporaries, a teacher and a salutary example to writers of the future.

RUDOLPH ALTROCCHI.

Harvard University, February 22.

MR. BRYAN AND THE CURRENCY ACT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Democratic National Committee has issued, as a campaign document, a pamphlet on the new Banking law. Mr. Bryan is one of the contributors, and in an orderly enumeration of the meritorious features of the bill he places first: "The law (1) recognizes the right of the Government to issue money." This will be a revelation to those who have not a first-hand acquaintance with the contents of the bill, but have relied on press comments, especially the approval of such sound-money journals as the *Nation* and New York *Evening Post*. Those who have made even a cursory examination of the bill itself will know that there is no ground for such a statement.

The provisions for note issue will be found in section 16 of the act. The chairman of the board of the nine directors of each regional bank is designated as the "Federal reserve agent," and "he shall be a person of tested banking experience." When his bank is in need

of additional currency, it makes application through him to the Federal Reserve Board for the issue of notes. "Such application shall be accompanied with a tender to the local Federal reserve agent of collateral in amount equal to the sum of the Federal reserve notes thus applied for and issued pursuant to such application." It is true the Government issues the notes, but only to the banks, who must apply for them of their own free will and at the same time offer approved security for every dollar issued. There is no difference in principle between this and the old system; the difference is merely one of method of issue and form of security. United States bonds are no longer the sole basis of issue, but any form of approved commercial paper—"asset-banking," as in Canada. The Government on its own initiative cannot issue a dollar; it rests with the banks—where it ought to rest—to expand and contract the currency according to the requirements of business. The Federal Reserve Board in its discretion may refuse the application of the Federal reserve agent for notes, but has no power to compel him to issue any. If this is Government issue of money, as the greenbacks and Treasury notes issued directly by the Government and resting on no security but the credit of the Government, we shall have to extend our definition of the term and consider all money, however regulated, as Government issue. The fact that the notes are made obligations of the Government is the only consolation I can find in the bill for Mr. Bryan and those who sympathize with his views on money.

GLANVILLE TERRELL.

Lexington, Ky., February 14.

[This phase of the Act was fully discussed in the *Nation* in an editorial of December 25, 1913.—ED. NATION.]

A CALL FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to a way by which American publishers and authors could do something to advance the cause of American letters abroad?

Of the Paris periodicals which have a wide circulation among the more advanced and younger literary circles of Europe, none is more notable than the semi-monthly *Mercure de France,* which should not be confounded with a famous periodical of the same name which appeared in Paris during the ancient régime. More than a third of each number is given up to what is called the "Revue de la Quinzaine," one feature of which department is a collection of short articles devoted to the literary affairs of various countries, signed as a rule by natives or by Frenchmen who make a specialty of the literature about which they write. Thus we find in the Quinzaine from issue to issue "Lettres anglaises," "Lettres allemandes," "Lettres italiennes," and even "Lettres néo-grecques," "Lettres hispano-américaines," "Lettres brésiliennes," "Lettres roumaines," "Lettres tchèques," etc.

Until three or four years ago, the "Lettres anglaises" embraced things American as well as things British, with results which sometimes humbled our literary pride. Thus, books whose subject, author, and publisher were all three American, would appear in the *chronique* of the *Mercure* as if all three hailed from the United Kingdom, the name of the London publisher, who in many cases had simply imported a few copies of the book in sheets, being particularly in evidence, thus causing a glaring injustice to our authorship and our publishing activities. As I had friends among the ruling spirits of the *Mercure,* I used now and then to protest against this British seizure of our literary wares, not unlike what occurred on the high seas at the beginning of the last century in the matter of the impressment of our sailors. So one day the editor of the *Mercure*—M. Alfred Vallette—to whom more than to any one person is due its solid establishment in a city where so many periodicals are but ephemeral, turned on me and asked, "Well, will you take charge of the American side of the English language?" And this is how it happens that I am the author of the "Lettres américaines" of the *Mercure de France.*

And now may I ask, through your columns, the support of American authors and publishers in my efforts to show continental Europe that we do other things in the United States besides coin dollars and pack pork? When I ask for a book, I do so because there is something in it or about it that will help the cause on this side of the Atlantic. The honorarium attached to these letters is very small, and the writing them in French greatly increases my labor. So for me "there is no money in it." Nor can these necessarily short notices, which are purposely more bibliographical than critical, be of much direct and immediate commercial value to publisher or author. But they do something to open the eyes of the literary world over here to the intellectual movement in America, about which so many even intelligent Europeans are quite ignorant. For instance, I was once asked by the wife of a member of the Institute, and she herself something of a blue-stocking, if we ever gave Shakespeare's plays in America.

THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, February 13.

THE HARVARD-TECHNOLOGY AGREEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The editorial in your issue of January 15, and the letter in your issue of January 29, consider critically and in part adversely the Harvard-Technology "agreement." By the will of the late Gordon McKay, as published in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* (June, 1905 p. 757), he bequeathed to Harvard a great sum of money to found a school of applied science, on most liberal terms. Should the Corporation of Harvard fail to accept the gift, "strictly on the trusts," within two years, the testator then directed his trustees to form a separate and independent school to carry out his purposes.

In accepting the endowment the University authorities were bound to keep faith with the expressed wishes of the testator, but by virtually giving over to Technology the control of three-fifths of the income of that fund (also additional funds), they have acted in a way that seems widely removed from what was intended. Indeed, it is stated *(Harvard Grad. Mag.,* June, 1905) that Mr. McKay distinctly objected to leaving his money to the Institute of Technology. That the agreement was effected without due deliberation by the Board of Overseers, without the knowledge of the McKay trustees, and without consideration by the faculties concerned, gives evidence of haste, or indiscretion. After the action in regard to the McKay fund what assurance is there that funds now in hand, or that may come to the University, will be handled with regard to the expressed wishes of the donors.

Harvard University has never given degrees to women, but Technology is coeducational. It seems that conditions may well arise by which Harvard will be forced to give degrees to women under the combination agreement. The lover of Harvard and her fair name has cause to fear the results of this recent action, and the autocratic methods by which it was brought about.

GRADUATE.

Boston, Mass., February 23.

Literature

THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

Introduction to the History of Religions. By Prof. C. H. Toy. (Hand-Books on the History of Religions, Vol. IV.) Boston: Ginn & Co. $3.

At last we have in English, and in a book written for the English-speaking world, an adequate outline of that wide series of investigations that, for the past half-century, have been applied to the origin and development of religious belief. By the grandiloquent eloquence of Max Müller we were led to believe that a comparative study of the religions of the world would throw light upon the nature of religion in general and counteract the disruptive effects of Kant's "Kritik." Under his guidance we turned over the weary, dreary pages of the Sacred Books of the East and emerged after that infliction in the same condition as Faust after his profound researches in all branches of study. But, if the comparative study of religions has not altogether satisfied the expectations with which they have been studied with such assiduity, much instruction has been elicited during the search as to the early beliefs of mankind, and it was time that these researches should be summarized in accessible and trustworthy form, as has at last been done by Professor Toy. His work is both wider and more detailed than that of Professor Jevons, his chief predecessor in English, while it is also more sympa-

thetic and less doctrinaire than the "Orpheus" of M. Salomon Reinach, its chief Continental analogue.

Excellent as is Professor Toy's summary of the problems of the science of religion, it is difficult to see how it can be considered by him, according to his title, an introduction to the history of religions. It is rather a series of essays on different aspects of the religious problem, brought together without much inner connection, as can be seen from an enumeration of its Topica. These run as follows: Nature of Religion, The Soul, Early Religious Ceremonies, Early Cults, Totemism and Taboo, Gods, Myths, Magic and Divination, The Higher Theistic Development, Social Development of Religion, Scientific and Ethical Developments in Religious Systems. This enumeration will be, of itself, sufficient to show that there is no attempt to deal with the subject in any historic order, otherwise Totemism and Taboo would obviously have come earlier in the analysis. But "Introduction" is a term that can cover a multitude of inconsistencies. Professor Toy's treatment, however, does not, by any means, suffer from this lack of historico-logical arrangement. He has seemingly no theory of his own as to the historical development of religious cult, thought, and feeling, and thereby escapes the narrowing influence of a self-imposed scheme, such as is discernible in Jevons and robs Reinach of any claim to adequacy. Professor Toy is a reporter, rather than an advocate.

It is, indeed, extraordinary how, in turning over these pages, we find them strewn with the remains of theories of the origin of religion that were successively the fashion of the scientific day. Phallicism and totemism, sun myths and forest cults, animism and fetichism, worship of the dead and of the living, wind and water, stocks and stones, stars and dragons, all flit across the scene, each offering the key to all the mythologies. Having no *parti pris*, Professor Toy deals, in turn, with all these aspects of early religion and is enabled to give to each its proper but restricted place. His criticisms of these one-sided theories are of admirable sanity, notably in the chapter on totemism and taboo, which, in the hands of W. R. Smith and Frazer, were at one time thought to solve the problem of religious origins. Professor Toy is equally satisfactory in his treatment of these scholars' view of sacrifice, which must also be regarded as one of the milestones of mythological theory that have now been left behind.

The value of Professor Toy's book consists in its comprehensiveness. In it the student of comparative religion will find, in one or other of its twelve hundred numbered paragraphs, concise information of the present state of scholarship with regard to almost any problem in which he can well be interested, and, in most cases, with reference to the best and latest literature on the subject. It gives not alone the savage or primitive views on the various topics, but includes references to the greater creeds of the historic nations. This feature of the work, which forms its main strength, has naturally its weaker side. No one man can entirely control the vast literature which has sprung up with regard to these problems during Professor Toy's long career as scholar, while, on many topics, it was impossible for him to go into sufficient detail to be really illuminating. In particular, his use of secondary sources on the complex and difficult problems relating to the religions of India leads, at times, to unsatisfactory vagueness. On the other hand, his expert acquaintance with Hebrew and Semitic religious phenomena gives his treatment often an air of confidence and thoroughness, which is the more satisfactory since none of his predecessors, except Tiele, has approached the subject from the Semitic field.

The wide extent over which Professor Toy's book ranges estops any detailed criticism in this place of his utterances on the many disputed points of his subject. A few sporadic notes may suffice to indicate the broad bearings of the book. In dealing, as he does occasionally, with the social relations of religion, he leaves out of account, for the most part, the economic background of its various phases, the connection, for example, of totemism with hunting, of the gods of field and forest with agriculture, and the like. In his discussion of the connection of totemism with the domestication of animals, in which he adopts his rather favorite agnostic attitude, further support might have been found from Galton's essay in his "Inquiries into Human Faculty." On burial ceremonies (189 *et seq.*) and on dead kin (360 *et seq.*) he might have made reference to Dr. Frazer's important study in the Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute for 1886. One misses any adequate treatment of the Lares and Penates; Fustel de Coulanges may have laid too much stress upon the gods of the hearth and their connection with the political organization of Greeks and Romans, but to omit all reference to his views makes a serious gap in Professor Toy's wide treatment of his subject. His view of the origin of circumcision was, to a large extent, anticipated by Sir Richard Burton, of which he seems to be unaware. The suggested relations of bacteriology to demonology and taboo are not considered by Dr. Toy, though it is curious how many of the precautions taken against the presence of demons, or the transgression of taboo, resemble the most recent methods of sepsis. Modern hygiene has only recently discovered what a powerful demon Beelzebub (the god of flies) is. The myth of the lunar eclipse current in East Asia deserved fuller notice than is given in section 849. It is by no means certain that fairy-tales are survivals of myths, as is asserted on p. 881. Professor Toy's treatment of magic is perhaps the least satisfactory part of his work. Here his general agnostic attitude leads to a necessary vagueness. Following, for the most part, Frazer, he regards magic as a false science of sequences, which reminds one rather of the old explanation why treason did never prosper. Magic that reaches a true science of sequences is, according to this, either science or religion.

The book is concluded by an elaborate bibliography of the subject, running close to a thousand numbers. Some of the references are rather casual and vague, as, for example, "The Hibbert Lectures," "The Gifford Lectures"; but, as a rule, the selection is adequate. Hartland's book on the "Legend of Perseus," Tuchman's papers on Fascination, in *Melusine*, Goldziher's masterly sketch of Islam, and Fustel de Coulange's "La Cité antique" are the most notable omissions; Dr. Charles's edition of the Apocrypha and Pseudepigraphica was probably too recent for insertion in the list.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Forester's Daughter. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Garland says in his "foreword" that he had intended to writer a longer and more important book about his Supervisor McFarlane and the problems of forestry, but that his heroine, Berrie, "took the story into her own strong hands and made of it something so intimate and so idyllic" that the "more prosaic element" had no chance. This is perhaps as well, since the forester and his difficult task have already been pretty thoroughly "novelized," and there are no signs here of fresh treatment at the hands of the present writer. We have hardly more than a rough sketch in the background of McFarlane, the old-time forester, and his college-bred staff, pitted against cattlemen on the one hand and lumbermen on the other. Nothing happens, not even the expected forest fire. As for Berrie McFarlane, she is the familiar maiden of Far Western romance, the rose of the rancho, with a hand for any cinch, and a heart for the single tenderfoot destined from all time to leave New Haven for her.

The original thing about the story is that this young gentleman, who rejoices in the distinctively Eastern name of Wayland Norcross, is not the latest conquering halfback to leave the Yale campus, but a "lunger" relegated to Bear Tooth Forest as to a last resort. But even this is not the most extraordinary thing about him. Instead of growing a new pair of lungs and winning

his way, over the prostrate bodies of herdsman and wood-butcher, to the post of Head Forester, he remains, what he seems to be at the outset, a weakling and a puppy. He thinks like a schoolgirl and talks like a book. Anybody can pick on him with perfect comfort; his hour of triumph is that in which the villain, his rival, topples him over like a man of straw and breaks his head as it deserves to be broken. This negative feat, heaped upon his previous record of pusillanimity, is too much for the heroine. All barriers are down between them; he is the perfect foil and fondling of a strong woman, and has to marry her whether he will or no.

Again we must express doubt as to Mr. Garland's capacity for extended narrative; and wish him a return of the sincere mood and restrained hand which produced those little classics of Middle Western literature, "Main-Travelled Roads."

William and Bill. By Grace MacGowan Cooke and Carolina Wood Morrison. New York: The Century Co.

It was worth the effort of collaboration to create a new hero for the boy-world. William and Bill are cousins burdened with the same name but designated differently in familiar discourse. Moreover, the respective appellations bestowed upon them are also a clue to their characters. William is mother's boy, stiff, petted, polite, with a distinct weakness for romance and gallantry. Bill is rather the unspoiled product of nature, blunt, outspoken, rough and ready, but tender at heart. However, "William and Bill" is not given over merely to a study of the two individuals. It points out that every true boy should have the characteristics of both these personages that the nature of Bill should be softened by a certain degree of Williamness, while William needs certain traits of Billiness to be quite complete.

Green Chalk. By Doris Somerville. New York: John Lane Co.

The man "who loves to be loved" and is distinguishable from all others of his kind by "an uncommonly black mole on his left cheek, somewhere near the eye," shatters the hearts of three—Lady Grace, the blonde adventuress who plays the game of love and disdain only less expertly than he; pretty Suzanne, the model from Montparnasse, who asks nothing better than to grovel at his feet, and, lastly, his young American wife. The latter he is obliged to marry to procure a certain fortune to which he has long considered himself entitled. She, poor thing, supposes she is marrying the painter whose admired pictures forever repeat one face, and that her own. But the man with the uncommonly black mole on his left cheek has nothing to do with the pictures beyond signing them and reaping the rewards of their fame. They are really the creations of his illegitimate half-brother, whom he keeps hard at work on a stipend. Happiness, for this humble child of genius, consists solely in the privilege of painting this one face *ad infinitum.* (In early youth he had been the victim of a motor-'bus accident. This face had bent above him then—and what more natural sequence than that he should paint it till he died?)

Is this, perhaps, the nightmare of an art student? The book is as full of studio and boudoir banalities as any Paris Salon—and infinitely more wearisome.

The Jam Girl. By Frances R. Sterrett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

With reprehensible conservatism, we have limited the sphere of jam to the pantry-shelf and unregenerate urchins. Miss Sterrett, however, appears as its liberator, and reveals the true significance of this delicacy as a vital factor in industrial competition, as an incentive towards family feuds, and as a means of courtship. At least such is the mission in the "Jam Girl" from the town of Waloo, on the Mississippi.

These considerations account for the fact that when Judith Henderson and Hiram Bingham met in the night train from Lausanne to Paris, they were strangely drawn to each other. The sudden friendship was strengthened by a mutual appreciation of the "Raisinée de France" or "King's Jam" upon which they breakfasted in a tiny inn at Montarlier. Unknown to each other, both were the offspring of the jam of the town of Waloo. Their fathers had inaugurated the jam industry there and had devoted their lives to the manufacture of an ideal condiment. But dissension had set in, and business rivalry grew into a family feud. Only it did not pass on to the second generation.

Accordingly, it happened that when Hiram Bingham was returning from a trip abroad in search of famous jam recipes, outdoing those of the Hendersons, and found Judith Henderson in the train for Paris accused by the customs officers of smuggling a cake of milk chocolate into France, the heir of the Bingham Jam Factories gallantly came to her rescue. Both were free from the feelings of natural repulsion which they should have experienced. Nay, the unsuspecting "Bingham Jam" heir entrusted to his rival's daughter a rare collection of jam recipes employed by the house of Medici, when jam was at its dainty height in Italy. Later, the volume fell into the hands of Judith's father, and there were complications.

A jolly little farce, with diverting incidents; it will amuse the reader.

THE SPIRIT OF DIAMOND PITT.

Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope. By Frank Hamel. With 20 full-page photogravures. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $5 net.

It is surprising that the author of this careful and interesting study has nowhere suggested a parallel between Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Nearly a century separated them, and there are strong points of difference. Lady Hester was never what Lady Mary boasted herself, "a rake at reading." Politics concerned her more than books in youth, as occultism did in age—both as means of power. An amazing talker, she had no ambition to shine in literature. She was not at all the more interested in meeting Byron because he was a poet. "I saw nothing in him but a well-bred man, like many others," she remarks carelessly, "for, as for poetry, it is easy enough to write verses." When Lamartine, long famous throughout Europe, visited her in her hermitage on Mt. Lebanon, she assured him that she loved him, but had never heard of him. Much earlier, upon her first taste of what power means in the Orient, she had frankly expressed her creed:

> To command is to be really great; to have talents is to talk sense without a book in one's hand; and to have manners is to accommodate one's self to the customs and tastes of others, and to make them either fear or love you.

This is in refreshing contrast with the literary servility of Lady Mary Wortley. English society under Queen Anne was dominated by the wits and the poets. Matters were very different a century later. Lady Mary and Lady Hester each represented the "new womanhood" of an age. Both were spirited, fond of power, impatient of convention. Both tasted deep of the Orient, and experienced many years of self-imposed exile from England. Here, after all, the resemblance ends.

Lady Hester came of an imperious race. Independence and authority were her daily bread, and vast empire was the dream of her life. "Diamond Pitt" was her great-great-grandfather on both sides. Chatham was her grandfather, and the younger Pitt her adored uncle. From Diamond Pitt, that unconquerable buccaneer of the East India trade, her inheritance seems plainest. Like him, she loved to rule those about her with Oriental absolutism. Lord Rosebery has asserted that "his blood . . . all aflame from the East, . . . blazed up again in Hester Stanhope": and Mr. Hamel agrees that "she was atavistic, a reversion to type, and undoubtedly inherited from her great-great-grandfather his spirit of adventure, his love of the pomp and splendor of the East, and his forcible and aggressive attitude." Such a nature is not framed for domestic

joys. Lady Mary Wortley had far more feminine softness and amenability. If Wortley Montagu had been a marriageable man, he might have made a happy woman of Lady Mary. Lady Hester had no such possibility. One man she would have married if he had wanted her; it was well for him that he did not. She was a born potentate, and her consort would have had to acknowledge it, or suffer for his folly. Her happiest years were those in which she ruled as a sort of princess in the court of her uncle Pitt. His death left her at loose ends, homeless in England, and instinct drew her towards the East as the home of her domineering spirit. Her first disappointment of the heart, or of the sex instinct, had been followed by a deep mutual attachment with Sir John Moore. She spoke of him in later life as the man she was to have married; whatever the chances may have been, his death at Corunna put an end to them. The same year, she left England for Sicily, intending an ordinary journey; but she was never to see England again. In her suite (she was supposed to be poor, but she had a suite) went as private physician a young Dr. Meryon, just out of Oxford, who was to be her Boswell. Upon his letters and "Memoirs" our knowledge of Lady Hester's life out of England largely depends.

Biographers are complaisant beyond a single generation; your Johnsonian is likely to overlook Boswell's frailty as well as Johnson's own. Mr. Hamel nowhere seems to taste the peculiar savor of young Dr. Meryon's character: his habitual mental teeter between servility and bumptiousness, the daily endurance of insult, and semi-occasional flashes of resentment which his fancy magnifies into expressions of dignified independence. He has no humor and a vain pomp of words. But he has a single faculty which clears him, like Boswell, from the name of lickspittle, the faculty of honest worship. Suffering continually from the major tyranny and petty exactions of his mistress, he looks up to her as the greatest of women, compares her to Portia, Semiramis, Aspasia; declares that no one equals her in talent but Napoleon. His journey to Sicily lengthened itself to a seven years' exile, and he left her to drag a lengthening chain. Again and again, during the years that followed, he returned to the East at her summons, if necessary taking his wife and family (with whom Lady Hester would have nothing to do). They parted at last only when, a few months before her death, she began to wall up the approach to her little stronghold at Djoun, as a final act of defiance to the world.

A strange and picturesque career led up to that act. She had hardly left England when she met and attached to her party an English youth named Bruce, rich, handsome, and twenty. She was fourteen years older, but a liaison resulted which she herself refused either to deny or to mask as a marriage. After a few years they parted, as she had foreseen they must, and Lady Hester was left discredited at home, and, but for the faithful Meryon, alone abroad. But she had already shown extraordinary power over the Oriental mind, especially (in part by virtue of her fearlessness and her remarkable horsemanship) over the Arab tribesmen. Here, if social and domestic happiness were lost to her, she could still assert herself. Here she was hailed as a queen. There had been prophecies; and gradually the belief grew upon her that she was to be Queen of Jerusalem: all the East was to be in her hands, and all the West at her mercy. Studies in magic, isolation, unbridled authority in her small household domain, intensified her egotism. In later years she was insane as tyrants are, a pitiful, and it seems now, rather absurd, figure. England gossiped about her for a generation: it was said that she had secretly married an Arab chief, that she owned slaves, used Eastern methods of torture, and so on. She lived on credit for years and, when her creditors finally grew insistent, wrote the most insulting letters to Palmerston, and to Victoria herself. She became a laughing-stock. Yet even at this time one friend, Sir William Napier, rose in her defence:

> Her influence is vast with the Arab tribes, and with all those who have suffered from Ibrahim's army, or who sigh over the tottering condition of the Turkish Empire. She, more than any person, can secure to England the friendship of nations whose good-will must be vitally essential to our interests, when—and the time must soon come—we have to contend with Russia for the independence of the Porte. And if her disposition was not too noble, too magnanimous, to seek such revenge, English travellers in the East might bitterly rue the insults offered to Lady Hester Stanhope.

But Lady Hester was to be of little further account to herself or to England. A few months later she died behind her walls on Lebanon, alone but for a black servant, alone, embittered, and hopeless. So was snuffed out the last pale flicker of the ruthless, commanding spirit of old Diamond Pitt.

Transatlantic Historical Solidarity. By Charles Francis Adams. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.75.

The second course of American lectures at Oxford University was given by Mr. Adams. His predecessor, Mr. Rhodes, undertook to present in three lectures a general review of the War of Secession, necessarily in a very condensed form. Mr. Adams selected certain incidents of the time indicating how far certain of the main questions at issue touched the concerns of Europe. Rhodes considered the war as a civil or domestic quarrel; Adams views it first as the birth of a nationality, and secondly as involving matters in which Great Britain and France felt a vital interest. In either case the manner of treatment was influenced by a consciousness that the auditors knew little of the issues involved. Mr. Bryce had given friendly counsel on that point, and, thus warned, Mr. Adams sought to present essentials without an excess of detail. A difficulty in understanding the apparent conflict in authority between national and State governments may well be excused in Europe, because this conflict has in international matters been brought before them in an almost irreconcilable contradiction. The nation cannot be held responsible for outrages committed against foreigners by the citizens of a State, and the nation is powerless to coerce the States into rendering compensation. Explaining this matter of States' rights, the growth of nationality, the question of citizenship, their influence in bringing on the War of Secession, and how they have been in part determined by that conflict, Mr. Adams prepared the way for dealing with his selected incidents.

The more this diplomatic phase is studied, the greater the difficulty in accepting Seward's position. He undertook to prove that the war was a private concern, with which Europe had little to do; and that it was a great struggle for freedom, in which the sympathies and interests of Europe could be involved only in favor of the North. Such a position created confusion in the minds of European statesmen. The South could not be denied the rights of belligerents without treating them as pirates; the suppression of rebellion and maintenance of the Union need not be followed by the abolition of slavery. Europe viewed the conflict as a war of conquest rather than as one of emancipation. The attitude of the ruling class in England was well defined; in contrast Mr. Adams takes the Lancashire cotton crisis to illustrate the strength of the feeling among the workers for the North. A great cause of this feeling he finds in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The wide influence of the book and the natural stolidity of the English laborer carried him through the crisis in a manner worthy of all recognition. By cotton the South confidently expected to bring Europe to terms entirely favorable to its ambitions; the moral principle at stake held Lancashire firm, and at no time did a demand for recognizing the South or intervening in the struggle come from the workingman. On the issue of cotton the South staked its all—and lost.

This leads Mr. Adams to show how

narrowly the United States escaped intervention by Great Britain and France. Here the personal element becomes strong—the intentions of Palmerston, Russell, and Gladstone, the aims of the Emperor of the French, and the diplomatic passages which led to an actual agreement to intervene, when something interfered to postpone it. Such a dramatic situation Mr. Adams presents in language which will not bear condensation, and must be read to be appreciated. If a question arises on the importance given to a jealousy between Palmerston and Gladstone, the story is too well developed in detail to admit of any doubt. Another element of great importance must be considered. The influence of one man in the Cabinet against intervention at that particular time is indicated in Clarendon's "Memoirs," and will be found to balance in a large degree the feeling shown by Palmerston towards his younger and indiscreet colleague. The last lecture, devoted to Gen. Lee, a subject Mr. Adams has made his own, illustrates States' rights of old, allegiance to State and nation, and international fame.

The striking features of these lectures are: an original interpretation of the historical events of the war, its novel application to the neglected study of international policy, and the vigor of presentation. The breadth of view is noticeable. Gladstone is criticised for his Newcastle speech, but is highly praised for his later acknowledgment of error. The South committed rebellion, but the reconstruction period imposed adequate punishment. Such balanced judgments, heightened by the personal element and the methods of a trained investigator, offer good reading, a wholesome stimulus to the study of an important phase of the war, and a true contribution to its history.

Brest, Port Transatlantique Européen. By Claude Casimir-Perier. Pp. 383; 360. Paris: Hachette.

In August, 1911, the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire* contained an article on Brest by Mr. Casimir-Perier, and in the past year the Brest Chamber of Commerce published his brochure entitled "Comment on peut assurer à la France la Suprématie sur l'Atlantique." The results of his industrious study are now presented in definitive form.

Having in mind a notable speech at the Guildhall, we might appropriately entitle these volumes "Wake Up, France." Their principal purpose is the establishment of Brest as the chief port for the French transatlantic service, and their incidental service is to point out the weaknesses of the internal transportation systems of France and to show in detail how these may be materially improved.

The indictment of the French mercantile marine of to-day is dispassionate and thorough. Thus of the forty-eight navigation companies maintaining lines between Europe and the American hemisphere, only four are French. Of more than one thousand entries of steamships from Europe at New York in 1911 fewer than 150 were French. Between 1908 and 1911, of the cabin passengers carried westbound from Europe the percentage on French ships steadily decreased to less than 6 per cent. Furthermore, of the cabin passengers between New York and French ports, fewer than one-third travel by the French line.

As regards total tonnage employed by the principal companies in the transatlantic trade at the beginning of 1912, that of Germany was much more than twice that of France, while the English tonnage was nearly six times as great as the French. Of 221 steamers in the Atlantic trade, of 7,000 tons or more, only 13 carry the French flag. The largest French ship, the France, ranks only ninth in size among the ships in the transatlantic trade, and, further, was, when launched in 1911, a ship whose tonnage had been equalled ten years previously and exactly doubled by foreign companies at the time of its completion. The Imperator has since been launched, and five other ships, all more than twice the size of the France, are announced or are building. Nor is there any sign of progress in the construction of new ships, for the largest French liner under way, for the south Atlantic service, is of only 14,400 tons, and while the French line some time ago announced its decision to build a ship as large as any afloat, nothing has been done and nothing can be done effectively, as no French port on the Atlantic can accommodate a ship of such dimensions. Instead of progress there seems to have been retrogression. Nor does the French company in the south Atlantic give any more enviable service in its Bordeaux-Rio Janeiro line, on which it employs four "veritable veterans of the ocean."

The author discusses the availability of Brest from about every known or conceivable point of view, and follows up his arguments in favor of its unique superiority with a mass of statistics, maps, and diagrams. There are detailed maps of the proposed works at Brest, maps showing how all the changes in the railway systems are to be made, plans of the proposed Gare Maritime showing even the location of the escalators and moving sidewalks, and, indeed, a set of time-tables for eight through trains to be run, when the plan is consummated, from Brest to Berlin, Madrid, Vienna, Rome, etc.

Roughly, the plan is based on a saving of time by shortening the slower sea voyage while lengthening the distance of the land journey. The advantageous position of Brest, in relation to New York, Colon, and Rio Janeiro to the west, and the principal cities of Europe to the east, is elaborately developed by a series of graphic charts, by the details of distance, fare, etc. Other schedules show the relative advantage of Brest among twenty-two European ports as the proper routing point between Rio Janeiro, Para, La Guayra, Colon, Vera Cruz, New Orleans, and New York on the one hand, and seven principal Continental distributing points on the other hand.

The estimated cost of the "Brest-Transatlantic System" (including the Brest-Paris and Brest-Nantes lines, and the improvement of the Brittany canals) is stated as about 970,000,000 francs; of the two lines towards Switzerland, and Italy, about 195,000,000 francs; of the development in Paris, 56,000,000 francs; and of the other work on railways and canals, about 1,400,000,000 francs; making thus a total of some $525,000,000.

It is exceptional for an individual, apparently with no official or corporate position or backing, to produce the results of a study involving obviously such extensive and painstaking investigation, with such a mass of material, both in the text and in the accompanying charts and schedules. Mr. Casimir-Perier recognizes that on the technical side of his subject he is not an expert, but this production will itself compel the public to recognize him as a master of his subject.

The volumes should prove instructive to professors of economics, useful to shipping owners whose business is expanding, and suggestive to those engaged either in the study or in the business of transportation.

Notes

On December 18, 1913, the *Nation* printed a review of Theodore Winthrop's "The Canoe and the Saddle," edited and issued by John H. Williams, of Tacoma, Wash. It was there stated that the editor "has connected Winthrop's narrative with authentic history of the regions traversed, and has scattered through the book, in footnotes and in illustrations not formerly used in this connection, many interesting cross-references." It was further stated that "Mr. Williams's edition is often careless in matters of detail," and some of these errors were pointed out. In reply to this review Mr. Williams sent a letter for publication, in which he charged the reviewer with knowing "nothing of Winthrop's book," and argued the reputed errors at great length. This letter was sent to the reviewer with the request that he would give us such information as would enable us to determine in what

points, if any, our review was at fault. The reviewer's reply went into the discussion very minutely, and, to the best of the editor's judgment, seemed to show that the review was correct, or, at least, had not erred in any essential point. In order that the editor might arrive at the truth this letter of the reviewer was sent to Mr. Williams with the request that he would return it at his convenience. Mr. Williams has now seen fit to publish a pamphlet containing the original review, his reply, the reviewer's letter, and part of the correspondence ensuing, with vituperation of the editor and the publisher of the *Nation*. He closes his pamphlet with this quotation from a telegram of the publisher of the *Nation*, dated February 4: "Would be unprecedented in our history. * * * You have no authority or right to print our reviewer's letter, forwarded out of courtesy." The words of the telegram which are indicated by the three asterisks, and which Mr. Williams has omitted, are these: "Are quite ready to print statement one column in length summarizing errors of fact, but not discussing differences of opinion and judgment." Mr. Williams has not taken advantage of this offer, but opens his pamphlet with the assertion that he makes the documents public because the *Nation* refuses "to correct misstatements."

Doubleday, Page & Company are issuing: "The Panama Canal," by Frederic J. Haskin, and "The Carpenter and the Rich Man," by Bouck White.

John Lane Co. publishes this week: "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court," by Count Paul Vassili; "Auguries," by Laurence Binyon; "The Strong Heart," by A. R. Goring-Thomas; "The Iron Year," by Walter Bloem; "Simple Simon," by A. Neil Lyons; "When William Came," a story of London under the Hohenzollerns, by H. H. Munro, and "Somebody's Luggage," by J. F. Randall.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the forthcoming publication of "Shallow Soil," by Knut Hamsun.

Mr. Edwin Björkman is writing for Henry Holt & Co. "A History of Nineteenth-Century Scandinavian Literature" from and including Ibsen, with a sketch of the earlier literature of the three countries.

It was announced a few weeks ago that "An Anglo-Manx Vocabulary," by the late A. W. Moore, Speaker of the House of Keys, with the assistance of Sophia Morrison and Edmund Goodwin, would be published if sufficient subscribers were willing to pay 15 shillings net for the book. Although the work is of undoubted interest to students of dialects generally and of the Manx language in particular, the promises hitherto received do not justify publication, which will have to be abandoned unless more support is assured. Prospectuses may be obtained from Mr. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, through any bookseller.

The Century Co. will publish February 27 "Silent Sam and Other Stories," by Harvey J. O'Higgins, and Samuel Merwin's "Anthony the Absolute"; later a new story of Pennsylvania Dutch life, by Helen R. Martin, and "European Police Systems," by Raymond B. Fosdick, formerly Commissioner of Accounts of New York city. The last-named volume will be the third in the series of books published for the Bureau of Social Hygiene.

Miss Edith Williams, the founder of the Guilde Internationale, who, in the course of many years of residence in Paris, has done much to promote the study of English in France, has been appointed a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

A new edition of Prof. A. V. Dicey's "Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century" will be published shortly by Macmillan. Professor Dicey has added to the volume a comprehensive introduction dealing with the developments of his theme in the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries.

Macmillan's list of spring announcements includes, in fiction: "The Treasure," by Kathleen Norris; "Sandy," by S. R. Crockett; "The Reconnaissance," by Gordon Gardiner; "A Stepdaughter of the Prairies," by Margaret Lynn; "The Possessed," by Fyodor Dostoevsky; "Stories of Red Hanrahan," by Willian Butler Yeats; "The Valley of the Moon," by Jack London.—In public affairs: "The Philippines, Past and Present," by D. C. Worcester; "On Politics and History: A University Address," by Viscount Morley; "Property and Contract in Their Relations to the Distribution of Wealth," by Richard T. Ely; "Progressive Democracy," by Herbert Croly; "Violence and the Labor Movement," by Robert Hunter; "Progressivism and After," by William English Walling; "The Soul of America," by Stanton Coit; "Democracy and Race Friction," by John Moffatt Mecklin; "Why Is the Dollar Shrinking?" by Irving Fisher; "Work and Wealth: A Human Valuation," by J. A. Hobson; "Where and Why Public Ownership Has Failed," by Yves Guyot; "The American Doctrine of Judicial Supremacy," by Charles Grove Haines; "The Income Tax," by Edwin R. A. Seligman; "A Theory of Interest," by C. C. Hoag; "Training the Girl," by William A. McKeever; "The Industrial Training of the Boy," by W. A. McKeever; "The Progressive Movement: Its Origin and Its Principles," by Benjamin P. De Witt.

In religion, history, biography, and travel the Macmillans have a long list, including: "The Writings of John Quincy Adams," edited by Worthington C. Ford; "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee," Vol. II, collected and edited by James Curtis Ballagh; "The Establishment of State Government in California, 1846-1850," by Cardinal Goodwin; "Roman Imperialism," by Tenney Frank; "The Cambridge History of India," edited by Prof. E. J. Rapson, Vol. I, "Ancient India from the Earliest Historical Times to About the Beginning of the Christian Era"; "A History of the National Capital, from Its Foundation to the Adoption of the Organic Act," by W. B. Bryan.—Travel: "Egypt in Transition," by Sidney Low; "South America: Observations and Impressions," revised edition, by James Bryce; "Mexico: The Wonderland of the South," by W. E. Carson.—Religion: A new edition of "The Mediæval Mind," by Henry Osborn Taylor; "Can We Still Be Christians?" by Rudolf Eucken; "The Reformation in Germany," by Henry C. Vedder; "The Faith of Japan," by Tasuku Harada; "Modern Religious Movements in India," by J. N. Farquhar; "The Battles of Peace," "The Heresy of Cain," "Christianity Between Sundays," all by Dean George Hodges; "The Prophets of Israel," by Moses Buttenwieser.

The imported volumes on Macmillan's list include: "The Influence of the Gold Supply on Prices and Profits," by Sir David Barbour; "India Rubber Laboratory Practice," by W. A. Caspari; "The Theory of Relativity," by L. Silberstein; "Dictionary of Madame de Sévigné," by Edward FitzGerald, edited by May Eleanor Fitzgerald Kerrick; "History and Theory of Vitalism," by Hans Driesch; "From Far Lands: Poems of North and South," by "Gervais Gage" (J. Lawrence Rentoul); "Ownership and Taxation of Land," by Sir Thomas Whittaker; "Sophocles in English Verse," Part II, translated by Arthur S. Way; "The Gospels in the Light of Historical Criticism," by Dr. F. S. Chase, Bishop of Ely; "Orchestration," by Cecil Forsyth; "The History of Greek Philosophy," by Prof. John Burnet; "Spiritual Reformers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," by Prof. Rufus M. Jones; "Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country," by W. H. Hutton; "Roman Ideas of Deity," by W. Warde Fowler; "Nietzsche," by George Brandes.

Macmillan's college text-books, in various departments, embrace: "History of England," by Arthur Lyon Cross; "Contemporary American History, 1877-1913," by Charles A. Beard; "American Government and Politics," revised edition, by the same; "Readings in American Government and Politics," revised edition, by the same; "The Facts About Shakespeare," by William Allan Neilson; "Representative English Comedies," Vol. III, "The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Others," edited by Charles Mills Gayley; "English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century," by George Henry Nettleton; "Modern Short Stories," by Margaret Ashmun; "The Theory and Practice of Argumentation and Debate," by V. A. Ketcham; "Handbook of Exposition," by R. A. Jelliffe; "Introduction to the Critical Philosophy of Kant," by G. T. Whitney and P. H. Fogel; "Problems of Child Welfare," by George B. Mangold; "The Instinct of Workmanship," by Thorstein Veblen.

Macaulay's contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* began with the essay on Milton in 1825 and ended with the second essay on Chatham in 1844. In all, there were twenty-seven of them. They are now put forth in a new edition by the Oxford University Press in two volumes, the first volume containing the "literary" essays, of which there are thirteen, and the second being given over to the four-

teen "historical" essays. The basis of this distinction may be indicated by noting that among the former are included the essays on Milton, Machiavelli, Bacon, and Temple, and among the latter those on Hallam's "Constitutional History," Burleigh, and Warren Hastings. In each volume the essays are arranged in the order in which they were written, and a table of contents gives the year and month when each appeared. Although the volumes run to 700 and 800 pages respectively, they are invitingly light. Each of them is provided with an extensive index.

Any lover of the Johnson circle will be eager to acquire a new volume of letters from the mistress of Streatham, and to learn for himself whether they throw any light on that rather enigmatic lady. But it cannot be said that we get any really new view of her character in "The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington, 1788-1821," which have been edited by Mr. Oswald G. Knapp and published by John Lane. Nor are they intrinsically interesting. Early in their friendship Mrs. Piozzi writes to her correspondent, then still Miss Weston: "Your letters, my lovely friend, are like the places they describe, cultivated, rich, and various: the prominent feature elegance, but always some sublimity in hope and prospect." Such was equally the sentiment of Miss Weston in regard to Mrs. Piozzi's epistolary graces, and no inconsiderable part of these pages is marked by this utterly false and pretentious obliquity of taste. A few of the ladies of that age—notably Fanny Burney in her earlier years—escaped this infatuation of emptiness, but on the whole their correspondence and lucubrations offer about as dreary reading as anything in the whole range of English literature. Mrs. Piozzi could be racy and idiomatic at times in her public writing; she saved her elegance mainly for her letters.

The letters in the volume now printed begin in 1788, not long after Mrs. Piozzi's second marriage, and continue almost to the day of her death. The recipient, Penelope Sophia Weston, was a friend of Mrs. Siddons and Anna Seward. In 1792 she married a William Pennington. There is a break in the correspondence of some fifteen years, when the writers quarrelled—Mrs. Piozzi, despite her generosity, was continually a victim of quarrels—over some unknown cause. We are out of Dr. Johnson's circle for the most part, but many readers will come to the book wishing to discover some reason for justifying the dictator in his rage over Mrs. Thrale's marriage, or perhaps, if he is Irish and a partisan of Goldsmith, seeking the reverse. He will find here direct support for neither side of the question. We really know Mrs. Piozzi no better after reading this book than we did before; but it cannot be said that we like her better. With all her good traits, she does not attract, and she leaves us distrustful. If ever the extraordinary diary now in the possession of Mr. A. M. Broadley is printed in full we may be able to speak of her character with more assurance.

Serge Persky's "Contemporary Russian Novelists" (Boston: Luce & Co.), translated from the French by Frederick Eisemann, may be commended with few reservations as a thoroughly workmanlike and useful guide to the more intensive study of Russian fiction during the last thirty years. Within the space of three hundred small pages the writer has produced almost an encyclopædia of his subject. It is, in fact, against certain excess of detail that one feels impelled to protest. In his desire to summarize virtually every short story produced by the prolific Russian band during more than a quarter of a century, it is inevitable that the author's narrative should at times become a bald statement of plot and incident, with little of the inner meaning of the original. Neither can one always subscribe to Mr. Persky's appraisement of his individual authors. He has his rather peculiar likes and dislikes. Nevertheless, to the reader interested in the facts of the latest Russian literature, the facts are there in abundance. The men to whom Mr. Persky devotes separate chapters are Tchekoff, Korolenko, Verressayeff, Gorky, Andreieff, Merezhkovsky, and Kuprin. The minor figures are sufficiently provided for in a supplementary chapter. Is it the author or the translator who persists in speaking of Gorky's "Thomas Gordeyeff," instead of using the true and better known form, "Foma Gordeyeff"?

Mr. C. Reginald Enock's annual volume is this time devoted to "The Republics of Central and South America, Their Resources, Industries, Sociology, and Future" (Scribner); it has sixteen illustrations as well as nine maps. There are many loose statements, but this is not surprising under the circumstances. In order to write a standard manual, it would have been necessary for the author to spend far more time on it than was at his disposal, even though he is a rapid writer, rarely uses the blue pencil, and has been lecturing and writing books about the west coast of both North and South America for six years. There is a vast amount of detail in this 520-page volume, but much of it makes very dry reading. Nor is the proportion just. Mr. Enock writes at great length of the two countries with which he is personally familiar, Mexico and Peru, and slights Brazil and Argentina, which should have had as much space certainly as Peru. Bolivia has twenty-four pages, while Uruguay has but ten, and Costa Rica not quite three! The maps are not bad, but the large map at the end of the book, which pretends to give the actual railways and those in course of construction, has been quite carelessly drawn. No mention is made of the new railways in the centre of Bolivia; it would appear that Colombia has only one short railway instead of half a dozen, and the connection between Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro is not marked, even as being "in construction," although it has been in use for more than a year. There is still a crying need for a good book on this subject, which shall combine a high standard of accuracy and a good sense of proportion with a readable style.

Costa Rica stands out so prominently among the countries on the Caribbean for being prosperous, well-governed, and stable, that it is a pleasure to welcome Dr. Ricardo Fernández Guardia's "History of the Discovery and Conquest of Costa Rica," which has been translated by Harry Weston Van Dyke (Crowell). Although of necessity largely a compilation, its sources are not available to the ordinary reader, and the public libraries will welcome this volume as filling a long-felt want. Sr. Fernández Guardia has done enough browsing in the archives of the Indies at Seville to be able to offer some unusually interesting details in this little-known story. An understanding of pre-Columbian civilization in Costa Rica is made easier by many excellent plates taken from photographs of gold ornaments, pottery, and stoneware, now in the National Museum of Costa Rica. Archæologically, Costa Rica leans toward Chiriquí and the south, rather than towards the Mayas and the north. The plates, particularly those of the stone altars and the Nicoya ware, will be a revelation to any who have not made a special point of studying the antiquities of this remarkable little republic. There is also a useful map.

The Philippines have witnessed in the last fifteen years the apotheosis of José Rizal. This is just. His life is a great episode in Filipino history, and a bright spot in the history of the struggle for human liberty. Rizal, as he exemplifies the possibilities of his race, stands out, not as a violent revolutionist—such types are common enough—but as a rich human figure, representing intellectual culture, moral uprightness, sane enthusiasm, and unflinching courage. This rich character is completely presented in the vivid pages of Austin Craig's "Lineage, Life and Labors of José Rizal, the Philippine Patriot" (World Book Co.). The narrative is in every sense commendable for its dignity and sobriety. There was a danger of exaggerating his literary value. Rizal is a competent writer. Is he a great novelist? If we view him on the background of world literature, there can be but one answer, and that in the negative. Professor Craig also has a charming study of Rizal. Noteworthy are the illustrations of Rizal's work as painter and sculptor. The author is not wholly free from the attempt to Americanize his hero. If there is identity between some American policies and Rizal's ideals, that proves simply that colonial governments sometimes have good sense. But the reason for stressing "Jagor's prophecy" with a chapter heading, a three-page translation of the "prophecy," and the conclusion, entirely undocumented, that Rizal "believed that America would some time come to the Philippines and wished to prepare his countrymen for the changed condition that would then have to be met," is not apparent. Rizal cited, to be sure, the prophecy in a study of Philippine conditions; he bought another book on the Presidents of the United States; he "studied" the United States from the car windows on crossing the American continent, and he learned, according to Mr.

Craig (p. 142), that the Rocky Mountains are picturesque, that the Indians in front of our cigar shops are "no two alike," that Niagara Falls are not superior in delicacy to the cascades of La Laguna, that the Hudson is not so very different from the Pasig. Out of this material it may be possible to construct a legend of Rizal's Americanism. But until Professor Craig gives us more data we are inclined to suspect that Rizal, in common with some other men of equal erudition, knew that the United States existed, that it had a republican form of government, that it had a growing Oriental trade. Not the least fascinating portion of this book is the republication of Rizal's "The Monkey and the Tortoise," with the original pen sketches. It is the Filipino version of the American "tar-baby" of Uncle Remus.

"The Credit System" (Macmillan), by W. G. Langworthy Taylor, is more inclusive than its title would indicate, for the subject has led the author into a critical survey of a large part of the field of theoretical economics. A discursive treatment of interest, profit, and rent supplements the theory of commercial and bank credit. The explanation of general crises, not a novel one, is based upon over-capitalization of the future. Anticipated profits are not realized and security values shrink. Then follows a diminution in bank loans, which in turn decreases purchasing power and pulls down prices. A chapter entitled Justice for Debtors disapproves of legislative proposals to prevent fluctuations in the general level of prices. It is maintained that changes in the price level, if not violent, are desirable. Moderate fluctuation is a stimulus to enterprise. Much importance is attached throughout to psychology in its relation to business. For example, it is insisted that the volume of bank loans and deposits is largely a function of business confidence. In his contention that the volume of deposits may over a period of years regulate the reserves instead of the reverse, the author parts company with accepted authority. Containing discussions and arguments that at times reach the realm of the imaginative and written in a stilted style that often lacks lucidity, the book will be read only by those interested in the theoretical phases of the problem here developed.

If, as has been said, the acquisition of a new language is the acquisition of a new sense, a key to all languages ought to be a boon of priceless value. Such a key is offered substantially by Mr. Harold Bayley in "The Lost Language of Symbolism: An Inquiry into the Origin of Certain Letters, Words, Names, Fairy-tales, Folklore, and Mythologies" (Lippincott). Mr. Bayley's method is simple: discarding philological investigation, he penetrates into the heart of his material by intuition. Thus, having discerned (Vol. I, p. 13 ff) that the syllable *ak* means "great," he finds it as a formative element in a host of words, among which are Hackpen (at Avebury), Carnac (Brittany), Karnak (Egypt), Anak (Deut. ix 2), Anakes (Castor and Pollux), Akbar (Mohammedan India), Balak (Moab), Shishak (Egypt), Hakon (the present King of Norway), archon, magnus, Anahuac (Mexico), anaconda, Pachachamac (Peru), Acrea (Juno), Merodach (Assyrian), Herakles, Achilles, oak, Zodiac. This sort of procedure, continued through two stout volumes, enables the author to traverse almost the whole field of symbolism and mythology, along with other material, producing results hitherto unknown to scholars. He has looked over many books, gathering from them names and stories that he easily weaves into his scheme, and any reader, working in a similar manner, may produce a similar encyclopædia, with an attractive and different system of interpretation. It would be pleasant to be able to say a word in commendation of so well-meaning and industrious a writer. But he adds nothing to our knowledge of the subjects he treats; and, what is more important, he encourages (in those who may be influenced by him) reliance on superficial and fanciful resemblances instead of careful geographical, historical, and philological research.

At a recent session of the Institut de France (Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres) Prof. Paul Violet, a member of the Institut, read before his colleagues a communication from Mr. Louis Cons, of Bryn Mawr College, concerning one of the most mysterious problems of literary history: The authorship of the fifth book of Rabelais's "Pantagruel." Critics and historians have always suspected that this work, published ten years after the death of Rabelais in 1554, was but partly from the master's pen, but during four centuries no one has known who wrote the continuation. Mr. Cons has demonstrated conclusively that the continuator is Jean Quentin or Quintin (1500-1561), one of the intimate friends of Rabelais and at the same time one of the most interesting—though one of the least known—figures of the sixteenth century. Jean Quentin, it appears from studies that Mr. Cons has made of his life and of his writings, was a man who, although a high official of the Church and outwardly a loyal Roman Catholic, had been secretly converted to the Reformation. In the continuation of the fifth book of Rabelais he took delight in expressing anonymously the most bold and revolutionary ideas concerning the Pope and the priesthood.

At the beginning of 1757, when Count d'Argenson, War Minister of Louis XV, was relegated by the King's orders to his country seat, the Château des Ormes, he took with him all his private papers. Hence it happens that most of the letters addressed to the count have been preserved by his descendants and are still intact in the archives of the family. His son, the Marquis de Voyer, was too near the events in which the father had participated to publish any of these letters, and his grandson, the Marquis d'Argenson, Deputy for the Department of the Lower Rhine, never seemed to care to make the correspondence public. But the Marquis René d'Argenson, his great grandson, did edit the "Mémoires du Marquis d'Argenson," this Marquis d'Argenson being the brother of the War Minister mentioned above. This was the Jannet edition, printed in 1858, which is less complete than the Rathery edition, which is often consulted and which, at the close of the memoirs proper, gives, at the end of Volumes IV and V, some letters addressed to Count d'Argenson, among them being a few rather interesting ones from Voltaire, St. Simon, and the Queen. M. de Nolhac, in his "Louis XV et Marie Leczinska," is one of the rare writers who appear to have discovered these, the only public signs of the archives of Les Ormes. The late Duke de Broglie is another author who was able to use, and this but sparingly, a few bundles of these letters, placed at his disposal by his cousin german, the Marquis René d'Argenson. This is particularly seen in the Duke's "Voltaire avant et après la Guerre de Sept Ans." The father of the present Count d'Argenson was interested in these documents and classified them, but published none, even refusing to permit them to be examined by others than the immediate members of his family.

Among these letters preserved at Les Armes there are seventeen from Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender, written at or in the neighborhood of Paris during the years 1747 and 1748, after the unsuccessful uprising of 1745-6. Most of these, though addressed to the Minister, were really intended for the King, and, in some instances, were indeed addressed to him and sent simply in care of the Minister. A sentence of one of these covering letters reads: "I beg you to hand the enclosed to his Majesty, and I may add that not a single person knows that I have written it or how I have sent it." Some of these communications are four pages in length, and are on large-size letter paper, in the clear bold hand of the Pretender, the ink being still almost as black as the day it was used. There are also two letters from the son of the deposed James II, father of Prince Charles Edward, written from Rome and addressed to the count. The first, two pages in length, dated April 15, 1743, three years before the disaster at Culloden, begs France to come to the support of his cause, and the second, shorter, dated August 11, 1745, the month following the Prince's landing in Scotland, implores his Majesty to aid the efforts of his son. In another batch of papers concerning the partisans of the Prince, is a list of Irishmen who can be counted upon, among whom appears the name of MacMahon, the progenitor of the future Marshal of France, and second President of the Third Republic. Prince Carini, the great grandson of the Marquis René d'Argenson, is now engaged in preparing these papers for the press. The Stuart letters will be given *in extenso*.

Dr. Samuel Mitchell Jefferson, professor of philosophy of Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., since 1900, and one of the best-known educators in the South, died suddenly on Friday, at Lexington. Professor Jefferson was born in Kent County, Del., July 28, 1849, son of John Warren and Elizabeth Lynch Jefferson. He graduated from Indiana University with the class of 1874, and received the degree of A.M. from Bethany College, W. Va., in 1891, and that of LL.D. in 1896. He was a graduate stu-

dent of philosophy at Columbia in 1903. He was ordained to the ministry of Disciples of Christ in 1869. From 1893-96 he was professor of New Testament Greek and Biblical literature at Bethany College, and from 1896-1900 was dean of the Berkeley Bible Seminary, Cal.

Dr. Alcée Fortier, since 1880 professor of Romance languages at Tulane University, La., died at New Orleans on Saturday. Dr. Fortier was born in 1856 and educated at the University of Virginia and in Paris, where he studied phonetics under Professor Passy. He received the degree of Litt.D. at Washington and Lee in 1894 and at Laval University in 1898. He was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and wrote both in French and in English. His works include: "Le Château de Chambord," "Gabriel d'Ennerich," "Bits of Louisiana Folklore," "Sept Grands Auteurs du XIXme siècle," "Histoire de la Littérature française," "Louisiana Studies," "Louisiana Folk Tales," "Voyage en Europe en 1895," "Précis de l'Histoire de France," "History of Louisiana," "History of Mexico."

Science

"Worry and Nervousness, or the Science of Self-Mastery," by William S. Sadler, M.D., is announced by McClurg.

"The Bodley Head Natural History," Vol. II, is promised this week by John Lane Company.

Macmillan's spring announcement of new books includes: "The Unconscious: The Fundamentals of Human Personality," by Morton Prince; "The Great Society: A Psychological Analysis," by Graham Wallas; "The Childhood of the Word," by Edward Clodd; "The Two New Sciences of Galileo," translated by Henry Crew and Alphonse de Salvio; "The Cambridge British Flora," by C. E. Moss; "The Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture," new edition, edited by L. H. Bailey and collaborators; "Fruit Insects," by M. V. Slingerland and C. R. Crosby; "Farm Structures," by K. J. T. Ekblaw; "Farm Forestry," by E. G. Cheyney; "Textbook on Forage Crops," by Prof. C. V. Piper; "Small Grains," by M. A. Carleton; "Irrigation," by John A. Widtsoe; "Weeds," by Ada E. Georgia; "Field Crops," by George Livingston.—Medical: "Operations of Surgery," by W. H. A. Jacobson, new edition, revised by R. P. Rowlands and Philip Turner; "Diseases of the Arteries and Angina Pectoris," by Thomas Clifford Allbut; "Materia Medica for Nurses," by A. S. Blumgarten; "On Diseases of the Rectum and Anus," new edition, by Harrison Cripps; "Post-Mortem Technique and Practical Pathology," by James Miller; "Tuberculosis of Bones and Joints in Children," by John Fraser; "A Short Manual of Diseases of the Nervous System," by Edwin Bramwell; "Manual of Medical Jurisprudence, Toxicology, and Public Health," by W. G. Aitchison Robertson; "Black's Medical Dictionary," edited by John D. Comrie.

The fourth supplement of the Kew Index of Phanerogamous Plants embraces the period from the end of 1905 to the close of 1910. It comprises more than two hundred and fifty large quarto pages, each containing three columns in small type. This will give some idea both of the amount of activity in the systematic botany of flowering plants and the care with which the harvest has been gathered at Kew. Every botanist will be glad to see that the question of date of publication of species has received close attention, and that the perplexing matter of synonymy has been sedulously examined and the results recorded. Director Prain should receive hearty thanks for these modifications, which render the present supplement more valuable than its predecessors. The casual reader who takes up this Latin treatise for examination will ask himself why certain genera in the natural family of Rosaceæ, have been split up into a vast number of species, while others have been left undissected.

The death was recently announced in his eighty-fourth year of Dr. Albert Charles Günther, the head of the Zoological Department of the British Museum. Dr. Günther was born in Würtemberg, and studied at various universities in Germany, becoming connected with the British Museum in 1856. He founded and was the first editor of "The Record of Zoölogical Literature," and his publications, in addition to ten volumes of the Museum catalogues, include "Reptiles of British India," "Gigantic Land Tortoises," and several monographs on fishes.

William Whitman Bailey, the botanist and professor emeritus of the botanical department at Brown University since 1906, died on Friday. Professor Bailey was born at West Point, N. Y., in 1843, the son of Prof. Jacob Whitman and Maria Slaughter Bailey. He entered Brown University in 1860, and graduated in 1864. He received the degree of Ph.B. in 1873 and that of A.M. in 1893. In 1866 he was an assistant in chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and from 1867-68 he was the botanist of the United States Geological Survey of the fortieth parallel. During the latter year he became Deputy Secretary of the State of Rhode Island, and from 1869-71 he served as assistant librarian of the Providence Athenæum. In 1877 he became an instructor at Brown, and from 1881-1906 he served as professor of botany at the same university. Professor Bailey was a member of numerous learned societies, and was the author of a number of botanical works and of a volume of poems.

Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan, director of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research of the University of Pittsburgh, died in Pittsburgh on February 18, after an illness of several weeks, aged forty-five. He was born at Brantford, Ontario, Canada, November 1, 1868, and graduated from the University of Toronto in 1892. For some years after 1900 he studied abroad, he was professor of chemistry at Washington and Jefferson, and professor of industrial chemistry, 1906. In 1910 he was made director of industrial research, University of Kansas, and director of industrial research and professor of industrial chemistry at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Duncan was the author of "The New Knowledge," "The Chemistry of Commerce," "Some Chemical Problems of To-day," and was editor of the New Science series.

Drama

Karen Borneman; Lynggaard & Co. Two plays by Hjalmar Bergström. Translated from the Danish with an Introduction by Edwin Björkman. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

These plays form a volume in the Modern Drama series of translations, edited by Mr. Björkman. This particular book presents to English readers for the first time some of the work of one of a considerable group of contemporary Danish dramatists whose productions are attracting favorable notice at home.

To those already familiar with modern Danish literature the volume offers significant evidence of the persistence of traditional literary tendencies. Since the time of Holberg Danish authors have, in general, been interested to interpret ideas current in contemporary European thought in terms of national life. Bergström's work is closely related to recent German and English drama and is distinctive only in those places where one can recognize Danish reactions upon familiar ideas. In the general reader, therefore, these plays will hardly arouse much interest. They will be to him but one word more upon hackneyed themes.

"Karen Borneman" (1907), a discussion of what Mr. Björkman calls "that ever-vexatious question of sexual morality," is clearly reminiscent of Sudermann's "Magda" ("Heimat"). It becomes, however, particularly as interpreted by Mr. Björkman in his introduction, representative of certain "modern" pleas for sexual freedom for woman. The implications of the piece seemed so vicious, indeed, to the Danish censor that its production was for a time forbidden at home.

Karen Borneman, a young woman known to the public as the translator of Zola and Maupassant, is the daughter of a professor of theology in Copenhagen. Her literary duties take her to Paris, where she acquires and eagerly applies advanced ideas of temporary mating. She then returns to Copenhagen and showers noble scorn upon all who object to her conduct. A "liberal" doctor receives her lofty contempt by refusing to marry her after he has discovered what her past has been. When the father learns, with a horror that is supposed to be fussy and old-fashioned, that she has been the mistress of a brutal young artist, he goes to the sculptor to insist that he marry his daugh-

ter. He is made to understand, as is Col. Schwartz in "Magda," that his daughter has been the mistress of more than one. Unlike the German officer, however, he does not then become the centre of a moving tragedy in which natural impulses of many sorts clash impressively. He merely goes home and calls his daughter a strumpet. This name she is old-fashioned enough to resent, so that she answers her father with passionate words of justification. She prophesies the coming of a day when women will demand their liberty as a right, meaning their freedom to enjoy fully in their own way "the most beautiful among the passions bestowed upon man."

Then feeling a movement of filial sorrow for her father, who is a pathetic figure, Mr. Björkman explains, "like all who strive to dam the onward sweep of human progress," she remarks sadly: "I suppose it is the law of life that nothing new can come into the world without pain." Whereupon she walks quietly out and the play ends—or, rather, stops, for both the author and his interpreter are a bit scornful about dramatic conclusions in the old sense. A modern author must show disinterested curiosity. To betray moral convictions is for him to be guilty of artistic impudence. His judgment must in no way encroach upon the judicial freedom of his observation, which, it is hinted, is a much higher artistic faculty. This play ends, then, merely with "the opening of new vistas." The vista in this case is meant to be a realization that Karen's demands for the indulgence of sexual caprice are a part "of the onward sweep of human progress."

Though "Lynggaard & Co." (1905) is a product of the same artistic notions, it is a more interesting play. Like Hauptmann's "Weavers" and Galsworthy's "Strife," it is concerned with industrial conflicts. The scene is laid in the home of the capitalist, about whom persons representing different attitudes towards labor are grouped—the idle dilettante, the scheming efficient manager, the improvident philanthropist, and the impractical Socialist. The author shows skilfully the various points of view without indicating his preference for any one. The play also merely closes, not, however, until the socialistic son of the capitalist has had time to speak of a procession of singing strikers as "the future going by."

Mr. Björkman is not always happy in rendering the idiom of familiar conversation into English. In these plays he tends to reduce all his dialogue to too low a colloquial level, and he still persists in using repeatedly one or two utterly un-English Teutonisms.

Macmillan's spring announcements include: "The Post Office," and "Chitra," by Rabindranath Tagore; "The Tragedy of Pompey," by John Masefield; "Romance," by Edward Sheldon.

We may expect this week Prof. Charles Mills Gayley's "Beaumont the Dramatist."

"Peer Gynt," translated in the original metre with an introduction by R. Ellis Roberts (Mitchell Kennerley), is only the second attempt to render Ibsen's great poem into English. The excellent version by William and Charles Archer, which means "Peer Gynt" to English readers, preserves the metres of the original without rhymes. Mr. Roberts has attempted a much more difficult task. He has tried, in addition to retaining Ibsen's metres, to adhere to the rhyme schemes of the original, even to representing "treble and double rhymes by treble and double rhymes in the translation." The great literary tact and skill demanded of one making this attempt only those fully acquainted with the original can appreciate. Despite the complications in which the translator has involved himself, he has done much of his work well. He has often shown himself ingenious and resourceful. The reader undoubtedly obtains a much better sense of the lyrical diversity and virtuosity of the Norwegian poem from this version than from the merely metrical translation of the Archers; and the metrical form of the original is often the very incarnation of the spirit of the work. In particular, the audacity of Peer's imaginative escapes from the realities that hurt him, such as he shows at the time of Ase's death, is better suggested than ever before. The rigor of the metrical restraints inevitably results in many infelicities. At times these intrude so closely as to vitiate the spirit of a passage; more often they are small blemishes. Certain lines of sheer doggerel it is hard to excuse, such as

> Forth from here I must try and get.

Although this translation will never supersede that of the Archers, scarcely indeed rival it in popular favor, it will be to the serious student of Ibsen an almost indispensable source of information.

"The Wolf of Gubbio" (Houghton Mifflin), by Josephine Preston Peabody, reads very much as though it might have been adapted from some ancient mystery play. The author calls it a comedy in three acts; and perhaps that is its nearest conventional designation—it is certainly not tragedy. But there is little that resembles comedy proper about its guileless plot; little in the nature of acts in its successive tableaux. One wonders that the author did not frankly call it a miracle play, a term that describes it admirably. Perhaps its likeness to this sort of drama is due, in part, to its legendary and popular origin; for it is drawn, as its title indicates, from the well-known story of St. Francis of Assisi and the wolf. But at all events it seems as though it belonged to some cycle like the Towneley plays, along with the pageant of Mak, the sheep-stealer, and the shepherds. To be sure, it differs from the latter in tone and atmosphere; it lacks the rude farcical mirth of the older play; it is more sophisticated and subtle; it is naïve rather than childlike. The symbolism of the wolf which longs to be a man—

> I . . . that was master of all the Pack
> To all, and sulk here—and look back!
> I, that could rend, and claw, and grip—
> Sneking my paws, for fellowship!
> Puzzling here in my ambuscade,
> What men are, when they're not afraid!
> Worrying—wondering, how 'twould feel
> To sit with men, and to share their meal;
> Talking words, with my bite and sup
> Out of a man-made, earthern cup. . . .

—this wolf which speaks with a human voice, which steals a child, and suffers from conscience until he restores it, is a notch beyond the artistic abilities of the rudimentary drama, as are the rapid transitions from the human to the brute and back again in the poor beast's breast during his conflict. But at the same time the setting—the Christmas spectacle, with the simple peasant woman whose child has been stolen playing the Madonna by the empty manger with the ox and the ass, and the gaping townsfolk offering their poor gifts—has a kind of primitive charm about it, which is enhanced, if anything, by the artlessness of the versification. On the whole, this is the day of the primitive; and if we are to return upon our tracks, it is better to seek our motives in the elemental cravings of the creature for the human, as Mrs. Marks does, than for the bestial, as so many poets are doing at present.

Henry Arthur Jones has completed a new play, of which the character is not yet divulged.

Marie Tempest is to assume the character of a spinster in Norreys Connell's new play, "Thank Your Ladyship." She will be supported by Graham Brown, Ben Webster, O. B. Clarence, and others. The production will be in the London Playhouse.

Richard Pryce's adaptation of Arnold Bennett's novel, "Helen of the High Hand," will be produced in the London Vaudeville by Norman McKinnel and Frederick Whelen.

Harold Brighouse is the author of a new comedy, "Garside's Career," with which Miss Horniman has opened her new season at the Gaiety, Manchester. "Garside's Career" deals largely with politics, in humorous fashion. The principal character is a Labor M.P., a political demagogue, played by Milton Rosmer. The piece has been warmly praised.

There are some refreshingly frank remarks about Mr. William Poel's "Hamlet" in the London papers. A writer in *Truth* says:

> I had thought it was impossible to find "Hamlet" tiresome, and I have a great appreciation of the untiring energy and devotion of Mr. Poel, but I am sorry that he should have given us "Hamlet" as he gave it at the Little Theatre. Perhaps he has been annoyed by people who declare that Shakespeare is rather a poet than a dramatist, but that is no reason for trying to nullify the poetry by getting it spoken in a trick fashion at a great pace with one word, not always the right one, heavily accented at the expense of others and the intelligibility and beauty of the wording. It is no excuse for presenting the Danish Prince as an ill-conditioned, ill-mannered boy dressing and undressing before the audience and behaving like a wild animal during the play scene—Hamlet, who is never a prince, or a philosopher, or a dreamer, but always a petulant weakling, with nothing to recommend him but

an astounding ability to reel off the lines at tremendous speed.

Music

Beethoven. By Vincent D'Indy. Boston: Boston Music Co.

A Critical Study of Beethoven's Nine Symphonies. By Hector Berlioz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Symphonies and Their Meaning. Third Series. By Philip H. Goepp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Sixty years ago a Russian Government official, W. von Lenz, aroused a great deal of discussion in the musical world by a work in two volumes entitled "Beethoven et ses trois styles." Vincent D'Indy, who is the second Frenchman to write a valuable book on that composer (the other being Romain Rolland), might have chosen the same title for his book, for it is concerned mainly with the discussion of Beethoven's three styles. It is, however, much shorter (only 127 pages) and less marred by blind enthusiasm, thus meriting its subtitle, "A Critical Biography." M. D'Indy believes that the career not only of Beethoven, but of every creative artist whose life attains normal duration, "divides into three periods, differing one from the other in the character of the compositions: imitation, transition, reflection." In the case of Beethoven there is also a period of ten years' preliminary study. Beginning at the age of twelve, he wrote forty-nine pieces before, at the age of twenty-three, he was sufficiently satisfied to issue a composition as his opus one. Our French author contrasts this with the antics of many young artists of our time who are "lost in admiration of their first picture, their first novel, or their first symphony, and cannot rest until these attempts are exhibited or printed or engraved." Eighty works were composed in the years 1793 to 1801, the "period of imitation"—among them the first symphony, which Haydn might have written.

In 1881 Beethoven "shook off all indolence of imitation," and began to write a series of masterworks interspersed with potboilers. This period, M. D'Indy declares, has even now been insufficiently studied. The change from his first style is due, he thinks, to the influence of the strong emotions aroused by his three loves—his love of women, of nature, of his country. These three loves "were what they had to be in so mighty a genius—of a vehemence mounting into passion, delirium." To these were added the heart-surges caused by the first symptoms of his deafness. The compositions written under the influence of these feelings are those which always have and always will make the deepest impression on the public. They are autobiographic; "commencing with 1801, one might reconstruct Beethoven's life almost step by step out of his works."

The last twelve years of his life are the period of his third style. Deaf, unmarried, harrowed by family and pecuniary troubles, he had come to lead "a purely introspective life, an almost monastic life, contemplative, intense, fruitful." Having fully mastered the art of composition, he turned to the traditional forms of the fugue, the suite, the choral with variations. As to the comparative value of the productions of this third period opinions still vary as much as they did nearly a century ago. Many professionals find in it their deepest satisfaction; but to music lovers in general they will always remain sealed books. M. D'Indy classes the ninth symphony (which belongs to this period but is not of it in contents) with the uninspired mass, as "two colossi." In other places he shows more critical discernment. "He was never a great writer of lieder," he admits; and in regard to the opera "Fidelio" he points out that it is "very far, very far, indeed, from having a value in the dramatic class equal to that, in the purely instrumental style, of the sonatas, the symphonies, and the quartets."

On this last point Hector Berlioz would not have agreed with Vincent D'Indy. The little volume of translations of his chapters on Beethoven's symphonies includes a glowing tribute to "Fidelio." There are also a few pages on his trios and other sonatas, besides an essay on music. The analyses of the symphonies are brief, readable, and helpful; one must agree with the translator, Edwin Evans, that they depict their leading features more vividly than any other treatise on the same subject. What makes this the more remarkable is that Beethoven's fame in France was in its infancy when these chapters were written. On one occasion the allegretto of the seventh symphony was inserted in the second to pass off the remainder! Of particular interest is the analysis of the "Pastoral" symphony, with which Berlioz, the protagonist of programme music, naturally sympathized with all his heart. His remarks on the storm culminate in these words:

> Then the trombones burst forth, the thunder of the kettledrums becomes redoubled in violence, it is no longer merely rain and wind, but an awful cataclysm, the universal deluge—the end of the world. This literally produces giddiness; and many people, when they hear this storm, can scarcely tell whether their emotion is one of pleasure or of pain.

Philip H. Goepp, the distinguished Philadelphia critic, one of several prominent musical authors who studied under Professor Paine at Harvard, has also made a keen and helpful analysis of Beethoven's nine symphonies. It takes up 160 pages of the second series of his "Symphonies and their Meaning." The third series includes the symphonic poems of Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Wolf, Loeffler, and Richard Strauss; but most of its pages are devoted to the symphonies of Berlioz, Liszt, Franck, Tchaikovsky, the neo-Russians, Sibelius, Bruckner, Mahler, Sgambati, Martucci, Elgar, Hadley, Strube, and Chadwick. It is worthy of note that the first of Mr. Goepp's volumes is already in its eighth edition; which attests the present interest in symphonic music as well as this author's success in providing information regarding them in a palatable form. As annotator of the programme book of the Philadelphia Orchestra he has had abundant opportunity to get his notes at first hand. Mr. Goepp regards Wagner with undisguised aversion, which is a curiosity in these days; but as Wagner wrote no symphony worth considering, he has his say about him only by the way. One wickedly suspects that his high praise of Liszt as the master-spirit among the composers of his time is based less on love of Liszt than on hatred of Wagner. It is needless to say that he is a Brahmsite, heart and soul. Yet he has many pleasant things to say about composers whom Brahms regarded, or would have regarded had he lived longer, with feelings of dismay. Mr. Goepp believes in the future of the symphony, while acknowledging that it now has one of its fallow periods. His reasoning on page 40, where he tries to persuade the reader that the symphonic poem is less coherent than the symphony (which in truth is a mere mosaic) is quaintly illogical.

Macmillans announce the publication of "How to Sing," by Lilli Lehmann.

The next book to appear in the Walter-Krause German series (Scribner) will be a book of German songs. This will contain sixty-one of the best-known and most popular German songs with simple four-part arrangement.

Maeterlinck's most popular play, "Monna Vanna," was turned by him into a libretto and, by his own desire, set to music by Henri Février. The opera was produced in Paris on January 13, 1909, and met with sufficient success to tempt three German managers (in Berlin, Schwerin, and Münster) to stage it. In this country it was first produced by the Boston Opera Company and subsequently by the Chicago Company, first at home and then in Philadelphia and New York, where it was heard for the first (and probably last) time last week, at the Metropolitan. The play was made familiar throughout the country by the performances of Bertha Kalisch, who impersonated the part of Monna Vanna, the commander's wife who, to save the Pisans from starvation, goes to the tent of the general of the army besieging them, clad,

as desired, only in a cloak, and returns unscathed. Subsequently she elopes with the general, who had respected her because she could no longer love the husband who doubted her story of what had happened. Thus condensed the story seems equally fantastic and foolish, but the play has many lines of genuine poetic worth. The same cannot be said of the music, which for the most part is so commonplace that it is not worth a moment's discussion. The composer has shown some skill in adapting the spirit of the music to the dramatic development, but he has nothing to say that is worth while. Scenically the staging of the opera was splendid, Mr. Urban's stage pictures, painted for Boston, being as poetic in their way as Maeterlinck's best lines.

The average term of life of musicians is above sixty years, according to Herr Challier, of Giessen, Germany. He has collected facts about the ages of no fewer than 4,113 musicians whose deaths have been recorded since 1870. Of these, however, he was able to discover the exact age of only 3,737. For these the average age at death was 61.11 years. The list includes artists of as widely varying ages as the prodigy Henry Kartern, who died when he was only nine years old, and the patriarch Manuel Garcia, who lived to be almost one hundred and two. Kartern was a violinist; Garcia, the brother of Malibran, was a singer. Some of the other prodigies died scarcely older than Kartern, such as the young Scottish girl Lizzie Kennedy, who died with her sister in the theatre fire at Nice many years ago. Elise Farnese, a well-known prima donna in her day, reached the record of one hundred and five years, while Herr Hilf, a popular German conductor, also surpassed the age of Garcia, dying at one hundred and three. The causes of death have not been so thoroughly established as these ages, but Herr Challier gives only seven cases as due to theatre fires and other catastrophes. Far more died from natural causes while singing, eleven on the concert platform and the same number on the operatic stage. Suicide accounted for 67 deaths and murder for 5, while 19 died virtually of starvation, and 30 died insane.

According to Charles Wakefield Cadman, "rhythm rather than melody is the basis of Indian music." In a recent Western lecture Mr. Cadman illustrated the Indian's cleverness in producing several rhythms simultaneously, as shown by the use of drums, rattles, and many curious devices.

Art

THE MORGAN LOAN EXHIBITION.

After months of preliminary labor the collections of the late J. P. Morgan have been put on exhibition in the new north wing of the Metropolitan Museum. The collection being perplexingly various and large, ranging from the seventh century B. C. to the early nineteenth, the greatest pains have been taken to make the arrangement attractive and clear. The new, top-lighted galleries on three sides of an inner corridor have been individually hung with rather pale velours. This unobtrusive background is sufficiently rich and brings into harmony the tapestries, paintings, bronzes, enamels, and potteries which adorn nearly every hall. A separate small room reproduces the famous Graesse interior, with Fragonard's paintings in their original setting. The ordonnance is strictly chronological, but in every hall there is free admission of all objects of the period. The effect is of a glorified Hoentschel collection.

The pictures, which had already been separately shown, are distributed by periods as incidental decorations. One misses certain great rarities which Mr. Morgan is known to have possessed. His Duccio Crucifixion would have been an invaluable note in the Romanesque rooms. Ghirlandaio's lovely Giovanna degli Albizzi would have glorified the room of Renaissance bronzes. The three ranges of the central corridor contain suites of tapestry, porcelains, figurines of the eighteenth century, watches, and complete garnitures of porcelain from the rarest European and Chinese kilns. The orderly arrangement of all this material makes a visit as instructive as delightful. The staff of the Museum has acquitted itself with high credit in a most difficult task.

Any survey of these vast collections must confine itself to very general considerations. At the outset, the effect is wholly impersonal. The quality of everything is amazingly high, but there is nothing adventurous in the selection. We have to do with those objects which, by common consent of international dealers and their clients, are brevetted as of highest rarity. Æsthetic, historic, and individual standards have been largely in abeyance. We have to do, not with a collection, but with an impressive assemblage of fine objects, of which large collections are merely ingredients. It is by a triumph of tactful arrangement that the exhibition escapes what, to a sensitive amateur, would be a somewhat tedious effect of standardization—on a very high level, to be sure, but all the same a standardization alien to the finest processes of artistic appreciation.

I.

The dealers and patrons who have effected this useful and imposing, if not wholly satisfying, work of standardization make a distinction which may be very useful to the visitor. They speak of objects of art and of curiosity. The distinction is fundamental, if a little blurred at the edges. The Morgan collections contain objects of curiosity in a ratio of about five to one to objects of art. The case may be put more strikingly in simple terms of chronology. Draw a line about the year 1550. Topographically, it would fall at the partition between galleries 13 and 14. The three earlier galleries contain mostly objects of art, objects of curiosity being merely sporadic; the later galleries contain mostly objects of curiosity, objects of art becoming exceptional. In another aspect our prime division corresponds to the Classic, Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance periods on one hand, and to the Baroque, Rococo, and Empire periods on the other.

Why was the characteristic product of the earlier periods objects of art, of the later objects of curiosity? To answer such a question would require the writing of an amount of history that would bore a casual reader, while superfluous to an instructed one. In a word, the objects of art correspond to and express the deeper emotions of entire peoples; the objects of curiosity correspond to and express the tastes, caprices, and varieties of small fashionable classes. In a Greek bronze is the accent of convinced and joyous humanism; in a Gothic enamel or ivory carving is the humility and fervor of Christian faith, the vision of a visible word built on invisible but firm foundations. In the Renaissance a prouder and more self-conscious humanism has come back to earth. The emotion of reverence for antiquity is profound and widespread. Then a change. Art appeals only to a class. The amateur and savant appear, and not far behind the dealer and auctioneer. The artist is no longer the spokesman of the deeper instruction of a people, but the chartered amuser of *petits maîtres*. His response to the demand is to be sprightly, delicate, ingenious. The enameller no longer makes the pyxis for the body of our Lord or the reliquary for a saint in terms of bold symbolism, but he fuses his enamel exquisitely in pastoral designs on a *carnet de danse*, a snuff-box, a watch. Oddly enough, the inert enamel itself has lost all seriousness in the process. In Gothic and earlier times it had strength and splendor and carrying power; in Rococo times it has the bloom and soft sparkle of an aquarelle, and may best be enjoyed through a monocle. It may be profitable to trace this process somewhat in detail through the enamels, which are incomparably the rarest and completest collection of the several that make up this memorable exhibition.

II.

That the art of fusing colored enamels on metal first came into Europe from barbaric Scythia is rather a reasonable conjecture than an historic certainty. The discovery that mineral colors could be run on metal with fusible silicates was likely to occur wherever the art of glass-making was carried far. Touches of enamel are not uncommon

in Greek jewelry, but the first general and effective use of it seems to have been made under Scythian teaching by the Gothic tribes in their bosses and brooches. The Morgan collection begins with the Byzantine medallions—from the famous Svenogorodskoi collection. These are impressive busts of saints. The method is *cloisonné*, of a fineness rivalling that of the Far East. The figures are painted in enamel on a gold background. Much bolder are the mediæval enamels, made with a counter-sunk bed for the enamels. The background here is worked away, leaving thin lines as guiding contours. The shallow depressions are filled with brilliant enamel, but much gilded metal is left in sight. The figures are usually reserved in the embossed or engraved metal. All the finest enamels are made by this method of working out the metal plate, *champlevé*, and at all good periods the enamel assumes a humble, incidental rôle.

From Georges Hoentschel Mr. Morgan bought scores of pieces of this splendid Romanesque and Gothic *champlevé* enamel. As compared with the Byzantine work, which more nearly approximates painting, it is subsidiary and decorative. There are the most splendid medaliions with figures or grotesque beasts or heads, also scrolls dug out of the metal and filled with glorious reds and blues and greens. Playing upon the gamut of blue was a favorite device. Now and then in a crucifix an emaciated Christ of chalky whiteness is set amid carbuncle and sapphire radiances at the extremities of the cross. Reliquary shrines, originally containing precious bones and rags fetched from Palestine, or fought for between convent and convent, or chaffered for in Rome, are put together from all sorts of costly material and with an impeccable decorative sense. Some twenty complete reliquaries are in the exhibition, and three times as many fragments of dismembered shrines. Often the metal-worker set within or on the gilded copper bossy cabochon jewels, classic engraved gems, cut crystals, bits of carved ivory, slabs of porphyry, the enamel serving as the lower harmonizing diapason of the richly composite color scheme. I can only particularize the great tabernacle, with its doors and back adorned by Passion scenes in gallery 12, and in the same room, case N, where may be seen a great variety of forms and materials, all magnificent examples of sensitive craftsmanship and of wide design. Limoges and the lower Rhine district were the centres for Romanesque and Gothic enamels, but the art was widely understood and practiced. Italy had vigorous schools, Russia always, and even Spain. The objects were rarely merely for display, but for high devotional use. The craft remained ancillary to sculpture in metal; the art was humbly dedicated to the service of the Church, and made no pretensions on its own account. It is almost as if objects of such material glow and splendor were made for the eye of God. Study the wealth of color and chasing bestowed on the grotesques, apparently from the Bestiary, which are set in a leather-covered box in room 12.

With the fifteenth century comes a change. The art becomes detached and self-conscious. The enamel-worker emulates the painter, fusing his translucent pigments over a smooth plate of metal, without raised metal lines. The emancipation from sculpture is complete, with corresponding loss and gain. Nardon Penicaud's great triptych of the Passion, signed late in the fifteenth century, best illustrates this completely pictorial phase of the art. There are two exhibition cases of work by him or in his manner, and one case of Italian enamels, technically quite similar, though very different in design. Penicaud drew his designs from the masculine and realistic models of the new Burgundian painters. His part was to endue these familiar religious patterns with the utmost material splendor. He fully succeeded. Certain deep refulgencies of cobalt, ruby, and emerald are peculiar to his palette. The enamel is smoother and more translucent than in earlier Gothic enamels, and lined and powdered with gold. Technically it is the consummate expression of an art about to decline. Indeed, to achieve the pictorial completeness of a fine Penicaud there has been serious sacrifice. Only in the material is the art *sui generis*. The old decorative variety has been lost. A fifteenth-century enamel painting, despite its intrinsic gorgeousness, has a rustic look. It seems some kind of a glittering debasement of a painting by Van der Goes, Rogier de la Pasture, or Hans Memling. Still, it remains emphatically an object both of utility and of art.

To the position of objects of curiosity the painted enamels of the sixteenth century sunk very rapidly. Limousin, Courtois, Zip—these are sounding names in the modern auction room. Yet the work has little to recommend it except a futile excellence of manufacture. Before the advance of the Italian and Roman ideals the color of enamel fades. Its hues become tiresomely discreet, while the designs become vapid transcripts from the mythological phase of the Italian Renaissance. The whole thing is the make-believe of a superficially cultured class. Toilet-boxes and drinking-cups are now more in order than reliquaries. The art was still to revive on a lower plane by frankly accepting its sunken condition. It shrunk to miniature proportions fitted to display the meticulous character of the workmanship. In the playful and exquisite snuff-boxes of Battersea and Paris the enamel as object of curiosity reached its acme. The art that had sufficed to adorn a shrine or monumental altar-back now glorified the lid of a snuff-box or the cover of a watch. The transition from the object of art to the object of curiosity was exemplary and complete.

III.

In the carved ivories the same process may be traced even more broadly, if with more gaps in the story. Next to the enamels this is the most important mediæval collection. The few scraps of classical date are trivial enough, whether as design or workmanship, but archæologically very interesting. They include a remarkable couch with Cupid supports, in hall 11, which has been somewhat arbitrarily reconstructed as a throne. There may be some fifty Byzantine pieces, complete casket and fragments, devotional and consular diptychs, dating from the sixth to the thirteenth century. Nothing here is quite of the highest quality, but the display is comprehensive and instructive, the design usually stately, though without vigor. The six marvellous silver salvers, with the story of David in beaten and carved silver, Byzantine, sixth century A. D., may be regarded as the prelude to the Christian ivories. In the Romanesque work of the eleventh to the thirteenth century, which is abundantly represented, as in the few earlier pieces of Carolingian type, there are greater power and less reserve. In Gothic times, from the thirteenth through the fifteenth century, we have an ascending scale of skill and vivacity ending in a rather small but still charming dexterity. At the beginning of this period are splendid ivory tusk horns, with scroll and medallion ornaments, such olifants as dying Roland cracked with the last blast at Roncevaux. The very finest ivories are those produced after the year 1300 in France. A number of exquisite examples of this workmanship are in case C, in hall 12. The combination of pathos with monumental impressiveness in a little fragment from the foot of a crucifixion is extraordinary. So is the monumental suavity of one or two standing virgins, their forms swayed in a long curve under the dear burden of the Divine Child. The same case contains a piece or two of those crisp skeletonized tablets which mark the approach to the fifteenth century and the decline of the art. Nothing is more inspiriting than the deeply cut spandrel, from a throne, in which we see an armored knight with lance at rest plunging up hill against invisible terrified Moors. The work is Spanish, about 1300, and we are asked to see in this stalwart *conquistador* Jaime I, of Aragon, ob. 1276. The piece is in hall 11.

Columbia University Public Library

A quick survey of the numerous fourteenth and fifteenth-century ivories, mostly triptychs and diptychs of the Paris school, brings the reluctant conviction that the art was rapidly settling into a perfunctory cleverness and vivacity. Hardly as much may be said for two big altar-backs in carved bone, produced about the year 1400, from the Venetian shop of the Embriachi. If still fairly decorative, it is a rather poor kind of manufacture, in the full sense, neither object of art nor of curiosity. The art ends with a certain blatancy in the insipid Venuses and blowsy Bacchantes which adorned the German flagons of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The contemporary boxwood sculpture, which is fairly represented, usually has superior sincerity and idiom. Beyond that there was nothing much real except umbrella handles, though for three centuries past the most flagrant objects of curiosity have been freely imitated in ivory for the benefit of the incautious and lavish amateur. That such secondary pieces are not to be found in the Morgan collection need not be remarked. Everything is genuine, and of a certain importance. As an historical series, the ivories are most instructive, but even in the finest Gothic period first-class pieces are rare. A glance at the small stone and wood sculpture tastefully distributed through hall 12 will, as compared with all but a handful of the most beautiful ivories, demonstrate a generally superior quality in the larger work. Ivory-cutting only rarely escaped the limitations of a derivative and secondary art.

IV.

With the small bronzes, largely from the Pfungst collection, which are charmingly displayed in hall 13, we are on the debatable ground between the object of art and of curiosity. Nothing in the whole mediæval series is more austerely fine than the Resurrection which Vecchietta of Siena signed in 1472. Despite the date, it is mediæval. Three splendid pieces, a Paris, a Hercules, and a Marsyas, ascribed to Antonio Pollaiuolo, show a powerful archaism struggling for a fuller beauty. That is a precious moment in any art. The same show case, A, contains bronzes by or near Bertoldo and Verrocchio, with more florid pieces as late as Giovanni da Bologna. A hurried visitor might well concentrate on this case and on the Vecchietta. There are four cases of tensely modelled Paduan bronzes—figures, animals, grotesques, statuettes, bells, and inkstands. In addition there are two cases of similar Venetian bronzes, a few late Florentine bronzes, and a case of northern examples, including fine pieces by Peter and Hans Vischer. Though displayed to utmost advantage, these little bronzes invariably lose when assembled in numbers. Unlike their Greek and Roman prototypes, they do not live well together. The accent is too piquant and individual, too little traditional. The later sixteenth-century pieces tend to a deft copyism, and a slippery sort of elegance. Perhaps the vogue of these pieces, with their prices, is exaggerated. In the next century a Bernini seems more fine, and later a Clodion in every way more real and powerful. I am convinced that a rigorous scrutiny of the Renaissance bronzes would relegate a good two-thirds of them to the category of objects of curiosity. With them we have reached the artistic great divide and may cast a glance backward and forward.

On the very dividing line is the collection of Italian majolica—fine standard examples of the wares of Urbino, Pesaro, Gubbio, Deruta, Faenza, and Caffaggiolo, from the famous Oppenheim collection. Notable here are two cases of lustred Gubbio, including several signed examples of the famous Maestro Giorgio. Of the primitive potteries which, decoratively simple, have a larger and finer accent, there is no example. But these are of recent discovery. It is as if the collector had declined all ceramic issues until authoritatively underwritten. Of the excessively rare Henri II ware, Oiron, there are some ten examples.

Behind our imaginary watershed lie, among other rare objects, a full dozen naïve Burgundian tapestries, naïve in design, splendid in color; before, twice as many weavings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, sophisticated in design, less splendid in color. Everything that is associated with the *école galante* is represented amply and at its best. The *clou* is, of course, the painted decorations, with incidental woodwork, which Fragonard made for the villa at Graesse. In these boscages the flirtations of shepherdesses and their swains graze the edge of passion. The whole effect is gay and ardent. An opaline panel of Cupids tumbling in the sky shows that, had he chosen and opportunity served, Fragonard might have met the great Tiepolo on his own ground. The whole decoration is a charming souvenir of an age that had sensualized its spirit, while in a manner spiritualizing its sensuality. Technically, the scale seems wrong. Indeed, they may have been intended originally for a larger room in Mme. du Barry's country house. The panels are a little too big and insistent; they belong in a larger room, with restful wall spaces. One is forced into indiscreet and almost embarrassing proximity to these eager wooers. One almost fears eventualities that are not for the critical eye.

There is only a word left for what is, from a museum point of view, the most complete and important of all the collections—that of portrait miniatures. There is a case for Holbein and his school, with Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Sir Thomas More. Through Isaac Oliver's eyes we may see the perfumed but sturdy courtiers and ladies in waiting for good Queen Bess. Nicholas Hilliard will show us the diminishing but still splendid days of James and the first Charles. Then there is a magnificent case of Cooper's, with such juxtapositions as Cromwell and Charles II—sober masculine work. One is tempted to regard him as the only British portrait painter who can be set beside Hogarth with impunity. Almost equally interesting is the case devoted to the Clouets and their successors. The installation is admirable—curtained glass cases, so that there is no spottiness, and one may concentrate upon the group that particularly interests him. As the collection reaches the time of Cosway and Nattier and Plimer and Isabey, it only increases in completeness and variety. I abridge the enumeration because now we have only in a limited sense to do with objects of art. These rosy powdered charmers, eternally smiling, often ogling you from their jewelled frames, were in their hour the objects of a tender, perhaps ardent, curiosity, and so are their miniatures today. In either case the deeper issues of the heart are not in question.

From the miniatures one may pass out through a miniature porcelain population of shepherdesses and their lads in the corridor. All the famous kilns of France, Germany, Austria, and England are represented most fully. The brittle and slightly perverse charm of the work is highly indicative. It is the last word of elegance in a world become wholly dilettante. Such things were made to break, though one shudders at such a destiny, and an imaginative person may see the taurine form of Marquis Mirabeau, a repentant *petit maître* himself, ominously approaching the china shop.

I think no one can close the survey of these collections without deep gratitude to the memory of Mr. Morgan. Personally, I find something very pathetic in the fact that he did not live to see his own treasures decorously brought to light. Many of these lovely objects he literally never saw. They lay *perdus* in storage, or, at best, were clumsily displayed in foreign museums. The pleasure and instruction which is now, through his generosity, offered to the humblest citizen, was largely denied to himself. This is new ground for sympathy, and as well for admiration of that prophetic energy and insight which foresaw in broad outline what the skilled staff of the Metropolitan Museum now exhibits in perspicuous detail. No one would have rejoiced more heartily than Mr. Morgan himself in this demonstration of the value that

taste and intelligence add to mere things, however intrinsically rare and beautiful. F. J. M., JR.

Macmillan's list of spring announcements includes: "The Principles of Greek Art," by Percy Gardner, and "Bernini and Other Studies in the History of Art," by Richard Norton.

After extensive repairs and alterations, the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University is again opened to the public. Of the considerable internal changes the most important is the raising of the roof of the picture gallery. This has greatly improved both the architectural effect and the lighting. To celebrate the reopening two notable loan exhibitions—of Persian, Indian, and Saracen miniatures, and of Japanese color prints—have been arranged.

The recent death of Baron Giovanni Barracco makes the Commune of Rome the owner of the famous Barracco Museum in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Baron Barracco was possessed of a considerable fortune, and he devoted much of his time and money to the formation of this collection of Greek and Roman sculpture, which he willed to the Commune of Rome some time ago.

This season's excavations in Egypt on the site of Meroë, carried on by Professor Garstang, of Liverpool University, are yielding interesting results. Recent discoveries include a sacred well and adjacent observatory, in which there is evidence of instruments for observing transits and for determining latitude and other astronomical data. Two monumental inscriptions, the longest Meroitic texts extant, have just been brought to light, recording victories and containing references to the city of Rome. Explorations are proceeding also outside the city walls, where hundreds of laborers are now clearing buildings and ruins. The work is receiving every assistance from the Sudan Government.

Professor Dall' Osso, of Ancona, has made an important archæological discovery, in the shape of a Stone Age burial place in the Valle Vibrata, in the province of Abruzzi. The bodies are not buried, but are all laid in small cabins containing from two to eight each, and are ranged on either side of the huts on low platforms sloping towards the centre. With a single exception, the bodies all rest on one side, with the knees drawn up. In one of the cabins, almost in the centre of the group, there was found, instead of a corpse, a large circular hearth, around which it is assumed—from the quantities of bones of animals and fragments of broken earthenware pots about it—the funeral banquets were held. The objects found with the bodies show a remarkable degree of civilization for so early a period.

While Government employees were carrying on excavation work at Pergla, in the island of Gozo, an interesting discovery of a tomb containing human remains belonging to the neolithic age was made. The neighborhood was explored some time ago by Dr. Ashby, of the English Archæological School of Rome. The tomb is contemporary with the world-famed Hypogæum of Hal Saflieni, which was discovered at Valetta a few years ago.

Finance

STOCK EXCHANGE AND GENERAL BUSINESS.

Having seen the stock market go up with a sudden leap, and the money market go down with a similar abrupt decisiveness, Wall Street watched confidently for a similarly complete and instantaneous reversal of its position by business at large. When that event failed to come about—the trend of business affairs remaining quiet—the conclusion was suggested that the movement in the stock and money markets must have been a mere flash in the pan. This is a familiar incident in the markets; and the odd part of it is that precisely this sequel of events—including the community's adoption of a resolution, so to speak, denouncing the stock market for its misleading forecast—occurs with sufficient frequency to fix a general precedent, yet that it always astonishes Wall Street when it occurs again. Even such notable instances as that which preceded the business revival of 1905 are forgotten—an occasion when the Stock Exchange progressively "discounted" better times for four successive months, without evoking, during that period, the slightest convincing response from general trade.

Precedent of our industrial history would certainly give no ground for uneasiness, merely because of the fact that a month has elapsed since the important change for the better in our financial markets, and that no equally important change for the better has occurred in business. The main consideration, now as on all previous occasions of the sort, is the question how far the underlying influences, to which the financial markets made their response in January, may be relied on, in due course, to affect the general movement of prosperity. The answer to this question ought to be reasonably simple. Money markets fell throughout the world last month, and stock markets rose, for the obvious reason that the embargo on free supplies of capital had suddenly been lifted. Why it had been lifted may be debatable; but the fact was incontestable, and so was the further fact that, to the extent that the world's loan market had again begun to work satisfactorily, the particular difficulties which confronted both finance and industry in 1913 were removed.

As is always the case, the markets for speculation and investment were the first to give concrete evidence of their relief. But if the movement of trade and industry last year was cramped and handicapped by this same situation on the money market, it should be reasonably evident that the new situation must, sooner or later, have its effect in those quarters also. Last year, when the tying-up of capital supplies was first in sight, our stock markets and money markets made very prompt response. Business affairs continued to pursue their prosperous course until a considerably later period; but they had their turn at reflecting the unfavorable influences, after an interval which had led the hopefully disposed to declare that business would not be affected at all. Now the reverse process seems to be under way, and general trade is quite as deliberate in adapting its course to the shifted economic wind as it was when the opposite influences prevailed, a year ago.

This simply means that on the present occasion, as on others of the sort, the keynote for the general movement of the period has been sounded, but that business revival pursues a slower and more deliberate path of recuperation than does the Stock Exchange, and that, therefore, people who are watching the business outlook must now return to studying the other influences of the moment. This is itself in the nature of reaction from the mood of six or eight weeks ago, when Wall Street rushed to the conclusion that the more favorable skies, at Washington and on the money markets, signified that no further clouds were to be looked for. Such expectations always and necessarily invite disappointment. Even if the stock market had continued without interruption its remarkable advance of January, we should still have been compelled to take into account, if we were wise, the possibility of unpleasant incidents in sequel to last year's financial strain, or of an awkward turn in the Mexican situation, or of resumption by individual Congressmen of their menacing attitude towards capital.

Paris may possibly provide some material for the first of these developments; Mexican affairs are more or less in the hands of chance, and Congressmen who cannot get bills and resolutions passed can at least introduce them and make speeches on them. Yet one needs only to consider the special incidents of the hour in these quarters and their reception by the financial public to be convinced that apprehension, in each of these directions, has been much allayed. "Trouble at Paris" would be a far more negligible matter, with the European money situation what it is today, than if it had occurred, say, last November. Mexico in 1914, with the American public entirely disapproving anything that would involve the United States in war, is a very different affair from Cuba in 1898, with our people ap-

parently spoiling for a fight, and Congressmen's wives appearing in the gallery wrapped in American flags.

Congress itself displays surprising calmness and deliberation in its severely critical examination of the pending company legislation. But as yet, the business community is doubtless waiting to see results rather than tendencies, and tangible results take time. It is therefore quite in line with proper conservatism that even the stock exchanges, having given their first and emphatic prognostication, should relapse into cautious expectancy. In due course, we shall know just what kind of sequel, in the broader field of trade and industry, was foreshadowed by the market of which the London *Economist* observed that the culminating week on the Stock Exchange was "the most remarkable, in some respects, in the memory of any of its members."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Audoux, Marguerite. Marie-Claire à Villevieille, ed. by A. G. Philip. Clarendon Press. 40 cents net.

Beard, Charles A. Contemporary American Politics. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Belloc, Lowndes, Mrs. The Lodger. Scribner. $1.25 net.

Boucicault, R. H. The Substance of His House. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.30 net.

Brubacher and Snyder. English, Oral and Written. Charles E. Merrill Co. $1.12 net.

Cambridge Manuals: The People of India, by Anderson; The Beautiful, by Vernon Lee; The Evolution of New Japan, by Longford; A Grammar of English Heraldry, by St. John Hope; Naval Warfare, by Thursfield; Natural Sources of Energy, by Gibson; Life Story of Insects, by Carpenter; The Flea, by Russell; The Fertility of the Soil, by Russell; Pearls, by Dakin. Cambridge University Press. 40 cents net.

Crawford, Dan. Not Lawful to Utter, and Other Bible Readings. Doran. $1 net.

Daniels, J. In Freedom's Birthplace. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Deeping. The White Gate. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.

Denison, Webster. Fine Feathers. Novelized from Eugene Walter's drama. Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.

Dickinson, H. N. The Business of a Gentleman. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Durell's Algebra, Book I. Merrill. $1 net.

Erasmus. The Praise of Folly. Written 1509, translated by John Wilson, 1668. Oxford Univ. Press.

Essays and Studies by members of the English Association. Vol. IV, Collected by C. H. Herford. Oxford Univ. Press.

Fansler, D. S. Chaucer and the Roman de la Rose. Columbia University Press.

Fidao-Justiniani, J.-E. L'Esprit Classique et la Préciosité. Paris: Picard.

Goring, Thomas A. R. The Strong Heart. John Lane. $1.25 net.

Gordon, C. Armistead. Maje, a Love Story. Scribner. 75 cents net.

Hopper, J. Coming Back with the Spitball. Harper.

Krehbiel, H. E. Afro-American Folk Songs. Schirmer.

Le Blond. The Autobiography of Charlotte Amelie, Princess of Aldenburg, 1652-1732. McBride Nast. $4 net.

Lewis, Sinclair. Our Mr. Wrenn. Harper.

Nascher, I. L. The Diseases of Old Age. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston. $5 net.

Norris, Kathleen. The Treasure. Macmillan. $1 net.

Parry, D. H. The Victoria Cross, Its Heroes, and Their Valour. Cassell.

Raisin, Jacob S. The Haskalah Movement in Russia. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.

Richardson, E. C. The Beginnings of Libraries. Princeton University Press. $1 net.

Rider Haggard, H. The Wanderer's Necklace. Longmans. $1.35 net.

Robertson, Charles Du Fay. Down the Year. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Rosegger. Das Holzknechthaus, edited by Marie Goebel. Oxford University Press.

Ruhl. Arthur. Second Nights. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Selections from German Classical Literature, ed. by K. H. Collitz. Oxford University Press. $1.50 net.

Shackleton, Robert. Unvisited Places of Old Europe. Illustrated. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Stanton, Theodore. Rosa Bonheur, translated from the English by E. von Kraatz. Halle: Thamm.

Talbot, E. A Bishop Among his Flock. Harper.

Taylor, Henry Osborn. The Medieval Mind. London: Macmillan.

The Chief Middle English Poets. Ed. by Jessie L. Weston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

The Loeb Classical Library: Horace, translated by Bennett; Suetonius, translated by Rolfe; Dio's Roman History, translated by Cary; Cicero De Officiis, translated by Miller. Macmillan. $1.50 each net.

Watson, Albert D. Love and the Universe and Other Poems. Toronto: The Macmillan Co.

Worcester, Elwood. Religion and Life. Harper.

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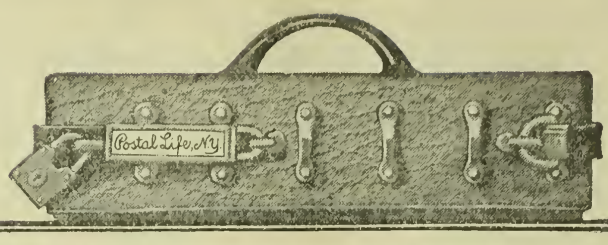

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1914.

The Week

A question of good taste always arises when men formerly in high office speak of their successors. Both ex-President Taft and ex-Attorney-General Wickersham have several times taken occasion to refer to the work of the Wilson Administration. Mr. Taft has done it in a handsome way. He has spoken of the President's "admirable leadership"; and the other night expressed generously his gratification at the ratification by the Senate of the arbitration treaties—a result which he himself had vainly tried to procure. Mr. Wickersham has no doubt sought to appear equally considerate and even gracious in dwelling upon the methods and plans of the new Administration, but we suppose it is the nature of the special topic to which he has addressed himself to make him a little rasping in manner. It seems impossible for the holder of one theory of controlling monopoly to speak of another without saying something nagging. We do not say that Mr. Wickersham is not right to free his mind about the proposed Trust bills. A part of what he has said has been marked by excellent sense. But for him to keep on saying it, and always in the guise of a former Attorney-General, will expose him, we think, to the charge of displaying *trop de zèle*.

That far-off battle-cry of "Let the people rule" will be remembered with a sense of oddity by those who catch the accents of the controversy now agitating Pennsylvania Progressivism. In the holy war against Penrose and the Democrats there has already come a revolt against the method by which a select group met last week at Harrisburg and entrusted the party banners to a slate of three: Gifford Pinchot for United States Senator, W. D. Lewis, of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, for Governor, and Percy Smith, of Pittsburgh, for Lieutenant-Governor. Progressives of the Philadelphia County Committee, who have never before thought of "boss-rule" except in connection with the old parties, apply it unreservedly to the fifty men who "fixed the ticket" at the State capital. Some inkling of the Progressive dilemma may be gathered from the defence of the fifty through Robert C. Blair's statement in the *Public Ledger*. Had the slate not been privately arranged, the voters would have disregarded the strategic requirements of geographical distribution of candidates, and there would have been loud outcry from slighted districts that Flinn had dominated the situation.

Most of the seventeen Republican Senators whose terms expire on March 4 of next year were elected before either of two important events had occurred: the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment and the formation of the Progressive party. Perhaps Mr. Smoot, of Utah, has nothing to fear from the former, but there is bad news affecting him in connection with the new party. A combination of Democrats and Progressives, it is reported, has been made against him, and a candidate agreed upon. This candidate, Mr. J. H. Moyle, has twice been the Democratic candidate for Governor; and, although a Wilson man, is agreeable to the Progressive leaders. Such a rumor a year ago would have been regarded as the work of an enemy of the Progressive party, but recent happenings make it sound plausible. Despite the Colonel's denunciations of "deals," in his absence his followers are learning how to make them, as they clearly showed the other day at Albany in electing a Progressive for State Treasurer. The spectacle of Progressive leaders meeting to designate a candidate, as if there were no such thing as primaries, is not new. How serious the alliance may be for Senator Smoot may be judged by the fact that, while Taft carried the State in 1912, his 42,000 votes fell about 20,000 votes below the combined vote for Wilson and Roosevelt.

Attention is called by the American Publishers' Copyright League to a recent customs ruling, affecting the importation of books, which seems to be amazingly stupid even in a realm where the gods have so often fought in vain with *Dummheit*. The case is one of a special and limited class of books. They are the scholarly works, the art monographs, the volumes of research, for which there is, in the nature of the case, but a small market. When published in England, there is no motive for taking out copyright or printing them here, since it would not pay. But the practice has long been for American publishers to agree with an English house to take over half the cost of production of an edition of, say, 2,000 copies, and import their share, basing their invoices on the actual cost to them. The result has been to make both the publication and sale of such books possible, and to place them within reach of the American purchaser at a price lower than he would otherwise be compelled to pay. But now along comes a Treasury instruction to break up this old practice, ordering, as it does, that these books shall be valued at their market price in England. Not what the importer actually paid for them under his special and useful arrangement, but what he would have paid if he had bought a dozen copies in London, is made by this owlish ruling the basis on which duties must be reckoned.

Of that indispensable artistic process, the "warming-up" to a piece of work, there are no exponents like our State Legislatures. The Virginia Assembly, which, according to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, has just "awakened with a start" to the fact that only a fortnight of its sixty days is left for its full programme of work, is the latest to assert this preliminary necessity of hitting on just the right mood. "Of eleven important bills of a general nature," we read, "the Legislature has passed only two." Among those on which decision is earnestly looked for are a primary bill, a direct-tax reduction bill, a game bill, an initiative and referendum bill, and a workmen's compensation bill. The imperative appropriation bill was not even on the calendar. In pledge of making an end of this dawdling, it is hopeful to note the announcement of meetings of the committees of rules, to devise swifter procedure. This habit of waiting for the pressure of the last moment to force action is so widespread, and Legislatures learn so little from one another or from their predecessors in the matter, that it is strange that none of

our experiment-station States has reduced the length of session below the present minimum of forty days. Something like Dr. Johnson's severe rebuke to those who await inspiration is needed, that even legislative work can always be attended to if men will but "set themselves resolutely to it."

Another Governor has dared to do something unprecedented, and this time it is the Governor of Massachusetts. Instead of sending a message to the Legislature, Gov. Walsh appeared in person before the Committee on Constitutional Amendments to urge the initiative and referendum. Yet he was careful to explain that he means to employ this method of getting his ideas before the legislators sparingly. Gov. Foss used special messages, but the difference in the attitude of Executives on this point is shown by the refusal of Gov. Draper upon one occasion even to send a message, upon the ground that it would be interference with the Legislature. The action of Gov. Walsh is mild in comparison with that of Gov. Wilson during the first legislative session of his term. Nugent had arranged a coalition with the Republicans to beat the Geran bill for popular primaries, and, not content with that, undertook to persuade the Democrats in the lower house to repudiate the Governor's programme. The first step was to be a conference on the Geran bill. Wilson, of course, heard of the conference, and politely asked to be invited. It would have been so much more awkward to refuse than to comply that the invitation was issued. The rest is history. After four and a half hours, of which the Governor was on his feet for three, the conference, called to repudiate the bill, made it a party measure.

The Springfield *Republican* draws attention to the fact that one of the late Senator Teller's historical distinctions was his drafting of the resolution embodying a self-denying ordinance which was adopted by Congress on the eve of the war with Spain. "While it did not prevent the acquisition of the Philippines," says the *Republican*, "it did force the establishment of the present Cuban Republic, much to the disgust of many patriots who believed Cuban annexation to be the logical outcome of the hostilities with Spain." Our contemporary might have made the claim of the Teller resolution even stronger. For not only the establishment of the Cuban Republic, but even more distinctly its preservation, is to be put to the credit of that declaration. The supporters of the Teller resolution insisted on its being made an integral part of the resolutions adopted by Congress in response to President McKinley's message, which were virtually our declaration of war. By it the United States not only disclaimed "any disposition or intention" to gain possession of Cuba, but expressly promised "to leave the government and control of the island to its people." Even so, there was widespread expectation that, at the first sign of trouble in Cuba under a native government, the island would drop into our lap.

All this is worth recalling, not only for its interest in relation to Senator Teller and to Cuba, but as an illustration of the potent influence upon national history which may be wielded by the bare assertion of a principle. It was not merely as a form of words, or a salve to his own conscience, that Teller was so determined to have this pledge inserted in the war resolutions; he and those who supported him felt that it would be a real safeguard against "criminal aggression," and the result proved them to be right. It was the absence of so definite a safeguard concerning the Philippines that made possible McKinley's drifting into the policy of "benevolent assimilation"; and it was the defeat, only by the casting vote of the Vice-President, of Senator Bacon's resolution relating to the treaty of peace with Spain, that prevented this protection from being thrown over the people of those islands. A most remarkable instance of the efficacy of an assertion of principle, in a wholly different domain of statesmanship, is the declaration in the Sherman silver-purchase act of 1890, that it is "the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law." This protection from the danger—which soon turned out to be so real and so imminent—of a sliding away from the gold to the silver standard was brought about, not as in the case of the Teller resolution, by a stout champion of principle, but by a master of the art of compromise; yet it proved of invaluable service to the country.

Socialists who emphasize the world-wide solidarity of their party should be happy to call attention to a French definition of their cause. What is Socialism? asks the *Parti Ouvrier*. "Nowadays, it is a profession carried on by keen young men of the bourgeois class, who perceive that the surest way of making a success is to play upon the demagogic spirit of the masses." This sarcastic criticism springs, of course, out of politico-social conditions peculiar to France, but the situation it calls up would not amaze our West, where the copper miners forbade Victor Berger to testify before the Congressional Committee. The *Parti Ouvrier's* further protests against the Parliamentary bargainings of elected Socialists for political power and personal profit all seem to get down to a fundamental suspicion: are these men true red, or simply disguised exploiters of the workingmen? And there is, as another paper remarks, a triumphant banality about its proposition that "no sooner does the party attain certain possibilities than it becomes a vast syndicate of electoral appetites."

To the figures by races of New York city's population in 1910, the Census Bureau adds an analysis of the mother tongues of the foreign-born whites and their children. English rather surprisingly holds its own against German and Yiddish. Nearly one million of our foreign stock, 21 per cent. of the whole population, were born of English-speaking parents; 861,980 of Yiddish or Hebrew, and 841,889 of German. This virtual equality among the three tongues is maintained with considerable uniformity throughout the boroughs; in Brooklyn and Richmond English led; in the Bronx and Queens, German, and in Manhattan, Yiddish. But nowhere was English worse than second. In Manhattan, where Yiddish claimed 533,444 of the foreign-born, or of the first native generation, English was the mother tongue of 469,626, while German fell to 337,403. In the whole city, 549,444 reported Italian as their mother tongue, and 116,161 Polish, with others bringing up the rear. In comparison with the country at large, it is, of course, Yiddish which looms up; and when we consider from how many sources English-speaking and German-

speaking immigrants are drawn, its total of 19 per cent. of the city's entire population is impressive.

LELAND, Miss., February 24.—Sam Petty, a negro, accused of having killed a Deputy Sheriff, Charles W. Kirkland, was shot by a mob of 300 men to-night, and his body burned.

Petty, wanted on a trivial charge, killed Kirkland with a shotgun when the officer entered a cabin late to-day, in which the negro had taken refuge. Petty was captured by a posse, bound, and placed in an oil-soaked dry-goods box, and the match applied. A moment later the man, his clothing aflame, broke from his fastenings and started to run, but before he could gain headway was shot dead.

The body was put back in the box, fresh inflammables were piled about it, and within half an hour it was burned to ashes.

No comment could add to the revolting horror of such a story. We do not wish to discuss it in any way. But we should like to ask our Southern contemporaries, in all sincerity and candor, two questions. Can they name any other civilized, or even semi-civilized, country in which such fiendish savagery is practiced? And if they cannot, how do they feel about the distinction which, through the supineness of the authorities and of public opinion in their section of the country, is thus conferred upon the United States of America?

Resignations in advance, for the purpose of giving the appointing officer a power of removal, not expressly conferred, have been declared void by an Illinois court. The case has a national interest, since it arose out of the fight against Mrs. Young, Chicago Superintendent of Schools. The Mayor has the power of appointing the school trustees, but not of removing them. It has been the custom, however, for such appointees to give him power of removal by placing in his hands formal letters of resignation upon taking office. It was this weapon that enabled Mayor Harrison to get rid of enough of Mrs. Young's opponents among the trustees to prevent her non-election for another term from being final. Mayor Harrison was so thoroughly convinced of the viciousness of the practice that he had already declared he would never resort to it again; but it is well to have this attitude made compulsory. Not the least significant aspect of the decision is that, in making it, the court looked beyond the technicalities to the intent of the law. The decision will probably not affect Mrs. Young's position, as the case will hardly reach the highest court before the expiration of the term of the ousted trustees.

An investigation of one public school in Manhattan shows that the pupils study at home, on the average, nearly three hours a day. Yet the subject is not for the pedagogical expert to dismiss with a dogmatic word. Two months ago, in Chicago, Mrs. Young undertook to eliminate study after hours from the programme of school children. But speedy protest came from the mothers. They were friendly not only to application, but to a scheme which, as one put it, "lets us know that our children are not on the street at night." It is scarcely a part of the school's responsibility that home conditions make it dangerous to free children from task-work after hours; or that home conditions often make such study painful or profitless. But any aspect of the question emphasizes the necessity of striving towards some form of coöperation between home and school in the matter.

In a recent competition to fill two vacancies in the Department of Languages at the Naval Academy, not one college graduate applied, although the universities were solicited for candidates. Accordingly, neither of the men chosen was a college graduate. This incident is interpreted as having a direct relation to the salaries paid and to the tenure of office. The Superintendent of the Academy is credited with the remark that civilian instructors should not be retained more than three or four years. What this policy would mean for the training of the midshipmen it is unnecessary to state. The attempt to get rid of civilian instructors altogether is still fresh in the minds of those interested in the Academy. As a remedy for one feature of the situation, a bill has been introduced in Congress systematizing the promotion of civilian instructors and increasing their pay. The total increase provided for the twenty-seven civilian instructors is about $6,000 a year, or the amount that is spent every year by the Pacific fleet in firing salutes. As the salaries named in the bill are $3,000 for professors, $2,500 for associate professors, and $2,000 for instructors, the measure appears to be anything but extravagant.

If what Nietzsche called our constant revaluation of social values is to go so far as revision of the feminine estimate of fashion, the State is the obvious agency to set it on foot. Yet there is a breath-taking quality about the crusade which the University of Wisconsin is leading against "the delusion of new hats." We are informed that Miss C. Schmit, the State University's expert, is training 500 women in an art which she says will make them rivals of Paris; and the Milwaukee *Sentinel* reports that the formation of societies to speed the movement is growing apace. Opposition of male taxpayers, outside of importing circles, is scarcely expected. The only reason for distrust of the programme is the very democratic clear-headedness of the enterprise. Fashion, in all its vagaries, has its excuse for being in the precise qualities that Wisconsin would take out of it. But if the University succeeds in this newest "extension" it will overtop all its sisters.

It is given to very few men to hold a double claim on immortality. Such was the happy fate of Sir John Tenniel. He will be remembered by one audience as the artist who drew Britannia at the bier of Lincoln, and by a larger audience as the pictorial creator of Alice, the White Rabbit, and the Mad Hatter. In his work for *Punch*, humor was not his strongest trait, though it was by no means a quality he lacked. His political satire was of a broad sweep, and his best-known work was hardly satire at all, but, as in the case of the famous cartoons we have mentioned, a penetrating comment, delivered with dignity and emotion. Nevertheless, on the technical side there is a strong resemblance between the actual kings and ministers whom he drew for *Punch* and the much more interesting potentates, duchesses, and politicians to whom he gave such startling reality in the pages of Lewis Carroll. In both fields there was the same solid draughtsmanship, the gift of creating figures in the round, endowed with a fine sense of dignity and self-possession. Difficult as it is to imagine what *Punch* might have been without him, it is still harder to think of the Cheshire Cat as emanating from any other pencil than Tenniel's.

THE WILSON TOUCH.

We know, by long tradition, of "the Nelson touch"—that indefinable stamp of personality and of genius which the great Admiral used to put upon a plan of battle. The thing is as fascinating to study in politics as it is in war. What a lift and refreshing it is to those whose business compels them to follow public affairs, when a statesman arrives who breaks the old conventional moulds, and invents and displays new methods all instinct with his own individuality! This is what President Wilson has been doing for the past twelve months. Tuesday marked the end of his first year in office. During that period, it may safely be said that American politics has been more interesting—we do not say more exciting—than for a generation.

It is one of those cases in which the way of doing things is, in a sense, more important than the things done. For once you know the method, you can infer future results. And it is President Wilson's method which has impressed all observers, even more than his extraordinary record of achievement. Upon the latter, it is not necessary to dwell at length. The facts are known to all. Even the President's opponents agree that the *res gestæ* of his first year outbulk the record of the ordinary Administration's four years. We need only consider the bills actually passed.

What, then, has been his secret? Where are the hidings of his power? It is impossible to put one's finger precisely upon the pulse of the machine. But we can note how it operates. We can observe the method, even if we cannot nicely measure the dynamic thrust behind it. And it is evident that the first element in the Wilson touch is a perfectly clear and definite idea of what is wanted. Ex-President Taft remarks this in his recent generous appreciation of Wilson. He declares that the President knows perfectly what he desires before he goes to Congress to get it. And, of course, this intellectual grasp of his subject persists in all his personal discussions with Congressmen. He can out-argue them because he has outthought them. The vague men go down inevitably before the definite man. It was Mirabeau, we believe, who predicted the rise of a French politician at the time of the Revolution, saying of him: 'Look out for that man. He knows just what he wants, and he means precisely what he says."

In the process of execution, Mr. Wilson has shown how to be effective without being noisy, how to bring about what amounts to a revolution with the quiet air of a man taking a stroll in the country. He has displayed an audacity fitted to take one's breath away, yet he has done it with smiling ease and unconcern. No thunderings in the index have preceded it, no loud echoes of the storm have followed. The impression is that he has simply been doing the most natural thing in the world. Such was the air which he threw about his first going to Congress to read his message in person. He almost made it appear like a dropping in to afternoon tea! Why should he remain upon his "isolated island of jealous power," the White House, when by going to the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue he could have a pleasant neighborly time with his "colleagues" in Congress? In the face of such an attitude, talk of "usurpation," or of tyrannical domination by an overbearing Executive, falls flat. It is impossible to erect a man chatting by the fire into a man on horseback.

All this looks easy, as Wilson has done it, but let anybody else try it! Any work of perfect skill looks easy to those who do not know what tense effort lies behind it. And President Wilson has not spared labor. His method is one thing; the energy he has put into it is another. Such inspiring and drive as have come from the White House since March 4, 1913, take it out of a man. But the President has prudently conserved his strength. He has not stretched himself thin over the whole country. Only two set speeches, if we remember aright, has he made in public during the past year. If other Presidents have made themselves cheap by going everywhere, Wilson has consulted both his work in hand and the dignity of his office by staying in Washington. If others have talked on every conceivable subject, he has held his verbal fire until the time came when he could make it telling. The net impression he has made is that of a strong man following a course which he had carefully marked out for himself in advance; his time not his own, but for public business; relaxation only for health and not for the delectation of busybodies and cronies; with the constant application of a will that has a spring like fine steel to the dispatch of great affairs.

We are told that we must make allowance for Wilson's "luck." Circumstances were so uncommonly favorable to him. Very well; imagine him dying a week after inauguration and Marshall dealing with the same circumstances! It is useless to try to get away from native power and political genius. They work their will with ease where others would fail miserably. It is doubtless true that President Wilson will have to face a certain reaction. His prestige will not always seem so undimmed as now, his authority so great. But come what may, he has already revealed to his countrymen a public character in whom they will delight, if they agree with Emerson that nothing is more inspiring than to note the facility with which a man of native force will move among ancient conventions.

WAR BY ANY OTHER NAME.

Nobody desires war with Mexico, but no end of people want to do something or other that would be war, yet that they would call by some other name. Such legal and moral confusion has many times arisen. It is at the bottom of the attempt to make out the possibility of such a thing as a "pacific blockade." This is, in reality, very much the same as saying a loving crack over the head, or a friendly shooting. So, to-day, in our Mexican trouble, certain persons would invent smooth-sounding names for rough things. They would not begin hostilities against Mexico, oh, no! They would merely send a polite military expedition into Mexican territory. They would have 1,000 American marines set out for Mexico City with every protestation of friendship. The Governor of Texas would dispatch a force of rangers across the Rio Grande to bring back the body of an American citizen who had been hanged on Mexican soil, and incidentally, we presume, to teach the Mexicans to know their place. That this would be warlike, does not seem to occur to Gov. Colquitt.

This drawing back from the blunt naming of acts in accordance with their harsh reality is perhaps creditable to the hearts of those who do it. They do not like to think of war outright. The humane sentiment of their age is strong upon them. A battle-field would be as

ghastly a sight to them as to any of us; and so they resort to all kinds of phrases and masked descriptions implying that they do not intend to march the country into a bloody war. But however amiable may be this shrinking from so much as speaking of horrid brutalities, it does not argue well for the reasoning powers of those who display it. We may say a good word for their hearts, but we cannot retain much respect for their heads. For there is no use in trying to escape the hard facts, or in seeking to sprinkle rose-water over human shambles. Gen. Sherman's definition cannot be amended so as to read that war is—a place we do not like to mention. And if the nature of war is what we know it, acts of war are acts of war, no matter what we fastidiously call them.

It is in this form, unpleasant but unescapable, that the problem forces itself upon President Wilson. Others may talk loosely; he cannot. Impulsive gentlemen in Congress or out of it may propose fantastic schemes to settle Mexico's hash, all of them implying armed coercion, though all of them are described as not at all tantamount to war, but the President has to look at things as they are. For him international law still exists, even if others ignore it. The rights of nations are realities to a man who is acutely aware that he is dealing with them, and that they are sensitive and may become explosive. Now, all this is, we do not question, the reason why Mr. Wilson took occasion last Thursday to let the newspaper correspondents know that he is inflexibly opposed to all these warlike measures. He, as President and as Commander-in-Chief, must sharply discriminate between what can be done by diplomatic representations, couched in urgent language though these may and ought to be, and what may have to be done by arms. The two cannot be mixed up. Bayonets remain bayonets even when festooned with flowers.

In this attitude President Wilson is clearly right. His Mexican policy, as a whole, and up to the present, cannot be called a success in the sense that it has achieved the result desired. That any other peaceful policy than the one he has pursued, however, would have worked any better, it would be impossible to prove. But Mr. Wilson's course with Mexico has at least been highly successful thus far in one important respect. It has avoided war. It has tended to calm and not to infuriate the American people. It has brought the country into close and good relations with European Powers, and paved the way for a perfect understanding as to the ultimate steps to be taken, when the time comes to take them. And accordingly the President is wholly correct in refusing to countenance proposals which would infallibly mean that we should blunder into war. If war must come, as a last dread resort, it is for our Government to face it with open eyes. It is not a thing to be tricked into. We should be guilty of incredible folly if we were to make experiment of some of the disguised war-measures put forward by happy-thought statesmen and haphazard newspapers, thinking that they might safely be toyed with, and then find that they plunged us into a woful and desolating struggle.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

A National Conference on Unemployment, holding its session in New York in the depth of winter, would in any year attract the interest of all who are concerned in the problem of bettering the condition of the laboring masses. This winter, the extent of unemployment, though by no means so great as it is sometimes represented, is more than usual, and the usual amount is bad enough.

That the situation has been exploited, here in New York, by the I. W. W., for the promotion of turbulent discontent and the stimulation of revolutionary ideas, need not concern us greatly. The artificial character of the demonstrations at the churches has been manifest from the start, and, thus far at least, the attempts of the I. W. W. agitators to make a commotion have fallen extremely flat. Commissioner of Charities Kingsbury states that the city has not turned away a single man who has applied at the Municipal Lodging House this winter; and though in the early part of January there was dreadful crowding, arrangements were soon made to give the overflow from the Lodging House comfortable quarters on the recreation pier, which was enclosed and provided with cots and a kitchen. To give them decent lodging and food in this way, and moreover to adopt such measures as the city is pursuing to get a moderate amount of work out of the men, so far as possible, in return for what they receive, is far better than to throw churches open, where neither the accommodations nor the oversight can be as satisfactory as in the shelters provided by the city and managed by its officials.

But refusal to be hysterical over a situation which is not novel, or in any high degree abnormal, does not imply indifference to the large question to which it is related. On the contrary, the closer they are to the normal, the more do the sufferings and losses of the unemployed impress the importance of the general problem with which the Conference on Unemployment was concerned. Our country has been backward in relation to this problem, as it has in relation to other problems of industrial betterment; but it may be expected that from now on the subject will receive the attention it deserves. The three main lines of improvement suggested are the establishment of public labor exchanges, the diminution of seasonal unemployment through more provident and considerate organization of production, and the introduction of insurance against unemployment. The last of these presents great difficulties and dangers, and cannot be safely undertaken except after the most careful inquiry and with the most maturely thought-out precautions. The second, though it may possibly be promoted by governmental measures, presents itself primarily as a matter to be looked after by able and large-minded employers of labor. But the first—the establishment of labor exchanges—presents no inherent difficulty. Moreover, it has behind it a large amount of successful experience in several European countries, and has been tried and found useful in some of our own States.

On this subject, a committee appointed some months ago by the trustees of the City Club of New York recently made a report, in which, after a succinct survey of the facts, it recommended the establishment of a State Bureau of Employment, and made a tentative draft of a bill for that purpose, preparing also a tentative budget of expenses for this bureau, based on the experience of Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin. An annual expenditure of $75,000 is set down as the minimum required to make the work effective. We believe that any

one who gives attention to the subject will be convinced that the expenditure of a much larger sum than this would be justified provided that the bureau was soundly conducted. Whether we consider the general economic interests of the community, or the diminution of the charges on the State from pauperism and invalidism, the undertaking appears to be entirely legitimate.

The resolutions adopted by the Conference at its meeting on Saturday recommend the establishment in the Federal Department of Labor of "a Bureau of Distribution, with power to establish employment exchanges throughout the country to supplement the work now done by State and municipal bureaus, to act as a clearing house of information and further the distribution of labor throughout the country." They also urge upon the Legislatures of the various States "the establishment or reconstruction of free State employment agencies," and lay down the principles to which these should conform. The leading place, we observe, is given to the principle "that appointments and tenure of office be governed by the merit system and be placed beyond control of political parties." How much of the backwardness of our country in the difficult problems of the modern industrial régime may be due to that instinctive fear of "politics" which has been the inevitable fruit of the spoils system! Among the workers for all good causes involving governmental action, that fear is a constant subject of solicitude and uneasiness; and they are unanimous in the conviction that upon the exclusion of politics and of the spoils idea the success of any such scheme as that of the proposed labor exchanges is vitally dependent.

THE ULSTER DIFFICULTY.

Full reports of the speeches in the House of Commons on Irish Home Rule at the opening of Parliament do not make the crisis appear less threatening, but they do help to clear up some of its aspects. The Prime Minister and the Attorney-General, speaking for the Government, held throughout a conciliatory tone, expressing a willingness and even eagerness to arrive at some honorable adjustment of the Ulster difficulty, but they also insisted that no proposal had been put before them which could be entertained, and, indeed, strongly argued that the Unionists had no solution at all to offer. Was it a general election? But if one were held, and the Liberals won again, Ulster would no more submit to an Irish Parliament than she will now. Her attitude is simply that she will not have Irish Home Rule under any conditions, this year or at any time in the future. If a province can thus interpose an absolute veto upon Parliament, orderly government by Parliament is obviously at an end. If the Conservatives came into power, Connaught could with as much right set the Government at defiance.

Mr. Asquith's speech was very calm but of great power. He showed again his ability to put into half an hour what others would consume two hours in saying with less force. On one point, he was completely destructive of the Unionist position. This is that the Home Rule bill was sprung upon the country without notice, that it was never passed upon by the electors, and that no one ever supposed that the Parliament Act would be taken advantage of to make it law without the consent of the Lords. But Mr. Asquith adduced some new evidence on that subject with deadly effect. He recalled the fact that when the Parliament Act itself was pending in 1910, the Unionists protested that it would lead straight to Home Rule for Ireland. With that in mind, they moved an amendment to exclude from its scope "all bills for the delegation of administrative or legislative powers to subordinate Parliaments." In support of this the entire Unionist strength in the House of Commons was rallied, Sir Edward Carson himself declaring that then and there was the only chance to defeat Home Rule. But the amendment was voted down, 351 to 245, and in the general election which followed in December, the Liberal party was returned to power with the distinct understanding that the Parliament Act would be made use of to carry Home Rule within three years. With what face can it now be said that the whole thing was forced without warning upon an unsuspecting Parliament and electorate? What is really aimed at, as Mr. Asquith asserted, is the tearing up of the entire Parliament Act. The leader of the Conservatives, Mr. Bonar Law, has, it is true, stated that the Conservatives would not seek to repeal that act, if they gained power, but they are plainly endeavoring to nullify it now.

Much was said in the debate about the possibility of Home Rule with Ulster excluded. The Prime Minister, having declared that the Government would shut no door upon hope of compromise, professed himself ready to consider even that alternative if it could be presented in a workable form; but no one on the Unionist side was willing to go into details. Sir Edward Carson's position is, frankly, that he favors the exclusion of Ulster simply because it would wreck the entire Home Rule bill. His words are: "The Government says that if Ulster is left out, Home Rule will be impossible. I agree. Therefore I will vote to leave it out." This is what the Unionist solution by exclusion comes down to.

When it comes to the details of excluding Ulster, difficulties thicken. Mr. Redmond pointed them out. What was meant by Ulster? It was a province of nine counties, sending to Parliament 17 Home Rulers and 16 anti-Home Rulers.

Of the nine counties, five contained large Catholic and Nationalist majorities. It was a province in which, taken as a whole, Catholics were not very far short of half the population. If there was excluded the city of Belfast, there was a Catholic and a Nationalist majority for the whole province. Any one who came to argue the question would find it difficult to argue in favor of the exclusion of the whole of Ulster. Presumably what was meant by the right honorable gentlemen were the four counties of northeast Ulster. There was a Home Rule member in the House for each one of those four counties. In the County of Down the percentage of Catholics was 31.6, in Antrim 20.3, in Armagh 45.3, in Derry 41.1, in Derry City 56.2, and in Belfast 24.1.

Mr. Redmond affirmed with reason that to talk of settling the great question of Irish Home Rule by excluding the four Protestant counties was ridiculous. He added that he knew of no man or no party in Ireland—no spokesman for Ulster—that approved of any such suggestion as a basis for the settlement of the Irish question. It is brought up chiefly to darken counsel and make trouble.

This fact, however, does not disguise the real and grave problem which Mr. Asquith has to try to solve. He is apparently trusting to time and conciliatory words and further "conversations" between the Government and the leaders of the Opposition. By means of such conferences more than one political crisis in England has been surmounted.

It was, for example, through a "conversation" between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury that the acute controversy over the extension of the suffrage in the eighties was appeased. Something of the sort may be compassed within the next few weeks. Meanwhile, Mr. Asquith refuses to be rushed. He will not make his own proposals until he is fully ready. They will unquestionably be of a kind to afford the inhabitants of Ulster every reasonable guarantee. If these are rejected, then it is plain that the Government will press forward, confident in the appeal which can be made to the law-abiding sense of the British people and to the considerate judgment of mankind.

OUR INERTIA IN FIRE PREVENTION.

"As far as can be learned, the fire originated in the cellar, and it is said to have been caused by an overheated furnace." This statement was made in reference to the fire which swiftly and completely destroyed Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's large and beautiful new country house on Long Island a week or so ago. Since that time, a fire, likewise originating in the basement, and at or near the furnace, has destroyed the Morristown Library, with its valuable and in large part irreplaceable collection of books. Nor is either of these losses of an unusual character. Fires starting in the cellar or basement of large country houses, hotels, and public buildings, and resulting in their complete destruction, are matters of familiar occurrence. Yet the adoption of measures entirely within the reach of the owners of such buildings—whether private individuals, stock companies, or public bodies—and entailing only a very moderate expense, would suffice to make such disasters virtually impossible.

Even fireproof construction of buildings as a whole has been so reduced in cost in recent times that the difference between the price of such a building and that of the ordinary inflammable kind is far from being so serious as it formerly was. But without going to that expense, the risk of fire can be very greatly reduced. The thing to aim at is the isolation of fire, the prevention of its spread from the point at which it originates. This can be accomplished, as regards the cellar furnace and its neighborhood, by fireproof floor construction separating the cellar from the first story. A concrete or steel-and-tile floor can be easily put in at an increase of cost above ordinary wooden joist construction that would hardly be noticeable in the total cost of a large building. In addition to this, and especially in places where the services of a fire department cannot be promptly obtained, the installation of some simple system of automatic sprinklers in basements, near the heating apparatus, and also in kitchens and laundries, commends itself as an obvious safeguard, and offers no great difficulty in the way of expense.

Another most effective measure of protection is the erection of a fireproof division wall, cutting the whole house into two parts. Such a wall may be built of brick or concrete, and would run right through the house, from cellar to roof; it would be provided with concealed sliding metal doors at all openings, and could be entirely hidden within partitions, so as not to mar the artistic effect of a residence. Such a wall would not only be a fire-stop, but also be an invaluable life-saving device. It is on this account that the recent factory legislation so strongly discriminates in favor of buildings with fire-walls of this nature. We are informed, on excellent authority, that a wall of this kind, even in large country houses or hotels, would rarely add more than a thousand dollars to the cost of the building; and it would be a sure means of preventing the spread of flames from one part of the building to another.

What makes our inertia in these matters the more remarkable is the fact that information about them is accessible in exact and authoritative form. By merely writing to the National Fire Protection Association, which has now been in existence nearly twenty years, with its executive office at Boston, one may obtain without cost the results of the experience of competent experts on every aspect of the problem of fire prevention. The Association has issued a great number of pamphlets, in which are laid down the standards which have been found desirable in regard to almost every point concerning safe construction, and protection against fire. Failure to adopt these standards, or indeed to give anything like adequate thought to the question, can be regarded only as an instance of that easy-going disregard of comparatively remote danger which characterizes the national temper in so many directions. It may be quite true that this is a "defect of our qualities"; but that does not prevent it from being a serious defect, or from working out grave consequences, whether in such a matter as the fire danger or in the broader questions of politics.

There is another point which the inflammable nature of the country mansions of our millionaires, and of expensive hotels in summer and winter resorts, should serve to impress. If, as is obviously the case, it is indifference or inertia that is the explanation of this state of things, it is foolish to ascribe the absence of proper fire safeguards in factories wholly to the devilish hard-heartedness of a grasping capitalism. The owner may be terribly to blame for not taking his responsibility more seriously; but he no more expects his mill to burn down than Mrs. Vanderbilt expected her new house to burn down, or than the guests at the Windsor Hotel expected to be burned alive. That is no reason for not making stringent laws, and enforcing them with the utmost rigor; on the contrary, it makes such laws and such enforcement all the more indispensable. But it is a very good reason for not becoming hysterical, for not ascribing to the fiendishness of capital what is in the main an exhibition of a heedlessness we all display in our own personal concerns, and in our everyday life.

THE VOGUE OF THE INEDITED.

Unlike Gray, wishing for endless new novels by Marivaux and Crébillon, the modern magazine publisher longs for an inexhaustible supply of old manuscripts —never before published. In the rage for the inedited some editors threaten to become what Bersot predicted of historians—ragpickers. Authors who complain of the dead hand in literature will have to enlarge their grievance. They may even, for the benefit of literary posterity, soon be expected to advocate a union agreement that every scrap of writing shall be got into the definitive edition of each man's works, or destroyed. The habits of a De Quincey, moving from room to room with a wake of manuscript for future discoverers; of a Browning, patronized by spinsters whom he lets copy his fourteen-year-old verse;

of a Madison, storing away papers of the Federalist type for centenary publication, must begin to seem intolerable to authors already cramped for space. Let the unearthed manuscript be intrinsically good, and it is produced with a fanfare of critical trumpets; let it be so poor that the unhappy ghost is pacing the shores of the Styx at the thought of its becoming known, and it throws new light on his youth, or some mooted episode of his later life.

Looking at the matter in a general way, we can easily believe that the author foresees, as the happiest chance, the possibility of walking, a century after death, into the office of a leading periodical and shouldering out of line, with classical arrogance, the most eminent flesh-and-blood writer there. And it is equally easy to analyze the publisher's pleasure in at once trading on a golden, long-fixed reputation, and yet offering one of its productions as fresh as if from the hand of a novice, written expressly for the readers of 1914. No doubt it is curiosity, partly intellectual, partly vulgar, on which the appeal is based. The titillation of a great name, the expectancy of some *chef-d'œuvre inconnu*, or chip of one, reaches to crowds who know the name alone. A hitherto unpublished story by Stevenson would be seized upon by thousands who had never read the works by him everywhere accessible, or even skimmed their cream. But the publisher has in mind also a love of the literary past. He not merely makes that past current, but carries us back to it. Every one has some time felt a wish to reconstruct the thrill that, we fancy, all England's little Cranfords felt when they were awaiting the next number of "Pickwick"; or London society at the announcement of a new novel by the Wizard of the North. To be ourselves the first to lay eyes upon some such writing, miraculously hidden from its own time and carried down to ours, is insensibly gratifying. Its appearance flatters, moreover, the feeling that we have stolen a march upon our ancestors; not alone in gleaning something they overlooked, but in recalling our improved critical perspective, as regards their own literature. They moved among its productions blindly, where we have long since culled and chosen; and the fact is never more patent than when some survival of their age emerges to be appraised and docketed among its author's work, by standards more or less universally sanctioned.

With much in all this to applaud, we ought to avoid the appearance of mere literary sycophancy. To fawn on an author by rummaging drawers for trivial notes, the rough sketches of his completed designs, shavings from his chisel, does him neither service nor homage. Always in point is Sainte-Beuve's reproach to "messieurs les érudits" for their digging up what is better left buried. Half the merit of any artistic performance is in its reticences, and their violation is the work of a resurrectionist. There is little addition to knowledge or to admiration in recent reproductions like *Cornhill's* of Browning's infantile poems, or the *Mercure de France's* of certain suppressed letters of Nietzsche's. Such reproductions are not untypical of several which have appeared in American periodicals. The fault has, of course, been carried outside the world of periodicals, a striking example being the appearance lately of the first volume of Gustave Flaubert's "Premières Œuvres," the full set to contain his lucubrations from his thirteenth to the end of his seventeenth year!

The final arbiter must necessarily be good sense and good taste. It is for public as well as publisher to exercise both. Only in this way can old manuscripts new-published be both fair to the past generation and profitable to the present, while performing a real function in helping to emphasize the continuity of literature.

LYRIC POETRY.

Lyric poetry has in large measure been spared from the blight of overzealous scholarship by the difficulty to define it. There used to be a legend at a certain university that only two beings in the world knew what lyric poetry was, God and Professor ———; and that God wouldn't tell, and Professor ——— couldn't tell. Other forms of literature have been searched and classified according to the well-known prescription for the study of types. But the lyric has presented a smiling defiance to such treatment. It has a piquant quality like life itself, springing up where least expected, a flower in a cranny. Formerly it was thought sufficient to divide poetry into epic, dramatic, and lyric. What was not the first two was, generally speaking, the last. This was a good enough working basis.

Recently scholars have taken to looking at the lyric more narrowly. Prof. E. B. Reed, whose bulky volume on the subject was reviewed in the *Nation* of September 19, 1912, gives the following definition: "All songs, all poems following classic lyric forms; all short poems expressing the writer's moods and feelings in rhythm that suggests music, are to be considered lyrics." Difficulty arose when Professor Reed attempted to enforce his tests. He accepted sonnets because some of them, notably in the days of Elizabeth, have been set to music; yet Wordsworth's genius was styled unlyrical because "he has not left us a single song." And the book shows many other curious instances of selection and exclusion. Prof. F. E. Schelling's recent volume on "The English Lyric" (reviewed in the *Nation* May 8, 1913) adds nothing new to the foregoing statements. "The primary conception involved in the term 'lyric,'" he says, "has always to do with song; and it is the song-like quality of the lyric that falls most conspicuously into contrast with the epic or telling quality of narrative verse. . . . So, too, the lyric is concerned with the poet, his thoughts, his emotions, his moods, and his passions. . . . With the lyric subjective poetry begins." The latest to match his skill with this elusive type is Mr. Ernest Rhys,* the editor of Everyman's Library: "Lyrical, it may be said, implies a form of musical utterance in words governed by overmastering emotion and set free by a powerfully concordant rhythm. So soon as narrator or playwright, carried out of the given medium of personal feeling, begins to dilate individually on the theme, that moment he or she surely tends to grow lyrical." The musical test, it will be noted, is abandoned in the second sentence, where Mr. Rhys applies his definition; and, unless one must infer that personal feeling in verse inevitably draws upon music, it is of little practical use. The looseness of Mr. Rhys's conception is quite typical of his practice. Beginning with early forms which were certainly sung, he later accepts sonnets and certain dramatic soliloquies; but as if feeling guilty over his small use of the musical requirement, he periodically refers to an underlying "singing mode," "singing idiom," or "hidden note." The early portion of the volume has to do with metrical developments, especially the transition from alliterative verse to rhyming schemes, and with the flexibility bestowed on English poetry by borrowings from the French. As the book progresses, its treatment may be described as scarcely more than literary history.

I.

I have no desire to hazard a new definition, but merely wish to consider

**Lyric Poetry.* By Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

whether the scope of lyric poetry is not immensely different from that usually assigned to it. All may admit that the lyric and song originated in much the same impulse—the desire to express personal, often inarticulate, feeling; and that the two may at times still be closely allied. It would require no magic rod to strike a gush of song from the lyrics of Burns, or from the light stanzas scattered through Shakespeare's dramas, even if the particular airs to which they were set had been forgotten. But this is very different from implying such an accompaniment for all pieces that commonly pass as lyrics. The discussion will be forwarded by a glance at certain developments in music itself. Such is its present state that critics would probably be as perplexed to agree on what is meant by "lyric" in music as others are to say what the word conveys as regards verse. Whereas formerly lyric music must above all else have melody, some composers, notably Debussy, are now depending instead on harmony, coloring. When he wishes to describe the play of moonlight on the water, Debussy resorts to a series of tinkles broken by syncopated glissandos and mingled with something like whispers. His "Reflet dans l'eau" shows an entirely different treatment from Nevin's woodland sketches. Both men have essayed to speak for nature. The latter has made her tuneful, and in any age would be accounted a true lyrist; Debussy, accepting certain features of nature as in themselves the embodiment of lyric sentiment, has been content to decorate, to sophisticate. He has replaced melody—one of the traditional marks of the lyric—by dexterous harmony; and through this "programme" variety of music has carried the lyric into close association with other musical types.

Manifestly, then, those critics who stick for a musical basis of the lyric should distinguish the kind of music meant. "Lycidas" suggests music no more strongly than many portions of "Paradise Lost," or, if so, does not recall the pure melodies which critics would still unite in terming lyrical. Nor can much significance be extracted from the fact that the sonnet owes its form to a combination of stanzas which usually went with song, or that in some instances the sonnet itself has received a musical arrangement. Certainly within the last three centuries composers of sonnets could never have had the thought of music in mind; and only such supersensitive ears as Mr. Rhys's could possibly discover a "hidden note" of song at the bottom of, say, Shakespeare's lines beginning

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments.

If they convey any note, it is Milton's epic organ tone. One might go further and say that they are less lyrical as regards pure sound than Macbeth's memorable lament after hearing that his wife is dead. If by "musical basis" critics would mean melodious song, they would have little difficulty in classification, though this would exclude the majority of selections found in the "Golden Treasury."

In endeavoring to hold to a conception of the ancient Greeks we have really confused their ideas. They recognized the kinship of the lyric and song, though they did not use it as a strict test, but also the more general relation of poetry and music. If lyric verse was sung, so were the epic and large portions of the drama, and the instrument of accompaniment might, at least in the first two instances, be the same, the lyre. Yet it is true that to most minds to-day the lyric appears to have a prior claim to a musical alliance. Partly this is because it is the only one of the three poetic divisions which continues to be set to music—a thoroughly arbitrary distinction. But more especially it is because the beginnings of poetry, like the beginnings of music, were "lyrical," in the sense that they fell easily into the jingle of song. This must have been the reason for the style, "lyric Apollo," to characterize the god of poetry and music, who was rooted in their ancient traditions. And down the centuries lyric verse and lyric music have furnished enough examples of early uncomplicated melodies to keep the two, in human instincts, subtly bound together. "O my luve's like, a red, red rose" has not advanced far in rhythm beyond poetry in an elementary stage, which, of course, only heightens its homely freshness. The movement of Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn" has no such implication, and though it might set an ancient Greek to chanting, it does not so affect us moderns. In retaining, despite the inconsistencies of our practice, a musical basis exclusively for the lyric, we are but emphasizing the stream of, as it were, primordial poetry which still runs through it, though it also runs through the drama and epic in less degree. It is heard now and again in "Samson Agonistes" and in Homer's episode of Nausicaa.

II.

I have referred to a present tendency in lyrical music to replace melody by skilful harmony playing over choice aspects of nature. Something much akin to this has long been operative in lyric poetry. Off-hand one would not think of turning to Petrarch for an illustration. Coming on the heels of the troubadours, whose songs he laid under heavy contribution, he would surely seem to give the strongest reinforcement to the musical test. Nearly always there is music in his language, and some of his stanzas were obviously intended to be sung. But here again the test is not decisive, for his sonnets are no more melodious than parts of Chaucer's narrative, such as the lines

And smalë foulës maken melodye
That slepen al the night with open eye,

or than much of the "Divine Comedy." In the hands of all three authors poetry of whatever type still betrayed its twin-birth with music.

Petrarch's greatest influence on others came undoubtedly from his peculiar use of nature. It was not original with him, but his expertness gave it the widest currency, and then and there created the nature cult which still has adherents. In illustrating his love for Laura he connected her with nature's treasury. Her curls were tossed by the gentlest breeze, the laurel was instinct with her presence, the stars gained in lustre by resembling her eyes, her footsteps consecrated the meadows, the flowers that brushed her were an inspiration henceforth, and a stream once visited by her thereafter murmured music. Sappho had furnished charming natural settings, but it was left to Petrarch to bring nature and love into fusion. French and English caught up his manner until no mistress was worthy if unattended by nature's store of tenderest fragrances, colors, and sounds. The insincerity of many of these writers does not remove the fact that nature was then made an almost indispensable accompaniment of what passed as lyric poetry. The thought of music might be absent from the poet, but nature must in some fashion serve him. From continual use in this way certain natural features came to have an almost independent lyric value, especially the stars, the dawn, a stream, and flowers. Though the vogue of flower poems such as Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton yielded to, was enhanced by a special sentiment which each flower acquired, their main effect was the sheer beauty bestowed by long lyric associations. And in a more general way Spenser and later Thomson were content to rest the value of whole lyric stanzas upon a lovely array of sweet natural details.

Nor has the practice been neglected by more modern writers. In the case of "Fiona Macleod" it attained the proportions of a naturalistic *rêve*. Individual details of nature had received from centuries of poetic use (so we may suppose he felt) such an accumulation of emotional value that merely to pronounce their names was enough to furnish a lyric background; much after the manner of any catalogue of ships which, ever since Homer's famous list, has been apt to start in the mind a reminiscence of epic poetry. In not a few of his poems William Sharp gives little more

than an enumeration of these alleged lyric features, as in the following lines:

There is in everything an undertone . . .
Those clear in soul are also clear in sight,
And recognize in a white cascade's flash
The roar of mountain torrents, and the wail
Of multitudinous waves on barren sands,
The song of skylark at the flush of dawn,
A mayfield all ablaze with king-cups gold,
The clamour musical of culver wings
Beating the soft air of a dewy dusk,
The crescent moon far voyaging thro' darked skies,
And Sirius throbbing in the distant south,
A something deeper than mere audible
And visible sensations.

Sharp's tendency—which is shared by many, among them Maeterlinck, I suspect—to see a "rainbow of feeling" in any nosegay of nature is most similar, it must be admitted, to Debussy's way of imputing subtle, fleeting emotions to his formless chromatics. I have pursued this speculation to illustrate the danger of exalting a poetical accompaniment, whether it be song or nature, to a test of type.

III.

The other test usually employed to mark off lyric poetry is personal, subjective emotion. Like many other words that come trippingly from the tongue, these are meaningless unless strictly interpreted. Taken to signify merely the language of feeling, as they generally are, they lead nowhere. Is Horace's pleasant quarrel with Lydia, is many a pretty trifle by Austin Dobson, subjective emotion simply because both poets have used words of the heart? Was Robert Herrick subjective when he chaffered in the conventional conceits of his day? Are we to ignore the fact that the troubadours had a special motive for proclaiming a Blanche or a Diana to be a nonpareil? And there is the whole class of so-called lyrics which retouch ancient mythology, such as the Anacreontic of Cupid stung by a bee, whose sentiments are artificial by the nature of the case. Are they, too, subjective? But even when held to denote the poet's expression of his own sincere feeling, as I construe it, the subjective test furnishes no simple rule of thumb; for how shall we be sure when a poet is feigning?

There is, for instance, the sonnet sequence of Thomas Watson, which he openly declared to be merely an exercise in a fashion of the day. Now, oddly enough, it sounds in parts not less sincere than similar works of his time; and probably other writers, if pressed, would have had to confess that they, too, were merely playing at a game. Nor is it reasonable to accept, as Professor Reed would do, a sonnet as being necessarily a truer chart of an author's own sentiments than are various lines in a play. If there was a Dark Lady, who shall say that the views on life and death in "Hamlet" were not in part the poet's own? If there is a ring of sincerity in the lines of Sonnet LIV:

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

it appears to be present also in

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

In attempting to reach a man through his works one has to penetrate the veil of art, whatever the form of the poem chosen. In any case, the author reacts *poetically* upon a given theme or situation, and unless the poetical equation is clearly understood, a critic would be rash to say that here the poet's heart lies bare. Take an individual sonnet unconnected with a sequence or a literary vogue. Its metrical arrangement, especially in the Italian form, and its requirements of balance, climax, and point are too complex, within such small compass, to be adjusted readily to a poet's feeling without causing some sacrifice to art. Milton, determined to speak his mind on the atrocity at Piemont, in the sonnet commencing

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints,

almost broke down the sonnet structure, employing a loose construction suggestive of Biblical utterance. Even while we marvel at the happy result, the impression obtrudes that here the art of the sonnet received the smallest toll on record. In some other sonnets, Milton, supreme poet that he was, so mastered the medium he worked in as to make his perceptions seem spontaneous; and Keats undoubtedly had similar success. But this does not mean that the poetical equation is not present for the critic to solve.

The mechanism of a sonnet may be thought of as an alembic which distils a poet's sentiments. Its effect is too subtle to be often detected by the critic. Yet any one who has written a sonnet (as who hasn't?) realizes that the mood in the finished product is apt to differ from the original conception, and that the transforming power of art is operative when least we think of it. The predicament of the lyrist who would be sincere may be illustrated by a modern tendency in the drama. The desire to represent life on the stage exactly as it is brings the finicky realist face to face with certain insurmountable conditions of dramatic construction. There is the element of time. Try as he will, he cannot make the stage square with life. Crises do not form with the celerity of stage convention, and in numerous other respects the dramatist of things as they are has to admit himself balked.

This directing power of artistic form increases, naturally, according to the intricacy of the type used. A drama or epic may impose a large number of external conditions, and quite conceal the author's own feelings. They are there, nevertheless, and could be sifted out if the laws of artistic construction were accurately known. By contrast, the lyric in general puts few restraints upon the poet. Particularly in open stanzas he would seem to have a good chance to express his very self. The language of Wordsworth's "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" is so simple and direct as to leave no doubt that it came straight from the heart. But between the extremes represented by this poem and by such an impersonal performance as an Æschylean play the degree of subjectivity varies so much, whatever the literary form, as to make personal feeling a tricky test of type. It is hard, for instance, to imagine Wordsworth concealing his own feeling even in a drama. And Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" is in many portions as close an index of his feeling as is his simplest lyric.

IV.

Francis Palgrave, searching for a principle of selection for his "Golden Treasury," held the term lyrical "to imply that each poem shall turn upon a single thought, feeling, or situation." He ignored the tests of music and personal emotion and included in his collection eminent poems of supposedly single and continuous inspiration, in a word, all varieties of relatively short poems. The soundness of his definition might be disputed on the ground that, Poe's well-known views notwithstanding, "Paradise Lost" is the embodiment of but a single mood, albeit a huge mood. Yet if slightly arbitrary, Palgrave's distinction, which is based mainly on extent rather than on kind, is immensely convenient in practice; and I know of no other which would be usable for an anthology.

Looked at in the light of what has been said, the poems in Palgrave's collection show, it is true, certain characteristics which grow out of their brevity. Admitting that even a small structure, like a sonnet, has its artistic alchemy, it naturally lacks the resources of poetic works of considerable compass. Why is it, for instance, that Desdemona's simple utterance, "If you say so, I hope you will not kill me," is supreme poetry? It is because these prosaic words are released from a situation which has been long preparing and which in itself is surcharged with imagination. Not being included in a plot, the lyric as defined by Palgrave must depend much upon its surface value—upon graceful conceits, poignant turns of thought, choice of detail, and the piquancy of its seeming artlessness. It obviously has not the artistic framework to support any large measure of

sentences which, save for the metre, are prose. So no one can conceive of a short poem including the following passage from "All's Well that Ends Well":

O! were that all. I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in 't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away.

Yet in their proper place in the play these lines are effective. Not that the short lyric's appeal is always superficial. Though superficial in artistry, it has in general been occupied with ideas and feelings as old and deeply planted as life itself. Thus the simple line, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," symbolizes a fundamental tragedy. And only the slightest poetic heightening is absolutely required when the theme is a lyric standby, owing to the carrying power of the implicit sentiment.

But richness of surface, though usually an essential of the short poem, is not a safe distinction. Poets like Shelley would never have been satisfied, even when writing drama, with anything less than a succession of individually glowing lines; and Milton and Shakespeare, while not given to Shelley's excess of fancy, resorted to figures in many instances where another might have used plain, dignified language, trusting to the poetic structure to carry it. Shakespeare has, indeed, many passages in his plays which bear a striking resemblance to poems generally accepted as lyric. Take Macbeth's lament, previously referred to:

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Is this less "lyric" in effect than the following lines of similar content in Pindar's eighth Pythian Ode?

In a little moment groweth up the delight of men; yea and in like sort falleth it to the ground, when a doom adverse hath shaken it.

Things of a day—what are we, and what not? Man is as a dream of shadows.

Even if we were to go back to the test of subjective emotion, Macbeth's words would still qualify as lyric. The sharp situation in which they are uttered makes them appear to be entirely the expression of personal feeling.

It is quite possible that the lyric, except in Palgrave's practical use of the term, means little more than a poetic quality. It comes close to signifying what is conveyed by the vague phrase "pure poetry." That is to say, when poetry is manifestly functioning effectively—namely, distinguishing itself from prose—it is lyric. This condition is not prescribed necessarily by brevity, though it is obviously more difficult to sustain poetry at great length. On the other hand, a plot may at times furnish a lyric, or poetic, intensity hard to attain in a short poem. Shakespeare and Milton, superb poets that they were, contrived to be almost constantly lyric even while they were, respectively, dramatic and epic.

V.

There is lyric form—in Palgrave's sense of a relatively short poem—on the whole a natural distinction, since it describes a large body of poetic practice. And there is lyric sentiment, or coloring. The latter is so bound up with the very nature of poetry that to isolate it is impossible.

Some such discussion of the lyric as I have attempted here ought, if pursued further, to clarify opinions as to poetry in general. Too often the complaint has been made that Pope, for example, was not a true poet because he employed to so great an extent the language of reason. In the first place, it would be well for his critics to define this term "reason"; and, secondly, to consider passages of his, not as detached units, but as portions of large structures whose artistic effect Pope relied upon very much. An examination of this kind would greatly discredit the study of poetry *in vacuo* and the tendency to overprize, especially in long poems, a glut of romantic imagery.

H. DEW. F.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

There will shortly appear at auction in New York the original Revolutionary journal of Cadwallader Colden, son of the famous Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New York. It will be remembered that the Lieutenant-Governor was a violent Loyalist who adopted every means at his command to frustrate the growing tendency towards revolt by the American colonists, and in consequence was cordially hated and harshly treated by the Sons of Liberty. His third son, Cadwallader, inherited the estate of Coldengham, in Orange County, and resided there during the greater part of his life. His father was away from home most of the time on public business, and Cadwallader's education devolved on his mother. Her influence, together with his natural proclivities, inclined him to farming, but he also held the political views of his father. He occupied various minor public positions in the town and county and was considered so influential that when, at the outbreak of hostilities, he publicly announced that he was for the King and Parliament, the American leaders decided to keep a careful watch on his movements.

The journal begins with an account of his arrest, November 26, 1776, by order of the Committee for detecting Plots and Conspiracies, which sentenced him to be sent to Boston, there to remain under the direction of the Selectmen of that town. During his imprisonment he was subjected to many petty annoyances and some rough handling, of which he complained in his numerous petitions to the Committee and the State Convention. Receiving no reply to any of his petitions he quietly ignored the sentence of banishment and returned home. He was again arrested, on March 2, 1777, and examined by a Committee composed of Philip Livingston, John Ten Broeck, and Christopher Tappan, by whom he was paroled and ordered to remain in Kingston.

Here he wrote the following:

Private thoughts and resolutions on reading the Resolves of Convention, by which I find that the oath to the pretended Independent States is again to be tendered or on refusal am to have leave, or rather compelled to move with my family to New York. As I have ever looked upon these inhabitants of these American Collonies as enjoying the greatest share of blessings and liberty, both Civill and Religious of any people in the known world, and this I have heard confessed by the most judicious; notwithstanding of which, as long as I can remember I have known and heard of evil and discontented spirits among us, who by their writings and other practices, have been endeavoring to overturn this happy constitution both in Church and State, and to fill the minds of people with groundless jealousys and uneasyness. Therefore I concluded that our troubles and unhappy disputes with the Mother Country proceed more from the aspiring and ambitious views of some of her sons, together with a rooted inveterosy against the *Church*, than from a design in Great Britain to *inslave* a brave and free people, and that she yet means to *restore us to both Law and Liberty*, and therefore I have ever been opposed to such measures, as I thought were brought about with no other view but to advance this grand scheme of Independency or Republic government, which (I confirmed) however it may gratify the ambitious and malignant views of some men, will never leave the country at large so happy a people as they were, and might for ages have remained. And as for barely professing these sentiments, I have been abused, insulted, threatened and condemned to banishment, unless I would take the oath of allegiance to this imaginary state. This I have refused to do in modest, but as positive terms as I could, at the same time willing to give any security for my remaining neutral during the present disputes, yet still the oath is now urged upon me, tho' I have declared that should I be vile enough to take it, I should not think myself bound by it—and notwithstanding this declaration, I am yet now promised that if I will but take the oath, I shall remain with my family quiet and undisturbed. Temptations great indeed (but that I may not be led into Temptation is my daily prayer). Shall I now to avoid a little temporary uneasyness and inconveniency give the lye to all my former conduct and even appeal to the majesty of Heaven to confirm the lye—God forbid—Shok-

ing thought that one Christian can expect this from another!—No, the idea of being *torn* from my family, distressing as it was to me never suggested such a thought, and now that the temptation is less (by the punishment for non-compliance being softened) and that it has pleased God to put it into their hearts to let me remove with my family—Resolved, In the Name of God, let me go.

Inserted in the journal is a copy of his letter to the Convention refusing to take the oath and asking for a pass for himself and family to remove to New York. This was refused, and he was ordered to await the action of the Convention.

He was again arrested on May 1, and thrown into jail at Kingston, from whence he was sent aboard one of the sloops of the prison fleet on the Hudson River. Many pages are devoted to his sufferings and interesting experiences while a prisoner. They tell of starvation; of filthy conditions; of his companions, some of whom were taken from his side to be executed for treason; of the escape of prisoners from the sloop and his reasons for remaining behind; of his numerous letters and petitions to be released; and of his transfer on parole, September 1, to reside at the house of Capt. Vanduesen, at Hurley.

On the advance of the British troops above the forts of the Highlands all prisoners were sent away except Colden and another, who protested so strenuously that they were allowed to remain.

After the departure of the British, Colden was again placed on parole in the house of Jacobus Hardenberg in Hurley until November 5, 1777, when he was transferred to Nine Partners in Dutchess County, and after an appeal to Gov. Clinton was allowed to go home. In July, 1778, he was again summoned before the Commission for Detecting Plots and Conspiracies and asked to take the oath of allegiance to the State of New York, and on his refusal was ordered to remove with his family within the enemy's lines before August 3. He at once went to New York, but left his family in possession of his estate. On January 13 he wrote a memorial to Sir Henry Clinton, asking to be appointed to some office, and set forth his services and past sufferings. This memorial is virtually a summary of the contents of the journal, with one important addition:

That in April, 1777 an officer or messenger charged with dispatches from the Commander in Chief at Canada to Sir William Howe, passing through the country, and being pressed, fled to the house of your Memorialist for protection, which he not only received, but your Memorialist hired guides who conducted him safe, at the risque of their lives; and on suspicion of this your Memorialist was again committed to the common jail, but happily for him the Rebells could not prove the fact or he would undoubtedly suffered death.

The journal ends at this point, but it may be surmised that Colden never received preferment at the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, or his lands would have been confiscated two years later by the general confiscatory act.

The only portions of this journal which appear to have been published are some of the petitions to the Committee of Plots and Conspiracies which were printed in their reports; and as the authentic experience of a Tory farmer of New York who wished to remain neutral, its historical value can scarcely be overestimated. H.

Correspondence

THE ROMAN LIBERALS TO LINCOLN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among the echoes of Lincoln's assassination in Europe one that is little known in America is the action of the Liberals of Papal Rome on the receipt of the news of the Liberator's death. The war for emancipation in the United States had not been without its emotional effect on the struggling Italians, especially in Rome, where the future was not yet clear. Regretting that the Roman Unionists, "still severed from the bosom of the great Italian family," had not had "from the theocratic powers still in control, a worthy interpreter of their sorrow for the horrible crime," the Liberal Committee proceeded to independent and tangible action. The *Agger* of Servius Tullius had recently been excavated in Rome, and the name of the early Roman King was heralded as the champion of popular liberty against patrician oppression. A group of young Liberals, headed by Domenico Ricci, Alessandro Doria, and Pietro Jonni, secretly removed from the *Agger* a block of stone, on which was cut the following inscription in Latin: *The Citizens of Rome Dedicate to Abraham Lincoln President of the United States This Stone from the Agger of Servius Tullius That the Memory of These Champions of Liberty May Be Passed on United to Posterity. MDCCCLXV.* The memorial was delivered to Mr. Stielmann, American Consul at Leghorn. It was embarked, August 4, 1865, on the English steamer Uhla for the United States. The Uhla, however, was wrecked on the Bermudas in September of that year. Inquiries of the donors at Washington and with Mr. Stielmann received no reply. F. Gerardi, writing in *Fanfulla della Domenica*, February 25, 1912, shows that the stone was saved from the wreck and for some time lay on the beach in the Bermudas, whence ultimately it disappeared. So far as we know, no recognition of this courtesy was ever received from the United States. Arthur Livingston.

Columbia University, February 27.

FAGIN'S SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The school for pickpockets which Dickens describes in "Oliver Twist" has always had a romantic appeal. The gutter-snipe apprenticed to the thief in order to learn the trade of scientific robbery from an "efficiency expert" is a peculiarly fascinating subject. It is not surprising, therefore, now and then, to find this legend of the thieves' school told as sober fact in memoirs. It makes a traveller's tale almost as irresistible as the miracles of the Indian jugglers.

"The Reminiscences of Michael Kelly," singer at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, published in 1826, contains an account of such a school at Naples. Kelly was arrested in that city one evening in the year 1799 and compelled to pass a night in prison, for striking a Neapolitan in a quarrel at the theatre. Among his fellow-prisoners was "a captain of Calabrian banditti" who had been, in earlier days, a "hero of the pickpockets on the Largo di Castello." During this "jolly night" the ex-pickpocket and professed bandit told "many of his exploits, and something of his education. When a boy he had been placed at a school, where his trade was regularly taught. A large figure, made of straw, was placed in the middle of a room, about which [the figure] were arranged watches, trinkets, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. The master of the school (and a very great master of arts he was) stood by and gave instructions. No one was allowed to be an adept, or [to be] fit to take the field, till he could rob the figure without being observed or deranging a single straw." The parallel with Fagin's methods is certainly striking. "Oliver Twist" did not appear in *Bentley's Miscellany* until 1837 (Jan., 1837-Mar., 1839), the same year that Dickens arranged to write his "Memoirs of Grimaldi." In reading theatrical anecdotes and reminiscences for the latter purpose, Dickens may have obtained a hint for Fagin's school from Michael Kelly. J. R. Crawford.

Yale University, February 28.

THE PEOPLE'S WANTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Perhaps the strongest defence ever made in behalf of sensational journalism is that it gives the people what they want. Of course, as I said in a letter to the *Nation* of March 18, 1913, the same plea is made with equal justice by the saloonkeeper. But, Mr. Editor, I believe that if the people have a hearing, collectively or individually, they will not declare in favor of the ordinary newspaper, to say nothing of the particularly "yellow sheet."

Some time ago I asked twenty-five college presidents to point out three defects of the American newspaper. From the score of replies received, only one offered voluntarily a favorable comment following the adverse criticism. I reproduce three of these letters:

President George C. Chase, Bates College, Me.:

First, the space, prominence, and detail with which newspapers present accounts of crimes, family difficulties, suits for divorce, and kindred matters connected with the lower qualities of human nature and appealing to instincts which should be regulated and held in check rather than stimulated. Under this head might be included the minute and sometimes coarse descriptions of boxing matches and similar exhibitions.

Second, the violation of the sacredness of personal and of family life by bringing to the public incidents and peculiarities that can serve no good purpose, but that cultivate in newspaper readers an impertinence and often a morbid curiosity in regard to persons and experiences in which the public can have no worthy interest.

Third, the space given to unimportant things, such as the dress and bearings of persons taking part in social functions.

President Frank L. McVey, the University of North Dakota:

The chief fault in American newspapers is their failure to appreciate proportion in the presentation of news. This is true not only in the assignment of space, but in the emphasis placed upon minor events and facts.

A second fault is their over-use of headlines and the presentation of startling and sensational matter really detrimental to public morals.

Third, a lack of sincerity, and the evident desire to make a story for the story's sake rather than for the sake of news.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, the University of California:

The first censurable feature in American newspapers, which I should like to mention, is the feeling apparently held by the newspapers that each of them must take some stand on some current question. I think it would be better if they avoided taking a position, particularly on political questions. They would be less likely to be tempted into "coloring" the news.

The second bad fault lies in the desire of every paper to make "a story" out of a plain occurrence of fact. We do not want the news written up; we want the news. Many newspapers chop up the good materials which are given them and then hang them up decoratively on a presentative slab. We want more complete and unadulterated documents.

Again, it is a vicious habit of many newspapers to lead you down to the bottom of a column on the first page and then suddenly announce that the narrative is continued on page 4, column 7. This is only one of a number of false principles now being applied to the formal makeup of newspapers. I wish newspapers would spare us the horror of illustration and colored ink.

But these opinions, which are very typical of the views expressed by college presidents throughout the United States, represent only a small class of the people. What about other professions, or even the "masses"? In answer to one of my letters, a class of more than forty students in journalism in the University of Oregon canvassed about all the trades and professions and representative citizens in private life in the city of Eugene. Few persons showed any reluctance to talk, and in only one instance was there a wholly favorable view expressed. I reproduce verbatim an account of a single interview:

The greatest defect of our American newspapers is sensationalism [said the president of the First National Bank]. And by sensationalism I mean the printing of rot and untruth and that which maliciously stirs up the people. Most of our papers give only half of the story. They want to give the people the wrong impression. Take, for instance, the case of banks: in New York we read that a certain bank was making hundreds of thousands of dollars interest on a small sum of money which represented their own capital. The newspapers printed this to stir up antagonism, but they did not consider all the rest of the capital which this bank had out, which was in excess of their capital, and would have thus greatly lowered the per cent. of their interest.

The second defect the banker believes to be the printing of stuff that is not news:

By news I mean that which is of interest and value to all the people. A nasty little scandal in Eugene is not news to people in other cities, and yet such an occurrence would be printed in many of the big Eastern papers.

Again, in a Middle Western city I requested a class in journalism to make a similar canvass. Lawyers, bankers, teachers, physicians, and ladies and gentlemen in private life were interviewed, and the results were strikingly similar to those given in the two cases above. Finally, reports obtained in a slightly different manner from a city in a Southeastern State are closely in keeping with the opinions I have reproduced.

Thus it would seem that the people are not getting what they desire in this case any more than they were getting what they desired when they bought canned goods and patent medicines previous to June 30, 1906. An indictment of the ordinary American newspapers might read:

They have appropriated and distorted the methods of fiction and advertise the result for fact. They are, therefore, properly classed with adulterated food products, patent medicines, and with all frauds practiced upon the public for the sake of profit. They are degrading to the taste and morals of the public, especially our youth. Surely, that which goes into one's head deserves the same scrutiny as those products which enter the stomach.

CHAS. V. STANSELL.

Ottawa, Kan., February 25.

HARDY'S "TRAGIC POSSIBILITIES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Writing in the *Nation* of February 12, under the heading "Tragic Possibilities," Mr. L. A. Noble has asked: "In the terrestrial scheme developed by the novels of Hardy's maturity is not the influence of woman synonymous with that of nature?" I, for one, cannot think so.

The tragic possibilities of which Hardy makes use lie deeper. To discern them, we must first recognize that in the novels of his maturity he portrayed woman with scientific theories of determinism, environment, heredity, and the survival of the fit, dominant in his mind. Secondly, we must recognize that nature is for him not the "cold, passionless, unloving mother to whom the sorrows, fears, and aspirations of man are indifferent because unknown" — as Watts-Dunton says in describing the scientific feeling; nor is she the *Natura Benigna* of Wordsworth's holy plan; but the *Natura Maligna* of the pessimist. When we recognize these two facts, we must discern that, creating characters with the aid of scientific data, and then betraying them to hostile circumstance, Hardy reveals the malignancy of nature from the point of view of the unfit who do not survive. In the terrestrial scheme which this original point of view develops lie the tragic possibilities.

HARRY W. HASTINGS.

Hanover, N. H., February 27.

THE FOOL'S MATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems ungrateful to pick at so generous a review as that in the current number of the *Nation* of Murray's "History of Chess," yet one may legitimately criticise the remark: "Enabled the players to bring a strong attack against their adversaries in the first four or five moves, rendering, indeed, a 'fool's mate' possible within the first four." Is not the "fool's mate" the one achieved in two moves, whereas the ordinary four-move mate is the "scholar's mate"?

O. R. HOWARD THOMSON.

Williamsport, Pa., February 15.

[Your reviewer can only state that for the past fifty years he has known the four-move mate in question by the title of "Fool's Mate." The two-move mate to which your correspondent doubtless refers (P to KB 3—P to K 3; P to KKt 4—Q to KR 5) implies such criminal complicity on the part of White that it certainly deserves a more dyslogistic name than folly. Whether the crime in question should be entitled Suicide or Treason (to our Sovereign Lady Queen Caissa) is a matter which I did not know had been determined, certainly not by any of the "authorities," who naturally do not discuss so elementary a blunder. However, in the matter of calling names, it seems to be a question of depositing your coin and selecting your epithet. Your reviewer, for this occasion only, prefers folly to scholarship.—THE REVIEWER.]

A BOOK OF SEA STORIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some years ago, when I was in search of information regarding early editions of Carlyle's "Heroes," I sent a brief request to readers of the *Nation* for help. Their response was immediate and most helpful. No unknown scholar in a corner could ever have received more generous aid. Encouraged by that experience, I venture to appeal to them again.

When I was a boy in Ontario, many years ago, I borrowed from an old American gentleman a book of sea stories, shipwrecks principally. It was an American book, I feel certain, but it contained an account of the loss of H. B. M. Atalanta, sloop-of-war, at the mouth of Halifax harbor in 1813. The narrative (there were many "narratives") contained the letter of the first lieutenant to his mother, describing the wreck. The book can be identified by a ringing ballad, which I have never seen since. It begins:

A jolly comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea,
When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass be!
And may my gallant battle flag be stricken down in shame,
If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge thy name!
Up! up! my lads, his memory! We'll give it with a cheer,
Ned Bolton the commander of the Black Snake privateer.

The verses go on to tell how Bolton fought the Spaniard, how the Black Snake grounded on a "cutting coral reef" near the hostile coast:

The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but dared not venture near.
Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer.

When she gets off the reef, she is in a sinking condition; she has no boats, and her commander "carries on" and sails her till she goes down all standing, with her crew carousing and cheering on the deck.

I do not recall the title of the book, and inquiries at various centres have been fruitless. I should be grateful for any information on the subject.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S., February 23.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S SCHOOLBOY STORIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of Eden Phillpotts's boy chronicle, "From the Angle of Seventeen" (*Nation*, January 29), is mistaken in saying: "It is so unlike anything else by Mr. Phillpotts that one can hardly believe it is his." It was in 1900 that Corkey Minimus made his first appearance, as one of the several artless heroes in Mr. Phillpotts's delightful sketches of British school life, "The Human Boy" (published by Harpers), and there must be many readers who still remember that engaging youth's desperate battle with Bray, the cock of the Lower School, and the fateful "match with neckties" that preceded it.

This book of schoolboy stories is so delicious in its humor, its vitality, and its rendition of genuine boy atmosphere, that it has always seemed to me to rank closely with "Stalky & Co." The chronicler of "From the Angle of Seventeen" must be Corkey Minimus, for it will be remembered that in 1900 Corkey Major was "a mere learning machine in the Sixth"; and Corkey Minor was the lucky chap who was saved fagging for exams. by something happening to his right lung, so he had to go on a fine trip to Australia in a sailing ship. Corkey Minimus was ten at that time, and in the Lower Fourth. HELEN E. HAINES.

Pasadena, Cal., February 21.

Literature

COUNT PASOLINI'S RAVENNA.

Ravenna e le sue grandi memorie. By Pier Pasolini. Rome: Loescher.

Ravenna, unlike Rome, Florence, Venice, and many other Italian cities, has not a complete history such as lends itself to orthodox literary treatment; were the whole of its story set forth from remote origins down to the present day, much of it would prove of very little interest, and of purely local importance. But it has had its moments of great celebrity and glory, when for a short time it became a centre of world interests and its name was in all men's mouths. Count Pasolini has set about writing the history of his native town in the only way it should be written, for he has not attempted a consecutive narrative, but has chosen out the really great periods and episodes and devoted his whole attention to them, discarding the dreary records of colorless obscurity under Byzantine officials or Papal legates and of civil strife under native rulers.

The stirring events which from time to time made Ravenna famous, and the men of universal celebrity who were associated with the city, are dealt with in the author's pleasant original style, coupled with profound knowledge and laborious research. The aspect of Ravenna as we see it to-day offers close parallel to the character of its history, for the dull brick walls and obscure streets are lit up here and there by gorgeous visions of gold mosaics and splendid palaces. Count Pasolini lets us see the whole brilliant pageant of Ravenna's memories; emperors, generals, Byzantine exarchs, pontiffs, and poets pass through the city amid a blaze of color.

Ravenna first springs into fame in the year 50 B. C., when Julius Cæsar occupied it with his legions while awaiting the answer of the Senate to his ultimatum. He had declared himself ready to lay down his arms if Pompey did the same; otherwise he should have to defend his own rights. Having received no satisfactory reply, he set forth from Ravenna, crossed the fatal Rubicon, and moved towards Rome to found the Empire. "Five hundred years more, and the Roman Empire, after having handed over to the Christian Church the idealism and organization of a universal jurisdiction, and after having exercised over the world an irresistible fascination and an influence which survives to this day, was to come to end at Ravenna."

Galla Placidia is the next great figure appearing in the city's history, the Empress who, in the dark days of triumphant barbarism, impersonated the Roman Empire, the Roman idea, the Roman Church. Her mausoleum is one of the most splendid examples of mosaic decoration, or rather we should say of mosaic architecture, in existence, and her memory still lives in Ravenna as that of the good queen who protected the poor and insured them their rights. Romulus Augustulus had his capital at Ravenna until, in 476, after a skirmish in the Pineta, where his few troops were defeated by Odovakar, king of the Heruli, he was deposed, and the Roman Empire fell. Under Theodoric Ravenna became the centre of a great and splendid experiment—the fusion of Roman and Goth into one powerful nation and the establishment of toleration as the basis for ecclesiastical policy. For Theodoric, although himself a Goth, was so thoroughly imbued with the Roman idea that he wished to continue the traditions of Rome amid his own Gothic people, while he believed that Arian and Catholic could dwell peacefully side by side. For many years this double plan succeeded admirably, until the uncompromising bigotry of the Eastern Emperor Justin and his persecution of the Arians aroused Theodoric's Gothic and Arian prejudices and drove him in his later years to cruel persecutions of the Catholics.

Ravenna springs into fame once more during the reign of Justinian and Theodora. Belisarius occupied Ravenna for Justinian in 540, and for 212 years the city remained under Byzantine rule as represented by the exarchs.

During a period of nearly eight centuries the history of Ravenna was of slight interest, until its connection with the great name of Dante attracted the attention of the world. It was at Ravenna that Dante spent the last years of his troubled existence, and there, enjoying the hospitality of the house of Da Polenta, he finished the "Divine Comedy." Count Pasolini sheds much light on the poet's last years, and gives an account of his diplomatic mission to Venice, where by his political tact he saved his host, the lord of Ravenna, from the ire and cupidity of the *Serenissima*.

After the death of Dante, Ravenna again lapses into obscurity, until the battle of Ravenna in 1511. To this event the author devotes a long chapter, for he deems it peculiarly important as being the first battle of the modern age, for it was the first to be decided by the use of artillery. In 1797 Ravenna is again talked of, owing to the remarkable personality of its archbishop, Monsignor Codrouchi, whose friendship with Napoleon exercised some influence on the Emperor's ecclesiastical policy. Twenty years later we find Byron at Ravenna, which became the scene of his love episode with the beautiful Contessa Guiccioli. But this was far more than a *grande passion*, for the fair Italian inspired the English poet with a deep love for her country and a keen desire for its resurrection. The long last chapter of the book tells of Garibaldi's connection with Ravenna. The subject is to some extent familiar to English readers through the stirring pages of Mr. Trevelyan's "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic," but the present work contains much fresh material collected from unpublished sources, and the recollections of the few living witnesses. The story of the hero's flight through forest, canebrakes, and marshland with the Austrian soldiers and Pontifical gendarmes ever at his heels, his movements hampered by the necessity of caring for his dying wife Anita, is set forth in eloquent language by the author, who feels all the emotion of the episode and succeeds in imparting it to his readers. "The tragedy of Anita, which takes place between Rome and Ravenna, the two classical and Imperial cities," as Carducci wrote; the tragedy of the faithful and fearless wife who, after having risked and suffered so much, succumbs exhausted in the arms of her husband, the hero,

"pursued to death throughout the land,"

is perhaps the most beautiful, surely the purest and most patriotic, of the many tragedies which for nineteen centuries love and warfare have shown us:

> Su la marina dove il Po discende
> Per aver, pace co' seguaci sui.

CURRENT FICTION.

Horace Blake. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It has become rather fashionable to begin the novel, instead of ending it, with the hero's marriage; the next logical step is to begin with his death. Something like this Mrs. Ward has done. The first of the three parts of her book tells the story of Horace Blake's last days and death. Blake is a brilliant dramatist, in his philosophy cruelly cynical, in his life utterly corrupt. His wife is a strong woman, brought up in an atmosphere of skepticism, who has forgiven and shielded Blake in her ambition for his fame. Attacked by a baffling and mortal disease, Blake goes to Brittany for rest. He takes with him not his wife, who wearies him in his weakness, but his daughter, who has been brought up by Mrs. Blake's sister in entire ignorance of her father's character. Before his death in Brittany Blake successfully exerts himself to win his daughter's love, and becomes a convert to the faith of his boyhood.

The story proper is concerned with his influence after his death upon three persons: his wife, his daughter, and Stephen Tempest, who has visited him in Brittany, has fallen in love with his daughter, and has been selected by his wife as his biographer. Each is ignorant of essential parts of Blake's life. The daughter, Trix, knows only of his last days. Mrs. Blake will hear nothing of that period, regarding Blake's conversion as a cowardly surrender to superstition. Tempest has known Blake only after his conversion. The fuller knowledge of Blake which comes to them all puts Tempest in an intolerable position, shakes to the foundations the poise and philosophy of Mrs. Blake, and nearly crushes Trix. All three characters are analyzed with a good deal of subtlety. But the real achievement of the book is its successful portrayal of a man of genius.

The Light of Western Stars. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Bros.

In "Desert Gold" Mr. Grey gave us a stirring melodrama, written against a background of the plains and desert mountains of the Southwest. "The Light of Western Stars" has a similar setting, described with the same imaginative sweep and vigor. But the story itself is far inferior to "Desert Gold." The author has fallen back upon conventional material—the rich and beautiful Eastern girl transplanted to the West, and the English lord among cowboys. He has taken over his opening situation from Charles Alden Seltzer's "The Trail to Yesterday." In both books the Eastern heroine, arriving alone at night, comes into the power of a more or less drunken cowboy, who forces her to go through the form of a marriage with him by threatening to shoot the priest or minister. In both cases the cowboy turns out to be an admirable man whom the heroine is ultimately glad to claim as a husband. The original suggestion for this situation may perhaps have come from Moody's "The Great Divide." If we add to the conventional elements, borrowings, and repetitions certain up-to-date properties, such as a high-powered automobile and a number of Mexican rebels of the most villanous type, we have summed up the book pretty well.

The Butterfly. By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If there are any dull pages in this frolicsome tale, the reviewer did not find them. It is the sort of story that seems to have written itself, for the sheer pleasure of it. Brinsley Butler, the narrator and hero, is a stage-struck but sensible professor of drama in a State university not far from Chicago. When Elaine Arthur, the famous dancer, comes to town, Butler calls upon her fiancé, a classmate of his, in the hope of being invited to meet her. "There is," he begins, "I think you will admit, a certain piquancy about getting kissed by mistake." He never finds out who kissed him, but from the time when, waiting in his classmate's room at the hotel, he has this experience, adventures and mysteries crowd thick upon him. He is suspected of complicity in a murder; he is involved in a scandal and quasi-elopement; he loses his university position and recovers it through the wiles of the delightfully impossible Elaine. With each succeeding situation the mystery surrounding Elaine grows deeper. All questions are satisfactorily answered; but if the reader can guess the solution, he ought to become a detective. The book is a most entertaining mixture of mystery, fantasy, and farce.

Liliecrona's Home. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Anna Barwell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is a story of more general appeal than anything else by this writer, and her accession to the Nobel honor roll will bring new readers to the translation. It is an idyll full of delicate feeling and fancy, and not without a touch of northern magic. The beloved home of Maia Lisa is on enchanted ground; we are not unduly surprised when her wicked stepmother turns out to be an evil water-sprite, and vanishes in the ghostly depths of her lost Black Lake. Before that happens, much suffering comes to Maia Lisa. The good old pastor, her father, is under the spell of the malignant spirit who has usurped his home. Not until his daughter's good health, good name, and happiness seem to have been destroyed beyond hope, are his eyes opened.

Maia Lisa is sweet and genuine, the eternal maiden with a personality as real as it is fragile. Liliecrona, her lover, is a less credible person, a ladies' hero, the dark, mysterious male of fiction. He is made a little ridiculous by the inadequacy of the past crime over which he wills to brood. However, Maia Lisa does not see anything absurd in him, his past, or his fiddle, and that is the main thing. Enough for us that in the end she succeeds in winning him out of his dark mood to the heaven of her love, which is fated to be "Liliecrona's home."

THE ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres. By Henry Adams. With an Introduction by Ralph Adams Cram. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6.

Of this unique and fascinating volume it would be difficult to give an adequate idea without quotations more extensive than the limits of this review will permit. The circumstances of its publication were sufficiently unusual to arouse high expectations, wide curiosity, or skeptical doubts, according to one's temperament. Privately printed by Mr. Adams for distribution among his personal friends, it fell into the hands of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, the well-known architect, who was so profoundly impressed by its literary charm and its historical as well as artistic importance that he urged the directors of the American Institute of Architects to procure its publication under their *imprimatur.* It is a testimony at once to their wise judgment and to the merits of Mr. Adams's work that they adopted the suggestion; and the compliment thus paid to Mr. Adams is the more signal in the fact that the Institute rarely engages in the publication of extra-official documents, and that it insisted on this undertaking in the face of Mr. Adams's too modest reluctance. The reader or the reviewer may find himself hesitating to follow to the full extent of the superlatives in Mr. Cram's Introduction, but he will certainly understand and pardon its enthusiastic tone, if he possess a spark of responsiveness to Mr. Adams's persuasive humor, or of appreciation for literary charm, or of interest in the history, art, literature, and spirit of the Middle Ages.

The title of the book and its publica-

tion by the Institute of Architects suggest an architectural treatise; but only 197 of its 401 pages are concerned with architecture; the remainder are devoted to the poetry and learning of the Middle Ages. The real subject of the two groups of essays which make up its sixteen chapters is the mediæval spirit in its threefold manifestations in architecture, poetry, and philosophy—chiefly the French mediæval spirit—and the dominant and emphatic note or motive of these studies, though by no means their exclusive note, is the adoration of womanhood, as expressed in the worship of the Virgin, in the poetry of the trouvères, in the history of Abélard and Héloïse, in the "Miracles of Notre Dame," in the plan, details, sculptures, and windows of the Cathedral of Chartres. The author disarms criticism at the outset by his disclaimers of architectural or historical erudition, and by his declared purpose to write not an historical treatise for scholars, but an exposition of French mediæval thought and feeling for "tourists," and these his personal and intimate friends, his collective "niece" as he whimsically explains in his preface. In spite of his disclaimers, the reader, thus hospitably received into the group whom Mr. Adams as Uncle accompanies to the Mont Saint Michel, thence through Normandy to Chartres, and after that through the pages of various poets and scholars, realizes that his guide is a scholar, a profound student of art, literature, and life, and an enthusiast, gifted with a genial and subtle humor that enlivens and illumines every subject he touches. The great merit of the book, however, lies less in its scholarship than in its sympathetic effort to penetrate to the core and kernel of mediæval thought and feeling. One may not agree with the claim for the south tower of Chartres (a claim which the author, indeed, does not specifically endorse, but evidently approves) that "it is the most perfect piece of architecture in the world." The architectural student will certainly wish to correct the statement on page 67 that the dome of St. Peter's at Rome was building between 1507 and 1517, at which time it had not even been designed; and when the author contends, on page 112, that the architect of Chartres "might at least have brought the vaulting of his two new bays, in the nave, down to the ground," the reader detects one of the very few loose and ambiguous statements in the volume. In spite of these, and possibly a very few other minor slips or doubtful assertions, Mr. Adams's architectural analyses and criticisms are accurate and illuminating. In discussing Chartres he places himself in the twelfth century, assumes its point of view as he feels it, gravely credits the Virgin herself with a personal share in its design, and pictures this superb cathedral as her special shrine. "You may," he says, "if you really have no imagination whatever, reject the idea that the Virgin herself made the plan; the feebleness of our fancy is now congenital, organic, beyond stimulant or strychnine, and we shrink like sensitive plants from the touch of a vision or spirit; but at least one can still sometimes feel a woman's taste, and in the apse of Chartres one feels nothing else."

This quotation must suffice for a sample of the flavor of the book. The discussion of the windows of Chartres is delightful and valuable, as is the description of the cathedral itself, and the account of the Mont Saint Michel. The second half of the book is devoted to chapters on The Court of the Queen of Heaven, The Three Queens, Nicolette and Marion, Les Miracles de Notre Dame, Abélard, The Mystics, and Saint Thomas Aquinas. The same genial humor, the same qualities of style, the same point of view, pervade these chapters that characterize the studies of architecture. There are copious quotations of the original texts, with admirable translations set over against each. This review must close without an attempt at criticism of these chapters, leaving that task to scholars specially qualified to pick flaws and correct errors in this field of erudition.

The book is one to be read aloud, or conned by the winter fireside, and he must be a hard-headed and skeptical reader who can wholly resist the insidious lure by which it seeks to draw him out of his twentieth-century sophistication and materialism into the dreams and visions of a by-gone age; into a sympathetic understanding of what we call its superstitions and of the marvellous works which were their fruit.

Nietzsche, sein Leben und seine Werke. By Richard M. Meyer. Munich: C. H. Beck.

The Philosophy of Nietzsche. By Georges Chatterton-Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche. By Henry L. Mencken. Boston: Luce & Co. $1.50 net.

These three books, which rank in importance in the order above mentioned, have this common feature among others, that they are all products of a sympathetic understanding of Nietzsche's main doctrines. Each is a defensive exposition. Mr. Mencken, in his jauntily written book, which now appears in a third and enlarged edition, goes still further. Adopting all of Nietzsche's philosophy, except the doctrine of Eternal Recurrence, he is chiefly interested in applying it to problems of the present day.

Mr. Chatterton-Hill has produced a thoughtful if not a profound book, and has succeeded in treating his subject much more objectively than Mr. Mencken. His chapter entitled Theory of Knowledge is a valuable discussion of a point which recent criticism is coming more and more to emphasize, namely, Nietzsche's view of the relativity of truth. The book as a whole seems rather loosely constructed and contains some needless repetitions. There are at least two errors of fact: the date of Nietzsche's death is given as 1899 instead of 1900 (p. 55), and La Rochefoucauld is assigned to the eighteenth instead of the seventeenth century (p. 99).

Professor Meyer, of the University of Berlin, is well known as the author of the standard "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts." He brings to the study of Nietzsche vast general reading, a detailed knowledge of the particular questions at issue, and an almost boundless enthusiasm, which, however, does not wholly blind his critical judgment. His volume comprises nearly 700 pages, exclusive of bibliography and index. The preliminary chapters, dealing with the "fulness of time," the preparation for Nietzsche's appearance, contain some of the most stimulating matter of the whole book. Especially the chapter on Verwandte Naturen suggests many ingenious parallels and comparisons, with perhaps too great leaning on the philosophic and literary side, and not enough regard for scientific movements. Darwin, for instance, who bulks so large in Mr. Mencken's book, receives but scant consideration. About 75 pages only are devoted to biography. The point of greatest interest here is the author's guarded reference to Nietzsche's insanity. He adopts the now generally accepted theory of paresis as against paranoia, though he does not think that the paralysis necessarily went back to venereal infection. Then follows the main section of the book, a discussion of the various writings of Nietzsche in their chronological order.

Professor Meyer is stanch in the opinion that Nietzsche had a coherent philosophy, which, however, was developed vertically rather than horizontally. The vagueness inevitably attendant upon such an unsystematic presentation is the cause of the doubt which still exists, for example, as to the meaning of the term Uebermensch. Was the Uebermensch to be an individual or an ideal for the élite of the race? Those who seek here a definite answer to this question will not be greatly enlightened, for Professor Meyer is almost as wavering and uncertain as Nietzsche himself. His final opinion, however, appears to be that Nietzsche inclined more and more to the collectivistic notion.

The handling of the doctrine of Eternal Recurrence is more satisfactory. It is well known that this came to be

Nietzsche's favorite dogma, and that he embraced it with almost mystic ardor. It added, as Professor Meyer shrewdly points out, just that poetic, irrational touch necessary to convert his philosophy into a religion. The current objection that this doctrine destroys the value of the Uebermensch theory, Professor Meyer is able to refute with convincing neatness. For Nietzsche, he argues, the *development* of the will to power was more than power itself. Becoming, not being, was his highest ideal. Hence it follows that in his eyes even "progress in a circle" was infinitely preferable to any static condition, even though it were upon the very heights of existence. He also conceived of truth itself in terms of becoming rather than of being. This biological view of truth gives him, in his critic's opinion, an assured position in the history of philosophy, making him in a measure a forerunner of James, Poincaré, M. Bergson, and—*longo intervallo* —Mr. H. G. Wells.

Professor Meyer touches lightly on what is crass and offensive in Nietzsche —his exaggerations and perversions, his intolerance and his intemperate abusiveness. He describes him in terms of hyperbolic praise as "der positivste Denker der Neuzeit" and "der gedankenreichste Schriftsteller, der je gelebt hat," and in the concluding paragraph of the book he adds the amazing statement: "Wir haben die Erneuerung des Reichs erlebt, und wunderbare Grosstaten des erfindenden Menschengeistes, und Friedrich Nietzsche." It appears that to Professor Meyer, although he eschews the name of disciple, Nietzsche has been a moral, intellectual, and artistic tonic.

The appearance of Professor Meyer's book at this late date coincides curiously enough with a marked decline of Nietzsche's influence in Germany, and probably also in the rest of Continental Europe. It is very doubtful whether the book, authoritative as it is in many respects, will do much towards stemming this receding tide. Most people will probably continue to find in Goethe the best of Nietzsche without the latter's aberrations. It should not be forgotten that the term Uebermensch was first used in "Faust," and that the concept itself is there almost full blown. If the gospel of effort, of the unfolding of the will to power, is to be preached, nowhere in Nietzsche has it been better done than in the lines:

> Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
> Den können wir erlösen,

or in those other familiar verses from "Faust," which Mr. Chatterton-Hill is so fond of quoting:

> Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben,
> Der täglich sie erobern muss.

We have also from the aged Goethe this brief formulation of the dynamic conception of truth, with its almost startling anticipation of Pragmatism: "Ich habe bemerkt, dass ich *den* Gedanken für wahr halte, der für mich fruchtbar ist, sich an mein übriges Denken anschliesst, und zugleich mich fördert."

One would be willing to spare a hundred pages or so of Professor Meyer's somewhat diffuse book in exchange for a chapter on Nietzsche's literary influence. But possibly the subject is too large for a mere addendum to the present volume. At any rate, here is a task which is still to be done, and which, competently accomplished, would furnish an illuminating contribution to the criticism of contemporary life and letters.

What Men Live By: Work, Play, Love, Worship. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1 net.

There is little in the style of this New Englander to suggest his Transcendental forebears, yet the spirit of Transcendentalism broods upon his pages. Individuality, fidelity to self, is the cornerstone of his working philosophy, and it must be a creative fidelity, conscious of the mystical or symbolic relations of things. The substance of the book is expressed most compactly in its closing sentences:

> Work falls flat, play and art become sterile, love and worship become conventional, unless there is originality, personal creation in each. I must do my job in my own way, find an individual outlet in the symbols of art or game, and an individual answer in love and prayer, if I am to feel at home in the world. Yet this individual note is no cry in the void because it claims brotherhood with all future and distant notes. . . . By originality and symbolism, then, the home of our spirit is consecrated, but still more clearly, perhaps, by our free and final allegiance. Our will is needed to invest the world with its own divinity. We hoist a flag and take possession once for all with a sort of "cosmic patriotism," grateful for our escape from chaos and the dark.

What means have we of escape from the confusion and wear-and-tear of modern life? This would be one way of putting the question to which Dr. Cabot here suggests an answer. He has approached it by the direct road of his own work as a physician. The problems of the care of the tuberculous, the neurasthenic, the unmarried mother, suggested the broader problem. So by degrees it came to him that the only solution was to get back to life, to "real life," a life made up of all the elements which contribute to health of body and spirit. That these elements are four—work, play, love, and worship—he did not fancy to be a discovery of his own, but a truth of which we are all obscurely conscious: "We know where we are travelling, but we need a time-table to remind us of details."

The interplay of these four elements is here presented as "the end of life and the sole worthy end." Governments, systems of education, the cure of soul or of body, are of value as they are directed, consciously or unconsciously, towards such interplay. "This is our justification for the enormous machinery and the costly ugliness of civilization. This is the essential of that 'more abundant life' which many prophets extol without defining." The writer is specific in his protest against attempts to merge or identify these forms of real life. Each of them has its own value and dignity as a means of escape. Work is not play, or love worship, but none is of the utmost efficacy without the others. Work goes a long way by itself with active, sanguine men, but the remedy for sad or anxious ones is more likely to be found elsewhere. In his chapters on the nature and function of work (which he admits is his own favorite remedy), Dr. Cabot is especially vigorous. He distinguishes work from play on the one hand and drudgery on the other; has a word to say for "commercialism"; and sharply challenges the familiar contrast between work of the mind and of the body: "Let us abolish terms like 'physical culture' or 'mental training,'" he cries. "To be concerned with either one's mind or one's body is a morbid practice. One should be occupied with tasks that make us forget both mind and body in the higher union of both." Equally energetic is his denunciation, in the chapter on Play and Its Enemies, of seriousness, once so highly accredited in New England. Seriousness, he says, is one of the many things worth having in the background —and keeping there. Absolute seriousness is "a residual state into which one relapses when one has nothing better to do or say." We are serious when dull or relaxed, just before sleep or just after waking. Playfulness, on the contrary, is a sign of vitality and health, the instinct of re-creation. So far the reader will have no difficulty in accompanying his guide. When, however, after laying down the principle that art and play fulfil the same function, he proceeds to identify them, one's bump of caution begins to throb. Baseball is an art, and is to be grouped with dancing and drama as among the three popular arts of America. The social graces are "minor arts." Humor, speaking, threading one's way deftly in a crowded street, anticipating another's wish, smiling—these are "minor arts." Or "sciences," if we are to use words so loosely!

The chapter Trance in Play begins by describing ecstasy as "the goal and climax to which musician, painter, dancer, poet are leading us." It is a state good in itself, but "if we cling to that climax and try to prolong it, we

may easily slide over into a sort of Nirvana where life is quenched." This is the danger to which the æsthete succumbs, as also practitioners of "swinging, rocking, chewing gum, and any formless type of music, dance, or verse." A slow, monotonous rhythm is narcotizing in effect—"'Move on' is the watchword of the Lord, obeyed in every live play and art, as it is in every animal tissue that holds off death by reincarnation."

We have wished merely to suggest the flavor of this book, since it is not a book to be conveyed by citation or summary. The sections dealing with the functions of love and worship are the most difficult portions of the writer's task, but here pure seriousness keeps its rightful place in the background as naturally as in the earlier chapters. In short, the book practices what it preaches, has the unforced humor, the vigor, the blitheness of mental and bodily and spiritual health. In this day of halting phrases and half-thoughts it has the beneficent quality epitomized in that old phrase of Dr. Cabot's fellow-New Englanders: "good for sore eyes."

Government Ownership of Railways. By Samuel O. Dunn, Editor of the *Railway Age-Gazette.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Dunn has written a useful book and its publication is well timed. The information as to government-owned railways in the various countries of the world is given in simple and readable form and bears every appearance of accuracy. The author's discussion of the respective merits of government-owned and privately-owned railways is characterized by moderation of language and sound common-sense, even though it is clear that he is a thoroughly convinced advocate of private ownership and operation.

Naturally, the chief interest in the book is in the light that it throws upon the situation of the United States as a possible field for government ownership. Two main considerations are apparent from Mr. Dunn's facts and arguments. One is that public ownership is the more successful the further the system of government is removed from the democratic ideal. Prussia and Japan are the two countries which make the best showing of government railway operation. The other is that under public ownership the tendency is for rate tariffs (freight) to be made upon a rigid distance basis, as against the principle universally adopted under private ownership—namely, what the traffic should bear. The rate-systems of the United States—about half-a-dozen in number, all mutually connected—have all been constructed on the latter principle under which interregional competition has been maintained and regional monopoly avoided. The effect of government ownership would be ultimately to establish purely distance tariffs, and this would, ultimately, destroy the interregional competition and establish regional monopoly. Mr. Dunn admits that there is more danger of harmful discrimination under private ownership than under government ownership, but regulation has already removed a good deal of this, and can in time remove most of the rest.

Mr. Dunn quotes Mr. William M. Acworth, the English railway authority, as saying that the United States will approach "the brink of nationalization" more closely than it has yet done, "and will then start back on the edge of the precipice and escape by some road not yet discernible" (p. 5). As a matter of fact, the pending application of the railways in classification territory for a horizontal increase of 5 per cent. in freight rates seems to the reviewer to be a most important milestone on the road to nationalization. If the Interstate Commerce Commission shall recognize the principle that rates may rise as well as fall, then it may be said that the danger of government ownership will be materially less, even though the amount of increase allowed be small. But, on the other hand, should the principle be denied, we shall have advanced a long step nearer to the unwelcome goal. For as soon as it becomes impossible to get a reasonably free supply of private capital for the railway, the demand for government ownership is likely to become vociferous.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Dunn's book may find many readers, meanwhile, for it is a powerful piece of evidence against nationalization of railways—at all events in the United States.

Notes

Among the miscellaneous announcements in Macmillan's spring list are included: "The Story of Phædrus: How We Got the Greatest Book in the World," by Newell Dwight Hillis; "The Flight and Other Poems," by George Edward Woodberry; "The Foothills of Parnassus," by John Kendrick Bangs; "Stories from Northern Myths," by Emilie Kip Baker.

Mississippi Valley Historical Review, a new quarterly published by the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, will begin to appear June 1. The managing editor is Prof. Clarence W. Alvord, of the University of Illinois.

For the enthusiastic student of the works of Thomas Hardy "Thomas Hardy's Wessex" (Macmillan) will be valuable as a book of reference. For any who care to follow for themselves in the footsteps of Tess or Jude or any other of Mr. Hardy's characters through the country that he has made his own, identifying real places and scenes with their fictitious counterparts, this volume will be quite indispensable. The author, Hermann Lea, has made the Hardy country his hobby for twenty years. He has been over the whole of the ground more than once, and there can hardly be a place mentioned in either the novels or the poems susceptible of identification which has escaped his searching scrutiny. The book is illustrated with 240 excellent photographs, numbered to facilitate reference, and with a map of Hardy's Wessex in which real and fictitious names are distinguished by the use of different type.

In style somewhat like the Tudor and Stuart Library, but in modern type, the Oxford University Press has brought out an edition of Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," in John Wilson's translation which was first published in 1668. For frontispiece there is a good photogravure reproduction of the portrait of Erasmus which was painted by Quentin Matsys in 1517 for presentation to Thomas More. The introduction is furnished by Mrs. P. S. Allen, who gives a sufficiently clear and full account of the Fool Literature which was started by Sebastian Brant's "Narrenschiff" in 1494 and went careering over Europe. She tells also the story, so far as it is known, of the conditions under which Erasmus wrote his "Moriæ Encomium" while staying at More's house in Bucklersbury. Her comments on the "Encomium" itself are sound, but she might, we think, have developed a little more clearly the idea of the higher illusion which, like Plato's "divine *mania,*" is so strangely mixed up by Erasmus with his amusement over the simpler follies of mankind. It has always seemed to your reviewer that the grace and mischief in the pun on the word *Moria* rested on Erasmus's perception of something like the same mixture in More himself of the divine illusion with a wit that did not always disdain the commoner folly. Mrs. Allen has done well in selecting Wilson's translation rather than Chaloner's or Kennett's. The original spelling has been retained, but the punctuation has been modernized and the text paragraphed. A few coarse words have been omitted.

Those who care to have a fuller account of the hospitable household in which Erasmus wrote his "Praise of Folly" may be glad to hear of Randall Davies's book on "The Greatest House at Chelsey" (Lane). Life in the mansion which Sir Thomas More built for himself in what was then a mere village was on a larger scale than at Bucklersbury, where the famous visit of Erasmus took place, and he himself was more in the eye of the world, but in tone the two establishments were no doubt the same. Mr. Davies comes to his subject as an antiquary and historian, and his pages lack the intimacy of Miss Manning's charming tale of "The Household of Sir Thomas More"; but they have the advantage of not transgressing the actual documents. Diagrams of the mansion and of the grounds and a number of illustrations, including excellent reproductions of Holbein's portraits and the family sketch, lend reality to the narrative. As for the life itself, before the evil days of Henry's persecution, that cannot be better described than by the words of Sir

Thomas in a letter to his wife after the burning of his barns:

Therefore I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God both for that he hath given us and for that he hath taken from us, and for that he hath left us, which if it please him he can increase when he will. . . . I pray you with my children and your household be merry in God. . . .

It would be hard to find a prettier phrase in English letters than that last. But this was not the spirit that ruled always in the great house at Chelsea. Some of the vicissitudes through which the place passed may be guessed from the list of its owners given by Mr. Davies in his preface: Sir Thomas More, the first and second Marquises of Winchester, Lord and Lady Dacre, Lord Burghly, Sir Robert Cecil, the Earl of Lincoln, Sir Arthur Gorges, the Earl of Middlesex, the great Duke of Buckingham, the younger Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Bristol, the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Hans Sloan—by tho last of whom it was demolished in the year 1740. In that period of barely two centuries it probably saw as much of the various manners of mankind as any house in the neighborhood of London. Mr. Davies, already known for his antiquarian studies of Chelsea, gives a fairly vivid picture of the successive occupants. Not the least interesting of these is the Earl of Lincoln, who, if the letters do him no injustice which Mr. Davies prints by permission of the present Lord Sackville, was as fine a specimen of Elizabethan madness as one would care to know. One of these letters, from Sir Robert Cecil, is a complaint to "Our very good Lord" because, "when her Majesty did lately ride abroad, and was accompanied with the Scottish Ambassador, she was very desirous to have gone into your house and gardens; from whence she was kept out in so rude a fashion, as we protest unto you your enemies wanted not a color to say it was by your direction." Another letter is from Lincoln's stepson to Cecil, complaining in behalf of his mother:

. . . whom he [Lord Lincoln] threatens to abandon if she makes any means to depart his house; which to prevent, he keeps her locked up like a prisoner, without suffering her either to write or hear from any of her friends, having appointed to guard her an Italian, a man that hath done divers murders in Italy and in the Low Countries, from which he fled into England; from whom I protest she has just cause hourly to fear the cutting of her throat.

We cannot follow the further fortunes of the house. The occupant in whom Mr. Davies seems to show the most interest, after its builder, is the Quaker gardener, one Edmund Howard, who took care of the place for a while before the last owner demolished it. From Howard's artless autobiography, which has been published in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner*, he quotes several quaint passages—a fitting close to a rather unusual book.

Mr. Walter Heape, of Trinity College, Cambridge, has written a volume on the feminist movement, which he approaches as a student of biology. The title of his book, "Sex Antagonism" (Putnam), indicates the aspect of the subject that is uppermost in his mind. The most arresting feature of his study is his carrying of sex antagonism back historically to the primitive practices of exogamy, which he attributes to "the instinctive sexual impulse of the Male to find a mate who will stimulate him," and of totemism, which he regards as a feminine creation having special relation to maternity. His conclusion is uncompromising: "For the present the man is very patient with his woman-kind, and is remarkably silent concerning the discomforts he himself is subject to; perhaps for these very reasons he will act with all the more force when the proper time comes for action."

If Mrs. John Clarence Lee had intentionally striven to prejudice her readers against her story of "Across Siberia Alone" (Lane), it is difficult to see how she could have chosen a more effective way than her selection of an American wedding in Shanghai for her first chapter. This chapter is ultra-personal, it is supra-sentimental, it is everything that the rest of the book is not. From the moment that she starts on her trans-Siberian trip at Dalny, one reads with delight, and one has no desire to stop until Moscow and the end of the little book is reached. Somewhere the writer mentions Marie Claire, and it is a great compliment to say that in this work we find the same strong simplicity, the same elusive attraction. The traveller has no greater adventures than over-presuming officers and objectionable "persons," but every happening, however trivial, both on the train and at the two-day stops in Irkutsk and Tomsk, is of keen interest. The vast waste of this great continent, the few splendid cities built chiefly by exiles, political and criminal, the omnipresent soldier, and the peasant and his poverty are all made very vivid and real, and one closes the book with more facts fixed firmly in mind than would result from the perusal of many more pretentious but less clearly written volumes.

Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan has gathered into a volume entitled "Clio, a Muse, and Other Essays, Literary and Pedestrian" (Longmans) eight papers written by him in the last few years. The most important, "Clio, a Muse," gives a survey, brief but illuminating, of the different fashions which have prevailed in the writing of history during the past two centuries. Coming down to recent times, he shows how history cannot be a "science," in spite of the common delusion that whatever is examined by the "scientific method" must be a "science." He shows also how the study of documentation, the analysis and criticism of "sources," is no more history than the physiological examination of the parts of the body is portraiture. He makes an effective plea for the imagination, and, naturally, he concludes that history, in the high sense, must be "literature." The various studies which are passed off as history, though they may be valuable each in its field, flourish with borrowed plumes. Nobody mistakes a doctor's thesis on Chaucer's metre for poetry; but the corresponding mistake is common among the professors of history. Mr. Trevelyan characterizes in a few pregnant pages the principal English historians of the last century. He sees signs of a change in England, where a revulsion from Teutonic pedantry has resulted in the revival of the noble conception of history. A similar revival has already made headway in France. With what is perhaps unconscious sarcasm, Mr. Trevelyan tells the "scientific historians" that the literary side of history, which they pretend to despise, demands hard labor. His essay is very lively and ought to be read by every teacher of history. Lovers of good writing will read it anyhow. Of the other papers, that on George Meredith deserves particular mention, and the speculation on what would have happened if Napoleon had won Waterloo is ingenious.

To write a history of "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition" (Brentano's) in English in these days, and ignore the fact that the late Henry Charles Lea ever contributed anything to our knowledge of the subject, demands a perhaps unenviable courage. This feat, however, has been performed by M. Rafael Sabatini; at least, there is no indication, either in his footnotes or in his fairly ample bibliography, that he ever read or even heard of the masterly four volumes of the "History of the Inquisition of Spain." Yet, on the other hand, it would be most unjust to imply that Mr. Sabatini's work is entirely without merit. He partially atones for ignorance of Lea by a very considerable acquaintance with the various Spanish writers, ancient and modern, on his subject (Llorente and Fidel Fita are his main reliance). His work is certainly non-partisan—"written neither in the Catholic interest, the Protestant interest, nor the Jewish interest." The author "holds the view that on the score of intolerance it is not for Christians to cast a stone at Jews, nor Jews at Christians, nor yet Christians of one sect at Christians of another." And lastly, Mr. Sabatini's book is interesting. The personal element is emphasized throughout, while the institutional side falls into the background; a number of characteristic anecdotes (taken from such writers as Pulgar and Bernaldez without any effort to test their veracity) add vividness and life. The valuable account of the trial of Yucé Franco, published by Fidel Fita in the Boletín de la Real Academia de la Historia, is now made accessible to English readers for the first time. The illustrations are well chosen and well executed. Mr. Sabatini's book is scarcely to be regarded as serious history; but for those whose stomachs are not strong enough to digest Mr. Lea's great work it will prove a not entirely unworthy substitute.

A very satisfactory piece of work is Dr. J. I. Gorfinkle's edition of "The Eight Chapters of Maimonides on Ethics" (Columbia University Press; Lemcke & Buechner). Maimonides is important not only for the history of Jewish mediæval ethical philosophy, but also for the whole European ethical thought of the period, and his "Shemonah Perakim" ("Eight Chapters") gives his system briefly and clearly. To make the work easily accessible to Jews it was necessary that it should be translated into Hebrew, and this task was well performed by

Ibn Tibbon, a contemporary of Maimonides. But in the course of time the text of his translation became corrupt, and a critical edition was desirable. Such an edition is here offered by Dr. Gorfinkle, who has consulted numerous manuscripts and printed editions and compared these with the Arabic original, having throughout the competent aid of Professor Gotthcil and Dr. Henry Malter. The Hebrew text is amply provided with textual notes; an annotated English translation is added, and in an Introduction the editor gives an outline of the thought of the treatise. The small well-printed volume will be welcome to students of the history of ethical philosophy.

The three large volumes of "Unpublished Correspondence of Napoleon I, Preserved in the War Archives," which Ernest Picard and Louis Tuetey have recently edited under the superintendence of the Historical Section of the French Army Staff, have been issued in attractive English translation (Duffield). The commissions appointed by Napoleon III, which published the official thirty-two-volume edition of Napoleon I's Correspondence during the Second Empire, were sensitive about revealing material which might tarnish the glory of the founder of the Imperial Dynasty; they, therefore, omitted such documents as were deemed politically inadvisable. Others were omitted because the material was so vast in amount. Since the completion of the official edition in 1869, therefore, there have appeared many small supplementary collections of Napoleon I's unpublished letters, of which the most important are those by Hüffer, Bingham, Du Casse, Schlossberger, Lecestre, and Brotonne. A full bibliography of them is conveniently given by the present editors in their introduction; to it should be added Arthur Chuquet's "Ordres et Apostilles du Napoléon I" (3 vols. 1911-12).

The 4,942 documents which Picard and Tuetey publish are all from the archives of the War Department, and are arranged chronologically from December 4, 1804, the date of the coronation, to the close of the year 1810. They cover the campaigns of Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, and the beginning of the troubles in Spain and Portugal. They do not throw much light on the tactics of battles, because Napoleon's orders on the field of battle went directly to commanding officers and did not find their way back to the archives in Paris. They do contain an invaluable mass of material upon the preliminary strategy of the campaigns as seen in the orders for the assembling and movement of troops. They exhibit Napoleon's superhuman mastery of detail—his untiring attention to shoes, saucepans, overcoats, biscuits, and fortifications, as well as to men, money, and guns. These documents are thus an invaluable source for a study of his genius as an organizer of armies. They moreover illustrate his generosity in pardoning and restoring officers to command and in making money gratuities, his personal influence over his men, his care to prevent straggling and disorder in the rear, and his heavy contributions levied on conquered peoples. These documents are, however, only a supplement to the official edition of the Correspondence (still untranslated), and must be used in connection with it. The lack of an index is regrettable.

In "Madame Tallien," translated into English with illustrations (Lane), a French journalist, L. Gastine, describes at length the wanton career of a young woman who was regarded by her contemporaries as one of the most beautiful of creatures. Theresia Cabarrus, of Bordeaux, wife and divorcée in turn of the émigré Marquis de Fontenay, and of the Terrorist and traitor to the Terror, Tallien, finally settled down after 1805 with a third regular husband, the Prince de Chimay. As Princess de Chimay she lived much of her later life at Brussels and died in 1835. She was the mother of eleven children who bore various surnames; seven of them were perhaps really the children of her legal husbands. The easiness of her virtue was so notorious that even Bonaparte would not have her at his imperial court, though she had been the intimate friend of Josephine and though Tallien had stood as one of the witnesses of his marriage to Josephine. Writers hitherto, notably Arsène Houssaye in the biographical fantasy of La Belle Tallien entitled "Notre Dame de Thermidor," have woven a mass of legend about Tallien and his wife, who were regarded as the instruments of Robespierre's overthrow on the Ninth Thermidor. M. Gastine ruthlessly tears this legend to shreds. He condemns Tallien as either the ringleader or the accomplice in the hideous massacres of August and September, 1792, in the butcheries of La Vendée, in the cowardly, treacherous deportations under the Directory, and in wholesale robberies which brought many families to starvation and death. "It is revolting that such a wretch should have been suffered to live on till he was fifty-three." The chief traits of his beautiful wife appear to have been her vanity, immorality, and unscrupulousness. Though the author overshoots his mark with exaggerations and repeated denunciations, and though he does not always carry conviction because of lack of logic or of documentary authority, his book is nevertheless of value as a corrective to the uncritical, legendary accounts of the Talliens which have obtained hitherto.

In "Our Southern Highlanders" (Outing Publishing Company), Mr. Horace Kephart has written a faithful and readable account of a highly interesting people. For a century and more these mountaineers have needed a pen which should tell their story plainly. A too plentiful fiction, liberally besprinkled with "we-uns" and "you-uns," and cast in romantic form, has misrepresented them long enough, and made them the object of popular astonishment. Mr. Kephart's book is virtually a journal of his several years' stay in the Southern Appalachian Mountains. The highlanders—a name unknown to them—are a people of a century ago, both in manners and customs. But it must also be remembered that they are perhaps the most self-reliant of any group of people in this country, are hardy, and have many virtues. Their "blood-guiltiness" and their violence with rifle or pistol have been overdone in the popular mind. In reality, they are an easy people to get along with, if one does not offend their dignity and self-respect; and a traveller stopping with them is absolutely safe. They are hospitable, and, if the questioner is honest in his inquiry, they are frank. Mr. Kephart brings out all these points, and makes clear, as well, the entertaining quaintness of their talk and life. The reviewer knows of no better story-tellers in the world than these mountaineers, especially when recounting a hunt, like the account given by Mr. Kephart. The larger part of the book is devoted to the anecdotal description.

A fifth volume, embracing titles from Polytechnics to Zwingli, of "A Cyclopedia of Education" (Macmillan), edited by Paul Monroe, completes the work. As a reference book for facts in educational history and biography and concerning national and State systems of public instruction and educational institutions, the work fills a distinct want and is of unquestioned value. There has been no work of similar scope in our language, and the seeker for information concerning the educational organization of Wisconsin or Utah, or Russia or Uruguay, and the inquirer who has need to learn the denominational affiliation of William Jewell College or the date of Emma Willard's petition to the Legislature of New York, will hereafter turn naturally to this encyclopedia. The biographical notes are good, with excellent bibliographies, especially noteworthy in the present volume being the article on Rousseau. Dr. Ellwood P. Bubberley's articles also on the educational systems of several States are comprehensive and concise. A large amount of information is contained in the articles on Universities and American State Universities. Subjects related to practical and industrial education receive the emphasis, rather than topics of interest in classical and liberal culture. Virgil and Xenophon find mention in the present volume, although together they are accorded less space than either the Ventilation of Schools or Education for the Secretarial Profession. The radical school superintendent, who desires to introduce classes in millinery and shop-work, will find help for his propaganda, while the old-fashioned master, who is striving to keep alive on the earth a knowledge of the Greek tongue, can only be grateful that he has not been entirely forgotten. There is entire absence of criticism in the articles on the various institutions; many of them read like a prospectus or a section of the catalogue, and were written by interested officials. Consistency has not always been maintained, the article on the State of Vermont stating that "the State maintains no higher institutions of learning of its own," while the following article describes the University of Vermont as a State institution.

The first illustrated edition of Macaulay's "History of England" is in process of publication (Macmillan). It is to be in six large volumes. The first, which has just appeared, contains above seventy illustrations, besides a dozen full-page plates in

color. In the preface to this volume, the editor, Charles Harding Firth, regius professor of modern history at Oxford, sets forth the principle governing the selection of the illustrations. These include portraits of both the leading and the minor personages of the time covered, caricatures, maps and plans, places and buildings, broadsides, ballads, and autographs. Rude engravings now and then are not scorned, since they are sometimes the only pictures obtainable; sometimes they represent the popular conception of some prominent figure. All sorts of collections, famous and obscure, have been drawn upon, among them the National Portrait Gallery, of which Macaulay was one of the original trustees; the medals struck in England, France, and Holland, some of which were satirical; and private possessions. Especially interesting are pictures which Macaulay himself had in mind when he wrote, as "the drawings of English landscapes made for the Grand Duke Cosmo," broadsides which he mentions in his footnotes, and ballads from the Pepys Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge, which, although least known of all the great collections, was consulted by Macaulay more than any other. The editor, while recognizing the desirability of a critical edition of the History, has not thought "an illustrated edition of a British classic . . . the proper place for a critical commentary." He seems to promise one, however, in saying that "it has seemed best to reserve any critical observations for a separate publication." The volume which has appeared contains examples of all of the various sorts of illustrations mentioned above, beautifully reproduced. To say how much such well-chosen pictures add to the interest and the value of the text is unnecessary.

Major-Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, Surveyor of Customs at Portland, Me., since 1900, who died on February 24, was born at Brewer in 1828. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1852, and received an A.M. degree in 1855. In the same year he was graduated from the Bangor Theological Seminary. He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Pennsylvania College in 1866, and from Bowdoin in 1869. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Twentieth Maine Infantry on August 8, 1862, and colonel on May 20, 1863. He served with great distinction through the Civil War, in the course of which he was awarded the Congressional medal of honor for conspicuous gallantry at Gettysburg, was promoted by General Grant to a brigadier-generalship on the field of battle at Petersburg, and was brevetted a major-general, United States Volunteers, March 29, 1865, being appointed to command the parade at the formal surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox in the following month. After the war he was elected Governor of Maine, and served from 1866-71. Before the war General Chamberlain was professor of rhetoric and oratory at Bowdoin from 1856-62, and at the close of the war he served in the same capacity, and from 1871-83 he was president. He was United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1878. General Chamberlain was a member of numerous historical societies, and was the author of a number of books dealing with historical and political topics.

The Rev. Samuel Rolles Driver, D.D., regius professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and canon of Christ Church since 1883, died on Thursday of last week. Dr. Driver was born in 1846, and was educated at Winchester College and at New College, Oxford. He was placed in the first class in the School of Literæ Humaniores in 1869; was Pusey and Ellerton Hebrew Scholar, 1866; Kennicott Hebrew Scholar, 1870, and gained the Houghton Syriac prize, 1872. He became a fellow of New College in 1870, and was fellow and tutor from 1875 to 1883. He received the following honorary degrees: D.Litt., Dublin, 1892; D.D., Glasgow, 1901; Aberdeen, 1906; Litt.D., Cambridge, 1905. From 1876 to 1884 he was a member of the Old Testament Revision Company. He became a fellow of the British Academy in 1902, and a corresponding member of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences in 1910. He was the author of numerous treatises on Biblical and Hebraic subjects, among which may be mentioned his "Isaiah: His Life and Times," 1893; "An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," 1909; "Notes on the Hebrew Text of the Books of Samuel," 1912. He was also joint-editor of the Holy Bible, with various renderings and readings from the best authorities, 1888; and joint author of "A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament," 1906.

Science

Commercial Gardening. Edited by John Weathers. London: Gresham Publishing Co. 4 vols.

When we consider the time, skill, and thought devoted by the English to their gardens, it is not surprising that one of the most complete works in this field published in recent years should have come to us by way of London. The editor, himself a commercial gardener of note, has associated with him in his work ten other experts of the soil, each of whom adds his own informing account of a particular specialty. The first volume takes up in order the science of plant growing, the method of propagation, and the different soils in an interesting and readable way, especially from the botanist's point of view. The chapters on manures are full of valuable aid, and in them we are cautioned against the pitfall so many of us (who are too busy to experiment in our gardens or too willing to take the last word of the fertilizer agent) are prone to fall into, namely, the assumption that because a crop like turnips, for instance, takes up from the soil 112 pounds of nitrogen, 33 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 148 pounds of potash, therefore those different plant foods must be returned to the soil forthwith in the form of commercial fertilizer or stable manure. As a matter of fact, "the soil is by no means deficient in these foods," and "in the Broadbalk Field, Rothamsted"—that world-famous agricultural experiment station—"it has been found that a soil which had been cropped, but not manured for fifty years, still contained 2,500 pounds of nitrogen, 2,750 pounds phosphoric acid, 6,750 pounds potash, and 62,250 pounds of lime to the acre at a depth of nine inches." Certainly these figures are remarkable, and our cultivators would do well to bear them in mind. Mr. Weathers then goes on to point out that if the money spent on a ton of "special" artificial manure for one acre were spent in digging the soil to the depth of one foot, it would bring from seven to ten acres into a most satisfactorily fertile condition.

Insects, both beneficial and injurious, are discussed at length, and it is put very forcibly before the reader that, "although Nature has sent many insects to plague the cultivator of plants, it has also provided antidotes in the way of birds of all kinds—ichneumon flies, ladybirds, lacewing flies, tiger and other beetles, frogs, toads, lizards, hawk flies, spiders, and even slugs—by which they may be kept in check. Unfortunately"—and here the author sounds a note of warning which we in America have even more reason to heed than our English cousins—"with the many poisonous washes now in use . . . the cultivator is slaughtering his friends as well as his enemies. Indeed, he is practically not even on speaking terms with his friends, and in many cases would not recognize them as such if he saw them. It would, indeed, be well worth while to make a special effort to cultivate colonies of ladybirds, ichneumon flies, lacewing flies, and hawk flies, especially as these, by sheer force of numbers, would readily suppress the various destructive aphides and caterpillars."

The second volume is devoted to the raising of hardy and semi-hardy herbaceous plants, bulbs, and flowers suitable for marketable purposes, arranged alphabetically, and to this formidable list are added plants for the greenhouse as well as water plants. This admirable arrangement enables the garden-lover to look up at his ease the exact plants desired and to find full information concerning them as to seed, care, and general cultivation.

The third volume is wholly given over to fruits, and while the introductory chapters, giving the cost of starting a commercial orchard in England, are interesting and informing, we turn instinctively to that part of the book which describes minutely the growing of those luscious small fruits and wall-grown peaches, plums, and pears so often seen in England; for where is the real garden-lover who does not long for

a row of the magnificent English gooseberries, not the green, sour, puckery kind with which we are so unfortunately familiar, but the large red and white ones, the size of blackberries? The thought of an acre of gooseberries yielding four tons and a profit of $125 net is not unpleasant, but most of us would be satisfied if, after reading Mr. Weathers's directions, we might find ourselves with a modest row of three or four healthy bushes.

In the first part of the last volume we find advice as to the growth of trees, shrubs, vines, and woody climbers, directed to the nurseryman and his customers. Like the list of flowers, this is alphabetically arranged, and although we are not told, except in a general way, how to cultivate and care for these trees and shrubs, yet those of us who are lovers of such plants know full well that the essential point in the case is always whether the particular specimen we are ambitious to grow is suited to our local climatic conditions, and as no general treatise could possibly attempt to throw light on such a point we think the author showed judgment in confining himself merely to a general and practical description. The remainder of this volume is devoted to vegetable gardening, and here every step is carefully taken up. We are told the secrets of hothouse management, and how to start and operate a French garden successfully, which requires a capital outlay of about £630 for two acres, while the returns run about £860.

Special mention should be made of the beautiful colored plates and excellent photographs throughout the book, and also of the chapter on garden surveying, levelling, and the useful mensuration tables. Nothing has been overlooked in these volumes, yet the author has condensed his great mass of material into a practical and useful book, both for business and pleasure.

The death was reeently announeed of Horaee Bolingbroke Woodward, the eminent geologist and authority on British stratigraphy. Mr. Woodward, who was born in London in 1848, was for some time an assistant in the library and museum of the Geologieal Soeiety, and in 1867 joined the Geologieal Survey, where he was best known for his work on the strata of the Jurassie age. He was president of the Geologists' Assoeiation, 1893-94, and in 1909 the great prize of the Geological Soeiety, the Wollaston gold medal, was awarded him. Mr. Woodward was an industrious writer, of much literary ability. Among his prineipal works may be mentioned his "Geology of England and Wales," and his edition of Stanford's "Geological Atlas," as well as several survey memoirs, including three volumes on the Jurassie roeks.

Prof. Georg Joaehimsthal, of the University of Berlin, direetor of the Berlin University Hospital for Cripples, died on Sunday in his fifty-third year. Professor Joachimsthal was one of the foremost experts in Germany on physical malformations, and was the author of numerous works bearing on the subject.

Drama

SHAKESPEARE AT THE SAVOY.

LONDON, February 20.

When the manager of the London theatre is in doubt, he plays Shakespeare —unless he happens to be Sir George Alexander, when Oscar Wilde is his winning card. It comes, therefore, as no surprise that to an unusually dull season Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy should now offer what brand-new relief they can with the latest version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" —at the Savoy. Not that they have much dulness themselves to atone for; except for an occasional indiscretion, like Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," their performances are among the best worth seeing in London. Few other managers have as stimulating a record, and it must be admitted by the most amiable critic that the present dramatic season has so far been an empty one.

It needs but a glance at the principal theatres to understand the need of something to stir the London dramatic world out of its lethargy. At the Little Theatre is Chesterton's "Magic," childish in plot, full of the cheap cleverness and cheaper paradox Shaw brought into fashion, saved by one delightful piece of acting—Fred Lewis's impersonation of an inconsequent duke. This play has received a new lease of life by a reduction in the price of seats, and is advertised by the portraits not so much of the author as of the author's large Falstaffian paunch. To such depths has the serious drama fallen that the dramatic author refuses to allow the actor the undisturbed monopoly of personal glory in advertisement, but, making capital of a physical peculiarity, amounting almost to deformity, adorns the inner walls of the theatre with caricatures and photographs of himself, and the outer walls with his silhouette on the posters.

At the St. James's, Sir George Alexander struggles with poor success to give life to the English translation of Bernstein's "Attack," a drama that is as the poles apart from English life and English thought, and it is no surprise to hear that the end of the struggle is announced for next month. Tree, at His Majesty's, has returned to a previous triumph, "The Darling of the Gods," Japanese and Chinese themes being in favor for the moment. The Authors' Producing Society, discovering no home genius to encourage, turns to Brieux as the present exponent of thought and progress. At the Queen's, Hale Hamilton, a delightful actor if he finds the farce or comedy to give him a fair chance, has been showing, with "The Fortune-Hunter," just the sort of play it is a mistake for America to export to London, or to exploit at home, for that matter. It is a play that seemed to take me back to the remote days of "Solon Shingle," or "Lord Dundreary," or any other of the old-fashioned machines that had nothing to do with the expression of character, but everything with its exaggeration. I have read in the last number of the *North American Review* that the American dramatist is now concerned with ideas and literature, but I, as an American, deplore the care he takes to conceal the fact in the examples of his work that cross the Atlantic. At the Royalty, C. B. Fernald's "Pursuit of Pamela," now finishing its run, shows that there is one American —though his work is now less identified with America than with London, where he lives—who has some respect for literature; for it is the literary touch in the dialogue, and the feminine charm of the principal character, as well as the author's good fortune in finding in Miss Gladys Cooper the right actress for the part, that give vitality to a comedy so light and graceful that, without the right interpretation, there would be little of its lightness and grace left on the all too solid boards of the English stage. At the Kingsway, or just moving from it, Lydia Yavorska, the Russian Princess Bariatinsky, is playing to crowded houses a travesty of "Anna Karenina" and making up by a lavish display of the latest fashions for whatever is wanting in her acting and whatever may hurt the sensitive ear in the harshness of her English. At the Strand, "Mr. Wu," after first failing to please the public fancy, has taken strong hold, as it deserves to do, for, though not distinguished as drama, it has its merit and its strength as melodrama, supplying at least one good thrill; and emotion of any kind is about the last thing the London theatre nowadays abounds in. The fact that whatever interest I have found of late in this theatre should centre about a melodrama helps to explain to the puzzled critic why the legitimate drama has such hard work to compete with the music-hall and the "cinema," and also, incidentally, why the time has come for that periodical revival of Shakespeare upon which it depends for a periodical revival of popularity.

As the present revival is due to Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy, it is almost superfluous to add that its chief interest is spectacular or pictorial, for the memory is still fresh of their rendering of "A Winter's Tale" and of "Twelfth Night," in both of which the interest was concentrated upon the set-

ting rather than upon the acting. But, indeed, when the popularity of Shakespeare to-day is analyzed, no one can question that it is less Shakespeare than the new use made of Shakespeare to which he owes his irresistible attraction —less the beauty of this scene or that than curiosity as to whether it will be omitted or restored, less the music or philosophy in the verse than the costume of the actor who recites it. It is because the chances for infinite variety in the interpretation are so many that Shakespeare proves an invariable draw. I cannot imagine that anybody could any longer sit, as we sat in my youthful days, through those *macaronic* performances, when the famous Italian actor would give us on our American stage his Hamlet or Macbeth or Othello in Italian, while a company made up of the veriest hacks that could be got together would present the rest of the cast in English. Under those conditions only interest in the play, or reverence for the poet, made Shakespeare endurable. Revive the conditions, and I question whether as dramatist he would now outlive them—whether, at a crisis, he would save the situation. You have only to listen to his verse as delivered by the actors at the Savoy to realize how little he counts with them in comparison to the dress they put on to spout his lines in, and the stage upon which they strut for the spouting. The last thing the English actor seems to learn is how to use his voice. It is the first thing the French actor is taught, which is why the longest rhodamontades of Racine may become music in his mouth. In the mouth of the English actor, Shakespeare is usually unintelligible rubbish. The beautiful lines in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," as a rule, are delivered in much the same see-saw sing-song that is now the classic delivery on the English pantomime stage. Even Lillah McCarthy, as Helena, fails to get much meaning or any rhythm into her longest or shortest speech.

But if the actors' voices were trained to express the finest shades in Shakespeare, the honest critic would still have to confess that "A Midsummer Night's Dream," as a play, drags heavily in parts. It has scenes of great beauty, scenes of genuine humor; it transports us to a fairyland full of fragrant flowers and sweet conceits, where it is always pleasant to wander. But it has also scenes of deplorable tediousness, scenes that are no better than handy pegs upon which the fairy interlude is rather clumsily hung. The rustics pall after a time; the lovers are sad bores; the mortals are almost all the fools Puck finds them. So many liberties are taken with Shakespeare that the wise stage manager might be forgiven were he to go as little further than his predecessors and cut down the play ruthlessly, sacrificing everything save its loveliness and its poetry, which would then fill one crowded hour with sheer delight.

As it is, at the Savoy, the play most certainly is not the thing. Nevertheless, the performance gives one plenty to think about. There is no reason why in the theatre the eye should not be pleased as well as the ear. The Greeks knew it when they built their theatres open to the sky and within sight of the sea, or under the shadow of the hills. The modern reformer of the theatre can talk and preach of hardly anything else, though when it comes to settling just what should please the eye, he reveals his limitation as a prophet. Reinhardt, the much-vaunted, runs to excess almost as inartistically as does Tree at His Majesty's. Gordon Craig, basing practice on an irreproachable theory, runs to affectation. He advocates simplicity, but understands it so little that his simplicity disturbs and annoys, where the Greek simplicity rested, the eye. At the Savoy, Granville Barker, or I should say Norman Wilkinson, who is responsible for the "decoration of the play," is modern enough to have aimed at simplicity above all, and not Greek enough to attain his aim without tumbling headforemost into affectation.

The general scheme at the Savoy is admirable: it fails in detail. The stage is the now familiar "apron-stage" used for such revivals. The woodwork enclosing it and the drop curtain are white and severe, giving the theatre as a result the feeling of repose that you get in a room with pale bare walls and little furniture. The scenery is scarcely more elaborate. Painted curtains are the background for the shorter scenes. Trees, in long strips of rich blue and green curtain, fall against an unbroken flat hanging of purple, and, in a formal design, surround the space in the wood where Titania sleeps or holds her revels, and the lovers come wandering, busy with their foolish game of cross-purposes. The palace of Athens is an affair of stately white steps, and white columns just touched with black, and behind them walls of black and rose and white. Neither palace nor woodland is like anything belonging to real life, and for that reason is all the more in keeping with the fantasy of fairyland. But this simple setting—simple, that is, in intention—has its disturbing elements. It is difficult to get altogether away from the artist who designed it, to lose one's self in fairyland. Fairyland seems bewilderingly burdened with the most modern fads and fashions. One curtain, in its embroidered pattern, suggests a return to Morris's mediævalism; another recalls a Japanese print; a third savors of the Post-Impressionist's landscape. Memories of Gordon Craig and of Ricketts hang about woodland and palace. Fantastic the "Midsummer Night's Dream" may and should be, but not a puzzle to set the audience groping for the clue to its jumble of styles and fancies.

It would be absurd to criticise the costumes for archæological inaccuracy or inappropriateness. Mortals and fairies are as free to dress as they will in Shakespeare's Athens as in his Bohemia by the sea, and very picturesquely they profit by this freedom under Mr. Wilkinson's direction. The fairies strike a distinctly new note. No more by wings and wands alone are they to be distinguished from mere mortals, but by their color. For they are golden fairies, golden from head to toe, their hair and faces as gölden as their raiment. And the effect is not only novel, it is beautiful. Moreover, their faces are so carefully painted that as they pose, standing or sitting, motionless when mortals draw near, a high light seems to fall here and there on a cheek or a nose or a brow, and figures and groups are turned into bronze. In the midst of these fantastic bronze beings Puck flutters to and fro, a brilliant streak of scarlet, his face ungilded—a link between the golden fairies and the mortals clad in garments of many colors and many fashions—garments that run to crude crimsons and yellows, to shapeless tunics, to peg-top trousers, to grotesque helmets, to all the eccentricities now in vogue on the ultra-modern stage. So clad, the mortals make a restless, chaotic crowd, leaving beauty to the fairies, seeking to charm by the ugliness, the discord that gives the keynote to modern self-conscious art. The variety of conflicting influences grows wearisome as the play goes on, forcing you to forget Athens and Shakespeare. Throughout, costume and pose are forever recalling Beardsley as the chief source, to whom the most modern of modern innovators owe their inspiration. You see him everywhere—in the gay, distorted little form of Mustard Seed as in the outline of some golden figure set against the white wall; in the long, stringy hair as in the huge bows on the shoes of mortals and fairies; in the daintily dotted muslin of a tunic as in those irrepressible peg-top trousers. It is extraordinary how many are the proofs of the growth of his influence with the years.

The music and the dances, arranged by Cecil Smith, bring still another element into this curious medley, for these are of English folk origin, the "Bergamask," as solemn and humorous a dance as has ever been danced on any stage, an irresistible bit of fun and gayety with which to end probably the most interesting version of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" seen in the modern theatre. But the interest is too long-spun-out to last: that is a great

fault of this new version. A greater fault is the sense of effort felt from beginning to end—the effort to be at the very topmost height of every modern fashion in art. This has no place in fairyland or in Shakespeare's Athens. In the attempt to rescue the stage from the exaggeration of modern realism, its valiant deliverers threaten to precipitate it into a worse exaggeration of the last fad, the last artificial pose in what is called modern art. N. N.

Prof. C. M. Gayley's second volume of "Representative English Comedies" (Macmillan), appearing a full decade after the publication of its predecessor, deals with the later contemporaries of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson, as he would doubtless agree was only proper, is represented by three plays out of the five, "Every Man in His Humour," "The Silent Woman," and "The Alchemist"; he is a collaborator also in the fourth, "Eastward Hoe," along with Marston and Chapman; and the fifth, "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," is by an unknown hand. All of these plays are accessible elsewhere, but it is something to have them assembled, with sound texts and special introductions by scholars of distinction, and prefaced by a substantial essay from the pen of the general editor. In the course of this, Professor Gayley finds no cause to question the judgment of the world, which has treasured the comedies of Shakespeare, but has willingly let die, so far as the public stage is concerned, all but one, Massinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts," of the 250 comedies produced by his later contemporaries. But Professor Gayley endeavors to explain it partly by an analysis of contemporary theatrical conditions and partly by a critical examination of the comedies themselves. The present study concerns itself chiefly with Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. A third volume, soon to appear, will consider the work of Fletcher, Dekker, Middleton, and Heywood.

The matter of the "stage quarrel" or the "war of the theatres," upon the intricacies of which Professor Gayley does not enter, finds fuller illustration in Prof. Josiah H. Penniman's edition of Jonson's "Poetaster" and Dekker's "Satiromastix" in the Belles-Lettres series (Heath). Of all the plays which ingenious conjecture has drawn into the outbreak of personal satire indulged in by some of the leading playwrights during the two years before and after the turn of the century, only these two are clear documents in the case. Whether Marston made fun of Gabriel Harvey, and Jonson of Anthony Monday, and both of them of Daniel, we can scarcely be certain; the boundaries between personal and general satire are not easily discernible at this distance. What may have been Shakespeare's part in the matter, for he bore a part, is also far from clear, but we at least know that Jonson confessed himself "provoked," and in the "Poetaster," acted in 1601, staged Marston as Crispinus, and Dekker as Demetrius. At the end of the play, in Cæsar's presence, Horace (Jonson) administers a dose which purges the wretched Crispinus of his "wild outlandish terms"—"magnificate," "prorumped," "obstupefact," and the like. Dekker replied by inserting into a comedy he apparently had on hand some scenes which set forth Horace struggling in the throes of composition and crowned at last, in the presence of the triumphant Crispinus and—no less—of William Rufus, with stinging nettles for "his stinging wit." Eventually, the matter was patched up, for Marston dedicates his "Malcontent" to Jonson in 1604, and the next year Jonson goes to jail with Chapman and Marston, for making sport of King James in their joint comedy, "Eastward Hoe." Professor Penniman brings all this discussion down to date.

The reported engagement by Charles Frohman, for a long term, of Phyllis Neilson-Terry is an interesting item of theatrical intelligence. It would be unwise, perhaps, to accept at their full face value all the printed encomiums upon her acting in the London press, but there is every reason to believe that she is an actress of rare natural ability and unusual physical charm. Her father belongs to a family famous on the stage for generations, while her mother, Julia Neilson, if she has never quite fulfilled the promise of her earliest years, has won an enviable reputation in comedy and emotional romance. Miss Neilson-Terry has already taken her place among the most popular leading ladies of the day, and has found critical acceptance, not only in Shakespeare—as Juliet, Rosalind, and Viola—but in the heroines of Goldsmith and Sheridan.

King George has become the patron of the London Garrick Club, in succession to King Edward, who was president from 1867 until his accession, when he became the patron. The Garrick Club was instituted in 1831 "for the general patronage of the drama; for the purpose of combining a club on economical principles with the advantages of a literary society; for the formation of a theatrical library and works on costume; and also for bringing together the patrons of the drama and gentlemen eminent in their respective circles." Its original home was in King Street, Covent Garden, where Douglas Jerrold, Charles Dickens, Albert Smith, Thackeray, Robert Keeley, Charles Kean, Clarkson Stanfield, and a number of other celebrities of the time assembled.

Sir Herbert Tree will be seen, next autumn, in a new dramatization of "David Copperfield," by L. N. Parker. It has been so arranged that he will be able to double the parts of Peggotty and Micawber.

The London *Times* pays a strong tribute to the acting of Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot." It says:

> His conception of the part is a wonderfully powerful dramatic study. Mr. Whiteside has played the part in America for three years past, and one feels that the actor himself has fallen under the spell of the ideas which Mr. Zangwill puts forward. He suggested with great skill the nervous, dreamy temperament of the young Jew emigrant, and in the one really dramatic scene which is afforded him—when he finds that the father of his Gentile lover is the man under whose orders his relatives have been massacred—Mr. Whiteside diplayed a force of intense passion of which one had hardly suspected him up to that point. If the author could see his way to omit one or two speeches bodily, the performance would be all the better.

At the close of the run of "The Attack" at the London St. James's Theatre, Sir George Alexander will produce—probably early this month—a new comedy in four acts, by Alfred Sutro, entitled "The Two Virtues."

Music

A FANTASTIC FRENCH OPERA.

The latest novelty produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, Charpentier's "Julien," demonstrates that it is not always an advantage for a composer to write his own librettos. It was so to Wagner, and it was, perhaps, to Charpentier when he wrote his "Louise," that realistic picture of low life in Paris which brought him fame and fortune; but in the case of his latest work it has proved a decided handicap. The poem of "Julien" is the most extraordinary farrago of fantastic allegory and realism imaginable. A good "opera book" should tell at least the main outlines of the plot to the eyes of the spectators, but so far is this from being the case in "Julien" that even after a second reading of the libretto one feels in doubt as to its writer's intentions. There are some effective and imaginative lines, but as a whole the poem is obscure, chaotic, phantasmagorical.

Of Charpentier's "Louise" some admirable performances were given at Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House in 1908, with a cast including Mary Garden, Bressler-Gianoli, Zeppilli, Trentini, Dalmores, and the late Charles Gilibert, who gave a most realistic and powerful impersonation of the laboring man whose daughter, Louise, elopes with the poet Julien. He throws his chair after her when, after an angry scene, she runs from the house and is lost in the wilds of Paris. "Julien" may be looked on as a sequel to "Louise" inasmuch as the poet and Louise again appear in it; but that, apart from a few bars of music, is the only connection between the two operas. The earlier one is a series of vivid pictures of Parisian life in street, home, and shop, realistic in its music as well as its spoken lines and its scenery; whereas "Julien" is a poet's dream, ending in an agonizing nightmare.

This new opera—if opera it may be called—consists of a prologue and four acts, with eight tableaux. In the prologue, Julien occupies, as winner of the Prix de Rome, a room in the Villa Medici with Louise, who, waking up, finds him asleep in an armchair. The four acts of the opera may be regarded as the presentation to the spectators of his dreams. This, at any rate, is the

case with the first act, which is filled with dream maidens, worshippers of beauty, and other fantastic creatures, the background revealing the Temple of Beauty on the Holy Mount. A change of scene shows the Dark Valley, from which arise the agonized voices of Hapless Poets. A third change takes us to the interior of the temple, in which Louise is seen as the incarnation of supreme beauty.

The second act takes the spectator to a picturesque valley in Hungary. Julien deplores the fate of the peasants, who chant their songs of labor. One of the girls—who has the face of Louise—invites him to remain, but he repulses her and passes on. The scene of the third act is on the coast of Brittany, near Julien's birthplace. His old grandmother tries in vain to win him back to religious belief. She, too, has the features of Louise. In the last act Louise appears again as a young woman—a woman of the streets. A noisy crowd indulges in merrymaking in front of the Moulin Rouge. The characters of the preceding scenes reappear in grotesque attire, transformed into beasts, Julien and Louise join them, singing the praises of bestiality. The mob wrecks the showman's movable theatre. A phantom vision of the Temple of Beauty is seen in the background; Julien curses it and sinks at the feet of his intoxicated companion.

Critical opinion is divided as to whether the whole opera or only the first act is to be considered a visualization of Julien's dreams. Those who believe the latter will find it difficult to explain how Louise, in the third act, can appear (except in a dream) as Julien's grandmother; and how will they account for the vision of the Temple in the last scene? However, it is hardly worth while to consider the question seriously. Opera librettos enjoy more than their share of poetic licenses, because the music is supposed to cover a multitude of sins. Unfortunately, in this case the music is almost as weak as the libretto. There are a few reminiscences from "Louise," and here and there one comes across diluted borrowings from Wagner and other composers. The best things by far in the score are excerpts from an early work by Charpentier, "La Vie du Poète," composed for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. Though entitled a "symphonie-drama," it is not in the least dramatic, judging by the excerpts included in the opera. The fatal defect, indeed, of "Julien" is that it is not a music-drama, nor even an opera in the usual sense of the word, but rather an acted oratorio. While it has some splendidly effective choruses, there is little melody of a distinctive or alluring kind for the voices. No attempt is made, in the Hungarian act, to introduce local color in the music. There is much beautiful orchestral tone-painting, which sometimes makes one forget the poverty of invention. Much of the music is dull and inflated. The final scene in Montmartre, though vulgar and noisy, is really the best in the opera, as it has at least the merits of sincerity and realism. In it one recognizes the real power of the genius who, in "Louise," so charmingly translated into music the diverse sounds of Parisian street life.

Although Geraldine Farrar and Caruso, the two most popular operatic artists in the world, headed the cast, "Julien" won surprisingly little applause at the Metropolitan. Inasmuch as it was not a success in Paris, where it was produced last June, and no other manager has cared to accept it, one wonders why it was staged here, especially in view of the fact that so many of the French masterworks are neglected at the Metropolitan Opera House, among them "Carmen," the operas of Massenet, and those of Saint-Saëns.

Siegfried Wagner has completed a new opera, entitled "Der Heidenkönig" ("The King of the Heathen").

Mr. Kalisch, the eminent London critic, endorses the suggestion made by Tobias Matthay, in his new book on "Musical Interpretation," that pupils should be started on modern music, and work backwards to Bach and others.

Arrigo Boïto is at the head of a committee which has been formed with the purpose of making music obligatory in all the elementary and high schools of Italy.

"Agnete," an opera by Prof. Julius Röntgen, who was for years one of the most intimate friends of Grieg, has been produced with great success at Amsterdam. It has previously received the first prize offered by the Netherlands Operatic Association of The Hague.

Arnold Schoenberg wrote a long and flattering letter to the members of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, after they had played some of his music. In it he made some remarks about the orchestras of Germany, which will surprise those who think that in that country everything is as it should be:

> I must tell you that on the Continent, as far as my knowledge goes, there are at the most only two orchestras which could be compared with you: the Amsterdam Orchestra and the Viennese Philharmonic. I must say that it was the first time since Gustav Mahler that I heard such music played again as a musician of culture demands. I presume that this letter will be published, and that is the reason I mention this fact, so that it should be taken note of by some of our German orchestras which have too much false pride to learn what is expected of them at the present time.

Putnam Griswold, the greatest operatic basso America has produced, died on February 26, following an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Griswold was born in 1876 in Minneapolis, but at an early age moved to Oakland, Cal., where he sang in churches and at concerts. In 1900 he went abroad to study, first at the Royal College of Music in London, and then in Paris. Proceeding to Germany, he made his début in Frankfort, where Col. Savage heard him and engaged him for Gurnemanz in the English production of "Parsifal." After finishing his engagement with Savage, he went to Berlin, where he studied bel canto with Franz Emmerich and soon became the leading bass of the Royal Opera. This led to his engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, where he quickly became a favorite.

Art

In "Colonial Architecture for Those About to Build" (Lippincott), Messrs. Herbert C. Wise and H. Ferdinand Beidleman have made a welcome addition to the record of the architectural activities of the colonial period; for those who deal with this subject are usually tempted to concentrate their attention upon the developments in New England and the South, and to overlook the work done in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, to which the authors of the book before us limit themselves. No one who examines the illustrations in the book can fail to note that a special character was given to the work done in this region by the particular traditions of the settlers, although these were felt rather than clearly formulated. Certain of the buildings referred to have a dignity and charm which is surprising when one considers the lack of training of the designers, which was but one of many serious limitations under which they worked; but it must be confessed that a large proportion of them show too clearly the result of these limitations. As our authors well say (p. 204), "There are those who claim perfection for all things ancient, and disparage the new. Sentiment, did we let it, would weave a spell over the imagination and breathe a mist before the eyes." It is to be agreed that this sentiment is an important æsthetic element, and should be welcomed as such in our judgment of the beauty of any work of art. But there can be no surer obstacle to advance in architectural design and appreciation than the over-emphasis of this sentimental influence, which tends to blind us to crudities and actual ugliness. Such we find all too often in the work considered in this interesting historical survey. The historical matter given by the authors, indeed, adds much value to the book as a whole. It is very well printed and illustrated by no less than two hundred and seven excellent photographic reproductions.

In "Répertoire de l'art quaternaire" (Paris: Leroux) Salomon Reinach offers a most useful corpus of bone scratchings, cave paintings, and statuettes of the earliest periods. A brief survey of the discoveries in the field of Quaternary art shows a gradual accumulation of excavated objects, mostly incised bones, from the year 1834 to the present. The discoveries of cave paintings are of recent date, mostly after 1900, though as early as 1879 the little daughter of Sautola noted the animal paintings on the

roof of the Altamira cavern. M. Reinach's repertory comprises something more than 1,500 outline illustrations arranged on 189 pages and illustrating perhaps 700 separate objects. M. Reinach estimates that as many more pieces may remain unpublished in the portfolios of the Abbé Breuil and other explorers. It was a good service to make this provisional collection of materials every year becoming more confusing. The arrangement is alphabetical by localities, but full indexes make it easy to consult the illustrations topically or by museums. The captions are sufficiently explanatory, and the whole work is conducted with that good sense and orderliness which one expects of the learned conservateur of the Museum of St. Germain. In running through the outlines we are most struck by the considerable variety of the work. In the cavern of Lortet we find a really splendid naturalism; in the Madeleine a flaccid sort of schematism; in Batuecas near Salamanca a rigid, fairly pictographic schematism. Altamira seems to represent a semi-conventional stage lying artistically between Lortet and Madeleine. Except for a few incidental cuts, M. Reinach has excluded the rock engravings of Scandinavia, North Africa, and the Rhodesian caves as of uncertain antiquity. We hope he may be moved some day to collect, if not a corpus, at least a representative anthology of designs which have so much in common with the art of the cave men.

Charles Calverley, the sculptor, who died on February 25, was born in Albany, N. Y., November 1, 1833, and came to New York in 1868. Mr. Calverley was known especially for portrait busts in bronze of Horace Greeley, John Brown, Peter Cooper, and Elias Howe. He was elected an associate of the National Academy of Design in 1872, and three years later was made a full academician. His best work is the bronze statue of Robert Burns in Washington Park, Albany.

Sir John Tenniel, who died in London last Thursday at the age of ninety-four, was the last survivor of the brilliant group of artists and humorists who contributed to build up the reputation of *Punch* in the latter half of the nineteenth century. He joined the staff as second cartoonist in 1851 on the retirement of "Dickey" Doyle, and succeeded John Leech as leading cartoonist on the latter's death in 1864. From that date until his retirement in 1901 he drew a cartoon for *Punch* regularly week by week except on about ten occasions. Two, at least, of his cartoons have become classics, that representing Britannia laying a wreath on the death-bed of Lincoln, and the famous "Dropping the Pilot," illustrating the resignation of Prince Bismarck in 1889. As the illustrator of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking Glass" Tenniel is known to an even wider public than that which became familiar with his work in the pages of *Punch*. He also illustrated "Lalla Rookh" and "The Ingoldsby Legends." Sir John Tenniel was a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, and received his knighthood in 1893.

Albert Neuhuys, the Dutch painter, of the school which counted the brothers Maris, Israels, and Gabriel, who died recently in Switzerland, was born in Utrecht, June 10, 1844. He began the study of art with Gys Gravanger, a local teacher. After working in Utrecht for several years, he went to the Antwerp Academy of Art, and then to Amsterdam, where he took up the style for which he is best known, the painting of homely Dutch interiors and peasant families. He was a friend of Anton Mauve and Alma-Tadema.

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Gailey, Charles Mills. Beaumont the Dramatist. Century Co. $2.00 net.
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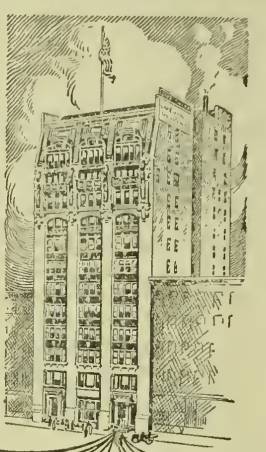

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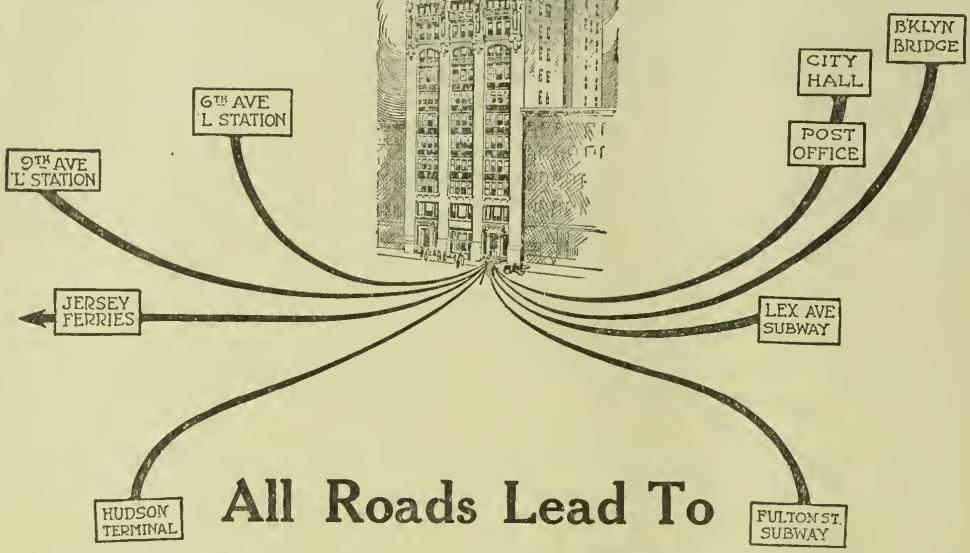

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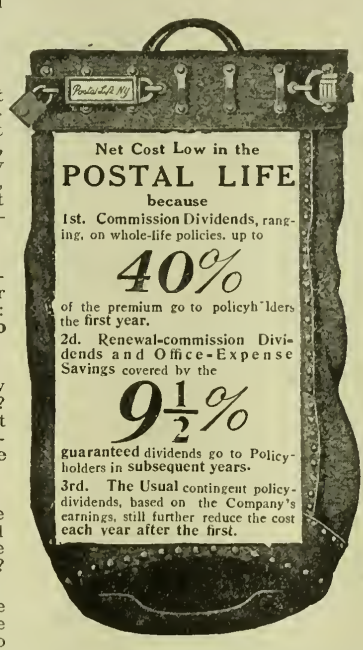
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It was necessary that the President should state his personal conviction that the Panama act violated the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. This he did unmistakably. Long study of the matter has convinced him that Congress was betrayed into thinking it had a power which it had really parted with by treaty. If Mr. Wilson did not devoutly believe this in his own heart, he could not have gone to Congress with his moving appeal. But he does not rest the case on his own belief. He points, rather, to the consensus of opinion everywhere except in the United States; and throws himself upon Congress as the Executive who is directed by the Constitution to conduct foreign affairs, asking for the removal of an obstacle to a good understanding with other nations, and so to the success of our own country in dealing with great problems, to solve which we acutely need the good will and help of European Powers. We do not see how Congress can possibly reject his plea.

Mr. Oscar Straus is not of those who put the inviolability of party platforms above that of an international treaty. He openly repudiates the Progressive tolls-exemption demand of 1912, observing that a question of public honor is one in which partisanship, as well as campaign planks, is to be thrown to the wind. It is in the spirit of his declaration, "I honor the courage, statesmanship, and international conscience of the President when he appeals to the highest motives," that support from all three parties promises to be given the repeal bill in Congress. When both Democratic and Progressive leaders take the view of Mr. Straus, not much is left of the "sacred party pledge" of which Senator O'Gorman and some others would make so much.

The resignation of John Bassett Moore from the State Department is much to be regretted. So much is evident from Mr. Wilson's own words of thanks and praise. It is not necessary to go into the question how deeply Mr. Moore was dissatisfied with the conditions under which he worked—it is unfortunately quite clear that he was dissatisfied—to point out that this leaves the State Department without a single trained adviser and diplomatist in high place, if we except Mr. Adee. Without him there could, of course, hardly be a State Department, for, while Secretaries and counsellors come and go, Mr. Adee goes on forever. The loss of Mr. Moore is, therefore, peculiarly severe at a time when the President's most difficult problems are foreign ones, and there is considerable lack of confidence, not in his Secretary of State's earnestness of purpose, but in his tact and diplomatic knowledge and ability. Unless the President can promptly find another man of Mr. Moore's quality and experience, the prestige of the State Department will be still further impaired. In appointing Mr. William Phillips he has chosen just the right kind of young man for Third Assistant Secretary of State, one with experience abroad. This is a step in the right direction, a recognition at last that fitness and training do count. So far, the State Department has seemed to be run on the theory that its work can be done by any one; and Mr. Moore's resignation must, for the moment at least, intensify the widespread dissatisfaction with conditions in it.

Gov. Colquitt and his Rangers ought to place themselves under the command of Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania. For he has discovered the way to make war peacefully. In the statement which he issued on Sunday, as at once his own bid for reëlection and an attack upon President Wilson, he lays down his position. He is opposed to war with Mexico. He has "never advocated political intervention in Mexico." All that he would do is to notify the Mexican authorities, civil and military, that they will be held responsible for "depredations to Americans or their property," and follow up this notice by "sending American troops to the threatened point to enforce the same." This beats the Texas Rangers hollow; and if President Wilson had a proper sense of patriotic duty, he would at once appoint Boies Penrose general in command of an invading army that is against intervention, and would scrupulously refrain from acts of war.

It will be interesting to see what the advocates of a big navy can contrive to say in reply to the appeal which a group of distinguished women has addressed to members of Congress. Every one of the six points of the appeal will put the Hobsons to their best efforts to make an answer that will stand investigation. Will they deny that arbitration has never been refused us when we have asked it; or that, with the exception of a brief war which we began, we have been at peace with the whole world outside of this continent for a century; or that, although we have maintained the Monroe Doctrine, we have got along with a small navy; or that Japan neither can nor cares to rear its horrid head against us; or that the man who sells guns is the last man to give impartial advice regarding the need of guns; or that we are losing by preventable diseases yearly many times as many as we have lost all told by foreign bullets? The whole matter is put into a nutshell in the sentence: "Nations, like men,

must prepare to deal with reasonable probabilities, not with fantastic possibilities." This is almost as statesmanlike an utterance as the ordinary Congressman could make!

The custom of delivering messages in person suffered a slight check the other day when Gov. Blease, removing his coat, suggested that he had a few blows to deliver along with his message. Physical and intellectual appeals are too contrary to mix well, and we can but think that it would be much better for the intellectual to precede the physical. Otherwise, the former might occasionally not be made at all. Broad-minded Americans will sympathize with the belligerent Governor. Here was an Executive to whom the letter of the law is killing, but whom its spirit maketh very much alive, compelled to listen to a mere Representative raise the technical point that the Governor was not within his Constitutional rights in addressing the Legislature in person. What would become of political aspiration if it were to be confronted at every point by the statute-book? In particular, what would become of rare souls like South Carolina's leading citizen? If the Columbia legislators know their business, they will encourage him to pour out his heart before them, for they may never see his like again.

The "Nuisance Act" which went into effect in Tennessee on Monday shows how every State prohibition law requires ingenious enforcing legislation. Directed against the three largest cities, Memphis, Chattanooga, and Nashville, which have defied the rest of the State to close their saloons, it compels obedience by putting the execution of the law in the hands of the judiciary. No more can recalcitrant officers balk its operation; hereafter, on complaint of ten taxpayers, armed with proper evidence, the courts are authorized to step in directly and close, as a "public nuisance," any place where liquors are sold. The saloons were shut at midnight with an avowal by the police that thereafter the cities would bow to the law they had fought, as town against country, for two years. The necessity for such a measure implies a sad reflection upon the ordinary guardians of local peace and order.

We suggest that Mr. George W. Perkins should address an open letter to the players of the National League and American League, proving that the age of competition is dead; and see what sort of answer he will get. If it were Rudyard Kipling who came up the bay last Friday on the Lusitania; if it were William II with the announcement that he was open for lecture engagements, the publishers and the lyceum agents would hardly have shown so much agitation as marked the arrival of the Giants and White Sox. Baseball "magnates" swarmed over the Lusitania, baseball "moguls" apparently went down on their knees to their players, holding between their clasped hands contracts for the players to fill out with their own terms. The record baseball salary has now been pushed up to one thousand dollars a year more than the salary of an Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. One player had a long-standing grievance against his club president involving unpaid salary. "The question was settled by the president handing over the amount in cash." Messrs. Tris Speaker, Mathewson, Tinker, and other baseball stars whom the advent of the Federal League has made happy, would decidedly disagree with Mr. Perkins on the decay of competition.

The detailed statement by J. P. Morgan & Co. to the chairman of the New Haven Railroad, as published in Monday's papers, answers conclusively the loose charge that the road had somehow been "bled" by its bankers to their own advantage, and that such a process was responsible for the company's present condition. The firm presents transcripts from its books, showing an exceedingly moderate average profit, whether in case of underwritings or of commissions as fiscal agents of the company. In several of the underwritings, prior to the "fiscal contract" between the New Haven and the bankers, there is reported an actual and substantial net loss by the banking house. In the matter of commissions on purchase or sale of securities for the railway, the commission paid to J. P. Morgan & Co. ranged from 1-16 of 1 per cent. to 1½ per cent. Considerably more than half of the amount thus financed carried a commission of ¼ of 1 per cent. or less. Regarding the insinuations made that the firm must have obtained some large indirect or ulterior profits in these various transactions, the banking house now states to the chairman of the company:

> Answering your specific inquiry, we beg to state that none of our firms, nor any member of them, ever had any interest in any properties, such as the Westchester, the steam railways, the trolley lines, or the steamship companies, acquired by the New Haven Company or any of its subsidiary companies.

The only exception to this comprehensive statement, it is pointed out, affected a relatively small holding in a wharf and terminal property, inherited by Mr. Morgan and transferred by him, on the basis of an outside appraisal, to the New Haven at that company's request.

It is on the now somewhat celebrated purchase of the New York, Westchester & Boston by the New Haven that public interest has specially converged. The formal opinion of Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty, last June, declared this to be "an enterprise which has cost the New Haven Company $12,000,000 in excess of the value of its property on its own showing," and further stated, as a result of examination of the New Haven's books, that "so far as those records go, this money has vanished into thin air." The Messrs. Morgan now submit book entries and official correspondence to show that the firm's advances of capital in connection with the operation were made as fiscal agents of the New Haven, for the account of the company and under its instructions, and without profit to the banking house. Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, who was interested in the financing of the Westchester undertaking, declares in an interview that the New Haven "obtained on the investment a return that justified the deal," and that the assertion that $12,000,000 "vanished into thin air" is absurd. But Commissioner Prouty's opinion rested on the fact that the New Haven's payment exceeded by that sum the company's own official statement of the tangible value of its property. The fact that J. P. Morgan & Co. have cleared themselves from the imputation of undue profits on their own account, therefore, leaves the question open, Was this payment, so largely in excess of estimated value, warranted? If it was not, then it ought to be ascertained whether any one, responsible for the transaction, obtained a wrongful pecuniary profit. If it was, then the truth

of the matter ought to be made public, in justice to all concerned. The Interstate Commission, under the instructions of Congress, is now engaged in an investigation which should answer these questions.

The figures of unemployment in Chicago, resulting from a canvass made by the Police Department at the request of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, are extremely interesting. The total number of unemployed men (we give the nearest thousand throughout) was found to be 46,000; and of these 38,000 were residents of the city. These figures are so vastly below any such percentage of the population for Chicago as was presented by the number of unemployed men given in the A. I. C. P.'s estimate for New York, as to make it in the highest degree probable that the latter number was far beyond the fact. The Chicago police census may be more or less imperfect, but it is safe to assume that it is a close approximation to the truth. Out of the 46,000, the number set down as "honestly hunting work" is 33,000, leaving 13,000 of the kind that are not of this type. Thirteen thousand is also the number that are classed as "skilled workmen," and many of them must be accounted for by the building trades. In these the exceptionally high pay during the season goes far to balance the off-season unemployment, which is counted on in advance, and thus the number of skilled workmen who can be supposed to be suffering great hardship does not appear to be at all formidable.

The leaders of the I. W. W., an organization consisting almost entirely of leaders and organizers, are bound to protest against the peculiarly infamous nature of the persecution to which they have been latterly subjected. We are not referring to the arrest and imprisonment of the "army" which has been investing the churches in this city. Arrest and imprisonment are a species of attack which the I. W. W. welcomes as a form of martyrdom which is essential to the ultimate triumph of their ideas. A much more cruel form of persecution was brought into play by Gov. Johnson of California, when he offered work to the unemployed crusaders at Sacramento on their way to Washington. It was almost as brutal an assault as the declaration made by the charity authorities in this city, that there was no need for the unemployed to march on the churches, since the city's resources were sufficient to take care of everybody who applied for food and shelter. This is inhuman warfare. Gov. Johnson and the heads of the Municipal Lodging House in New York might just as well have called out the army and the police against the I. W. W. demonstrators. Such action would have interfered less cruelly with their plans.

The paradox that it is the exclusiveness of *cum laude* and *magna cum laude* degrees which leads our university youth to think that they are not worth trying for seems a somewhat perilous basis for college policy, but Princeton has boldly made use of it. That it has an element of truth has been proved by the British universities, with their wholesale distinction between "honors" and "pass" degrees. The English student who will not put on the higher steam required in an attempt to avoid the "pass" degree is a sorry young man; and even in Scotland, where it has lately come to represent a formidable standard, he is distinctly below the average. The adaptation of the British plan which the Princeton faculty has just announced includes not merely an equally broad distinction between the degrees with honors and without honors, but a requirement that each candidate for honors must enroll, in general, early in his course. It is thus hoped to mark off those who loaf through on a bare margin, and, by furnishing a more general incentive for intellectual distinction, foster a college sentiment that any student not aspiring to honors labels himself at the outset as wanting in academic self-respect. About 60 per cent. of the first class eligible have already enrolled. This experiment in making scholastic distinction democratic, while still keeping it high in significance, will be watched with interest by other colleges.

Mr. Asquith's proposals, in the matter of the Home Rule bill, have been accurately foreshadowed in the recent press reports. In undertaking to allow each county in Ireland to vote on the question whether it will come under the Dublin Parliament, the Prime Minister goes over, by so much, to the Unionist demand for a plébiscite, and also for the exclusion of such parts of Ulster as may decide to be excluded. The offer has been coldly received by Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson, but this was to be expected. The Unionists would not be really enthusiastic over anything short of complete surrender by the Government. Yet it is plain that the Prime Minister's proposal is shrewdly conceived as a means, if not of final and peaceful solution, at least of postponing the crisis and giving the country ample time to think the matter over. Moreover, it is a plan that cuts very deep, logically, into the Ulster contention. This has been that Ulster Protestants simply would not submit to the Catholic majority of Ireland. But if that is so, the Protestant majority—a very small one—in Ulster cannot demand that the Catholic minority in the province submit to it. What Mr. Asquith has done is to suggest that the splitting-up process, on which Ulster has insisted, be carried a little farther. There is no likelihood that the plan will meet with early acceptance, but neither can it be rejected out of hand, as Sir Edward Carson's plea for a modification shows; and to have gained time for consideration is much.

In view of the fact that with the arrest of the South African labor leaders the backbone of the strike movement was broken, it would now appear that by expelling the strike leaders from the country the South African authorities have only given an enormous amount of free advertising to the cause of their opponents. Had the leaders been allowed to remain in Africa under detention, the probabilities are strong that the pacification of the country would have proceeded very much as it did. Premier Botha and his fellow Ministers could hardly have contemplated the possibility of the imprisoned men being liberated by an armed uprising. In jail at Pretoria, or Johannesburg, Messrs. Bain, Poutsma, and their associates would have been no greater source of embarrassment than they are to-day, in view of the remarkable expression of protest in Great Britain against the arbitrary act of the South African Government. The question of Imperial citizenship would not have been thrown open as it has been.

SHORT CUTS TO THE MILLENNIUM.

It must be confessed that the whirlwind reformers of this poor old world and all that is therein are getting on. One objection which used to be made to their plans no longer serves. A common remark upon vaguely benevolent schemes to make the earth over formerly ran like this: "What you say may be all very well, and certainly does honor to your heart, but you must admit that such ideas can never be enacted into a statute. To draw a bill embodying your proposals is beyond the wit of man. And you must perceive that, no matter how fine are your speculations about the future, they can never be reduced to practice unless they can be stated in terms of law."

If this once had power to put to confusion impatient yearners for the millennium, that power is now lost. Every man of them is to-day ready with his little bill to provide a short cut to peace and plenty and the earthly paradise. Consider, for example, two bills lately introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature. One of them, House bill No. 1,861, proposes to abolish poverty by the easy method of re-defining it. Section 1 provides that "all poverty existing in Massachusetts shall be regarded and treated as a disease." One sees the simplicity as of genius in this. The moment you are compelled by law to conceive of the poor man as a sick man, you instantly see the need of a "new type of physician" to treat him. Such a type is specified in the bill, to be "trained and paid by the State"; and, thereafter, the same sort of "organized warfare" which we now wage against tuberculosis, for instance, shall be made upon the twin-disease, poverty. What could be more severely practical?

The other bill—House bill No. 1,864—is more ambitious but equally confident. It proposes nothing less than "the intelligent, voluntary reorganization of society upon lines embodying modern ideas, to establish justice, social efficiency, and happiness." This looks like a large order, but the means prescribed are as large as they are loose. The thing is to be done in convention assembled. All residents of the State, as well as "individuals and organizations in any part of the world," are to be summoned to convene "next autumn or winter," and "submit plans" for making all things new. Some of these are to be laid before the Legislature for "immediate adoption," though others are to be held back until "general arrangements are completed." As between these two bills, the Springfield *Republican* thinks that the Legislature will prefer the scheme of a "perpetual welfare congress," since "in time it might talk its head off, with no harm done."

Such flighty projects are not, of course, to be considered an alarming sign of the times. The bills will probably be heard of no more. They may have been introduced merely "by request." It is impossible to imagine their having a serious backing or receiving serious attention. At the same time, they suggest the sort of ideas that are afloat, and the great ease with which they now get an airing and even solemn embodiment in a proposed piece of legislation. Behind any particular display of folly of this kind there lies the larger folly of supposing that poverty can be abolished, and society completely reorganized—if only people would put their heads together, draw a suitable bill, put it on the statute-books, and then thank Heaven that they are done with *that* job. We have always had with us the panacea-men, and the men with skeleton keys guaranteed to unlock every door that bars the race from progress; but the symptomatic thing is that they are getting both more numerous and more pushing. Entirely convinced that their favorite social remedies are infallible and also easy to understand, they cry out that a chance ought to be given to the people to vote whether they will accept the remedies or not.

It would be wholly unfair to class with the Massachusetts freak bills the proposal in New York to submit to a referendum the plan of halving the tax on buildings in this city. In favor of this measure a petition was presented to the Legislature last week, signed by several thousand names. Now, we should never think of asserting that they and the promoters of the bill are crack-brained. Their project is one on which there is a great deal of serious argument to be advanced, on either side. But the point is that the plan is obviously one very involved, very hard for even the closest students to form a sure judgment upon, and one that is as ill fitted as could be imagined for inviting an off-hand popular verdict upon. Yet a single-taxer will not hesitate to affirm in print that the scheme is so "perfectly clear" as to be just the thing to be submitted to popular vote. We suppose that the electors would merely be asked to say whether they wanted their rents reduced! That would align the proposals with those which Jack Cade submitted to a referendum—namely, that the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops, and that in England seven half-penny loaves should be sold for a penny—and on which he got triumphant popular support. It is very easy for a King Gama to lay question-begging projects before the electors, with the result that

> This people mild politely smiled
> And voted them delightful;

but this neither removes the difficulties nor averts the consequences.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

A meeting was recently called at Cooper Union in this city as a protest against the suit for criminal libel brought by the Associated Press against the editor and the cartoonist of *The Masses*, a Socialist monthly publication. Into the merits of that lawsuit we do not propose to enter. But what is the state of mind at the bottom of the sympathy manifested for the assailants of the Associated Press? That state of mind was pretty fairly represented by Amos Pinchot, the first speaker at the meeting. "It doesn't matter about Mr. Noyes," said Pinchot, "but it does matter if the Associated Press is a common carrier and a monopolistic concern which gives out only such information as will lead to conclusions desired by the officers in control of it."

Now of course neither Mr. Pinchot nor anybody else believes, or means to be understood as believing, that the Associated Press literally "gives out only such information as will lead to conclusions desired by the officers in control of it." And it is not worth while to quarrel over what is obviously a bit of rhetorical license. But, if he is sincere—and we do not question his sincerity—his words indicate a belief that there exists at least a distant approach towards such a state of affairs. He believes—and doubtless good men and women believe with him—that there is systematic and deliberate suppression of news by the management of the Associated Press, and that on a great scale.

That these good people are victims of

a delusion, we do not hesitate to say. To prove this would indeed be difficult; all we can attempt is to show the nature of the delusion, and to give some idea of the kind of nourishment on which it is fed. In the course of a year, there are hundreds of thousands of items of news handled by the Associated Press. Among them it must inevitably happen that some fail to get proper attention; once in a long while an item of importance must even fail to get on the wires at all. This may arise through accidents of haste; it may arise through the incompetence, or the dishonesty, or the partiality of the local man on whom the Associated Press relies for its supply of the news of a given place. Now, if a social or economic reformer is eagerly watching for any sign of the corrupting influence of capital, he is bound to find omissions which relate to the matter he has at heart. The astonishing thing is that so few instances of this kind have been seized upon. But the *nature* of the instances is even more significant than their paucity.

A single, but striking, example of this must here suffice. Prof. E. A. Ross, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Suppression of Important News," presented just one instance in the field of political news of a general nature. When the Supreme Court of Oregon sustained the constitutionality of the initiative and referendum, the news, he says, was not sent out to the press of the country. We have not taken the trouble to find out whether this is true or not. But assuming it to be true, what is the conclusion we are rationally to draw? Did the Associated Press expect to keep it a secret that the people of Oregon were going to continue to have the initiative and referendum? Does it try to keep the annual results of the Oregon referendum votes secret? Is it likely that the Associated Press was so solicitous about the suppression of this particular bit of news, when it sends out every day news a thousand times more revolutionary or radical in its nature? These questions answer themselves; that they should not have occurred to a man of Professor Ross's intelligence is remarkable evidence of the way in which prejudice may paralyze judgment. And any one who uses his judgment must see that precisely the same consideration rules out, as having no significance whatever, nearly all the isolated instances of alleged suppression that are cited. They are few in number; and in kind they can be matched a thousand times over by items far more objectionable to "capitalism," which are promptly flashed over the wires and conspicuously printed in the newspapers.

Now to say this is not to say that the Associated Press is faultless; not even that it is free from grave defects and shortcomings. In the matter of the West Virginia labor troubles, for example, it is not impossible that it may have fallen far short of what might properly have been expected of it. One of the really serious weaknesses of its system is that frequently—though by no means always—it is slow in rising to the gravity of a situation. For its news from the thousands of points—other than the principal centres—whence its dispatches come, it must depend normally upon local men, men connected with the local newspapers; and it is thus exposed to the danger of being supplied with news colored in accordance with the interests or prejudices of the locality or the attitude of a particular paper. For this danger it ought to be on the lookout; and as soon as a situation begins to present aspects of great general interest, it should send an able and trustworthy special representative to the spot. This it actually does do very frequently, and the duty is more clearly recognized now than ever before; but there are undoubtedly cases in which it has been remiss, with unfortunate consequences. But it is one thing to charge it with not coming up to the full measure of an extremely high and arduous responsibility, and an altogether different thing to accuse it of wilful and systematic suppression. The falseness of the accusation none know so well as those who are most intimately acquainted with the actual working of the Associated Press.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY PRESSES.

At Yale's recent alumni gathering, when graduates flocked back to see the University in workaday clothing, no new thing was exhibited with more pride than the Yale Press. Treasurer Day, as the Hartford *Courant* reports, "opened the eyes of the alumni when he told them that many who had never heard of Yale were led by the fame of the Press to look into the fame of the University. He said that one of the largest orders recently came from Japan. The Press already had 125 volumes to its credit, and spread Yale thought broadcast about the world, and encouraged worthy scholarship generally, not confining itself to Yale." President Hadley remarked in his speech that the Yale Press had just published a volume by one of the professors which nearly every important firm in America had rejected, and was fast making money on it! He added, of course, that the object of the Press was to issue such books without thought of loss or gain. Either way, the Yale alumni may well take pride in such an institution as in nearly half-a-dozen of our universities has of late years become prominent—the endowed university press. Its possibilities are fast forcing attention outside academic circles.

The actual achievement of such presses is considerable. It is, moreover, of surprising breadth when one takes into account how carefully each university press has limited its scope and ambitions. The formal statement of the press established last year would serve for all: "Inaugurated primarily for the publication of books of a highly scholarly character, the Harvard University Press aims to aid in the advancement of knowledge by making possible the wide distribution of the work of the foremost scholars of the world. It does not plan, however, to compete with the commercial publisher, since its chief function will be the issuance of books not commercially profitable." The Princeton Press, housed and equipped in 1911 by gift of Charles Scribner, '75, was organized under the act providing for "associations not for pecuniary profit," and specifically chartered "to operate a printing and publishing plant for the promotion of education and scholarship." Yet how much can be accomplished under this severe programme is shown by that older establishment, the University of Chicago Press. Its assortment of astronomical and mathematical signs, special type-setting apparatus, with fonts of Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, and Ethiopic characters, were the jealous pride of President Harper in the 'nineties. Many of its 26 widely circulated journals would be impossible to any but an endowed press. Such recent titles among its 650 books as Loeb's "Mechanistic Conception of Life," McLaughlin's "The Courts, the Constitution, and the Parties," Bronson's "American Poems,"

and others are calculated to excite envy in the ordinary publisher. The publications of the Yale Press are of sufficient general interest to repay general advertising. Yet these works involve no departure from the original purpose.

As to the value of such a Press to the university world, it lies necessarily in scholarly publications, and in giving permanence to the results of scientific research. To set down the function of a university press as "relating the humanities to the general national life," is largely mistaken. There is no end to the difficulties the faculties would meet if they began to seek mouthpieces of this colossal sort. The presses are maintained to encourage the investigation of fact, by taking works which the ordinary book-world refuses, and yet giving them a wider currency than they would get in the ordinary form. Exact scholarship of a petty, burrowing kind has already stimulation enough; but the university presses, standing midway between such scholarship and the writing of books for the commercial public, can lift it to a higher, freer range. They can be invaluable, moreover, in encouraging specialized *magna opera* that would otherwise be unattempted. An exhaustive grammar of the English language, for example, is a desideratum admitted to have been stifled by the certain prospect of refusal on any terms by any publisher. It would be unfortunate, as President Hadley implied, if in the whole mass a book of wide intellectual appeal did not often crop out. Works that active and able professors are always producing for the general publisher might be included for the specific purpose of inviting general attention to the lists of the university presses.

It is true that the university reviews interpret their mission broadly, and have even been stated to fill the gap with the cultivated public which the "popular" magazine has left. But their distinction from the journals of scholarship has always been clear. They print formal essays of a critical character, and exploit a field of abstract thought. They stand apart from the university presses, which have to represent not only the guardianship of knowledge and the critical reworking of ideas, but the search for concrete, buried truth. Properly, of course, the reviews are simply one phase of the general university press movement; the alliance between learning and printing must take on many sides. It is this whole alliance which is significant of the awakening of our universities to their opportunity to disseminate learning far beyond the campus, "not merely from time to time, but all the time."

SPADES AND SHOVELS.

The "repeal of reticence" Miss Repplier calls it in her *Atlantic* paper, this frenzy of plain speech on subjects proper and improper—mostly improper—that characterizes public discussion today. At one end of the scale the college professor who believes sincerely in the necessity of teaching a certain amount of sex hygiene to children; at the other end of the scale the Broadway manager who has capitalized the brothel; between the two a whole army of writers, speakers, educators, agitators, more or less intelligent, more or less sincere, who have been working on the single assumption that the evils of the world need only to be sufficiently advertised to be cured—this is the situation. Let the reader consult Miss Repplier's extremely forceful statement for himself. He will disagree with some of the things she has to say. He will agree with most of the things she has to say. We have little doubt that he will agree with her main thesis, which is that noise and progress are not synonymous; that the Puritanism which is so bitterly flagellated was a Puritanism of utterance which did not stand in the way of a fair appreciation of the facts of life; and that in general the trumpeted revelations of social evils are largely the emphatic way a young generation always has of announcing the discovery of things which their fathers have known all along. But for the moment we are less concerned with the amount of good and bad involved in the abolition of reticence than with the causes that have brought about this remarkable change in our habits of speech.

The emphatic note, or the hysterical note, as one may choose to call it, was struck first some ten years ago by the "muckrakers." We use the term in no invidious sense. There are few people nowadays who will deny that, along with a vast amount of exaggeration, the great magazine crusade which began roughly with Mr. Lincoln Steffens's "Shame of the Cities" has been productive of some good. How far the magazine crusade was merely a symptom of the Social Awakening we now speak of, how much it was an accelerating cause, it would be difficult to determine. The point is that in the discussion of public problems the academic note made way for the loud note. The high pitch may have been due to sincere conviction, or it may have been merely blatancy, as with "Frenzied Finance." But the key for public discussion had been set. Later the note grew more and more shrill, until, in accordance with the law of physics, it resolved itself into silence. But at the beginning there was a certain justification. In speaking of bosses, of grafters, of the entire family of leeches that had attached itself to the government of our cities and States, there was an excuse for not mincing words.

The habit of loud speech received a new impetus from the woman movement—suffrage in its narrower aspect, feminism in its broader connotations. The application of the muckraking rhetoric to feminism was all the more natural because the woman movement is so intimately a part of the social agitation which opened out of the campaign against political misrule. It was impossible to speak of bosses and political corruption without speaking of the vicious saloon and the brothel, those twin supports of bossism. To what extent our reticence in the terminology of sex is due to the very genius of the English language, and to what extent it is due to Puritanism, hardly matters; the fact remains that where other nations used plain terms we were in the habit of employing euphemisms or circumlocutions. We spoke—and for that matter still speak very often—of "unfortunates," of "the social evil," of "resorts."

But in the striving for more and more emphasis on the one hand, and on the other in the great numbers—young men and women for the most part—who gave themselves sincerely to social service, the straight-from-the-elbow vocabulary was bound to make its way. Young men and women who went down to the tenement districts, who began to concern themselves with nurseries, settlement houses, dance halls, moving-picture theatres, with the entire life of the poor among whom the reticences, the privacies, and the delicacies of life are apt to undergo considerable modification, naturally acquired the habit of

plain speech. To the degree in which the lives of these young women from the well-to-do families became less sheltered, their vocabulary became less sheltered. Thus the way was prepared for the technical discussions of problems of sex morality and of race improvement.

Behind such specific causes working for the abolition of reticence is the outstanding feature of our national psychology, our genius for throwing ourselves with unrestrained enthusiasm and credulity into what we are doing. The process may not last; it usually does not last, because of this very excess of energy we apply; but the habit is there. Because we are a nation of business men, other nations are accustomed to call us a practical people; what they mean is that we are an intense people. We work hard and play hard and break down from overplay as from overwork. We are not practical. We are a nation of believers in patent medicines and panaceas. The latest thing that comes along is sure to regenerate the world. It may be eugenics, it may be the Boy Scouts, it may be the direct primary, it may be grated peanuts. Grated peanuts are not merely a food; taken in sufficient quantities they will make us successful in business, purify our politics, adjust our industrial problems, and solve the servant question.

OFFENSIVE COLLEGE "LOYALTY."

The reasons why a man should have a feeling of gratitude, or even devotion, to his college are so plain that they do not need to be stated. To put it on the lowest ground, he is a beneficiary of the institution in which he was educated. What he got was furnished to him at less than cost. The opportunities which he enjoyed represented charity, and possibly sacrifice, on the part of those who endowed his college; or else a free gift from the State. To be insensible to all this would argue him an ingrate. It is no particular credit to a graduate to be what is called "loyal" to his Alma Mater. The virtue, if it be a virtue at all, belongs to the negative class. To display it is no merit, though to be without it would be a disgrace.

In a true and just sense, also, a college man should cherish grateful remembrance of his teachers. They did their best for him ungrudgingly, often, as he is compelled to admit on later reflection, having to work on most unpromising and refractory material. In opening his mind and enlightening his ignorance, they did him as great a service as it often falls to one man to bestow upon another. Not to have a proper sentiment in return for all this would be most unworthy. Something of this must have been in Herder's mind when he said that a scholar who attacks his teacher "bears Nemesis on his back and the sign of reprobation on his forehead." All right-minded college men agree to that. In this and many other significations of the word "loyalty" that might be mentioned, they fully concede and act upon their duty to be loyal to their college.

There are, however, certain extensions or perversions of the idea which they balk at and resent. One of the worst of them is the fantastic notion of college "loyalty" which has grown up in connection with undergraduate athletics. It has often been exposed. The Headmaster of Phillips Andover recently wrote about it in the *Atlantic* with both wonder and severe condemnation. How does it come about that a set of ordinarily decent and manly and honorable young fellows apply an utterly false and indefensible moral standard to athletics? How is it that they will condone and even applaud trickery, wink at cheating, and keep silent in the presence of manifest falsehood? Why, it is because they are bidden to do so in a spirit of intense loyalty to their school or college. And, of course, the thing spreads into graduate life. An alumnus is looked upon as a poor creature who will not go and cheer himself into a frenzy, and chill himself into a rheumatism or a fever, at one of the "big games."

Upon another strange form of graduate college loyalty we feel bound to say a word. Every alumni association must know the type of man we mean. He is the graduate, of anywhere from five to twenty-five years' standing, who makes himself a perpetual nuisance and offence through excess of what he calls "loyalty." In his case, it moves him to be forever babbling about the "dear old college," or else calling upon everybody he meets to yell for the class of 1890. He infests college reunions, clapping strangers on the back and putting his arms about college mates, and shouting that he never can forget the time when Jones made a hit with the bases full. At every college dinner he gets tremendously effusive, as a result either of drink or a rush of sappiness to the head, and makes a speech declaring that if he could only let you see his heart you would see that all his blood ran blue, or white and green, or orange and black, as the case may be. This terrible college loyalist is the getter-up of all kinds of uncouth and impossible alumni "movements." He is all the time proposing new funds, or passing around subscription-blanks, or writing impudent letters to people whom he does not know demanding that they join his particular organization, or send him a thumping contribution, all for the greater glory of the college to which he is so insufferably loyal.

He is ordinarily so dull and thick-skinned, this type of graduate, that it is almost hopeless to seek to wake him to his folly, or make him see how offensive he renders himself to his fellow-alumni. But if any word of ours could penetrate the dark of his intellect and his sensibility, we could wish that it might rouse him to perceive that a man who has nothing to brag of but his college degree has a poor excuse for boasting. If he learned anything worth while during his college course, he should have learned not to behave like a bounder; and if he has not learned anything since—as he usually makes it too plain that he has not—he ought somehow to be made to feel that his insistent and protesting identification of himself and all his interests with the college through which he somehow scrambled, is not the highest compliment to his Alma Mater. There was a time in this country when the name Loyalists meant something hateful. Such some forms of loud-sounding college loyalty might easily become.

MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

It seems rather early to be writing the memoirs of Young Germany. But since Germany has abandoned the tradition of honoring its poets only after their death and is celebrating their fiftieth birthdays, why should not these poets begin their reminiscences as soon as they like, unless on the ground that age brings perspective? Max Dauthendey's "Gedankengut aus meinen Wanderjahren" (Munich: Albert Langen) suffers from the short-distance view of forty-six years. Yet it is an interesting attempt; for the author's recollections

are more than autobiographical, they trace the evolution of his generation, spiritual and æsthetic. The thread that runs from Flaischlen's "Martin Lehnhardt" and Hauptmann's "Einsame Menschen" to the first part of Dauthendey's memoirs is readily recognized. His was not an individual but a typical case. Religious doubts tortured not a few of the young men in the last quarter of the century, before a reading of life based upon science set their minds at rest. The conclusions at which Dauthendey arrived under the influence of his philosophical friends differ little from the monistic philosophy which has taken the place of dogmatic creeds among the intellectuals of his generation. But there are many pages in the two volumes in which the individual and not the type speaks, and these pages have an intimate charm.

Dauthendey's strong attachment to the soil of his fathers, his love of his mother tongue, his faith in the love of woman and the durability of the marriage tie, are expressed with simplicity and sincerity. Nor has his love of home a note of that nationalism which by overemphasis becomes repulsive. His first impressions of Italy, based upon a very brief visit to Venice, are puerile. England he visited with a more open mind and in a more receptive mood. Scandinavia won his sympathies by subtle beauties of nature and a certain freedom of line in the physical build of the people as in their habits of life and mode of thought; eventually it also captured his heart. But his attitude towards France and the French is perhaps the most surprising: it has no trace of the pride of the conqueror, which still colors much that is written by Germans about France. He is not uncritical, but he refrains from censure. A journey to Greece makes very fascinating reading. The voyage around the world is rather briefly disposed of. Not the least interesting features of the work are the references to his contemporaries, native and foreign; his impressions of Richard Dehmel, Frank Wedekind, Stanislaus Przybyszewski, Ola Hansson, Laura Marholm, Ellen Key, Obstfelder, Strindberg, Munch, and others. He draws their portraits in few words, yet succeeds in making them live. Although he dwells in the earlier part of the work upon the systematic manner in which he tried to school himself in the æsthetic principle of his generation, to see things as they are and record them as he had seen them, the two volumes are singularly free from the objectionable features one meets in the writings of other adepts of the naturalistic creed.

The theological and clerical controversies associated with the name of Jatho are revived by the publication of a book, entitled "Zur Freiheit seid ihr berufen" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs), with a preface by his son, Carl Oskar Jatho, beginning with this significant quotation: "Er suchte eine heilige Welt, nicht eine heilige Kirche." The book contains sixteen sermons, the first being the one delivered by the famous pastor in Trinitatis Church in Cologne, five days before he was removed from the pulpit by the judgment of the Evangelical Synod of Prussia. The others were given in various meeting-halls in Barmen, Elberfeld, and Cologne in the two years before death claimed him. The publisher deserves credit for having undertaken the reproduction of the sermons from the shorthand notes of a student, which the deceased had pronounced absolutely trustworthy.

A book of unique interest, not only for the general reader but also for the student of the Reformation, is entitled "Aus Luther's Heimat" (Eugen Diederichs), and has for its author Georg Putzke, a native of Eisleben, who has illustrated the book with most attractive pen-and-ink sketches of his own. He treats Eisleben as a city of monuments, devotes a chapter to the Luther landmarks of the town, to the castle of Mansfeld, which suggests comparisons with Heidelberg, to the tombstones of the Mansfeld country, to the "Hausmarken" which, with the family arms and the signatures of the artists and artisans, are found on many tombs and houses, especially in Eisleben. There is also a chapter on the "Eisleber Steinbibel," which deals with the twenty-nine sandstone tablets in the Annenkirche, the work of a sculptor of the sixteenth century, representing scenes from the Scriptures. Other chapters recount tales of provincial folklore. The book is a mine of suggestion for the historian and archæologist and of information for the mere tourist. One closes the book with the impression that, quite regardless of its close association with Luther and the Reformation, Eisleben is worthy for picturesqueness and unadulterated mediævalism to be ranked next to the popular Rothenburg ob der Tauber.

Another volume which must have been a welcome publication of the holiday season is the "Bayernbuch" (Albert Langen), a book of five hundred pages, with a nosegay of old-fashioned garden-flowers as a cover design. It is an anthology of Bavarian authors covering ten centuries and presenting one hundred names. The editors, Ludwig Thoma and Georg Queri, do not attempt to classify the authors according to any literary standard or any label whatsoever, and have arranged them alphabetically. It is a rather appropriate coincidence, however, that the first author, Engelhart von Adelnburg, is also one of the oldest, and that the second to last selection is by "Meister Kuonrat von Würzeburc." The student of German literature will be surprised to find in the book a number of names not especially associated with Bavaria, among the older writers Wolfram von Eschenbach, Nithart, Tanhuser, and Rosenplut.

A most extraordinary work is a small, illustrated volume, "Im Palast des Minos," by "Sir Galahad" (Albert Langen). The author's familiarity with the work of British and American archæologists and his admiration for Arthur Evans make it a unique tribute to Anglo-Saxon research. But apart from that it stands in a place by itself in the literature of archæology. For scientists delving through the dust of ages are rarely able to shake off a certain traditional dryasdust manner. This is the special merit of "Sir Galahad"; he has produced as readable and attractive a book on the subject as if he had indulged in a brilliant *causerie* on some vital problem. For he reconstructs before the reader's eyes the world of those Greeks that lived long before Hellas and Mycenæ, three thousand years before Christ, a dark-skinned, long-headed, beautiful race which inhabited the Mediterranean basin since the stone age and whose palaces and homes, tools and games we have known only for a few years. The initial sentence gives a fair idea of the original point of view and of the style:

> Das Märchenbuch ist der Baedecker des Archäologen. Wo Töchter aus dem Blut der Sonne im Haupt der Kröte den Smaragd erlösen—wo Holde mit Unholden ringen—Taten tosen um Blut und Gold—harrt immer ein Wirkliches der Enterdung.

"Sir Galahad" points to Schliemann, who, intoxicated with the reading of Homer, set out to discover the Homeric world, and remarks that Arthur Evans, too, read Kingsley's tale of the birth of Zeus in the Dictæan cave before he set out for Knossos and began to unearth the palace of Minos. "In der Geographie ist jedes Märchen verlässlich wie eine Generalsstabskarte" and others are apparently clever paradoxes, but contain great truths.

One could go on quoting indefinitely from this book, rich in information and in suggestion. That the author who hides his identity under the pseudonym "Sir Galahad" completed it at Pebble Beach Lodge, California, is likely to whet curiosity.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Every scrap or detail bearing remotely or nearly on Charles Lamb's life or writings is of interest to his admirers, of whom there are doubtless as many in America as in the land of his "kindly engendure." In this belief, I offer the following report of a law-suit in connection with the "Tales from Shakespeare"—the first fruits of the joint literary labors of Charles Lamb and his sister. It is copied from a manuscript in my possession, which, I should judge, was meant for publication; but whether it was printed is unknown to me. There is no

indication as to the name of the reporter.

Before transcribing the account, it may be well to preface it with some remarks on the "Tales" while they were still in the making. The first reference to them is in a letter written by Charles Lamb to Manning shortly after the latter's departure for the East, "to plant the cross of Christ among barbarous Pagan anthropophagi," as Lamb, with characteristic inexactness, puts it. The date of the letter is May 10, 1806. Lamb writes: "She [Mary] says you saw her writings about the other day, and she wishes you should know what they are. She is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakspear's plays, to be made into Children's Tales. Six are already done by her, to wit, 'The Tempest,' 'Winter's Tale,' 'Midsummer Night,' 'Much Ado,' 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and 'Cymbelline.' The 'Merchant of Venice' is in forwardness. I have done 'Othello' and 'Macbeth,' and mean to do all the Tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people. Besides money. It is to bring in 60 guineas. Mary has done them capitally I think you'd think. These are humble amusements we propose."

Later, on June 2, Mary tells her friend, Sarah Stoddart, afterwards the wife of William Hazlitt, that her Tales "are to be published in separate story books, I mean in single stories, like the children's little shilling books. . . . Charles has written Macbeth, Othello, King Lear, and has begun Hamlet; you would like to see us, as we often sit, writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting) like Hermia and Helena in the Midsummer's Night's Dream; or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan: I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while, and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds that he has made something of it."

Early in July they have only six to do to complete their task, and the writing of these is to occupy Charles's "holidays" —"all to be spent at home."

On December 5 Lamb informs Manning that the Tales "are near coming out, and Mary has begun a new work," and on January 29, 1807, the work in two volumes is sent off to the Wordsworths at Grasmere. Lamb's comment is as follows: "I am answerable for Lear, Macbeth, Timon, Romeo, Hamlet, Othello, for occasionally a tail piece or correction of Grammar, for none of the cuts and all of the spelling. The rest is my sister's: We think Pericles of hers the best and Othello of mine—but I hope all have some good. 'As You Like It' we like least." Then, in a postscript: "I had almost forgot. My part of the preface begins in the middle of a sentence, in last but one page after a colon, thus:—*which if they be happily so done &c.* The former part hath a more feminine turn and does hold me up something as an instructor to young Ladies: but upon my modesty's honour I wrote it not."

Several of the Tales were printed separately—how many, and when first published, cannot be stated positively. Four were offered for sale in London last April by Messrs. Maggs Brothers. These were "Timon of Athens," 1808; "King Lear," 1808; "Romeo and Juliet," 1808, and "The Merchant of Venice," 1809, and they were priced at £125, £105, £52.10, and £105, respectively. Some ten years or so previously, four others were noted in a catalogue of another London dealer, viz.: "The Winter's Tale," 1809; "Othello," year not stated; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1811; and "Cymbeline," 1811. These four Tales had been bound in one volume. Each one in both of the foregoing series contained three plates, whereas when the "Tales" were issued in 1807 in two volumes, only one appeared with each tale. In addition to the above-mentioned copies, seven others are in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise, a well-known English collector. It would be interesting to know if others are in the collections of American bibliophiles.

The first publisher of the "Tales," both separately and in the collected edition, was William Godwin, who also produced all the other juvenile books written by Charles and Mary Lamb. Some years following the first publication, the unsold copies of the two-volume edition were handed over, along with the copyright, to Baldwin & Craddock, who were the plaintiffs in the law-suit, the account of which is now given. It is not mentioned by Talfourd or Procter and does not appear to have been known to Lamb's recent biographers or editors. The legal proceedings are not, so far as I have been able to discover, referred to in the Law Reports of the day, and only the barest notice of the trial was made in the London *Times*.

The MS., which fills four small quarto pages, is headed:

JOINT AUTHORSHIP. LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEAR.
BALDWIN & CRADDOCK AGAINST TILT.

A case of considerable interest as regards the rights of joint authors came on before the Vice-Chancellor on Thursday [August 11, 1836]. The facts, so far as we could catch them, were these: In the year 1806-7 the late William Godwin, who then carried on business as a Bookseller in Skinner Street, published a work bearing the title of "Tales from Shakespear, designed for the use of young persons, by Charles Lamb." In the preface to the work, the Author states that in the tales taken from the Tragedies, Shakespear's own words have been used with very little alteration, but that in those from the Comedies "I found myself scarcely ever able to turn his words into the narrative form &c". When Godwin's stock was disposed of, Messrs. Baldwin & Craddock became the purchasers of the copies on hand and copyright of these Tales, though it does not appear that Godwin held any legal assignment of the latter from the Author. Charles Lamb died in December, 1834. In the early part of the present year Mr. Tilt determined on adding the "Tales from Shakespear" to an elegant series of the English Classics which he is now publishing at a low price. When the work was in course of printing, Mr. Moxon, the Bookseller who acts as trustee under the will of Charles Lamb, heard of it, and called at Mr. Tilt's shop, but not finding him at home, left a message with his shopman that the copyright of the work had not expired inasmuch as the whole of the tales from the Comedies were written by Miss Lamb, and that therefore by publishing the work he would render himself liable to an injunction. The work was notwithstanding published in the month of June last at one-third of the price of the edition published by Messrs. Baldwin & Co.

Mr. Knight, who appeared for the plaintiffs, moved the Court to grant injunction to restrain the defendant from proceeding with the sale of the said work. The case was indeed so very clear that he did not see upon what ground the application could be opposed. In support of the application two affidavits were put in, one by Messrs. Baldwin & Co., proving that they had purchased the copyright of the work from Godwin and the other by Mr. Moxon that the exceedingly delicate state of Miss Lamb rendered it impossible to procure any affidavit from her without the greatest risk, but that he had been assured by the late Charles Lamb that his sister was the Author of the Comedies and that he —Mr. M.—had given notice as above stated to Mr. Tilt "several months ago." Messrs. Baldwin & Co., who held no legal assignment of the Copyright of the work from Charles Lamb, have since the publication of the edition which formed the subject of the present motion, obtained for the sum of fifteen pounds a conveyance of the same from Miss Lamb.

Mr. Turner, who appeared for the defendant, contended that the work having been published for thirty years as Charles Lamb's, and that Miss Lamb having, it might fairly be presumed, parted with her interest in the work to her brother, so as to vest the copyright in him, that in the absence of all notice to the contrary it was not competent for her to now come forward and seek *brevi manu* to restrain his client from its publication. He referred to the decision of the Court in the cases *Platt* v *Butten*, and *Rundle* v *Murray*, in both of which the works which formed the ground of these actions having been permitted by the authors to be published as the property of others for years, the Court refused to interfere. He questioned indeed if the facts above stated did not amount to an abandonment of Miss Lamb's copyright at any rate they formed sufficient ground for the court to refuse the present application.

Mr. Knight replied.

His Honour in giving judgment said that the work having been published for so long a period as the unquestioned production of Charles Lamb, the defendant had a perfect right to avail himself of the work on the expiration of his—Charles Lamb's—copyright. Now as it did not appear that notice of Miss Lamb's claim had been given till the defendant had gone to the expense of purchasing types and paper for printing this edition —for he could not allow of such looseness of expression as the "several months ago" used in the affidavit—he could not interfere in the matter. Injunction Refused.

S. Butterworth.

Correspondence

A REINCARNATION OF TOUCHSTONE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is a remark of an excellent critic (Prof. C. T. Winchester, in "A Group of English Essayists") that a good deal of Touchstone lives again in Charles Lamb. The remark is arresting and, upon second thought, convincing. For Touchstone was no mere clown. He was philosopher as well as jester. Whimsical, sympathetic, eccentric in phrase, he captured even the melancholy Jaques—who says, if the text be correct at this point, "Good my lord, like this fellow." And the Duke replies, "I like him very well." Truly, Touchstone and Lamb were both preëminently likable men. The acid of their wit never curdled the milk of human kindness in them.

Lamb would not have been offended by the comparisons. Indeed, on many an occasion he deliberately set out to play the clown. He never made any effort to please strangers whom he disliked, and was consequently often taken for a mere buffoon. Carlyle's cruelly inaccurate verdict upon him, especially the phrase "ghastly make-believe of wit," is notorious. There was little in common between Carlyle and Lamb. Elia would probably have admitted that this Caledonian was one of his "imperfect sympathies." Consider, too, Lamb's treatment of the unfortunate controller of stamps who persisted in asking Wordsworth foolish questions. It would have seemed to a stranger both presumptuous and irresponsible. As the controller gravely inquired whether Milton was not "a great genius," Lamb, snatching a candle, cried with mock politeness: "Sir, will you allow me to examine your phrenological development?" Wordsworth's "my dear Charles!" failed to subdue his risibility, and he had finally to be conducted from the room, still murmuring his longing to examine the gentleman's bumps.

This is the true Touchstone vein. For the moment the clown seems to have extinguished the philosopher; but turn to the "Essays of Elia," and the latter reappears. The essay in which Lamb most resembles Touchstone the present writer believes to be "The Two Races of Men," in which the author discusses in his happiest vein the borrowers and the lenders, designating the former as "the great race." Such a passage as the following is decidedly reminiscent of Touchstone:

> He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse, which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim whom he delighteth to honor struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend, therefore, cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised.

The love of whimsical phrase exhibited in this and in most of Lamb's essays is, though individual, not dissimilar to Touchstone. And Lamb was inordinately fond of seventeenth-century English. Although he writes intentionally a mixed style, for humorous purposes, there is a strong flavor of the antique.

There was nothing ancient about Lamb's humor, however, except his diction and style. No man's humor is more thoroughly individual, more thoroughly an effluence of his own personality. And so with Touchstone. Nevertheless, in his courtship of Audrey, "a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own," he might be replaced by Lamb with scarcely a jar, so similar are their quizzical natures. Lamb's humorous remarks on "The Behaviour of Married People" are well known, as should be also his amusement upon watching his friend Hazlitt's wedding, when he was so overcome with mirth as to incur danger of being removed from the church.

Touchstone, not being a principal character in "As You Like It," is not drawn at sufficient length to enable one to compare him with Lamb fully; but the likeness is in several respects surprising. The affection in which the clown is held shows that he possesses an unusually sympathetic nature; and this, of course, is a famous trait of Lamb's. In other circumstances it might have been more fully depicted in Touchstone, but in "As You Like It" there is no occasion for this. He is a faithful companion to Rosalind, and especially to Celia, but no sentiment is developed on the subject, despite their dependence on his protection in their flight from the court. Touchstone's chivalry is, like Lamb's, unassuming.

There is one interesting contrast: Touchstone seems quite in harmony with the forest of Arden; but Lamb, a Londoner born and bred, cared little for the country. His comments on such a place as Arden would have been distinctly worth while. Touchstone's remark upon arriving at the forest is about what we might imagine Lamb as uttering in a similar situation: "Now am I in Arden, the more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place, but travellers must be content."

In his letters he perhaps comes even closer to Touchstone than in his writings for the public eye. They exhibit much of the clown, thus proving that this was always a central element in Lamb. Life was a precious serious business to him, with a mad sister on his hands; but he contrived to regard it usually as a jester's court. And if any one objects to considering Lamb as a clown or jester, objects to comparing him to Touchstone, let that person read some comments on Touchstone towards the close of "As You Like It," after he has been analyzing the "lie seven times removed"—a bit of philosophizing quite in Elia's vein. Jaques, the Hazlitt of the play, says: "Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? He's as good at anything, and yet a fool." And the Duke replies: "He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under presentation of that he shoots his wit."

When we think of Lamb's mournful jest, "The wind is tempered to the shorn Lambs," written to a friend after one of Mary's homecomings from her periodical visits to an insane asylum, how vividly does the Touchstone element appear in him! To these two indomitable optimists, the one fictitious, the other real, everything was opportunity for mirth.

HARRY T. BAKER.

New York, December 5.

CONSISTENCY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 26, under the caption "Bristow vs. Common-Sense," you join Senator Owen in pointing out "what everybody in his senses knows to be true, that there are a great many things in the promiscuous and hastily concocted deliverances of platforms which cannot be thought of as binding the party to a given course of action in the future, no matter what may happen."

This, to my mind, is contrary to all your previous conclusions on the subject when William Howard Taft was President your attacks for his failure to reduce the tariff, as he had promised in his platform, were continuous. You were quite right in doing this if you really believed it, but the situation was decidedly harder for President Taft, with a Congress frankly hostile to him, than it is for President Wilson to-day, with a Congress generously favorable towards him. Then, too, you have forgotten your repeated attacks on former President Roosevelt. You have always insisted that he should have uncompromisingly supported any issue advocated in his pre-election campaigns. Even when he is on his vacation in South America you are eager to reveal some discrepancy in two consecutive words he may breathe. Imagine the language of protest in your esteemed columns had Theodore Roosevelt dared to repudiate any minor statement put forth in his platform! And yet you coincide with the words that "the idea of fettering a party for all time [by promises embodied in its platform] is the height of absurdity."

I quite agree with you in your judgment that a party must not be held too closely to the words issued in its political planks, but I find it amusing to note the bold inconsistency in your vacillating demands on Woodrow Wilson and your iron-bound demands on Theodore Roosevelt. I am not criticising your views on this subject, but I do believe that consistency should not be sacrificed on the altar of partisan enthusiasm.

CURT H. REISINGER.

New York, March 3.

WESLEY'S WORDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am sure that not all readers of the *Nation* will accept as satisfactory the explanation made in your last week's issue by Mr. Sherman of his attribution to Wesley of the sentiment, "Better to rule in hell than serve in heaven," nor aside from this quotation will all accept his comparison of Wesley with Cobbett as happy. Doubtless, all strenuous lives have something in common, but it seems to me unfair to refer to Wesley the well-known quotation from Milton's Satan and place him in comparison with such a man as Cobbett, even if it can be proved that in a single instance he applied these words to himself. The two men may have been equally *masterful*, but the keynote of Wesley's life was *service*, while that of Cobbett was *selfishness*, and I am sure that whatever Wesley's faults or however absolute his rule, his disposition to *serve* was supreme. All historians, including Professor Winchester, quoted by Mr. Sherman, bear out this contention. But the only authority we have for supposing that Wesley ever applied the words of Satan to himself is an obsolete pamphlet of 1792, by the Rev. Alexander Gordon, quoted in the Dictionary of National Biography.

I am quite certain that several millions of Wesley's followers, comprising the largest body of Protestants in America, would count it more appropriate that, if the words of Satan were to be used to characterize Cobbett, they should be

quoted from their usual source, rather than referred to Wesley on so slender authority, and that candid and intelligent men of other affiliations, including Mr. Sherman, will accept this as a not unreasonable attitude of mind.

EVERETT O. FISK.

Boston, March 2.

UNWELCOME EVIDENCE FOR IMMORTALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the minds of most people the belief in personal immortality rests chiefly upon two foundations: the teachings of Jesus and His own resurrection; and a more or less positive conviction that the conservation of moral and spiritual energy demands an opportunity for activity beyond this present life. To believers in immortality it might seem that any kind of proof would be welcome. It possibly, therefore, sounds a little ungracious to speak of unwelcome arguments for a proposition which is by no means universally accepted.

The recent utterances of Sir Oliver Lodge and the more recent death of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace have brought to the front a so-called scientific argument for immortality which bids us accept the revelations of the mediums as evidence that personality is continued after death. We are told that if these leaders of physical and biological science are convinced of the truth of these revelations, the rest of us ought, joyfully and unquestioningly, to fall in line. Much is made of the splendid scientific skill of Sir Oliver Lodge which has been brought to bear upon these problems, and it is pointed out that men of this class are unusually well fitted to pass judgment upon their claims to consideration. To me the point does not seem to be well taken. The training of a great physicist is not the best preparation for undertaking investigations of this character. Let us consider, for example, one of the best-known investigations of Sir Oliver Lodge. It is a disputed question in physics whether the earth drags the ether with it in its motion through space, or whether the ether remains at rest relatively to the earth's motion. Professor Michelson's celebrated experiment tended to show that there was no relative motion. Sir Oliver Lodge, by rotating two metal disks in opposite directions, reached a different conclusion, because he found no shifting of the interference fringes. It is unnecessary to set down the technical details of these experiments, but attention is called to the fact that the experimenters placed absolute confidence in the conditions under which they were working. They may have neglected certain factors in the experiments, or they may have reached conclusions based upon insufficient data, but when they asked Nature a straightforward question they got a perfectly straightforward answer. It never entered their minds to question this. If scientists were obliged to add to the difficulties of their investigations, the task of detecting whether or not Mother Nature might be playing tricks upon them, their labors would at once cease.

Granted that spiritualistic phenomena are proved facts, no one would be better able than Sir Oliver Lodge to express the spirit forces in dynes, or to measure their rate of transmission in centimetres per second. But nothing in his training as a man of science would entitle him to be compared with a man like W. J. Burns in the matter of detecting possible fraud.

An immortality of dignity and service has a well-nigh universal appeal. An immortality of table-tipping and joint-cracking and banjo-playing; an immortality of concern for the trifling and the frivolous, has, most fortunately, a limited appeal. We are justified, then, in referring to such purported evidence for human immortality as unwelcome. For the dignified veiled picture of a future life which Jesus gave us, we should find little to substitute which would add to human knowledge or human happiness.

JAMES S. STEVENS.

University of Maine, Orono, Me., January 30.

BILLBOARDS AND ATTRACTIVENESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent editorial on "Village Improvement" certifies, quite correctly, to the "dreariness of most Western, Atlantic, and Southern villages." The methods you suggest as likely to better this condition do not, however, include that most practicable means of village beautification—the extension of the signboard system.

Who that has witnessed the civic transformation that has been wrought in recent years through the multiplied use of billboards for advertising purposes has failed to note the increasing attractiveness of the average American city? Wherever the eye rests is the imposing, compelling, gratifying work of the sign painter or billposter. Vacant lots or naked brick walls are rarely visible. Facts, and illustrations of soaps, cigars, subdivisions, soubrettes, circuses, and what not, greet one everywhere. The weary commuter, homeward bound from his daily toil, sees from the car window not the scenery but the signs. He is delighted and refreshed, and feels that urban existence is not without its æsthetic charms.

But in the village, be it Skykomish or Baraboo, Palatka or Monrovia, the signboard has not to a like extent contributed to the gratification of eye and mind. True the great tobacco companies have not failed to provide the smaller centres with their ten-by-twenty-foot patronage (generally facing the right-of-way for the benefit of railway passengers, however), and every passing circus agent's car has fired a broadside of posters against defenceless barns (the idea must have originated with old P. T. Barnum—he of the "right idea"), but generally the billboards in small towns are not many in number or varied in interest. This deficiency must be remedied. The city should not monopolize the advantages of open-air advertising.

Perhaps it is too much to request that the advertising agencies extend their lumber and paint propaganda into the smaller villages. And the country merchant can do little. Obviously, assistance must be provided. It is respectfully suggested that upon an appointed day—to be known perhaps as Village Beautification Day—each student of the public schools be requested to bring a board or nail or material suitable for the application of paint; that on such day a citizens' committee provide for the erection and maintenance of as many signboards as may be required to make the town truly attractive. With this aid it would no doubt be possible to secure the further coöperation of certain of the national advertisers who profess to favor the outdoor advertising methods.

HARRY W. FRANTZ.

Stanford University, March 9.

Literature

COMMERCIALIZED LEXICOGRAPHY.

New Standard Dictionary. One volume; nearly 3,000 pages; over 7,000 illustrations. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $30.

Whether well done or ill, this imposing volume must be conceded to mark an instructive stage in English lexicography. It shows wrought out to the very limits that conception of a dictionary which sets store by the treating of a maximum of verbal items. With a thesaurus of the English language—construing "English" liberally to take in the various Latinate nomenclatures of science—it incorporates many thousand entries of the sort offered by various hand-books, viz., abbreviations, foreign proverbs and phrases, mythological names, a gazetteer of place-names, and a biographical dictionary which, listing many names of living men, now pushes into the field of a "Who's Who."

No sharp line, of course, can be drawn about the field of a dictionary. Its definitions must, in the case of words meaning things or processes (*e. g., dynamo, lithography*) overlap the field of the encyclopædia; in the case of other words (*e. g.*, names of knots) definitions must give way to pictures if any precise meaning is to be conveyed. Within this legitimate borderland the New Standard Dictionary has large assortments of information effectively presented. Condensed essays, such as appear at *croquet, cross;* tabulated classifications, such as enlarge upon *dye, language;* diagrams, such as that showing the moves of chess-men; and excellent illustrations, some in colors, as at *spectrum*, all clarify terms that would get little from a bare lexical statement. So much of true dictionary work can be done by pictures and diagrams that it is regrettable to find many pages of valuable space given up to pictures merely catchy to the uncritical eye. Thus, while the interesting terms *plain hunt, bob, grandsire, dodge* are left unintelligible for lack of a small chart of *change-ringing*, the quite self-defining term, *steel construction*, is

made a pretext for picturing the Woolworth building, and full-page plates devoted to *safety devices, fire department, police* and *postal services, railroad* and *telegraph equipment* seem to have strayed into the dictionary from the Sunday supplement.

Such frankly popular features, of course, affect the plan of the book in no such radical way as does its claim to treat 450,000 terms. When in 1909 Webster's New International raised its total to 400,000, even the uncritical must have surmised that these mounting additions to the vocabulary represented not actual growth in the language, but mere inclusions from an indefinitely available fund—inclusions that will afford rivalry between dictionaries so long as their publishers can count on numerical totals to make a commercial appeal. This appeal, it is to be hoped, will get its *reductio ad absurdum* in the New Standard. One need examine but three classes of terms to see that they can swell the book's bulk without adding appreciably to its value. First, the Latin names of plant and animal species represent at most but a selection from the lexicons of science; of *orchidaceæ* alone nearly 5,000 species can be listed whenever a bigger showing is sought. Next, the free formatives *anti-, contra-, pro-, pre-, re-, un-, -able, -less, -ize*, etc., supply "perpetual nonce-words" at will. The New Standard gives thirty-six columns of such words under *un-*, and the list might be doubled, if the mere fact of occurrence is to warrant their inclusion. And, third, the entering of phrases can go on so long as the verbal kaleidoscope holds out to turn! Many phrases, of course, are real sense-units, calling for definition. Thus, *semicircular canal* (overlooked by the Standard editors) has a specialized application in the anatomy of the ear. But no such warrant can be shown for *Japanese art, Italian opera;* and one fails to see why, having accorded dictionary treatment to *moderately heavy wood, education for efficiency*, our editors stopped short of *moderate variable winds* and *votes for women*. This indiscriminate glutting of the vocabulary may even conceal a failure to note useful additions to the language. Thus, while the Standard now incorporates the native Philippine words (*anabo*, a grass; *anac*, a son; *anay*, white ant; *aral*, to teach, etc.), which its supplement of 1903 listed in shoals, it has missed such genuine new words as *cacogenics* (answering to *eugenics*), *cafeteria*.

It will, of course, be pleaded that such accretions, after all, do not impair the book's serviceableness to those whose concern is with literary English. The standard words of the language are all there in their places, and the other matter one is free to skip. One must, indeed, grant that if words are to be sought in it but once or twice a fortnight on the chance needs of a miscellaneous reader, it matters less what their neighbors are on the dictionary page. Chaucer's *athre*, "in three directions," though incongruously crowded among *Atholc*, a district in Perthshire, *Athor*, the Egyptian goddess, *Athos*, Dumas's hero, and *athrepsia*, the disease, is nevertheless accessible to a random and vagrant curiosity. But if the dictionary is to serve the language student and the writer, it cannot simply open up a heterogeneous welter amidst which the standard words *apparent rari nantes*. Students of a literary text can get no cumulative mastery of its diction, unless each turn to the dictionary brings up not only the one word sought, but a fringe of reinforcing impressions as to other words in the same field. The writer wants his word displayed with its cognates and derivatives, for these suggest by-senses and possibilities of phrasing. From such workers, a short experience of searching out their staples of mental exchange among gastropods, towns in Ohio, Biblical worthies, and zymotic diseases will draw the protest that the English language has here got lost in the ruck.

The sheer numbers of items defined, moreover, leave little space for that kind of information which a dictionary should offer in untrammelled completeness. A treatise on words that is expected to serve schools and colleges in the study of English must do for the lexical features of the language what an advanced grammar does for its syntax. It should aim, of course, to give a biography of each word. This, to be sure, is often something of a problem, since important words like *cast, head, power*, develop their meanings in no such chronological single file as appears in a column of definitions. But the misleading serial treatment imposed by exigencies of printing can be offset by little prefatory analyses, as in the Oxford Dictionary, or by small diagrams such as Greenough and Kittredge's "Words and their Ways" suggests for *power, treacle*, showing where meanings have branched off simultaneously from a common point, or where they have alternated generalizing and specializing forces. Furthermore, it should give an abundance of illustrative quotations. A word does not get all its expressive value or its limitation conveyed by bare lexical statements; it must be seen in action. The dictionary, again, should apply to synonyms, perhaps also to philosophical words involving questions as to the *nature* of meaning, the results of such semantic work as that of K. O. Erdmann's "Bedeutung des Wortes." Finally, it should afford a view of the word's affinities and special bearings: etymologies should note its doublets (*cross, crucial, crucifix, crusade, cruise, crux*); definitions should take at least passing note of *loci classici* (as the Oxford Dictionary does under *tell*, for "Every shepherd *tells his tale*"), and of important translation-meanings, especially in the English Bible, as for *sin, spirit, redeemer*, in Jonathan's "sin" (2 Sam. xiv, 38), "The *Spirit* of the Lord" that came upon Samson, and "I know that my *redeemer* liveth."

With these considerations in mind one can quickly gauge the serviceableness of the New Standard in the field of word-study. Biographical treatment of the word it deliberately sacrifices for the sake of putting the chief current meanings first. Thus *bedlam*, for which the sense-development was (1) the London hospice of St. Mary of Bethlehem; (2) this hospice as an asylum for the insane; (3) any mad-house; (4) a tumult, the Standard treats in the sense-order (4), (3), (1 and 2). The end of setting the more important meanings in relief could surely be served better by the use of large and small type. Quotations, again, are sparse. Indeed, one can hardly proceed with this inquiry without noting the conception of lexicography betrayed by the managing editor in his account of the treatment of quotations in the Standard. In the *Journal of the Royal Society of Arts* for October 24, 1913, he says:

> With dictionaries immediately before him, usually seven in number, and other reference books available, he [the definer] created a definition that did not infringe the rights of any one of the books. . . . Next, quotations were selected to illustrate the various meanings of words. These quotations were verified and edited, then attached to the work of the definer.

This procedure would actually invert the order of treatment by which sound definitions are made. Quotations are the fountain-source of all definitions. If the English lexicographer of to-day must work with the Oxford Dictionary before him, it is because that work supplies an unsurpassed fund of accurate evidence in its quotations. Its definitions, and the definitions of all other dictionaries, are simply interpretations of the evidence, and can be made the basis of further defining only with the risks that attend working at second hand. The New Standard shows repeatedly what these risks are. Thus, *acreman*, for which Webster's New International has: "O. Eng. Hist. The man whose duty it was to lead and manage the common plow team," the Standard renders: "The man who led and managed the ordinary plow-team." But quotations show that "common" here means not "ordinary" but "held in common" (by the folk of the manor or village). Of the stock words of the language which are the unique field of the dictionary it must be said that in general the Standard's treatment is bald and superficial. Thus *sicker*, to which the Oxford Dictionary accords two interesting columns, it disposes of

in the line: "*sicker*, a. [O. Eng. & Prov. Scot.] Safe; sure." *Tear* (the verb) gets no notice in its quaint sense of "blaspheme," although under the separate rubrics *tearer*, *tearing*, the editor would have found "these God *tearers*," "the *tearynge* of Goddis name." *Take*, on which the Oxford Dictionary (issue of April, 1912) bestows six pages—not counting those devoted to its phrases—affords a test of the Standard editors' work where they could not profit by the careful digesting given by Webster's New International to the Oxford material published prior to 1909. After its first three definitions, which are fairly elaborated, it gets a treatment scant, vague, and devoid of any real analysis. Thirty-four transitive and fourteen intransitive senses file down the column in almost random order, and with phrasing so loose as at once to overlap one another and to miss the point of—

> No fairy *takes*, nor witch hath power to charm.

So far, it might be pleaded that these strictures assume a more literary purpose than the New Standard professes, that it is to be fairly judged only as an example of its type: the omnium gatherum designed not for word-study but for occasional reference, and claiming as such no other merits than workableness and accuracy. Now, workableness in a dictionary is a matter of vocabulary order and cross-referencing. If, turning from an old text to look up *arede*, *arreed*, *corte*, or *curt*, you fail to meet the form in its vocabulary place, you are balked in your quest as effectually as if the form were omitted. That it occurs run on as a variant after *arcad* or *court* will not help, since the identification is precisely what you were seeking a clue to. A count of such instances (variants run on without cross-reference) on eighteen pages, taken at random about 150 pages apart, if a fair sampling for the whole book, gives it above 37,000 word-forms thus inaccessibly buried. Phrases, again, are entered now under the first word, now under the second: thus, *open fire*, *secondary clay*, *volcanic mud* under the adjectives; *open wood*, *secondary wood*, *volcanic sand* under the nouns. The eighteen-page count indicates that above 85,000 phrases have their location thus in doubt. Many, indeed, as *green monkey*, *orange fly*, *obscure rays*, *line of level*, are entered and defined at both places—an accident not only prodigal of space, but disconcerting when the definitions disagree.

Accuracy, however, must be the criterion uppermost in judging a book that details many thousand statements of fact. By the test of accuracy the New Standard comes off fairly in its contributed matter, especially in its tables and short treatises, but decidedly ill in the work of its office staff. A rapid comparison of its Gazetteer entries with the latest official sources shows many errors (*e. g.*, at *Broach*, *Bruxton*, *British Honduras*) both in descriptions and statistical figures. Its etymologies—too meagre, in any case, to have scientific value—show no advance upon those of the prior edition. It is hard to believe that a professional philologist would have disregarded Skeat's revised verdicts on *dismal*, *havoc*, *parricide*, or Wiener's evidence on *avoirdupois*, *grocer*, *tartan*, or would still derive *pontifex* from *pons*, and *sepal* from *separ*. Its definitions fail repeatedly in two requirements of accuracy: sharp differentiation, and the remarking of status. Thus *factitious*, as used of the "factitious loyalty" imposed at college by fraternities and organized athletics, is not simply "proceeding from or created by art as opposed to nature"; it is "artificial" in the sense of unspontaneous, wrought up by conscious effort. *Quite* as "considerably" should be stigmatized as slack; *so-long* (good-bye) and *enthuse* are not simply "colloquial"; they consort with chewing-gum; and *dump* (verb, sense 3) is low. In short, the errors of all kinds occurring within the compass of single pages (there are at least twenty-two on page 771) suggest that the editorial work has been scamped.

Both in conception and execution, then, the New Standard Dictionary is not a textbook for literary study. Its choice of vocabulary does, indeed, disclose an aim to serve school use. The entries *arctted*, *assoil*, *chivachye*, *fetisly*, *pricasour*, *trctys*, *wanhope*, show that, while professing to debar obsolete words, its publishers claim to cover the literary vocabulary as far back as Chaucer. But this aim is not carried out. Not only are Chaucerian forms of modern words omitted (*e. g.*, *bigonne*, *aryve*, *asscged*, *ayeins*, *bismotered*, *reulc*), but their Chaucerian senses under the modern forms (*c. g.*, under *begin*, *arrive*, the senses in, "he hadde the bord *bigonne*"; "at many a noble *aryve* hadde he be"). The book will sell by its appeal to the semi-educated, to a public interested not in ideas but in things, and disposed (as its editors suggest) to view any lingering over a word's history or expressive value much as trolley-men view stopping for passengers—as irritating delays in an otherwise quick trip.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Gate. By Warwick Deeping. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

Mr. Deeping has scored a good many successes as a writer of more or less historical romance. He has shown a profitable fondness for swashbuckling heroes, maidens in towers, excursions, alarums, and hairbreadth 'scapes. To abandon the properties and perquisites of this order of romance, and come down to the dull realities of modern life, calls for a good deal of courage. Mr. Deeping has shown the courage, but not quite the ability, for this feat.

Though modern dress is specified, the story has many of the qualities of the costume novel. Roymer, the English village in which the scene opens, might seem to some people, the author confesses, "in sympathy with that school of fiction that scorns anything dramatic and prefers to regard life as one long flux of dreary detail." He himself is evidently unable to regard life in any such way. In fact, we must confess that his Roymer heroine is only the maiden of the tower, and his Roymer hero the chivalrous knight born to rescue her. Of course, her bonds are not physical; and her isolation is due to her possession of and by that popular figure in current novels, a shameless and frivolous mother. Our Constance's paternity is less doubtful than disgraceful; she herself has the dovelike innocence now known as mid-Victorian. Skelton, the knight, is ingeniously if not successfully disguised as an engineer and inventor. He loves his Constance at first sight, and when she will have none of him, carries her off under the married-in-name-only agreement, which appears to be a perennial spring of opportunity for our novelists. The nominal honeymoon in Italy, which ends as a true one, is not made as interesting as it might have been. We would suggest that Mr. Deeping made a mistake in leaving out that necessary complement to the hero of chivalrous romance—the villain, his rival.

The Best Man. By Grace L. H. Lutz. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Most of us would refuse to espouse an unknown person merely as a part of professional duty. Only Cyril Gordon had a different conception of loyalty. When the chief of his Detective Bureau entrusted him with the recovery of an important document from a band of criminals, he went forth ready to lay down his life, not to mention his happiness. Accordingly, when he had procured the paper and, to elude the pursuing crooks, had to take refuge in a church during a wedding ceremony, and found himself escorted to the altar, and there presented with a blushing bride, he thought he was merely adding the *métier* of best man to his other accomplishments. However, when he discovered that he had been mistaken for an imported bridegroom who had obtained the bride through blackmail, and that the bride was his "until death do them part," he perceived that his profession had thrown him into the meshes of life. And he had yet the paper to deliver to his chief!

The honeymoon adventures of the

duty-groom and his bride, their attempts at mutual explanation and extrication from their matrimonial entanglement, and their decision to remain enmeshed, form a most cheerful little tale. One fantastic bit of description occurs at sunrise when "the sun shot up between the bars of crimson like a topaz on a lady's gown that crowns the whole beautiful costume."

Our Mr. Wrenn. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Bros.

One puts down the book in a pleasant frame of mind, with the feeling of having wandered awhile in an odd and delightful world of make-believe. Mr. Lewis's is better than the average first book, and best of all, holds promise of more telling work in the future. There is simplicity, a grateful lack of straining for effect, in this story of a little New York clerk's seeking for the world of adventure and romance conjured up in his fancy by the Fourteenth Street moving-picture palaces, and nurtured on the gaudy circulars of steamship companies and tourist agencies. The girl, Istra Nash, is a very real figure. Mr. Wrenn met her in a Kensington boarding-house, and she led his wistful middle-class soul for a brief space into the world of Futurist art and letters. She is a stock character of modern fiction, of course, the unconventional, cigarette-smoking girl artist, but she is flesh and blood as Mr. Wrenn sees her. The narrative of Mr. Wrenn's voyage to England on a cattle-steamer and the scenes of boarding-house life in New York are well done. It is a story out of the ordinary, with an individuality that atones for a certain slowness in pace.

The Goddess of the Dawn. By Margaret Davies Sullivan. New York: G. W. Dillingham & Co.

The intention is praiseworthy. The author has set out to show that life is really full of illusions which are solid and dreams which come true. She has fittingly chosen a wealthy, beautiful Southern girl as her heroine. Of her narrative she devotes a considerable part to ten years in her heroine's life beginning with her ante-college days. Miss Sullivan, in order to prove that the good and virtuous triumph nnally in this world, introduces a young sculptor, who is striving to pay off his father's debts and who loves the heroine, but does not confess his love because of his poverty. The girl inspires him with his two best works, The Goddess of the Garden and The Goddess of the Dawn.

The heroine, for her part, heads straight for matrimony. She escapes marrying one suitor, marries another, and at the death of the latter seeks her true love, the sculptor. The kaleidoscopic succession of betrothals and marriages makes the reader rather welcome the end of the book as a guarantee against other matrimonial ventures on the part of the heroine.

A LOVER OF MILTON.

Studies in Milton and an Essay on Poetry. By Alden Sampson. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.

The appearance of this book seems to us of happy augury. Too much of our serious writing about great books and authors comes from the men who teach them professionally, and too little from men who may be styled, in the best sense of the term, cultivated amateurs, life-long students, and lovers of the best literature, qualified through their love and study to write about it worthily. As a result, the pedant and the dry-as-dust often elbow the critic out of the very heart of his kingdom, which we take to be the lives and works of the supreme masters. In further consequence, the public reads too many books and essays about second-rate men and works furnished by critics unwilling or unable to master the erudition held to be requisite to any creditable treatment of the great classics; or else, worse fate, the public too often reads books and essays about the masterpieces of literature written by men who are neither true scholars nor well-qualified critics.

Mr. Sampson, in our judgment, has safely made his way between the sand hills of aridity and the bogs of fatuity. He knows his Milton thoroughly, but he loves him even more thoroughly. He writes with the public in view, yet he never descends, either in style or in substance, to a presentation of his great theme that suggests thinness or smartness. On the contrary, fulness of reading and depth of loving meditation are evident on almost every page. The book is divided into three sections. The first—almost a monograph—entitled "From Lycidas to Paradise Lost," is devoted to a study of the sonnets, but it is so discursive and inclusive in its methods of treatment that it brings out much of the charm of the youthful poet of "Comus," much of the grandeur of the blind epic "bard," and not a little of the strenuous nobility of the Milton of the prose period, the assertor of liberty, who lost his sight in his defence of his country and his ideals. This discursiveness and inclusiveness enable Mr. Sampson to give his readers copious quotations from Milton and apt citations from other writers, as well as good comments of his own; but it must be confessed that they serve also to impart to his essay too much of the appearance of a *tour de force*. This does not greatly matter, however, since others have given us an abundance of straightforward criticism of Milton, and since the wealth of apposite quotations would of itself suffice to make the essay both readable and valuable.

The second essay, "Milton's Confession of Faith," is also something of a *tour de force* through a protracted parallel drawn between Milton and George Fox; but again Mr. Sampson's ingenuity produces results that are happy as well as useful. In the concluding essay, "Certain Aspects of the Poetic Genius," Plato shares with Milton our author's allegiance, with Wordsworth and Emerson almost admitted to the inner circle. The mere naming of these four writers shows that the "aspects" of the divine art that occupy Mr. Sampson's attention are those that may be described as high rather than broad; but this means only that his essay, though scarcely catholic or meant to be such, is permeated by a fine idealism. In reading it we were reminded of the well-known story—we may twist it a bit—of Wordsworth walking ahead with Hogg, Lamb and some one else bringing up the rear. Lamb said to his companion, "There go the poets." Wordsworth—ever singular—turned round with, "Poets, poets, where are the poets?" Would Wordsworth walking with Emerson in heaven just in the wake of Milton and Plato make to his companion Lamb's remark, and would Milton imitate the terrestrial Wordsworth? Mr. Sampson does not help us to an answer that is conclusive, nor does he enable us to judge how Byron would report the incident, granting—and we do not know that Mr. Sampson would grant it—that that poetic peer is in heaven and anywhere near Wordsworth.

It seems ungracious, in conclusion, to point out that a book which we have read with much interest and profit contains some lapses from accuracy that might easily have been avoided. But it may go to a second edition, and in that case perhaps its author will change a few loose statements For example, it seems incorrect to write, as on p. 16, that in 1640 Milton recorded the hope that he "might leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die." These famous words occur in "The Reason of Church Government Urged Against Prelaty," which is generally assigned to the early months of 1642. Again, on p. 118 Mr. Sampson's language would hardly imply what seems to be the fact, that before the reply to Salmasius was finished, Milton's physicians had warned him of a probable loss of sight. We admit that Leslie Stephen's awkward insertion of a supporting reference to the "Second Defence" in his article on Milton in the Dictionary of National Biography seems to countenance Mr. Sampson's language, but the latter's way of writing is none the less misleading, as one may see by comparing Garnett's "Milton," p. 111. Furthermore, it is surely hazardous for Mr. Sampson to charge Landor with forgetting that "pe-

cullarities of spelling and punctuation" of the first edition of "Paradise Lost" lay "beyond the scope of the author's revision" (p. 205). Compare this with Masson's remark, "It seems likely that Milton himself caused page after page to be read over slowly to him, and occasionally even the words to be spelt out." There are other statements of Mr. Sampson to which, it seems to us, exception may be fairly taken, but they are comparatively unimportant, and they do not at all diminish our gratitude for such a passage as the following: "When we say that 'Paradise Lost' possesses the quality of decorum, 'which is the grand masterpiece to observe,' we mean that it is nobly decorated with everything which learning, scholarship, poetic power, and sensibility could bring. It is the record of an eye and ear ever alert and eager to seize the myriad forms of beauty which others behold and do not apprehend, and it has all those traits of excellence which a deep-brained intellect and sound character could contribute under the majestic rule of law."

Boycotts and the Labor Struggle. Economic and Legal Aspects. By Harry W. Laidler. With an Introduction by Henry R. Seager, Ph.D. New York: John Lane Co. $2 net.

Doubtless Mr. Laidler did, as Professor Seager in the Introduction says he did, "approach the problem [of boycotts] without prejudice or preconception," but had the Professor not said so it would have been impossible for the reviewer to guess it. For excellent as is Mr. Laidler's collection of facts bearing upon the legality of boycotts in labor warfare, making of his work, as his introducer says, a very good "case-book," it is certainly not unfair to say of it that it reads much more like an argument by an advocate than a scientific inquiry by a dispassionate observer. This is not to say that his argument is not a strong one, but that the judicial attitude is not discernible at any stage of his progress through the subject. It is not perhaps necessary to labor this point, as the reader will hardly fail to note it for himself before he gets very far into the volume.

Broadly speaking, Mr. Laidler's argument is that as labor has finally made good its right to strike, it should be allowed to "organize its purchasing power," *i. e.*, its ability to boycott as a further means of accomplishing betterment of its economic position, for this latter right is equally fundamental and inherent.

> A boycott in labor disputes may be defined [says Mr. Laidler] as a combination of workmen to cease all dealings with another, an employer, or, at times, a fellow worker, and, usually, also to induce or coerce third parties to cease such dealings, the purpose being to persuade or force such others to comply with some demand or to punish him for non-compliance in the past. (p. 60.)

Boycotts may be negative, *i. e.*, by means of the "union label," or positive, *i. e.*, of the "We don't patronize" kind. They are further distinguished as primary, secondary, and compound, and of the compound variety there are two kinds. A primary boycott "may be defined as a simple combination of persons to suspend dealings with a party obnoxious to them. . . . This form, however, is rarely used in labor disputes, as it is comparatively ineffective" (p. 64). A secondary boycott "may be defined as a combination of workmen to *induce* or *persuade* third parties to cease business relations with those against whom there is a grievance." The compound boycott "appears when the workmen use *coercive* and *intimidating* measures, as distinguished from mere persuasive measures, in preventing third parties from dealing with the boycotted firms"; and of these compound boycotts there is the kind where "*threats of pecuniary injury*" are used and the kind where "*threats of actual physical force and violence*" (p. 65) are made.

Mr. Laidler points out that "negative" boycotts and "positive primary" boycotts are generally admitted by our courts. Secondary and compound boycotts have been generally condemned as illegal in this country, both by statute law and judicial decision; but in some foreign countries, notably England, have been virtually legalized. It is the secondary and the first variety of compound boycott that Mr. Laidler desires to see completely legalized in this country. It is only proper to say that the "physical violence" variety of compound boycott is not defended by him. Chapter xvii, seven pages in length, contains a statement of the case *against* the boycott. In chapter xviii, fifty-four pages in length, is the case *for* the boycott, and the arguments are summarized by Mr. Laidler at the outset of this chapter as follows:

> The argument for the legalization of the boycott from a social and economic standpoint is based primarily upon the hypotheses that the well-being of society is intimately connected with the condition of the working class; that that condition at the present time is greatly in need of improvement; that such improvement depends to a very large extent upon the strength of labor's organizations; that that strength is contingent upon the weapons of defence and offence permitted to it; that the employing class is now in possession of certain powerful weapons denied to the laborer, and that justice demands that organized labor be placed in possession of such weapons as tend to place it on a more equal footing with the employing class in its struggles for a larger part of the social product. While acknowledging the possibilities of occasional abuse, the advocate of the boycott believes that the tendency to abuse it becomes less marked, and that the good accomplished far outweighs the evil. He also points to the danger of the secret use of the boycott, and to the injurious results which follow when a group in society continues a practice in defiance of law. He declares that there is also the possibility that the worker will use more iniquitous weapons should he be totally deprived of the use of the boycott. Finally, he argues for the legalization of the boycott on the ground that its prohibition would deprive the workers of a fundamental human right. (Pp. 274-5.)

What Mr. Laidler desires to see written out of the law in order to legalize boycotts of the "secondary" and "compound" variety is, in the main, the doctrine of "conspiracy" and the doctrine of "malice"; he desires the law to recognize—at least so far as labor is concerned—that what may be legally done by one person may with equal legality be done by two or more persons in combination, as is provided in the English Trades Disputes Act of 1906. In other words, labor unions or workingmen should be as free to conduct boycotts of all kinds—short of the point of violence—as they are to conduct strikes. Mr. Laidler sees no distinction of kind between the right to strike (and induce by all legal means others to strike) and the right to boycott and induce by all means short of physical violence others to do the same thing.

Rights involve responsibilities, and it seems to the reviewer that in demanding that unlimited use of a weapon so powerful as the boycott be permitted to labor unions, Mr. Laidler might very properly have considered the general question of responsibility of labor organizations for their acts arising from the use of the weapon. It may be hoped that if another edition of his work is required, he will devote a chapter to this matter.

Japan As I Saw It. By A. H. Exner. With Special Illustrations in Collotype, Engravings, and Pictures drawn by Various Special Artists. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50 net.

This is an attractive volume, with its carefully finished collotype plates, its clever engravings, its soft and pleasing duo-tone illustrations. Yet on closer inspection it is found to lack a primary quality that we demand in a really artistic volume, that the reading matter shall interpret the pictures and be illumined by them. For instance, over against the page that describes the "artistic embroidery" and "magnificent coloring" of a Kyoto temple, where "a sacred stillness reigns at twilight," appear a pair of hideous itinerant medicine-sellers, with cheap modern umbrellas and straw hats. And opposite page 176, where the "Matchless Fuji-no-yama"

is the topic, we have a long procession of these same "advertising Johnnies." Indeed, to justify the nature of the illustrations, the chapters of the book ought to be a bright series of character sketches—which they are not.

Japanese art is not to be approached with profit from the side of the human figure, but rather from the side of outward nature, viewed symbolically. How little the author is in sympathy with the quaint symbolism of the Japanese garden, which materializes for daily contemplation some vision of beauty that has been registered among the eternal hills, may be gathered from his remarks at page 188: "Where there is a little house garden, which is often only the size of a few mats, it has no flower beds at all, but merely consists of a cartload of rocks, a shovelful of pebbles, a pail of water, an artificial little lantern, and one or two dwarf pine trees." Earlier in the book, at page 116, he treats the native type of garden less superciliously; but there he asserts that "to enjoy the charms of these miniature gardens, one must be a native Japanese." A fatal concession, if a writer would aspire to be a real interpreter of Japanese art.

The author seems merely to have seen the Japan of transition, from the ports of Nagasaki, Kobe, and Yokohama, all of them hybrid settlements, which do little more than suggest the real Japan. His sketch of Japanese history, to which he devotes almost a third of the whole book, is blundering and defective. At page 23 we are told that "on the foundation of the dynasty the government of Japan was a feudal one, and the sundry princes in the various parts of the country lived in utter dependency on the Mikado. Gradually this position changed," and feudalism declined. The very reverse is the case. It is true that W. G. Aston, our best authority on the subject, finds even in the earlier days of paternal rule at Nara and Kyoto some traces of feudal tenure. But, later on, the stronger elements in the nation broke away from the ineptitude of an officialdom modelled on the Chinese pattern, which was dominant for so many centuries, and feudalism asserted itself. With feudalism, however, began that duality of government, with Shoguns ruling at Kamakura and Yedo, and Mikados reigning at Kyoto, which lasted to our days and forms a unique feature in the national history.

The author makes an awkward mistake at page 27, when dealing with the Hojo regents, who for nearly a century and a half held the reins of power, while the Shoguns were puppets in their hands. He calls them *Shukke*, or priests, in place of *Shikken*, or regents; and fails to give them their due as rulers. Our latest authority on the subject, Mr. James Murdoch, in his "History of Japan," Vol. I, chapter xv, declares that, during the greater portion of the 140 years of the Hojo regency, the Shogunal administration was at once strong, efficient, and on the whole highly beneficial; indeed, that Japan was better ruled during the last three-quarters of the thirteenth century than France under Louis IX, or Scotland under its Alexanders—excellent rulers as they were; that it "enjoyed the benefit of an administration more economical, more honest, and more efficient than was known anywhere in contemporary Europe." Words of praise, truly, and helpful in explaining the overshadowing influence wielded by the Shogunate for 700 years. The author hardly seems to comprehend the nature of the Shogunate, for he calls Yoritomo, who founded the institution, "ancestor of the Shoguns." But Yoritomo left no descendant worthy to carry on his work or his name; and early in the thirteenth century the line became extinct.

The author's summing up at page 74 is unfortunate, both in regard to the facts and the form:

> It is a widespread mistake to believe that Japan has ever been a monarchy or even a despotism, from a regular point of view. . . . A monarchical idea has only been represented sporadically and for short intervals by single prominent characters. As for the rest, the country wasted away under the continual fights between smaller and bigger lords. It is true, upon the whole, there was always floating the Imperial idea, but it was more a mere idea than a real sovereignty. The dynasty, said to descend from heaven, and being the representative of deity, feels proud of being the oldest dynasty in the world, and of its looking back upon a reign of 2,500 years. But, if we investigate its history more closely, it soon comes to light that it was exactly the succession to the throne which almost regularly has caused quarrel and conflict, and that there is very little of divine spirit to be discovered in it.

The author has, no doubt, been reading recent criticism, which argues that the singular devotion of the Japanese people to their sovereign, as the fountain of honor and of all state "virtue," is of recent growth and bears with it elements borrowed from the devotion of the retainer to his feudal lord. But this plea, even if allowed, does not justify the statement that the monarchical idea has not held sway in Japan from time immemorial, or that the Emperor ever ceased to be the true centre of the body politic, whose endorsement or seal was in the final issue an imperative necessity to give an act of government validity.

"Japan As I Saw It"—an indexless book, by the way—is, in truth, a summary of Japanese history and civilization that has been undertaken without adequate knowledge or preparation. The author fails to understand the whole drift and meaning of the national evolution, or to grasp the religious symbolism and ideals that lie at the root of the best in Japanese art.

Philosophy of the Practical: Economic and Ethic. Translated from the Italian of Benedetto Croce by Douglas Ainslie. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25.

The present is the third and concluding volume of Croce's "Philosophy of the Spirit," of which the previous volumes are the "Æsthetic," translated by Mr. Ainslie, and the "Logic," which he promises to translate. Seldom have author, translator, and printer conspired so successfully to present a system of philosophy attractively. The reader who masters the first three or four chapters of the "Philosophy of the Practical" will find Croce always stimulating, if not always satisfying, refreshingly direct, if somewhat dogmatic, graceful and informal amidst a wealth of learning. The architecture of the system is impressively simple. The philosophy of the spirit recognizes four "forms," or categories, for the treatment of life, or reality: two theoretical forms, or forms of knowing, and two practical forms, or forms of doing. There is no third kind of form; feeling, for example, resolves itself into a matter of knowing and doing. The two theoretical forms are the æsthetic and the logical. They constitute the subject-matter, respectively, of the first two volumes of the philosophy of the spirit. The two practical forms are the economic and the moral, and both are covered by the present volume. The relation of the æsthetic to the logical is parallel to that of the economic to the moral. Logical thought presupposes æsthetic intuition, and is at the same time æsthetic intuition become reflective and discursive. Similarly, morality is utility become self-conscious and deliberate; utility seeking the perfection of its own meaning. In the end, however, the theoretical and practical forms are nothing more than distinguishable aspects of the one Life, Spirit, or Activity. "Motionless beings" and "unconscious beings" are meaningless phrases.

Significant as a contribution to thought are Croce's inclusion of the economic among his fundamental "forms," and his method of defining moral values always by the contrast with economic values. Economists and moralists are both accustomed to speak as if the values studied by the sister science lay in another world. And yet the most definite ethical theory of modern times, English utilitarianism, was clearly an economic theory of ethics; virtually all of the utilitarians were both economists and moralists; and utilitarianism has its representatives in the ethical discussion of all times. Croce makes it

clear that, whatever change in meaning is brought about in passing from one category to the other, the basis of value is the same in ethics as in economics, and therefore that the two fields must be regarded as always contiguous and as determining one another. In a striking chapter on The Philosophy of Economy and the So-called Science of Economics he defines economics as a kind of social mathematics. The economic man, whose one aim in life is to buy cheap and sell dear, bears the same relation to any real man as a right-angled triangle bears to the objects found in nature. There are no economic men in the world, neither are there right-angled triangles; yet each conception helps us to describe its object.

Apparently, neither Croce nor his translator is fully conscious of the affinity of Croceanism with present tendencies of philosophy in other countries. Croce balks at the term "pragmatism"; yet in standing for a reform of the intellect, for a refusal to limit the spiritual to the intellectual, or to admit that there can be a process of knowing which is not at the same time a process of living—indeed, a bodily activity—the "philosophy of the spirit" simply reinforces the teaching of Eucken in Germany, of Bergson in France, and of the pragmatists of England and America. Most striking, however, is the close and detailed parallelism, amounting almost to a photographic reproduction, between Croce's philosophy and the pragmatism of Professor Dewey. Each might be called a pragmatic Hegelian. For both the world is an "activity," which is at once and indistinguishably a practical and utilitarian process and a dialectical process. In psychology they refuse to separate the conscious from the physical act; in ethics the will, or motive, from the overt act. In the matter of an ethical criterion neither will be satisfied with anything narrower or more definite than the demands of "life"; since the present is always a unique crisis in the cosmic activity. Both alike hold that the historic systems of philosophy are but so many expressions of special and passing problems; and in both philosophies it seems that, while individuality is the essence of life, the individual life is but a passing vortex in an oceanic stream of "activity." The main difference is a difference of emphasis. Where Dewey emphasizes the doing, Croce fixes his attention upon the knowing; so strongly, indeed, that at times he might be mistaken for an "intellectualist." At any rate, no one in recent times has stood so firmly as this Italian pragmatist for the Socratic doctrine that virtue is knowledge.

Knowledge and freedom—this is the sum-total of Croce's ethical teaching. To act morally is to act freely, and to act freely is to act with a clear self-consciousness with regard to your ends—to choose your act rather than simply to be carried along on the stream of habit or instinct. Every moral situation presupposes a certain organization of life, *i. e.*, a certain economic situation, which has developed internal difficulties. For example, it is neither moral nor immoral to earn your living in some accepted line of business. The moral question arises when the claims of the business have to be measured against other claims. Moral conduct then consists in a readjustment of the competing claims in the direction of an enhancement of life. But what marks this direction? Croce dismisses the question with the statement that every moral situation is unique. Life creates the moral problem and life alone can furnish the solution. Every attempt to state the problem abstractly, to devise a plan or system of life, is simple casuistry.

The effect of this statement is with one stroke to sweep aside most of the questions that have occupied our moral philosophy. And here again Croce's method reminds us of the American pragmatist. Both have a way of discovering that most of the questions raised in ethical literature are simply foolish. In the traditional formulation the fundamental question is whether the good of life consists in the enjoyment of what we have or in the realization of some more comprehensive purpose or ideal. Roughly speaking, the issue seems to lie between economic contentment and spiritual advancement. Croce definitively rejects the first alternative. "Man," he says, "is not a consumer of pleasures, but a creator of life." Yet the substance of life is to be found always in the demands of the present situation. What he means is that for an enlightened self-consciousness the demands of present enjoyment and the demands of a larger life could not possibly differ; and here, doubtless, he is right. Meanwhile, one would like to know just how the "economic" desires are transformed by the ethical self-consciousness. Is there any relation that can be stated between a given economic conflict and its ethical resolution?

Croce's answer consists only in affirming that the ethical resolution is always something original and new. Possibly no other answer could be given. But the point is instructive in showing the essential similarity of Croceanism with other forms of pragmatism, and at the same time in revealing the essence of pragmatism. The philosophies of Bergson, of Eucken, of the English and American pragmatists, and of Croce all rest alike upon the proposition that reality is life, and life is ever creative and new. "In every new situation," says Croce, "the individual begins his life all over again." In this proposition they mark their dissent from the rationalists and idealists, who hold that life is a dialectical process in which the conclusions are rigorously implied in the premises. This, indeed, is just the point at which Croce parts company with Hegel. But would Croce admit that it is "life" to act in the present without reference to what you have done, or promised to do, in the past? May "life" be as incoherent as you please, provided it is always "new"? Long ago Aristotle set the problem of life by showing that life aims to be ever creative and original, yet ever continuous, orderly, and reposeful. And when Kant resolves all morality into consistency he merely reminds us that a rational and responsible being is one who acts at each moment in the light of a clear self-consciousness with regard to the present *and the past*. The pragmatists object that the Kantian rational being is as lifeless as a machine. The question is whether they, in their exclusive emphasis upon the originality of the present, are not proposing to make human life as irresponsible as the winds. The natural and demoralizing outcome of such preaching is the romantic love-philosophy of Ellen Key, in which the new love is always authoritative over the old and the "true self" of the present always free to repudiate the self of the past, however sincere the past may have been. Thus the Crocean ethics, like the ethics of pragmatism generally, is an irresponsible emphasis upon one of the demands of life which fails to touch the real problem either of life or of moral responsibility.

Notes

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the forthcoming publication of "Memoirs of Youth," by Giovanni Visconti Venosta, and "They Who Knock at Our Gates," by Mary Antin.

The Century Company announces for publication, on March 20, "Dodo's Daughter," by E. C. Benson; "Barnabetta," by Helen R. Martin, and "Little Essays in Literature and Life," by Richard Burton.

The Oxford University Press announced the publication last week of "Nazareth and the Beginnings of Christianity," by Champlin Burrage, and "A Concise Dante Dictionary," revised from the "Dante Dictionary," by Dr. Paget-Toynbee.

Moffat, Yard & Company announce the forthcoming publication of "The Autobiography of a Happy Woman," Anonymous, and "The Desert and Mrs. Ajax," by E. S. Moffat.

Putnams announce the publication next Saturday of "The Shadow of Ætna," by Louis V. Ledoux; "Initiation into Philosophy," translated from the French by Sir Home Gordon; "The True

Ophelia and Other Studies of Shakespeare's Women," by An Actress.

John Lane Company will publish "With the Russians in Mongolia," by H. G. C. Perry-Ayscough and Capt. Otter-Barry, and "Victory Law," by Anne Warwick.

Putnam's publications last week included: "Java and Her Neighbors," by Arthur S. Walcott; "One Year of Pierrot," by The Mother of Pierrot, and "The Marriage of Cecilia," by Maude Leeson.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Essays on Faith and Immortality," by the late Father Tyrrell, edited by Maude Petre, and "Flying: Some Practical Experiences," by Gustav Hamel and Charles C. Turner.

McClurg announces the following books for publication this month: "Shea, of the Irish Brigade," by Randall Parrish; "The Coming Hawaii," by Joseph King Goodrich; "Cubists and Post-Impressionism," by Arthur Jerome Eddy, and "The Green Seal," by C. E. Walk. "Taxation," by C. B. Fillebrown, and a volume on "Banking," by Prof. W. A. Scott, have been added to the National Social Science Series.

Frederick A. Stokes Company announces for publication in April: "My Autobiography," by S. S. McClure; "World's End," by Amelie Rives; "The Cost of Wings," by Richard Dehan.

Frederick A. Stokes's spring list of announcements includes: "The Two Americas," by Gen. Rafael Reyes; "America Through the Spectacles of an Oriental Diplomat," by Dr. Wu Ting-fang; "The Dance, Its Place in Art and Life," by Troy and Margaret Kinney; "Other People's Money and How the Bankers Use It," by Louis D. Brandeis. In fiction the same company announces "The Woman's Law," by Maravene Thompson, and "Bat Wing Bowles," by Dane Coolidge.

From London comes the announcement of the appearance, at the end of the month, of *The New Weekly*, edited by R. A. Scott-James. The price of the new publication will be four cents; and its aim will be to bring the large public, which does not habitually read the sixpenny weeklies, into closer touch with the literature, art, music, and drama of the day.

"Robespierre and the Women He Loved" (Appleton) is a translation from the French of Hector Fleischmann. The translator, Dr. A. S. Rappoport, has omitted, however, all the footnotes of the original, and English literature would not have seriously suffered if he had omitted the rest of his translation. Robespierre's sister, Charlotte, once declared that, "My brother's amiability with women captivated their affection; several, I believe, felt more than ordinary friendship for him." But the author undertakes to show that the stories of the Incorruptible's liaisons, repeated by Thiers and others, are all malicious lies. With more poetic imagination than historical investigation he avers that Robespierre did not love any women, so that his volume is like the famous chapter on the snakes in Iceland. The book raises a good many questions which it does not attempt to answer, and is furbished up with portraits of a gallery of Revolutionary leaders who have no particular connection with the author's subject.

In 1905 the Clarendon Press issued in elaborate and handsome form "The Poetical Works of William Blake," for which Mr. John Sampson, librarian in the University of Liverpool, had prepared a text from the manuscripts and original editions, and had written full bibliographical notes. His work in that most difficult field showed a masterly precision, and the ever-growing army of Blakists will be glad to know that "The Poetical Works" have now been brought out in the cheap yet very attractive "Oxford Edition." For the most part the text of the earlier volume has been taken over unchanged, only a few slight errors being corrected and some shifts made in arrangement. The footnotes in the present edition are confined to Blake's own variant and cancelled readings, and to occasional explanations of a necessary sort, and for the ordinary reader the absence of the bulkier commentary and prefaces will make this cheaper edition really the more serviceable. The earlier volume contained only the poems of strictly lyrical and metrical form, but the present edition includes also the Minor Prophetic Books, besides selections from "The Four Zoas," "Milton," and "Jerusalem." When it is considered that among the Minor Prophetic Books is "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," which lets one so deeply into Blake's philosophy, the importance of the inclusion will be recognized. The most notable feature, however, of this new edition is the reprinting for the first time of "The French Revolution." In 1791 the first book of this rhythmical piece was set up in type by the bookseller, Johnson; the proofsheets were kept by Blake, and bound into a little volume, but apparently nothing further was done towards publishing. It was seen by Gilchrist, Swinburne, and the Rossettis, who quote the title page, and a transcript, partial or complete, was made by Palmer; but the book itself, which turns out to have been all the while in the possession of Mr. John Linnell, and forgotten by him, has just been rediscovered after a disappearance of half a century. It is a demy quarto of 18 pages, 11¼x8¾ inches. The title page runs: "The / French Revolution. / A Poem, / in Seven Books. / Book the First. / London: / Printed for J. Johnson, No. 72, St. Pauls Church-yard. / MDCCXCI. / (Price One Shilling.)

Of the absolute value of the more recondite of Blake's Prophetic and Minor Prophetic writings there are decidedly two opinions. To the present reviewer the symbolism and mythology of the poet's later years seem largely the product of a mind diseased, and he can see small profit or pleasure in attempting to unravel their meaning. "The French Revolution," however, though bordering on the ecstasy of madness, has comparatively little of its incoherence, and is in places richly eloquent. It begins with a royal council:

Troubled, leaning on Necker, descends the King to his chamber of council; shady mountains
In fear utter voices of thunder; the woods of France embosom the sound;
Clouds of wisdom prophetic reply, and roll over the palace roof heavy.
Forty men, each conversing with woes in the infinite shadows of his soul,
Like our ancient fathers in regions of twilight, walk, gathering round the King:
Again the loud voice of France cries to the morning; the morning prophesies to its clouds.

Perhaps as striking a passage as any in the poem is the symbolic description of the Bastille, conceived in all the horrors lent to it by the popular imagination. The picture is too long to quote, but there is something of the same Ossianic grandioseness in the brief speech of the Duke of Burgundy, who delivers the King's command to the envoy of the people:

"Seest thou yonder dark castle, that moated around, keeps this city of Paris in awe?
Go, command yonder tower, saying: 'Bastille, depart! and take thy shadowy course;
Overstep the dark river, thou terrible tower, and get thee up into the country ten miles.
And thou black southern prison, move along the dusky road to Versailles; there
Frown on the gardens—and, if it obey and depart, then the King will disband
This war-breathing army; but, if it refuse, let the Nation's Assembly thence learn
That this army of terrors, that prison of horrors, are the bands of the murmuring kingdom.'"

Like the morning star arising above the black waves, when a shipwrecked soul sighs for morning,
Thro' the ranks, silent, walk'd the Ambassador back to the Nation's Assembly, and told
The unwelcome message. Silent they heard; then a thunder roll'd round loud and louder;
Like pillars of ancient halls and ruins of times remote, they sat.
Like a voice from the dim pillars Mirabeau rose; the thunders subsided away;
A rushing of wings around him was heard as he brighten'd, and cried out aloud:
"Where is the General of the Nation?" The walls re-echo'd: "Where is the General of the Nation?"

It is not easy to gainsay Glenn D. Bradley's statement on the title-page of "The Story of the Pony Express" (McClurg) that it is "an account of the most remarkable mail service ever in existence"; and in the arrangement of his material he properly emphasizes its appealing human interest, above and apart from bare historical values. The Pony Express was operated, as readers of "Roughing It" may remember, in 1860-61. To carry letters and Government dispatches from St. Joseph, Mo., to San Francisco, 2,000 hazardous miles, during the sixteen months previous to the opening of the first transcontinental telegraph, its managers built up a system round which cluster some of the most stirring incidents in the development of the West. The book is outlined in a fashion that promises a popular and sparkling narrative, with chapters on the organization and first trips of the Express, followed by two on Riders and Famous Rides and Anecdotes of the Trail. The style, however, is somewhat colorless, and the proportion far from

good. The historical value is impaired by an attempt to exaggerate the secession crisis in California, and *par suite* the value of the Pony Express in maintaining communication with Washington. The chapter on The Secession Menace abounds in such evasions as "the exact details of this [rebel] plot are hard to secure," and such indirections as "that the conspiracy existed has never been disproved." There are few references to authority or critical notes.

We have received the statement for 1912-13 of the Rhodes Scholarships Trust. The statistics given indicate that the scholars more than hold their own with the average of intellectual achievement at Oxford. Their attainments, however, are still below the level of those of the native scholars from the public schools or grammar schools of Britain. Among the most interesting features of the report is the list indicating the lines of work taken up by Rhodes scholars who have completed their course. Of the 431 who have left Oxford, 144 have devoted themselves to educational work and 113 to the law. The School of Jurisprudence, indeed, appears to exercise an altogether disproportionate attraction for the scholars, both from this country and from the British colonies. Out of the 167 scholars distributed among the different courses of study in the last academic year, thirty-eight were reading jurisprudence, and nine were studying for the B.C.L. degree. Thirty-one were reading for the various departments of the Natural Science School, nineteen for modern history, and fourteen for literæ humaniores. In the last-named school only one scholar was placed in the first class last year, a disappointing result, when one remembers that the traditions of Oxford are preëminently classical and philosophical. Six University prizes were gained by Rhodes men in the course of the year, five of them by Americans, and another American was elected to the presidency of the Union Society, a distinction which many undergraduates would prefer to a "first" in one of the schools. The emphasis which Rhodes placed upon athletic distinction in the election of the scholars is evidently observed, for their record in this field last year is a remarkable one, twenty-four of the scholars having represented their University against Cambridge in various events.

The fascination of the details of the crimes perpetrated in the name of liberty and justice in 1793-4 has led Alphonse Dunoyer to examine anew the extent of the responsibility of Fouquier-Tinville, "The Public Prosecutor of the Terror" (Putnam). The volume is well translated from the French by A. W. Evans, and is attractively provided with a number of appropriate illustrations. In the first half of his volume, M. Dunoyer gives a very readable but brief account of the extraordinary rapidity with which the Revolutionary Tribunal dispatched to the guillotine "batches" of forty to fifty persons a day. It acted with such criminal haste that sons were executed in mistake for their fathers, and *vice versa*. Persons whose names were on the long lists handed in by the Prosecutor for condemnation were not even properly identified before being sent to the tumbrils. If the accused asked for papers which would establish their innocence, the Prosecutor replied, "Give them nothing." If the judges or jurors delayed or gave acquittals, the Prosecutor would storm and threaten because "the business was not moving quickly enough." After his own arrest a great many witnesses appeared to testify that they had often heard Fouquier-Tinville make such remarks as, "Come, fellows, things must move. There must be 400 or 450 this *décade*"; or, rubbing his hands, in a gay tone, "We shall unbreech [*déculotterons*] a good quantity of them this *décade*." This first part of the volume, though well written and aimed to show Fouquier-Tinville's part in the bad business, adds little, however, to the fuller accounts already published in the authoritative works of Campardon (1866), Wallon (1881), and Lenôtre (1909), the last of which has also been translated into English.

In the second part of his volume, M. Dunoyer makes a real contribution to our knowledge of Fouquier and the Tribunal. Instead of relying mainly on Fouquier's own published memoir and on the documentary material in Buchez et Roux, he has analyzed and printed the substance of the depositions preserved in the Archives Nationales, which were made by 400 witnesses, who came to testify against Fouquier-Tinville after the fall of Robespierre, when the Public Prosecutor in turn came to be arrested and prosecuted. Fouquier defended himself cleverly and audaciously, maintaining that he had done nothing except perform his duties diligently; he had been only carrying out the orders of the Government, he said, which had formulated the procedure to be followed by the Revolutionary Tribunal. He sincerely believed in his own innocence. To his wife and his seven children, whom he tenderly loved, and who were totally dependent on him, he wrote: "I have nothing to reproach myself with; I have always conformed to the laws: I am satisfied; my innocence will be recognized later." A long trial was given him, and full opportunity to defend himself. But the cloud of witnesses who rose up against him when he himself sat in the seat of the accused leaves no doubt that he had been arbitrary, violent, and indecently hasty in his zeal to get large numbers condemned.

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away (some time ago, in fact), the time seems to have arrived for a calm estimate of what pragmatism has contributed to philosophical thought. Prof. William Caldwell writes his "Pragmatism and Idealism" (Macmillan) from the standpoint of a Scotchman, brought up in the traditions of the neo-Hegelian school of absolute idealists, who spent several years at universities in the United States before going to McGill University in Montreal (he has a chapter on Pragmatism and Americanism), and his attitude towards pragmatism is distinctly conciliatory and appreciative. Briefly, he is an idealist who would be a pragmatist if only pragmatism would cease to dwell so exclusively upon the more vulgar practicalities. According to Professor Caldwell's idealistic interpretation, pragmatism stands for a "rediscovery by our age of the doctrine of man"; for the doctrine, in other words, that human needs and aspirations are implied in any statement of truth. By "rediscovery" he means that pragmatism is, after all, a continuation of the critical and humanistic movement begun by Kant, on the basis, however, of a wider range, Darwinian rather than Newtonian, of scientific conceptions. Strangely, yet not quite falsely, he takes Bergson to be the ideal successor to Kant. On the other hand, in an instructive chapter on Pragmatism and Humanism, he undertakes to show that human desires and ideals are indeed pathways to objective realities—that, for example, the Hebrew spirit reached a conception of the divine nature which was inaccessible to Greek culture just because the Hebrews were different. Here he takes issue—cautiously and reverently—with the leading "Greek" of his school, Dr. Bosanquet, going so far as to suggest that the inhumanity of Bosanquet's absolute marks a reversion of thought from genuine idealism towards materialism. As against Mr. Bosanquet, it is the humanistic pragmatist who really stands for "the sovereignty of the spirit." Just how the logic of pragmatism is to be reconciled with the metaphysics of absolute idealism, Professor Caldwell does not say. His book is a reflection and an appreciation, a contribution to current discussion, rather than a systematic and well-digested statement of the problem. As such, however, it is timely and suggestive.

Of the antiquity of fools we have the word of Sir Amorous La-Foole in Jonson's "Epicœne": "We are as ancient a family as any is in Europe." Kinsfolk of that house, not to mention readers of the Boston *Transcript*, will be interested in the genealogical notes on one of the collateral lines in the section TOMBAL-TRAHYSH of the Oxford English Dictionary (Clarendon Press). *Thome Fole* as a quasi-proper name is found as early as 1356-7; from 1337, says Sir James Murray, he is frequently mentioned by learned writers as *Thomas fatuus*. From a citation of 1565 we learn that Tom-Foole kept geese. A reference of 1640 indicates that Tom had brothers: "A foole-reall . . . such ffooles wee commonlie expresse by the names of Tom ffoole, Dick ffoole, and Jack ffoole." The celebrity of Tom appears in the *Cornhill Magazine*, 1865: "More folks know Tom Fool, than Tom Fool knows." Considering the time that he has been in the public eye, it is surprising to find the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," 1812, set down as the first coiners of *Tomfoolery*. And though Southey in 1799 had struck out the epithet *Tom-foolish*, it apparently remained for Jerome K. Jerome so late as 1889 to bring in *tomfoolishness* in "Three Men in a Boat." The history of the word seems to show that *Tom Fool* should be employed as a kind of middle term between *Fool* on the one hand and D—— Fool on the other.

The exact force of *Tom* as an element in word-formation demands the attention

of grammarians. In the case of spanners, screw-drivers, and gazelles, the *tommy* variety is small, or the smallest of its kind. But in the case of *Tomboy*, *Tom-cat*, and *Tom Jones*, the *Tom* suggests the larger and more vigorous representatives of the boys, the cats, and the Joneses. *Tomboy* has Shakespearean and elder authority, though Stoughton, in 1622, says angrily that "of such short-haired gentlewomen I find not one example either in Scripture or elsewhere." *Tom-cat* takes its rise from a popular anonymous work of 1760, "The Life and Adventures of a Cat"; being unacquainted with the work, we cannot say whether the hero owes anything to Tom Jones. Tom Thumb is traced back only to 1579; but Fielding, in a learned note to his tragedy, "Tom Thumb the Great," quotes Justus Lipsius as follows: "Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quam Herculem fuisse satis constat." By some irony of fate, George Moore, in the "Mummer's Wife," 1884, gets the credit for the introduction of *Tommy rot*, upon which, as noted in the Chicago *Advance* of 1895, wits have embroidered an adjectival ending: "A whole school of what has been humorously called erotic and *tommyrotic realists*, . . . asserting that progress in art requires the elimination of moral ideas." In this goodly concourse of Tommies, we miss Tommy Coddle and the fine phrase, Tommy-coddle nonsense, which should not be absent from a dictionary compiled, as Johnson says, "for the use of such as aspire to exactness of criticism or elegance of style."

One need not share the strongly conservative views of Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun's "The Vocation of Woman" (Macmillan) to say that scarcely anything so thoughtful, and at the same time so attractive and genial in style and spirit, has appeared in the literature of the subject. Mrs. Colquhoun offers an extensive discussion of the mental and physical differences of men and women, and takes the ground that women, though not inferior to men, are different, and should therefore have a different education and different occupations. Viewing the sex problem from the standpoint of conditions in England, Mrs. Colquhoun finds it to be created by the fact that, while marriage is monogamous, there are many more women than men. Under these conditions she holds that feminism, with its demand for the economic independence of women, single or married, is a game in which women have everything to lose and nothing to gain. For while, in a broader view, women are not inferior to men on the practical side of life, they are inferior *economically;* that is, they are unfitted for the grind of store or factory. Meanwhile, the family ties which feminists propose to loosen in return for economic independence are all to the advantage of women. The very meaning of monogamous marriage is that thereby the woman binds the father of her children to herself and makes him permanently responsible for the family welfare. Women cannot afford, therefore, to weaken the obligations of wife and mother; rather should they make it a point to emphasize those of husband and father. The chiefly problematic question, then, is what to do with the surplus women. Here Mrs. Colquhoun advises an emigration of women to the colonies, where there is a surplus of men.

Sir Almroth E. Wright in "The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman Suffrage" (Paul B. Hoeber) is amusing, though less amusing than we had expected. One may suppose that Sir Almroth sat down in a blind rage after dinner and completed the book in the course of a single night. Only once does he betray any consciousness of humor—when he describes the male suffragist as the man who greets an anti-suffrage argument with, "Sir, do you mean to insult my wife?" Sir Almroth is determined that women shall be shown their place. Yet he regrets the necessity; for, according to his conception of the social contract, obedience is to be counterbalanced by chivalry. "Unexpurgated" is therefore an apology for rudeness as well as for indelicacy. Virtually all of the indelicacy is relegated to an appendix containing Sir Almroth's famous letter to the *Times*, in which he made the grim and rather telling suggestion that the suffrage movement is the outcome of sexual disorder. His dominant tone, however, is one of scandalized amazement. Can't you see, ladies, that you are not wanted here? What! One or more women on every public board or commission? Pray, tell us how we are to transact business with women around? And how are gentlemen to be guarded from indelicate and embarrassing situations? Sir Almroth Wright is not precisely a model of dispassionate reason; yet his statement that in England, owing to the preponderance of women over men, three-eighths of the women of marriageable age are unmarried, helps to explain the intensity of the sex war there, though the fact deserves a more considerate treatment.

Sir George William Ross, Senator of the Dominion of Canada and formerly Premier of the province of Ontario, died last Saturday. He was born at Ontario in 1841. A lawyer by profession, Sir George was elected in the Liberal interest to the House of Commons for West Middlesex in 1872, and continued its representative until November, 1883, when he entered the Mowat Administration in Ontario as Minister of Education. In 1899 he succeeded to the Premiership, which he held until February, 1905. He entered the Senate of Canada in 1907, and was knighted by King George in 1910. He devoted some years to journalistic work, holding various editorial positions; was the author of several historical works, and was a member of many scientific and educational societies, and the recipient of honorary degrees from a number of Canadian universities, as well as from St. Andrew's University, Scotland.

Miss Annie S. Montague, associate professor of Greek in Wellesley College, died on March 5 in Cambridge, Mass. She was graduated from Wellesley with the first class, that of 1879. In 1882 she received the degree of M.A. from the College, and the same year became an instructor in Greek. In 1893 she became associate professor. She was also a member of various administrative committees.

Frederick Townsend Martin, who died in London last Sunday, was born in Albany December 6, 1849, the son of Henry Hull and Anne Townsend Martin. He was educated at the Albany Boys' Academy, and graduated from the Albany Law School with the class of 1872. Throughout his life Mr. Martin was interested in labor questions and settlement work, frequently visiting the Bowery Mission in New York. He contributed a number of articles on these and kindred questions to magazines, and wrote two books and a play. The first of his writings to attract attention was "The Passing of the Idle Rich." That was followed by "My Personal Experiences of Meeting Snobs," and a little later, "The Reminiscences of My Life" appeared.

The death at the age of eighty-four was recently announced from Milan of Luigi Monti, the last of the guests of Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," and a close friend of the poet. Monti, "a young Sicilian . . . in sight of Etna born and bred," was a member of the Harvard class of 1857, and was an instructor in Italian there from 1854-59. His wife was a daughter of Dr. William Thomas Parsons, also celebrated as the poet of the "Wayside Inn."

Science

The Grocer's Cyclopedia. By Artemas Ward. Published by the Author. $10.

The Economy Administration Cook Book. By Susie Root Rhodes and Grace Porter Hopkins. Hammond, Ind.: W. B. Conkey Co.

The American Cook Book. By Janet McKenzie Hill. Boston: The Boston Cooking School Magazine Co. $1 net.

Around the World Cook Book. By Mary Louise Barroll. New York: Century Co. $1.50 net.

Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen. By Mrs. B. C. Howard. Baltimore: Norman Remington Co. $1.50 net.

Dishes and Beverages of the Old South. By Martha McCulloch-Williams. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.25 net.

Believing that the grocers and general shopkeepers of the United States greatly needed a book giving information regarding their business, Artemas Ward issued, in 1882, "The Grocer's Handbook." It was so crude a performance that he now feels ashamed of it. During the three decades that have since passed, he has diligently gathered material for a better book, the result being "The Grocer's Encyclopedia," a large volume of 748 pages, which treats of more than 1,200 subjects. The author's activity, for twenty years, as editor of the *National Grocer*, gave him unusual opportunities, which he supplemented by writing letters of inquiry to all parts

of the globe. The result is a work of great value and interest—a book indispensable to intelligent distributers of foods and at the same time of importance to housewives, who would less frequently have inferior articles foisted on them if they knew just what to ask for and how to judge quality. In these pages they can find out when different fishes are in season; what are the best coffees, teas, potatoes, apples, wines, and so on. There are twelve pages on cheese, with descriptions of forty-eight varieties; twenty on coffee, with a color-page showing twelve varieties. Altogether, there are 449 illustrations, eighty of which are full-page plates in color; some of these are purely ornamental, but most of them are useful, as *e. g.*, the four which show the most important cuts of beef. Under Canned Goods many will be surprised to read that, while in the matter of quantity we hold the record, in variety Europe surpasses us, Holland having canneries which put up several hundred kinds of edibles. Incidentally, there is a great deal of miscellaneous information, such as how to cook bacon, how to eat mangoes, how to test butter. There are also general articles of use to all business men, such as Trade-Marks, Partnerships, Good Will, Window-Dressing. The subject of adulteration is not treated as fully as it might be; nor does the author dwell as he should on the advantages of refrigeration over freezing.

Recipes from nearly 540 of the best-known women of the United States are included in the "Economy Administration Cook Book." Mrs. Woodrow Wilson heads the list, and the authors tell the story of the Wilson family cook book, which is replete with gems for the good housekeeper. Several pages of recipes from it are reprinted, some of them in facsimile. There is a chapter on White House Table Ware. Mrs. Champ Clark contributes a few pages of reflections, interspersed with recipes, one of them being how to cook a beefsteak sufficient for two men, with a fire made of two newspapers. She is one of many contributors who represent the South. No section of the country is neglected. Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCracken, of California, tells how to make the "most delicious of all preserves" of skinned Muscat grapes. Few know how to cook rice; Mrs. Joseph Eugene Ransdell, of Louisiana, reveals the secret. We note a few errors of judgment in some cases, such as the statement that lemon peel improves the flavor of baked apples. Not if the apples have a good flavor of their own! Two men have been allowed to say a word: "Oscar," who contributes a few pages of recipes, and Dr. Wiley, who writes the preface, in which he laments the fact that "in buying we are getting farther away from the producer every year." The volume is adorned with many portraits, and it has an elaborate index of 46 pages.

Janet Mackenzie Hill begins her "American Cook Book" by remarking that our cuisine has become cosmopolitan in character, the New England cookery having been superseded by cookery that has culled the best from every land and clime. This change is exemplified in her book, which does not, as its name might suggest, confine itself to specialties of the country. She begins with appetizers, and each of her chapters (on soups, fish, vegetables, meats, etc.) is prefaced by a few pages of general remarks, which all cooks should know by heart. Here is one: "Shortening makes tender pastry; water, tough pastry." Evidently, there is too much water in the national pie crust. Under "Salads" the amazing assertion is made that "a salad is not an acid dish"; yet she allows from one to three spoonfuls of vinegar to three spoonfuls of oil.

Mary Louise Barroll's "Around the World Cook Book" contains the culinary gleanings of a naval officer's wife. Louisiana gumbo, Argentine puchero, Hawaiian taro, Japanese fish paste, Swedish fish timbales, Italian gnocchi, Spanish steak, Mexican chili con carne, Turkish pilau, stewed kidney à la Creole —these are a few of the hundreds of dishes described. There is also a good deal of miscellaneous information about the care of furniture, cosmetics, perfumes, simple remedies, and first aids.

"Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen" is, like the "American Cook Book," more cosmopolitan than its title indicates, though it has a Southern flavor. It has long been a favorite, this being the fifth edition, a fact which speaks for itself. An excellent page is devoted to the important subject of making puff paste; but it saddens one to find, following it, directions for flavoring apple pie with cloves and lemon peel and juice. American apples are the best in the world. Why not enjoy their unique flavor as it is? Several pages are devoted to miscellaneous kitchen lore.

A special welcome must be extended to the last volume on our list to-day—Martha McCulloch-Williams's "Dishes and Beverages of the Old South." Here, at last, is abundant, readable, and trustworthy information about the much-vaunted Southern cookery, which, on the whole, merits all the praise that has been bestowed upon it. As a matter of course, there is a good deal about all sorts of cornbread and cakes, which in the South are so much better than in the North, where the corn is degerminated and deflavored. There are chapters on Creole Cookery, on all the principal kinds of food, pages on roasted 'possum, gumbo soup, cherrybounce, persimmon beer, banana pudding, etc. It should be specially noted that, while many recipes are given in detail, the book is not a dry collection of such, for kitchen use merely, but a volume to be read in the parlor. The most important chapter is the one beginning with the assertion that "plenty in the smokehouse was the cornerstone of the old-time Southern cookery." The details given regarding the old-fashioned smokehouses, with their special arrangement for supplying well-ventilated smoke, are of melancholy interest in these days of "liquid smoke" and denatured bacon and hams.

The *Bibliographie Géographique* for the year 1912, just issued by the *Annales de Géographie* is the twenty-second volume of this valuable series. The method of arranging the publications under the subject and countries, and the condensed explanatory notes of the editor, M. Louis Raveneau, and his fifty-nine assistants, give it a unique value and usefulness. Great care has been taken to record the geographical work of all the countries; there is, for instance, a list of the papers relating to the physical geography of the Balkan Peninsula published by the Servian Geographical Society. Nearly three pages are given to a record of the work of a Russian Geological Committee in the exploration of the gold-bearing regions of Siberia. The size of the volume is exactly the same as that of the previous year, but the number of works on the least-known parts of the earth has much increased, with a corresponding decrease of works on Europe. The United States is covered by 44 titles out of 1,039.

Drama

Goldoni: A Biography. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. New York: Duffield & Co. $4 net.

Goldoni's life is often called "a comedy in itself," but neither the wildest of anti-classic melodramas nor the most extravagant of *scenari* can match his career in multiplicity of action. Through what changing scenes he moved, constant only in good humor and in passion for the stage! In Venice, at the age of eleven, he wrote his first comedy. At the Jesuit School of Perugia his *début* as actor won him a shower of sugar-plums—his only scholastic honors. He deserted the study of philosophy at Rimini to voyage homeward with a most amusing company of players. His father taught him a little medicine, his father's patients a little trickery, and his uncle a little law. Then, for more serious schooling, the tonsure, and the uniformed dissipation of the Papal College at Pavia, whence a too successful satire banished him. At Udine, in token of reform, he summarized Father Cattaneo's Lenten sermons in a sonnet sequence. Renewed study of the law became the background for a long series

of adventures, amorous and dramatic. He spent two years as coadjutor in the chancery of Chioggia; got his degree at Padua after a night of gambling; won his first case in Venice; and fled soon afterward from an ugly *fiancée*. In Milan he read his first opera to a troupe of pitiless professionals—and burned his manuscript the next morning. He saw courteous siege and stark battlefields in the War of Don Carlos. Austrian deserters robbed him of all his worldly goods save a tragicomedy, which won him employment as playwright with a company of Venetian actors. Their road led hither and yon across the peninsula, bringing him at length to Genoa, where he found a wife, and a commission as Genoese Consul to Venice. The chief event of his short consulship was the loss of a thousand pounds to a swindling captain who had persuaded him to enlist as auditor in an imaginary regiment. From Rimini, where he had enjoyed Spanish patronage, he fled with his wife before the Austrian advance. Their baggage was confiscated, their driver deserted them, and Goldoni forded the swollen Cattolica with his wife on his back, remarking in mid-stream: "Omnia bona mea mecum porto." At Pisa he practiced humdrum law and adorned the local Arcady as "Polisseno Fegeio"—only to be captured and brought back at last to Venice by the comedians D'Arbes and Medebac.

Then the picturesqueness of his life diminished, and its real business began. Between 1748 and 1762 he wrote above one hundred and fifty plays—comedies, tragedies, tragicomedies, farces, operas, comic operas, interludes. Nor did he write in peace. He was fighting a long, hard fight against actors, managers, and public for the overthrow of the Commedia dell' arte and the establishment of true comedy of character; and he was at the same time defending himself from the parodies and invectives of a jealous imitator, Chiari, and a fantastic genius, Carlo Gozzi. Poor Goldoni! No wonder he had the "vapors"! "Sometimes," he writes, "my imagination was heated by the effervescence of the bodily fluids, and sometimes the animal economy was deranged by apprehension."

Finally, courage gone, he left his beloved Venice to become playwright to the Comédiens du Roi de la Troupe Italienne. He went with high hopes and resolute good humor. Not long after his arrival Mme. du Boccage wrote to Algarotti: "Goldoni loves Paris madly. Even the hubbub of the streets pleases him, and save for the opera and the high cost of provisions, he is enchanted with everything." But his comedians were unwilling to learn written parts; the struggle against improvisation and the Masks began all over again, and ended in defeat. After the expiration of his contract, Goldoni lived on the precarious royal bounty, teaching Italian to the princesses and learning courtly etiquette. But the stairways of Versailles were a hard path for him—all his life he had been a republican at heart. Two weeks after Louis XVI mounted the guillotine, the Convention, on the motion of Marie-Joseph Chénier, voted Goldoni a pension of 4,000 livres. But death had found the old Venetian in his poverty the day before that vote was passed.

Happy the biographer with such a hero! Happy, but daring too, for Goldoni's own Mémoires are easily second among Italian autobiographies. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's daring is well justified by the excellence of his work. He follows the course of the Mémoires, quoting frequently, paraphrasing and supplementing in an efflorescent style that is none the less spirited and compact, altering the proportions of the story to suit modern interest, and correcting the many inaccuracies by careful reference to recent monographs.

Besides the seven chapters devoted to biography, there are seven on the comedies of Goldoni, and three on special topics, The Improvised Comedy, Goldoni's Rivals and Critics, and Goldoni and Molière. In the chapters devoted to the comedies of Goldoni, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor discusses some sixty plays, giving in most cases a brief analysis of the plot, an account of the leading characters and their social *milieu*, and some criticism. In a few cases, typical scenes are quoted in translation. The analyses are clear and, in general, accurate. It is not true, however, that Mirandolina "has a hankering" for the Cavaliere, nor that he "offers her his heart and hand"; and Ottavio, in "Il vero amico," neither hides his money in a well nor dies on hearing of its loss. The *dramatis personæ* and their little worlds are discussed with amiable sympathy. To these discussions, in particular, the several prints of *genre* pictures by Pietro Longhi add effective illustration. The translations are dull—inevitably so, to be sure, for Goldoni is weakest in dialogue, as he is strongest in the gradual humor of consistent personality and in the cumulative fun of clever situation. His books, after all, are but fuller *scenari*, librettos for action. Isolated scenes cannot represent him fairly, least of all isolated scenes in foreign disguise.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's estimates of the single plays are on the whole catholic and just. He regards the Venetian comedies as finer than those in Italian, and "Le baruffe chiozzotte" as the best of all. He recognizes not only the great charm of this play, but its deeper significance also, for he calls it "the first comedy of any land to mirror truly and affectionately the common people, without nobles to scorn them or clowns to belie them." Well-merited praise is given to several comedies that are often slighted, as "La dama prudente," "La guerra," and "Il matrimonio per concorso." The reviewer does not share all of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's likings. "La bottega di caffè," for instance, is forced and poorly balanced, "La casa nova" inorganic and disagreeable, and "Il cavaliere e la dama" monotonous and verbose. On the other hand, the reviewer would claim a higher rating for "Gli innamorati," which would excel even "La locandiera" if only the third act were worthy of the other two, and for the perennially delightful "Ventaglio," the nearest equivalent, *in lingua*, of "Le baruffe chiozzotte."

Goldoni's work marks, for Italy, the return of literature to life. His predecessors had drawn almost exclusively from literary models; Goldoni drew from human nature. The purpose to be true to nature was clear and resolute in his mind. It is stated definitely and often in his letters, prefaces, and Mémoires, and it is carried into effect throughout the long series of the comedies. Voltaire, whose admiration for Goldoni was immediate and lasting, was wont to call him "the lovable painter of nature," a title well deserved and well bestowed. The types Goldoni chose for portraiture were the types of his own day and his own land: their permanence in interest bears witness to the fact that he was more concerned with their essential humanity than with their passing customs.

Nevertheless, as Mr. Chatfield-Taylor shows exceptionally well, Goldoni felt, and voiced, to some extent, the particular movements of his century. The laws of Venice made open satire impossible for him, and he was by nature a lover of peace and order, yet liberal opinions are expressed again and again in his plays. His aristocrats, for all their foreign titles, are drawn with a subtle and dangerous truth. Goldoni's enemies, at least, were not blind: he was more than once denounced to the Venetian Government for "exceedingly liberal and democratic tendencies." In old age, according to Clavière, "his greatest anguish was to be obliged to beg for the restoration of a pension he had received from Louis XVI: he warmly expressed the regret that he was unable to throw its patent into the fire that had consumed the attributes of royalty." And long before, in a comedy played while the first "Discours" of Rousseau was in the press, Goldoni had written: "Nature regards us all as equal, though the arrogance of the great does not deign to consider the small. The day will come, however, when one pudding will again be made of both small and great."

Goldoni not only drew from life; he sought to influence life. Mr. Chatfield-

Taylor, like the majority of modern critics, refuses to credit Goldoni with a moral purpose. "Nowhere," he says, "does Goldoni poise his lance and ride in battle array against the vices and follies of his time. Instead of making them an issue, he is content to point the finger." But Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's own summaries and quotations would serve to show that Goldoni did make an issue of the most characteristic vice and folly of his time, cicisbeism. Such plays as "Il cavaliere e la dama" and "La dama prudente" were clearly written with a reforming purpose; and there is scarcely one of the many comedies of the aristocracy in which the *cicisbeo* escapes sharp ridicule and straight invective. There is more than jest in Don Rodrigo's inability to understand why the stealing of a man's wife should be permitted when the stealing of his watch is forbidden. Moreover, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, though he cannot see his hero with lance in rest, recognizes that Goldoni's own morality is an essential element in his enduring value. "In the breadth of Goldoni's sane vision," he writes, "and in the cleanliness of his mind, quite as much as in his unfailing humor and gayety, lie the sources of his glory." And, again, he terms Goldoni, "the most wholesome example of good humor in the realm of comedy."

The chapter on the Commedia dell' arte is distinctly inferior to the rest of the book. The general impression it conveys is fairly correct, but it is faulty in detail. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is quite wrong, for instance, in saying or implying that written comedy in the Cinquecento could boast only a handful of writers gifted with the dramatic sense, that the mountebanks used outlines called *scenari*, that the Commedia dell' arte is merely a development of a popular drama devised by mountebanks, that the *lazzi* are always scenes, that Harlequin and Brighella appear only in *lazzi*, that the Doctor always speaks in the Bolognese dialect, that Pulcinella made his *début* in the sixteenth century, and that the libretto for Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was based on a *scenario*. The other chapters, however, maintain a high standard of accuracy in all respects.

There is a second work, and a notable one, between the handsome covers of Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's volume, a Goldoni bibliography by Prof. F. C. L. van Steenderen. Its main feature is a set of four chronological lists of Goldoni's writings. In the first list, "Improvised Comedies, Comedies, Tragedies, and Tragi-Comedies," there are 173 entries; in the second, "Books for Operas, Light Operas, and Interludes," 92; in the third, "Cantatas and Serenatas," 8; and in the fourth, "Miscellanea," 11. After the title of each work follow a few lines of apposite information. These lists, more complete, more accurate, and more detailed than those by Rabany, will be of very great value to students of Goldoni. Neither the Pasquali prefaces nor the letters, it may be noted, are mentioned in the list of Miscellanea. From a fifth list, devoted to the English translations of Goldoni, it appears that twelve of the comedies and five of the librettos have been translated once or more than once. Professor van Steenderen apparently had not seen a copy of the earliest libretto translation he records, "The Accomplish'd Maid," of 1767, which is, as he surmises, a version of "La buona figliuola." It is of special interest both for its completion of a literary circle—"La buona figliuola" is adapted from the comedy "Pamela nubile," which was based on an Italian translation of Richardson's novel—and because it is, according to the preface, the "first attempt of bringing an entire Italian musical composition on the English stage, by applying our language to the harmony of their most excellent composer" (Niccolò Piccini). Finally, Professor van Steenderen adds a good general bibliography, containing some 600 numbers, in which the most important editions of Goldoni's works and the most important studies of Goldoni are registered.

The new volume of translations from Brieux (Luce) comprises the well-known "Blanchette" and "The Escape," which under its French name, "L'Evasion," was crowned years ago by the French Academy. "Blanchette," in type, is the most undramatic of plays; in view of the absence of conflict, plot, suspense, its distinguished success at the Théâtre Libre must be classed perhaps with the other anomalies in the history of that extraordinary institution. The chagrin of two provincial innkeepers at the failure of their duly certificated daughter to obtain the expected teacher's post leads to recriminations which drive the girl from home. After pitiful distresses in Paris (merely narrated in the play), she returns to accept thankfully the simple life and rustic wooer whom she had once rejected with contempt. This unfortunate girl, with her fatal diploma, her snobbishness, her textbook learning, and her show-case morality, brings out with commanding distinctness the faults of an educational system which unfits peasants to work with their own class without insuring them a livelihood among the higher circles. The usual charge of exaggeration has been brought against this play, but it seems to us that the abeyance of drama proper has allowed the author to handle the mere problem with good sense, good temper, and moderation. The three loitering acts in the sleepy parlor of a provincial inn have distinguished merit as a reflection of village life and character. The heroine, indeed, is hardly more than a pedagogic convenience, but her rustic associates are full of life, and the two parents, in particular, are masterly delineations, presented with transparent clearness, with that instinctive justice which goes farther than the intention to be just, and with a sympathy so admirable in its latency as to elude possibly the perception of M. Brieux himself.

"The Escape" is inferior to "Blanchette" as literature, but is unquestionably a better stage-play; the art is still rudimentary, but the author has learned to make interest virtually continuous, to give his curtains the crispness of epigrams, and to dash at his point with a brusque precipitance which somehow lands him at his goal at whatever cost of dignity or discretion. The design, also, has its merits. The assertion of human will against fate is a theme of which age has not lessened the nobility, and "The Escape" has a really great moment when two victims of ancestral influence, descendants respectively of hypochondriacs and prostitutes, join hands in the strength of their mutual love and their common peril, to withstand the impending doom. Their instant relapse into commonplace after this brief exaltation might have been set down to ironic perspicacity in M. France; in M. Brieux its source is insensibility. The surrender of the couple on their first trial is disgracefully prompt; they are saved almost by hazard, and the close of the play finds them abjectly pleading for a remission of sentence from the dying physician who has volunteered to act as the mouthpiece of destiny. The play is at bottom less a repudiation of fate than an assault of Molièresque virulence on the time-serving, hypocrisy, dogmatism, and inefficiency of physicians. M. Brieux's difficulty, as the English preface indicates, lies in his failure to perceive that the man who wishes to prove that respectable physicians are charlatans in an esoteric sense must take care that the specimens he depicts shall not be charlatans by popular standards. The confutation of the author of "The Escape" may be left to the author of "Damaged Goods."

The materials and agents in this play are prevailingly second-rate, amorous intrigues that even Paris would find contemptible, and characters who are underbred and puerile in the precise ratio of their claims to gentility and education. There are no gentlemen in M. Brieux's salons; you may find one here and there in the servants' hall or in the pasture. He is an honest man and a good citizen, but the tone of his mind does not correspond with the generosity of his pursuits. A propagator of ideas, he is hardly thoughtful; engrossed with morality, he lacks elevation. A not undiscriminating preface, marred by a few incautious statements, has been contributed by H. L. Mencken. The publishers have seen fit to entrust the rendering of M. Brieux's French into our vernacular to a gentleman who is conversant with neither language.

The performance of "The Merchant of Venice," which Philip Carr has been giving successfully in his Little English Theatre, in Paris, has been transferred to the Court Theatre in London. A prominent critic says of it: "The performance is well worth a visit. The play is given without cuts or transpositions; it is played straightforwardly and intelli-

gently; and though the cast has its weak spots and the ensemble its occasional moments of roughness and feebleness, a very fair idea of the play is presented. Certainly the Shylock of Mr. Michael Sherbrooke is notable. Mr. Sherbrooke does not attempt the majesty and terror of the Irving Shylock, nor does he give us the downright comedy of the Poel or traditional Shylock. What he excels in is malignity. His malignity is horrible. And with it he is not in the least afraid of such comedy as is consistent with his reading of the character. He fawns and grins and cringes; he may positively be said to 'chortle' with evil joy as he drags off Tubal to the synagogue. He is the Jew of the comic stage and the comic papers, as well as the most meanly malignant Shylock that we have seen. As Portia Miss Maire O'Neill is perhaps a little monotonous in the early scenes; but there is glowing passion in her scene with Bassanio; she speaks her two great speeches quite beautifully, meaning and music bearing out each other, and her conduct of the trial (the whole of which is sensibly and knowledgably staged) is just and entirely rid of the usual faults.

Charles Frohman promises a revival of "Diplomacy" for next season, with William Gillette as Henry Beauclerc, Blanche Bates as Zicka, and Marie Doro as Dora. This arrangement suggests the nucleus of an effective cast, but a good deal will depend upon the selections for the Julian, Orloff, and Baron Stein. As Henry Mr. Gillette will challenge comparison with some famous impersonations, notably those of Charles Coghlan and Lester Wallack. Of all the Zickas up to the present time Rose Coghlan's was the best. Miss Bates's interpretation will be awaited with interest. The part of Dora, of course, presents no particular difficulty.

The once famous melodrama, "The Silver King," is to be revived in London, in May, for the benefit of King George's Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses. There will be a very special cast, and the performance will be given in His Majesty's Theatre. The possibility is suggested that E. S. Willard may be induced to emerge from his retirement and resume the part of Capt. Skinner—The Spider—in which he won one of his earliest successes. Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman were the joint authors of the piece, which in general workmanship and character was greatly superior to most melodramas of its period.

Sir Herbert Tree has now decided upon Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" for his Easter production at His Majesty's Theatre in London. The play is a fantastic piece of work, originally designed for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who will appear in it as a Cockney flower-girl, qualified to play the part of a duchess by the instruction of a professor of phonetics. The part of the professor will be played by Sir Herbert Tree. The play, which is in five acts, was originally produced in October last at the Burg Theatre, Vienna. A fortnight later it was acted at the Lessing Theater, Berlin, with critical and popular applause. It was translated by Herr Siegfried Trebitsch.

A project started some two years ago has at last taken definite shape, and on April 16 next the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus will be performed in the ancient Greek theatre of Syracuse. Nearly twenty-four centuries have passed since Hiero I. embellished his city with the theatre which tradition attributes to the architect Democopor Myrilla. The theatre itself is one of the largest as well as the most ancient in the Greek world. Cut out of the rock of the hill upon which it stands, it has a diameter of nearly 140 yards, and still possesses forty-six rows of the sixty which once formed the amphitheatre. The nine divisions of these rows of seats can still be distinguished, as can also the altar of Dionysus, which stood in the centre of the orchestra. But the great beauty of the theatre is the superb view commanded by the upper ranges of seats, a view which comprises the Island of Ortygia, the valley of the Anapus, the Great Port, and the wide reaches of the Ionian Sea. The translation of the "Agamemnon" that will be used is by Prof. Ettore Romagnoli.

Music

My Art and My Friends. By Sir Frederic H. Cowen. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

Throughout the English-speaking world Sir Frederic Cowen is known as the composer of some very popular songs. His "Scandinavian" symphony introduced him into many concert halls, and it is only one of six symphonic works he has produced. He has also composed four chamber-music works, four operas, three operettas, five oratorios, and a number of cantatas. In England he has long been admired as one of the best of native conductors. In London and other cities he has come into contact with many eminent men and women, not a few of whom became his intimate friends. Of these he writes in a chatty way. One of them was the poet Browning, for a time his neighbor; he had "the curious habit of always walking with his umbrella or stick over his shoulder, as if he were carrying a gun." Throughout his book Mr. Cowen's main object is the entertainment rather than the instruction of the reader. There are many pages of anecdotes and jokes, some of them rather stale; but we do not remember having come across the one told of Brahms, who, on listening to a new work, was observed making a knot in his handkerchief and, when asked why he did it, answered: "To remember that pretty melody by."

Incidentally, one gets interesting glimpses of English musical activity during the last fifty years. Mr. Cowen happened to be born at Kingston, Jamaica, but he was only four years old, in 1856, when his parents returned to England. He was a youthful prodigy; at the age of six he composed a waltz, and at eleven he made his first public appearance as concert pianist, on which occasion the black nurse who had been brought over from Jamaica cried out proudly, to the amazement of the audience: "That's my boy! That *my* boy!" Santley was one of those who helped him by singing his early songs. Lloyd was another great singer by whose friendship he benefited. At seventeen he composed his first symphony. After studying at the Leipzig Conservatory he returned to London and joined Mapleson's Opera Company as accompanist, coach for the soloists, and drill-master for the chorus. There was in those days much indifference to the proprieties, artistic or other. Thus, in Ireland, during the performance of an opera, it was not unusual for the audience to stop the prima donna and make her sing "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Minstrel Boy," or some other popular favorite, before the performance was allowed to go on. Not to be outdone in informality, the members of the company at Limerick one day fastened the bill posters to their backs and paraded the town in the capacity of their own sandwich-men.

The experience gained by Mr. Cowen during his travels with the Mapleson Company were of good use to him later when he undertook to write operas of his own. Four he composed, but none of them was a success. He writes of his failures with perfect frankness and good cheer, but with the conviction, nevertheless, that under more favorable conditions his "Thorgrim" and, still more, his "Harold" might have been more fortunate. "The British composer who writes an opera under present conditions is doomed beforehand to failure," he declares. British patriotism, so conspicuous in politics, literature, art, sports, does not extend to music, and, least of all, to serious operatic works. Influential subscribers of Covent Garden actually protested against the inclusion of an English opera in the repertory. Another impediment lies in the lack of good librettos, concerning the art of writing which the author has some remarks worth heeding. In the last analysis, however, Sir Frederic feels that the blame lies largely on his own shoulders. The critics praised his "Thorgrim," the performance was excellent, but all these things "are of no use without that indefinable *something* which attracts the public and holds it in sympathetic interest throughout a performance."

The form of native art most relished by the British public is the ballad. To this class Cowen has contributed a number of specimens, of which some have become popular; nor is he ashamed of this, though he admits that the best ballads are not usually the most remunerative. In Wales he was surprised to find that the place of the ballad or

the folksong is so often taken by the hymn tune. In his wanderings he frequently came across small parties of Welsh folk "seated on the grass slopes, singing in good four-part harmony any pieces they could remember, chiefly hymns." A trip to Australia as musical director of the Melbourne Exposition gave him an opportunity for antipodal comparisons, which on the whole are flattering to the Australians.

"The Guide to the Chassevant Method of Musical Education," by M. P. Gibb, is announced for publication next month by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Of "The Vanity of Vanities," a new choral symphony by Granville Bantock, recently produced in London, the London *Times* says that Mr. Bantock "is most himself when he escapes from 'the vanity of vanities,' when he indulges in a piece of word painting, the wind whirling about continually, for instance, when he abandons the words to develop a quasi-Oriental dance sung with closed lips imitating the sounds of flute tunes and drum rhythms, or when he bursts into a brilliant C major phrase, 'Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart.' . . . Mr. Bantock is exploring the technique of the chorus, not perhaps doing anything as enterprising with the voices as Berlioz did in the 'Symphonie Fantastique' with muted horns and muffled drums, but still searching out their possibilities consistently."

Richard Strauss has completed the score of his ballet. It is now being printed as his opus 63 under the title of "Eine Josephslegende," by Adolph Fürstner in Paris. The duration of the work will be about the same as that of "Salome." The first performance is to be in Paris, by Russian dancers.

For pianists, amateur as well as professional, an indispensable book is Ruthardt's "Wegweiser durch die Klavierliteratur." It contains carefully classified and graded lists of nearly everything of value in music for the piano, either alone or in combination with other instruments. The utility of the book is indicated by the fact that the eighth edition of it has just been published by Gebrüder Hug & Co. in Leipzig. It is thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged, and the author tells frankly what he thinks of certain anarchistic tendencies in the music of today.

Sibelius is at work on his fifth symphony.

A clique of "freakish-looking fanatics" gave "frenetic applause" to Arnold Schönberg's "Kammer-Sinfonie" in Berlin the other day, while others in the audience indulged in hisses and cat-calls. Caroline V. Kerr writes in the *Musical Leader* that "the chamber-symphony is written for fifteen solo instruments and is as laden with dissonances as an overheated motor. Throughout the score there is nothing that could be designated as a theme or characteristic figure, but the small orchestra goes joyfully on its way, obeying to the letter the scriptural injunction of not letting 'the right hand know what the left is doing.'"

Art

PICTURES AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

The Metropolitan Museum has just published a "Catalogue of Paintings" from the competent hand of Curator Bryson Burroughs. Now, to publish a thoroughgoing catalogue might seem a most normal proceeding for a great museum. As a matter of fact, it is still rather an exceptional grace. It is only in Germany that one has the right to assume the existence of well-made catalogues, and it is only about ten years since the Metropolitan Museum has made the preparation of such catalogues a regular part of its policy. The "Catalogue of Paintings" marks a stage in a very active process of weeding out bad pictures, buying good ones, and rearranging the galleries. Within ten years the Metropolitan Museum has gained great funds for purchases, and in the same period has been systematically strengthening its staff. In the most conspicuous exhibit we have the opportunity of reviewing this development.

On the side of rearrangement too much good can hardly be said of the work. It was to be expected that Director Robinson would secure a chronological arrangement, but few probably realize how difficult it was to effect this. At last all the older schools are displayed in order and chronologically, while such individual exhibits as the Wolfe, Hearn, and Vanderbilt collections, although escaping the general historical classification, have been brought into relatively harmonious relations to the rest. Ten years ago the galleries looked like two very fine private collections—the Marquand and Vanderbilt, with several mediocre private collections appended. Nothing could be learned except with great difficulty, and rather little could be enjoyed. Of course, that confusion had its sufficient reasons, and was nobody's fault. All the same, high credit is due to those who have straightened out the tangle and have made the galleries almost without exception places of instruction and of high pleasure.

The new Catalogue gives occasion both to review the purchases of recent years of quick expansion and to consider the present condition of the collection as a whole. When one remembers that the great purchasing funds of the Museum put it far in advance of all European competitors, the purchasing success of the Museum has not been brilliant. A kind of mediocrity has perforce presided over the choice, for it is the choice not of an individual, but virtually of two committees, an informal committee of the staff and a stated committee of the trustees. No quick or brilliant transaction is possible under these conditions, and a kind of law of averages prevails. Illustrative examples are the purchase by the Museum of the least attractive member of a Paolo Veronese series at the moment when Mr. Frick was buying the two preferable pieces; or the recent purchase at a great price of a metallic and mannered composition, the appearance of which entirely belies its ascription to the greater Tintoretto; or the purchase of a Bellini Madonna that has merely a faint echo of the quality of the most delightful of Venetians. Against such acquisitions should in fairness be set the splendid Correggio, Four Saints; the Carpaccio Pietà, the Rubens, Wolf Hunt, and many a more modest purchase, either intrinsically desirable or historically apposite.

Some acquisitions leave one perplexed. Take the Botticelli St. Zenobius: one is glad to have so imaginative a thing on any terms, and yet reluctant to see anything so marred by old neglect and recent restoration. Such considerations tell the story of the recent buying campaign. It has been only fairly successful, and this will be the case so long as the buying is done by committee. Of course, this may be a business necessity of the situation. One can imagine the state of mind of trustees towards the spending of the great sums in their charge. It is hard to delegate such spending without the usual business controls. Yet the fact remains that only one museum buys freely and well, namely, the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin, which has prospered mightily under the benevolent tyranny of Dr. Bode. Incidentally, the best buying in the Metropolitan Museum has been in the department of decorative art, where the articles are too numerous to be passed by any committee, and in the classical department, where the Director may be able to influence the committee more than any curator could do. The whole matter of museum buying remains to be worked out, and it must be admitted that if the Metropolitan Museum in its picture-buying is doing only moderately well, few museums are doing conspicuously better.

Taking the collection as a whole, with some twelve hundred pictures, in mere numbers it approaches the famous foreign galleries. In French painting of the nineteenth century no museum but the Louvre is better supplied. This is the only point of unqualifiedly favorable comparison with foreign museums generally. Whatever the growth in other directions, there has been significant growth. The collection of Dutch and Flemish old masters, while not large, is singularly complete and well balanced. It is by far less rich than similar collections in the second-class museums of Europe, but it is well selected and,

broadly speaking, entirely adequate to the especial needs of the Museum. In Italian and Spanish old masters merely a good beginning has been made, and pictures of first importance are exceptional. It may be the Museum leaves the Spanish field to the Hispanic Society, whose gallery is notably rich. The most pressing need is the systemic upbuilding of the Italian galleries. The scarcity of fine examples and the great prices make the task staggeringly difficult; still much is already under way in filling the gaps. When we turn to English painting of the eighteenth century the prospect is more cheerful. It is not a remarkable display from the point of view of quality, but no museum outside of England has a better one. In French painting of the eighteenth century the Museum is lamentably deficient. Prices here are become almost prohibitive, and the Museum must depend largely on gifts.

The Early American school still needs building up; the later American painters are represented with appalling generosity. Here, largely owing to the liberality of the late George Hearn, there has been a steady increase. On the whole, the buying has been well done, and the gifts no worse than need be; but we believe this influx of canvases by living artists is distinctly a misfortune for the Museum. Much of this material is not worth museum honors now, and most of it will simply go to fill the storerooms in a matter of twenty years. In its own defence, the Museum will be forced either to limit such exhibits severely or put them under a separate roof. That would be far the best plan, a kind of American Luxembourg for contemporary art, from which the pictures of abiding value might be culled out for permanent exhibition. The weakest aspect of the Museum's policy to-day is precisely this patronage of contemporary art. It is not the buying itself that need be objected to, but the premature placing of work of unproved value in a museum devoted to the approved work of the past. The solution is an extramural department of contemporary art.

It should be added that the Altman collection will bring a great accession of strength, especially in Early Flemish and Dutch painting; but, unhappily, these pictures can never be put in historical sequence with the general collections. The task of balancing the collections goes on with much system and intelligence, but without much insight. A kind of collective intelligence may be got from committees, insight is solely a product of individuals. The danger of the Metropolitan Museum, for here the galleries of painting are merely symptomatic of a general condition, is that of being overfilled with objects which, while of a certain historic and archæological significance, are of no high artistic merit. Museums thrive not by historic sequences, but by the possession of masterpieces, and masterpieces are much rarer in the Metropolitan Museum than need be, considering the greatness of its funds and the capacity of its staff.

As Mr. Bryson Burroughs's "Catalogue of Paintings" represents the first systematic scrutiny of the Metropolitan Museum's collections, many new attributions of familiar pictures are only to be expected. Mr. Burroughs has provided rather a careful hand-list than a full-fledged catalogue. There is brief information about each artist, a terse identifying description for each picture, and, when necessary, a brief note concerning attributions. Recent acquisitions have usually been fully studied in the Museum *Bulletin*. References to these articles are a welcome convenience. At all points conciseness has been the aim. The student would welcome information as to provenance—and it seems to us that in exceptionally interesting and important cases such information should have been given. However, one must rather admire the consistency with which the text has been kept down to bare essentials. A fuller catalogue will doubtless follow in due course. Throughout, the work has been conducted with good sense and sound scholarship. We notice no serious slip except in the account of Antonello da Messina, where the latest discoveries have not been taken into account. The catalogue introduces an interesting novelty in the use of the Cutler system of library classification for numbering the pictures. Each artist is designated by his initial with a coefficient, and the pictures are designated in the order of acquisition. Thus R 28 is Rembrandt's number. R 28—2 means the second Rembrandt acquired, to wit, the Portrait of a Man in the Marquand collection. An appended S indicates a school piece. R 28S —1 denotes the old copy of Rembrandt's Adoration of the Shepherds, also in the Marquand gift. The system is entirely flexible. It was adopted particularly because the Metropolitan Museum is in rapid growth and naturally wishes to avoid perplexing change of numeration. But the system seems equally good in all cases where museum material can be classified under artists' names. The weakest point in this catalogue is the typographical arrangement, which is confusing, but easily amended. By printing the artists' names in a heavier face, the present confusion with the titles of the pictures would be avoided. This is an improvement that should be made in a second edition. This catalogue comes as the crowning record of a long process of weeding, purchase, and rearrangement, by which within ten years the attractiveness and usefulness of the galleries have been doubled. The steady production of handbooks like the present is the surest evidence that a museum can give of the possession of a competent and devoted staff. Mr. Burroughs is to be congratulated on the successful accomplishment of a task requiring not merely scholarship but a high degree of tact and good judgment.

"The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal," by Diana Watts, is announced for publication next month by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

In his "Raphaelstudien," a handsomely printed pamphlet of forty-eight pages (Berlin: Hyperionverlag), Mr. Oscar Ollendorff presents with further evidence and new extensions his interpretation, first published in 1896, of the figure of Aristotle in the School of Athens. The substance of this interpretation is that Raphael's Aristotle is an embodiment of the "perfetto cortegiano," the Renaissance ideal of the many-sided, cultivated aristocrat. In support of this view are cited Castiglione's own application of the term "cortegiano" to Aristotle, the grace, dignity, and air of moderation expressed in the figure, and Raphael's friendship with Castiglione and other members of the court at Urbino during the period to which the dialogues of the "Courtier" are attributed. Castiglione himself had derived his ideal from the "Nicomachæan Ethics"; the virtues of his courtier are explained as lying midway between two extremes, equally avoiding excess and defect. Further, Raphael himself was a courtier-nature, in Castiglione's sense, marked as such by his love of classical antiquity, his enthusiasm for learning, his aspiration towards lofty ideals, and his personal grace and charm. Thus it is by no accident that he should have become interested in Castiglione's speculations, that he should have embodied in his Aristotle a conception of which Aristotle was the real originator, and that he should have introduced his own portrait into the picture, upon the Aristotelian side. The last circumstance is the more significant as being the sole instance in which Raphael himself appears in any of his compositions.

The figure of Aristotle is held by Mr. Ollendorff to be the culmination of a series, showing Raphael's gradual realization of an ideal of manhood in which grace should be conspicuously present. Later the Christian ideal supplanted the courtier-ideal; the apostles of the Vatican tapestries are akin, not to Aristotle, but to the Plato of the School, a type of exclusively spiritual striving, neglectful of external graces. But the Christ of Feed My Lambs still retains certain features of the Aristotle-type, with such differences as must distinguish the heavenly Prince from the earthly courtier. Mr. Ollendorff brings both scholarship and sympathetic insight to his interpretation of Raphael, whose aristocratic culture he believes to be inadequately appreciated in the present democratic and materialistic age.

Finance

UNDOING THE MISCHIEF OF THE PAST.

When the Supreme Court, acting under the Sherman Law, began to decree the dissolution of certain great so-called "Trusts," there was an agonized outcry, from both Wall Street and the investing community. Wall Street's distress was caused by the conviction,

which had been carefully instilled into its mind by the financial leaders, that we could not go on doing business successfully without these enormous combinations of corporations. The misgivings of the outside investor were inspired by his notion that "dissolution" meant destruction of plant, good will, and business profits. Both very soon turned out to be curiously mistaken. The separate companies, released from the domination of one company which controlled them all through the machinery of corporate ownership, continued to do a successful and prosperous business.

This gave a somewhat different turn to the public's point of view. Even the simple-minded began to realize that these huge combinations, which had been talked of as if prosperity itself had been originally created by them and could not exist without them, were in reality experiments of a single decade; that they were the outgrowth of a period marked by conceptions of finance which often verged on delirium, and that many of them had been notorious failures. As a further inference, it began to be dimly felt that the outcome of "dissolution" might also mean return to a sound and stable condition of affairs.

But the so-called great Trusts were not the only new phenomena of "combination" in that period of extravagance and delusion. Three contrivances were introduced with a flourish by our financiers of 1899 and 1901. One was the "community-of-interest" idea, whereby one company (usually in the railway field) would buy up a block of shares in another competing company, hold those shares in its treasury, and elect one or two directors in the other corporation. The notion seemed to be that competitive concerns would thereby, so to speak, direct one another's affairs and remove unpleasant competition. This expedient lost its vogue when it was found that "community-of-interest directors" were virtually snubbed by the regular managers, and excluded from active participation in the management.

The "holding company," which bought up other corporations by exchanging its own shares for theirs, was the next expedient. The United States Steel was one of these; the Northern Securities was another; the Standard Oil yet another. Their purpose was, first, to annihilate competition between the companies bought up, and, secondly, to concentrate control perpetually in a few hands. Those purposes were often denied, but the denials were wasted words. The Northern Securities and Standard Oil decisions of the Supreme Court put an end to the process.

The third expedient was the buying up by one company of the shares of another, and raising the money for the purpose through issuing a bond of the purchasing company, secured only by the shares of the company acquired. The Mercantile Marine and the Interborough-Metropolitan did this, and so did the Rock Island. That is what gives peculiar interest to the present situation in the last-named property. In most cases where the expedient was employed the collateral trust bond was issued on the credit of a strong existing company, which had used that machinery to keep under its own control the other company whose shares were deposited as pledge for the bonds.

But the men who in 1901 used the proceeds of their reckless company promotions and wild speculations to buy up control of the fine old Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific property carried the process to its last analysis. They constructed a fictitious "holding company"; put the old railway shares under a collateral trust bond, issued by another fictitious company owned by that shadowy concern, and, in exchange, presented themselves with the collateral trust bonds and with no less than $140,000,000 in stock of the "holding company"—stock which had absolutely no property or assets back of it except the shares of the old railway, all of which were pledged as security for the 4 per cent. collateral trust bonds.

Financially considered, this performance was clearly nothing but the recapitalizing of a railway for three times the amount of stock on which it had previously paid a conservative dividend. Considered as a physical experiment, it was lifting one's self into prosperity by the boot-straps. But the projectors of the scheme had a different end in view, which, in fact, was cynically avowed at the time. Their purpose was, as in the case of the other peculiar expedients of 1901, to control a company without keeping their capital tied up in it, and, for this reason, the ringleaders of the Rock Island promotion expected to keep the "holding company's" preferred stock (which alone controlled the board of directors), and sell their common stock and collateral trust bonds, which had no control at all.

They succeeded in getting the common stock and bonds into the public's hands. But they overlooked two facts which are now seen to have been ahead of them all along. One was, that skill in constructing paper corporations does not make men respectable railway managers. The other was, that when interest should be no longer paid on the collateral trust bonds, the holders of those bonds could automatically acquire the shares of the whole railway property, and leave the "holding company" with nothing.

This is the situation which has developed in the Rock Island, as a sequel to the foolish performances of a dozen years ago. It is a situation which at least points its own moral—equally with the dissolution of the enormous "Trusts"—as to the economic worth and value of the New Finance of 1899 and 1901. It raises the query whether it was not the deficiencies of our corporation law, rather than "tendencies of the age," which really made possible this unscrupulous thimble-rigging, in the face of the courts and the police. It conclusively answers the question—not often asked, however, nowadays—as to whether we should not all have been better off if our Government had left "Big Business" to its own devices.

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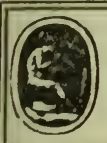

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1914.

Summary of the News

The most important development in the Mexican situation during the past week was the withdrawal of Gen. Carranza from the position he had assumed with regard to the right of the United States to investigate the Benton or similar cases. Following a conference with American Consul Simpich, acting under instructions from the State Department, Gen. Carranza announced that he had decided to accept representations from the United States concerning all foreigners in Mexico. Meanwhile, it is freely stated that Villa is ambitious to become the next President of Mexico, and that a break between him and his nominal leader is only a question of time. Villa himself, however, has denied that any friction exists between the Constitutional chief and himself, and has declared explicitly that he will not be President. On the same day that Gen. Carranza made his announcement the President directed an increase in the force of regular troops on the Mexican border to check any inclination on the part of the Texans to organize a raid over the frontier. On Saturday night some Mexicans crossed the border at San Diego, Cal., burnt the general store containing the post office, and murdered Postmaster Frank Johnston. Efforts will be made to have the murderers returned to California for trial under extradition proceedings.

A storm in a teacup was aroused by Ambassador Page's speech last week before the Associated Chambers of Commerce in London, with the result that a resolution was passed in the Senate calling on the State Department to place before it a copy of the speech. Exception was taken to the passages in which Ambassador Page alluded to the Monroe Doctrine as meaning that "the United States would prefer that no European Governments would gain more lands in the New World," and in which he stated that it added greatly to the pleasure of the people of the United States in the building of the Panama Canal to know that the British would profit most by its use. Secretary of St te Bryan has cabled instructions to the Ambassador to forward the full text of the speech. In the meantime Mr. Page explains that the misunderstanding was due to too great condensation in the reports of his speech published in the press, and that the passages to which exception was taken in the Senate were spoken in a facetious vein.

The Senate Immigration Committee decided last week to report the Burnett Immigration bill favorably to the Senate. The literacy test therefore remains in the bill, and the question will be fought out on the floor of the Senate.

The application of the "gag" rule to the debate in the House on the repeal of the exemption clause in the Panama Canal tolls bill indicates that the measure will be transferred to the Senate to-day or to-morrow. According to a preliminary canvass of the Senate it is probable that the motion to repeal the clause will obtain a sufficient majority.

The attempt to amend the Sherman Anti-Trust law by attaching to it a series of definitions has been abandoned. The difficulty of framing legislation to define exactly what constitutes a "monopoly" has apparently been found to be insuperable, and the President, according to the Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, "has noted that every time a new definition is attempted in this connection it makes a new series of cases to interpret the definition."

As a result of the competition of the parcel post it was announced last Friday that the United States Express Company would go into liquidation. Reports of business during recent months show an enormous decline in comparison with the corresponding months a year ago, and it is said that the small surplus that existed on December 1 last year had by the close of February been converted into a large deficit. In order to preserve its assets the stockholders have decided to dissolve the company.

Three indictments were handed down by the Grand Jury on March 11 against Henry Siegel and Frank E. Vogel, the principals in the conduct of department stores in Boston and New York. The indictments charge fraud in accepting deposits in the private bank of Henry Siegel & Co. when the firm knew that it was insolvent, and in having obtained a loan of $25,000 from the National Bank of Commerce by misrepresentation of assets and liabilities.

It is possible that the differences between the United States customs officials and the Limoges porcelain manufacturers may hold up indefinitely the voting by the Chamber of Deputies of the appropriation for the French exhibit at the Panama Exposition. According to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun* there is no likelihood of the budget committee voting the appropriation unless the Limoges difficulty is settled, and as the present Chamber has less than two weeks more of existence before the elections it is probable that the matter will have to be postponed for the consideration of the next Chamber. In that case, the appropriation could hardly be voted in time to make preparations for the opening of the Exposition.

Premier Asquith's statement in the House of Commons on Monday threw no further light on the Home Rule situation. The Premier admitted that he was "not much encouraged" over the reception of his proposal to allow the nine counties of Ulster to decide separately, by a plébiscite, whether they would accept Home Rule or remain directly under the government of the Imperial Parliament. He refused to discuss the details of his scheme until the general principles of the proposal had been accepted by the Opposition. Mr. Bonar Law, leader of the Opposition, insisted that the details must be laid before the House before the matter could be discussed; whereupon Mr. Asquith undertook to afford an opportunity for the discussion of his refusal to enter into details.

Gaston Calmette, editor of *Figaro*, was shot on Monday evening by Mme. Henriette Caillaux, wife of Joseph Caillaux, the French Minister of Finance, and died late the same night. Mme. Caillaux's action was prompted by a desire for revenge for a series of bitter attacks made by M. Calmette on her husband in *Figaro*. M. Caillaux has resigned his portfolio, and the Premier, M. Doumergue, has rearranged his Cabinet.

The general strike in Rome was brought to an end early last week by the prompt action of the Government. There were serious clashes between the troops and the rioters, and a number of persons were injured. While the ostensible reason for the strike, which paralyzed the entire traffic and business of the city, was to protest against the closing of a Government hospital, it is generally believed that the real purpose of the leaders, as has been the case in similar strikes, was to test the strength of the labor organizations.

The recent elections to the Spanish Cortes resulted in a decisive victory for the Government, the Ministerialists obtaining a majority of sixty-six Deputies.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times* professes to give details concerning the proposed increase in Russian armaments that has been reported. A secret meeting of Cabinet Ministers and representative members of the Duma was held in St. Petersburg on Saturday, at which, according to the *Times* correspondent, the proposal was made by Ministers that Russia should increase her army on a peace footing by 460,000 men, bringing the total up to 1,700,000. The cost of the increase, estimated at $250,000,000, would be spread over a term of three years. It is understood that the members of the Duma represented at the meeting, among whom were not included Socialists, Labor members, Poles, or Mohammedans, are prepared to vote the necessary supplies.

The scandal arising out of the naval graft charges in Japan has resulted in a deadlock between the upper and lower houses of the Parliament over the naval estimates, and it is thought probable either that the Cabinet will resign or Parliament be dissolved. The latest officer to be involved in the scandals is Vice-Admiral Tsurutaro Matsuo, who has been arrested on a charge of grafting in connection with naval contracts.

The deaths of the week include: Gen. Francis A. Osborn, John Lambert Cadwalader, Dr. Thomas Morgan Rotch, March 11; George Westinghouse, March 12; Judge C. A. Willard, March 13; Right Rev. Dr. John Scarborough, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, March 14; William Lummis, March 15; Sir John Murray, March 16.

Burlington Public Library

The Week

The little diplomatic passage at arms between Secretary Bryan and Carranza has ended by the latter's climbing down as gracefully as possible. He concedes, in language made as high-flown as may be in order to conceal his yielding, that he will consider representations made to him by the United States in behalf of British subjects, or other foreigners, imperilled in Mexico. The incident is of no great importance in itself, but it illustrates the difficulty of dealing with the Mexicans, whether in the north or in the capital. Their rulers have smart lawyers associated with them, who have a keen scent for every opening and lose no chance to score a point. Carranza's legal advisers evidently thought that they had a fine opportunity, in the Benton matter, to force recognition by the British Government. So they drove at it with a good conceit of their own cleverness. It came to nothing in the end, as it was bound to, but they had had their flourish, and enjoyed it. As for the hard facts and obvious dangers of the case, those they lightheartedly ignored. It was enough to have made their magnificent gesture. This combination of pertinacity in controversy with great personal pride has long been familiar as a weakness of the Spanish character. The Mexicans have their full share of it; and it makes trouble for anybody who seeks to do business with them.

Though the Senate was hasty and rather childish in demanding all the details of Ambassador Page's jocose remarks in London about the Canal and the Monroe Doctrine, it must be admitted that Mr. Page was indiscreet. Certain topics an Ambassador had better keep free from jesting. This is especially the case when those topics are under active discussion in his own country. It is much wiser for him to omit not only joking about them, but all public reference to them. This is not to demand that an American Ambassador, particularly in England, should always be solemn and formal. It is well for him to exercise his wit, but he should do it upon non-contentious subjects. If tempted to say something flippant about the Panama Canal, he should restrain himself, and at least go no further than Jeffrey, who, it will be remembered, spoke disrespectfully of the Equator. We have no doubt that Ambassador Page will be able to prove to the satisfaction of the Senate that he was merely indulging in a little harmless levity which his immediate audience did not fail to understand. But it is the audience at the end of the Atlantic cable that he should never forget. To it, and on most political or controverted matters, it is a recommendation of an Ambassador that he "jokes wi' deeficulty."

It appears to have been decided at Washington to abandon the attempt to amend the Anti-Trust law by plastering some new definitions over it. This seems to us eminently wise. From the first the *Nation* took the view that the statute, as expounded and applied by the Supreme Court, is now a sufficiently stout hook to put in the jaw of leviathans of monopoly and restraint of trade, and furthermore, that the effort to make some new verbal descriptions of the kind of thing it is sought to prevent would be perilous. The inevitable result would be to unsettle what has been determined and to let loose a flood of new litigation. Define and refine as lawmakers may, it is for the judges finally to say what is the legal effect of their definitions. This fact has apparently been borne in at last upon the minds of the ardent definition-makers in Congress. They have discovered the truth that there is no short-cut to an industrial millennium by merely getting up a new form of words. It is an old story. The adoption of a Code in New York was so to simplify the law and judicial procedure that the wayfaring man would know all about it and that the volume of litigation would be cut down very small. In fact, nearly every phrase in the Code has been litigated and made the subject of a large body of judicial decisions. Such would have almost certainly been the fate of extemporized definitions thrust into the Anti-Trust law. They can be given up without a pang.

The statement made before the Senate lobbying investigation committee by a Washington lawyer, that he had been employed by a certain shipbuilding company to work for the Panama tolls exemption, is controverted by the head of the business concern in question. It would appear that the Washington attorney had been hired to work for section 11 of the Panama Canal bill, and not for section 5, which relates to tolls. There is here a certain refinement of pleading which the ordinary mind will find it rather hard to follow. The ordinary mind will seize upon the broad fact that private business interests were not unconcerned in a question which was interpreted as involving the vindication of our national dignity against the insolent demands of foreign Powers. The public is learning to put to a close scrutiny all arguments in which the national dignity demands that something be done in violation of national honor. For that matter, the argument from national dignity is losing force, in general. Recent disclosures the world over—in this country, in Germany, in Japan—have revealed an intimate connection between the preservation of the national dignity as the professional patriot sees it, and fat commissions from the armament makers.

When the Colonel's away, the bosslets will play. But there is a growing curiosity as to what will happen when the leader returns. This curiosity centres just now on Lieut. Perkins. There are whispers that some of the Moose are beginning to fear lest the former Trust connections of this zealous convert are becoming a burden upon the party. At the same time, it cannot be denied that he is an aggressive fighter. His plan of campaign for the immediate future is understood to be to wage war against the shining lights of the progressive Republicans, with the idea that, with them eliminated, the old party will have no claim whatever upon public attention. Senator Cummins is said to be slated as the first victim, and there are stories of a huge campaign fund to defeat him in Iowa this year. Then will come the turns of Senators Borah and La Follette. On the other hand, the Republicans are not napping. The first great battle takes place in Pennsylvania, and the progressive Republicans of that State are endeavoring to concentrate their forces behind a single candidate, in order to make the defeat of Penrose as nearly certain as possible.

The factor of urban congestion in the cities of the Atlantic Coast is concededly one of the outstanding problems of immigration. It is therefore of interest

to see what has hitherto been accomplished in tho way of a more even geographical distribution of immigrants. The latest report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration says: "There can be no question but that many of the evils that grow out of our present excessive immigration would be remedied, or at least alleviated, if the congestion of aliens in our large centres of population could be broken up. Distribution of admitted aliens is a thing much to be desired." A commentary on this statement is offered in the thirteenth annual report of the Industrial Removal Office operating in this city. Since 1901, this bureau has been instrumental in transplanting something more than 71,000 aliens from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, to homes in 1,155 cities and towns in every State of the Union and Canada. The West Central States have taken half of this number. If these results can be attained by private initiative operating with comparatively limited resources, it is plain that much more might be accomplished if Government agencies were to coöperate with private effort.

Probably there are more pressing municipal problems waiting for solution in New York than the question of a bridge across the Hudson, which was debated last Friday in the rooms of the Merchants' Association. But the nature of the arguments brought forward by opponents of the project is instructive. Citizens of New Jersey took the position that any improvement of communications between that State and New York is bound to divert trade from local merchants to the department stores of this city. This has actually happened in Jersey City, partly as a result of the Hudson tunnels improvement and partly through the building of the Pennsylvania Station, which has greatly reduced Jersey City's importance as a terminal. If better traffic facilities are bound to injure New Jersey interests, it apparently follows that New York city must benefit proportionately. But no, argue real estate interests in this city. A bridge across the Hudson means the pouring out of New York's surplus population into New Jersey, whereas they ought to go to the Bronx and Long Island. Thus, instead of the broad view that in the long run both New York and New Jersey are bound to profit by the change, one as a trading centre, the other as a residential region, two narrow views confront each other.

The death of John L. Cadwalader removes not only one of the most distinguished New York lawyers, but one of its most public-spirited citizens. Few men have more deeply felt their civic as well as professional responsibilities. In his personal dignity, his general culture, his rounded legal knowledge, and his concern for the standards of his profession, he was a great ornament to the Bar. Though he had reached and passed three score and ten, he campaigned night after night for the ticket of the Judiciary Nominators with the enthusiasm of youth. To many he personified the old-fashioned lawyer who was neither a corporation tool nor a mere money-making machine, but an attorney who was both friend and counsellor. As president of the Bar Association he was untiring in his efforts to better legal conditions. To the New York Public Library his services have been singularly devoted and of far-reaching value, notably in the consolidation of the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundations. With John Bigelow, Dr. Billings, and Mr. Cadwalader gone, that institution finds itself hard hit indeed; and Mr. Edward Robinson but voices the feeling of many in declaring that Mr. Cadwalader's death will be "an almost irreparable loss" to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A home in which not a stroke of housework shall be done except by professionals, hired to come in by the hour or day.—Mrs. Gilman.

In 1890, according to the Census, there were in the United States female domestic servants—"servants and waiters"—to the number of 1,216,000. Ten years later the number had risen to 1,283,000. The figures for 1910 are not available, but assuming a like rate of increase, there must be to-day not far from 1,400,000 women household servants. The number of families that employ "help" is, of course, a small percentage of the entire population. If every home in the United States were to depend on professional domestic labor, we should need, at a moderate estimate, say, ten million women servants, allowing one servant for the work of two families. Where are these ten million women laborers to come from? Obviously, they can come only from the ranks of the women who have been liberated from the burden of toiling for their husbands and their children. It does not matter whether the cooking or the laundry work of the future will be done in individual homes—Mrs. Gilman says she wants the home preserved—or in great central institutions. Apparently, therefore, the future of woman depends on adopting the institutions of China, where they make a living by taking in each other's wash. Women are to be emancipated in order that they may do each other's cooking. Mrs. Smith will kiss her children good-by and go out to cook Mrs. Brown's dinner. And Mrs. Brown will kiss her children good-by and go out to cook Mrs. Smith's dinner. Being obliged to keep professional hours, however, the chances are that they will have no time to kiss the children good-by.

St. Louis's "triumph" over the billboard nuisance, after a battle of nine years, has a gentleness in its method that will not too severely offend adherents of this style of civic decoration. Its main effect is to stop an insane competition in the size of rival billboards. By the law of 1905, now called into enforcement, the height of each is limited to 14 feet, the length to 50. The gap between two billboards must be all of six feet. All this seems calculated to save the advertiser needless expense, and yet permits of an ample scheme of utilizing vacant lots and glaring walls. But the worst enemy of the billboard can still congratulate himself on certain gains. They are demolishing no less than 1,800 signs which have exceeded the legal limit. Reconstruction will be somewhat checked by a tax of $1 per lineal five feet. Finally, the billboards must leave an open space of four feet from the ground, to avoid the possibility of screening objectionable objects.

There was a time when poetry was not merely the best seller, but the only seller. The court minstrel earned his board and keep by his song, and no literary rival was to be seen anywhere on the horizon. This condition can hardly be restored, but poets will be more than content with Mr. Brett's diagnosis of the present situation. For the first time since Tennyson, he is quoted in the New York *Times* as saying, poets are among best sellers, and he gives cold figures to

substantiate the statement. Tagore's "The Gardener," according to these statistics, has sold to the extent of 100,000 copies in this country alone. One is bound to agree with Alfred Noyes in his repugnance to the notion that a poet is to be judged or is to weigh his happiness by the amount of his bank account, but in so far as figures of sales indicate a larger interest in poetry, they are most gratifying to everybody who wishes one of the oldest and finest of the arts to have its proper place in the public esteem. Especially interesting is Mr. Brett's explanation of the comparative decline in the popularity of fiction. You can present a story in moving-pictures, he remarks, but not poetry.

The London *Times*, in announcing its reduction of price from two pence to one penny, states that this step has been decided on "in view of the grave importance of the present political situation." The statement made by the publisher of the *Times*, in an interview, is more frank. "In view of the grave importance of the political situation," he says, "the authorities at Printing House Square consider the moment an appropriate one for the issue of the *Times* at its new price." That the moment is well chosen there can be no doubt; that the step itself, however, was to be taken in the near future had for some time been regarded as settled. The change is one that is of interest to the whole English-speaking world; and the question of real concern is neither by what motive it was actuated, nor what financial success may attend it, but whether the character of the paper will be maintained. The change from three pence to two pence, made since Lord Northcliffe took possession, has left the quality of the *Times* in the main what it was before the reduction of price—though not equal to that of the palmiest days of the Thunderer; and we believe that a correct calculation of business results, as well as considerations of journalistic pride and of public spirit, would prescribe maintaining its standard as the only true policy for the London *Times*.

With facts about Shakespeare long in as eager demand as pieces of the true mulberry tree, it is surprising to learn that his cranial classification is just determined. Professor Keith, Conservator of the Royal College of Surgeons Museum in England, announces that Shakespeare was round-headed, and therefore a descendant of the Celtic people who invaded Britain in the Bronze Age. He has the word of anthropologists, moreover, that it is this stock which, diffused over Europe, produced the greatest artists. He estimates, from the Stratford bust, that the poet had a huge brain-capacity for a roundhead—1,540 cubic centimetres. It appears from Dr. Keith that a mere long-head, like Burns, can trust to no advantage of brain capacity to make him more than a second-rate poet. How strong a point is scored here by the admirers of Shakespeare the Baconians will be quick to realize. Unless they can prove that their man had a round head also, and a still more capacious one, their cause will have no standing in the anthropological world.

The glorious proposal for an Authors' Bank has just died in its London cradle, but it is gratifying to learn that Messrs. Zangwill and Marriott have procured a vote favoring a substitute for the institution where young poets were to get a cash advance on manuscripts. The new plan is a trade union. A minimum wage enforced against the sweating publisher was debated, but it was thought that the number willing to print at their own expense made it impracticable:

> Only by strong trade union action could the thing actually be done. Literature is a skilled trade, but every one has some elemental acquaintanceship with its tools. Weak action would be useless; but a militant trade union which contained every author of any status in England might kill some enterprises which are not fit to live, and bring some employers up to a decent standard.

The advance represented by this over the original scheme, as over the French "poets' bank," is in its elimination of the risk run by the cashier in accepting works of genius as collateral. The union acts as holding company for the literary output, and it is the publisher, frantic over idle presses, who hastens to fill out the checks. But with this worldly precaution, the romantic beauty of the project vanishes. Its success lies in banding together writers already successful. It offers no aid to the struggling genius, sure to succeed if only he can find a few pennies for food and a few shillings for attic rent.

To ask whether the Irish have a sense of humor would bring shillelahs about the head of the rash questioner, but it might be safe to ask if they can take a joke. The mobbing of "General John Regan" in Ireland is a case in point. It must have seemed to Canon Hannay as alone deserving another play on the Irish character. And now comes something even more ludicrous. A short time ago, *Punch* had a facetious article on William O'Brien, and his resigning as member for Cork in order to be reëlected. It fancied many more resignations by him on fantastic grounds. But one of his indignant followers wrote to the *Freeman's Journal*, declaring that "this English production will be publicly burned in Cork by 100,000 Cork Nationalists." If each one of the hundred thousand buys a copy of *Punch* in order to burn it, that paper need not mind. The revenge would be as terrible as that taken by the mob on an unpopular banker—gathering all of his banknotes that they could lay their hands upon and burning them.

People who know the Paris *Figaro* sufficiently well to remember its make-up will recall the little figure of the crossed foils which always accompanied the editorial articles on the first page signed by Gaston Calmette. The militant symbol was an announcement of the editor's readiness to be called to account for his statements. It is doubtful, however, whether the editor of the *Figaro* expected to be called to account with such fatal directness as marked the tragedy in the Rue Drouot. The campaign which the *Figaro* has been conducting against M. Caillaux was bitter enough, to be sure, but such press campaigns are far from uncommon in Continental politics, and especially in Paris. If M. Calmette's attacks on the Minister of Finance were exceptionally virulent, the thing to have been expected was that the inevitable meeting on the field of honor between the Cabinet Minister and the editor would be a bit more serious than the ordinary encounter of this sort. But the affair had evidently gone beyond the point where a drop of blood from the forearm would satisfy both parties. In the mind of the hysterical woman who did not hesitate at murder, the issue seems to have presented itself as a choice of disaster for her husband or for his enemy. The publication of a letter in the *Figaro* was the specific cause of the tragedy.

THE AMENDED TRADES COMMISSION BILL.

The first comment which will be made on the Trades Commission bill, in the new and altered shape in which the House Interstate Commerce Committee is submitting it to Congress, is that the most objectionable features of the original draft have been removed. When it was first drawn up and published, during January, we pointed out that its provisions were inquisitorial in such degree as needlessly and most offensively to annoy a great body of incorporated enterprises to which the real objects of the law had little or no reference. Its mandatory clauses were applied to every corporation, great or small, doing business in more than one State, or with a foreign country.

It required every such corporation to furnish to the Commission whatever information regarding its business, financial condition, and management the Commission might prescribe. Nor was this enough; for the bill gave to the Commission or its agents "complete access to all records, accounts, minutes, books, and papers of such corporations." As if to prove conclusively that the purposes of the bill were nearer to sheer meddlesomeness than to pursuit of a useful public end, the original measure further declared of these highly confidential data that "the Commission shall, from time to time, make public such information, in such form and to such extent as it may deem necessary."

The new bill, whose text was given out on Monday, eliminates for the most part these obnoxious provisions. Its mandatory provisions are now applied to corporations owning or controlling a property of $5,000,000 or more. The kind of information which such a company is to give to the proposed Trades Commission is now reasonably defined in the bill, instead of being left subject to such excessively vague language as the original bill's stipulation of "information to such degree and extent as may be prescribed by the Commission." Direct investigation of the business and records of such a corporation—which, under the original bill, the Commission would have made, and the results of which it would have published, at its own volition—is now proposed only as a result of Executive or Congressional order. Reports of the investigations "may be made public in the discretion of the Commission," but in certain cases they "shall be made public only upon the direction of the President."

We do not say that the bill as now revised is itself satisfactory; in several respects it is not. Its wording is clumsy and obscure in some highly important clauses; one of which, in fact, after exempting from the provisions of the law corporations with less than $5,000,000 capital, thereupon proceeds to include any smaller company "which belongs to any class of corporations which the Commission may make." This utterly vague declaration, which no other section of the bill explains, might quite conceivably result in subjecting the entire application of the law to the whim of the Commission. But such defects are susceptible of amendment in the nature of definition or limitation; the essential fact is that a bill which was objectionable from start to finish is replaced by a bill which, with some obvious alterations, might be made properly workable. In reality, it adds little to the powers possessed by the existing Bureau of Corporations; the main difference being that the law which in 1903 created that Bureau provides that its officers begin their investigations only "under the direction and control of the Secretary of Commerce," instructs it to make its reports only "to the President from time to time, as he shall require," and authorizes its publication only "as the President may direct."

What the prospects are of enacting this revised bill we do not know. The aspect of the matter which most impresses us, however, is the plain indication, from the manner in which the House committee has dealt with the original and faulty measure, that the present Congress is capable of statesmanlike deliberation, even in the case of measures having more or less of indiscriminate popular clamor behind them. This is equally evident from the manner in which the proposals for sweeping prohibition of holding companies, and for "definition of restraint of trade," have similarly had to run the gantlet of thorough and judicial examination in committee—with the result that the measures have not been drawn up at all in the shape originally expected, and probably never will be. The action of Congress, thus far, on these various measures, fairly supplements its action on the Currency bill in showing by facts, and not merely words, that the business community's dread, a year ago, lest we were entering an era of reckless and purely destructive legislation, was unfounded.

We are nevertheless inclined to repeat the expression of regret which we made at the time this new "Trust legislation" was announced as on the programme. We said then, and we believe now, that both Congress and the Administration would occupy a stronger position, at the end of the present session, if they had left these additional and purely experimental corporation measures alone. By confining themselves to the session's necessary legislation, after the quite unprecedented achievements of the extra session, both legislative and executive branches of Government would have retained the enviable reputation, for courage and progressiveness combined with useful conservatism, which the whole community conceded to them three months ago.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S PROTEST.

A fine flame of righteous indignation burns in John Galsworthy's letter, printed in the London *Times* under the title, "The Heartlessness of Parliament." He cites "a few only of the abhorrent things done daily, daily left undone; done and left undone, without shadow of doubt, against the conscience and general will of the community." All of them, he declares, are removable, and many of them by small expenditure of Parliamentary time, public money, and expert care. "And I say it is rotten," he exclaims, "that, for mere want of Parliamentary interest and time, we cannot have manifest and stinking sores such as these treated and banished once for all from the nation's body."

Mr. Galsworthy's outburst of fiery impatience with the slow process of human betterment will stir many souls, and may result in some practical steps towards making the way of humane legislation easier. It is doubtless true that a considerable element in the difficulty of passing some measures of that nature is the mere heavy-footedness of law-making bodies, or, as Mr. Galsworthy puts it, "mere want of Parliamentary interest and time." It is possible that his appeal may start a movement for the devotion of some definite part of the time of Parliament to the consideration of such

measures. But if this gifted novelist and reformer really thinks that the difficulty lies no deeper than this, that it can be overcome by a mere readjustment of the time-schedule of Parliament, he falls into an error from which a man of his intellectual rank might be supposed to be exempt. In the list of ten abuses which he names as crying out for immediate abolition there are, indeed, some which an energetic drive in Parliament, given a fair chance, would suffice to bring to an end; but there are others, and these incomparably the biggest, which are of a totally different character. A bill to prohibit "mutilation of horses by docking" might perhaps be quickly passed, if Parliament would but give it attention; but does Mr. Galsworthy really think that nothing but the assignment of a certain number of hours to its consideration stands in the way of ending the "employment of boys on work that to all intents ruins their chances in after life" or the "insufficient feeding of children"? To imagine such a thing is to show that one lives, after all, in an unreal world—a world in which the whole problem of the statesman is to think what ought to be and compare it with what is.

It will not do to load too much of the blame on the adventitious element in the case. As regards the really difficult problems—the problems of labor and of poverty—the trouble, as we have said, lies deep in the nature of the question; but even as to the others, what are the facts about the feeling of the public? How many persons in England have ever bothered their heads over "export of horses worn out in work for Englishmen"? What proportion of the people of Great Britain are convinced that there ought to be a law forbidding the caging of song-birds? It may, indeed, be the duty of Parliament to act in these particular matters without waiting for any pressure from public opinion. But, as Mr. Galsworthy himself says, the things he cites are "a few only" of the things that are demanded by this or that group of humanitarians; and if Parliament were to pass the whole mass of measures about which one or another of these groups feels just as intensely as Mr. Galsworthy does about his, we rather fancy that the average Englishman would give Parliament a piece of his mind. And incidentally, how is it that John Galsworthy himself can find it in his heart to enjoy a vacation at Taormina—whence his letter is dated—while the hideous brutalities he speaks of are filling his soul with indignation and rage?

In the field of social betterment there has been in England a great deal of hard work, and a great deal of progress, in the past fifteen or twenty years. If there has not been more, it is not because Parliament has been too sparing of its time; it has been for two very substantial reasons—that those who desire the pace to be faster are very much perplexed as to ways and means, and that there are many who think that the pace has in some respects been not too slow, but too fast. A curious sidelight is thrown on Mr. Galsworthy's perception of the realities of political struggle by what he says about the time wasted in debate on the Home Rule bill. He speaks of the hours spent on it "*since the last new thing was said on both sides*," giving to the phrase the emphasis of italics, in token, no doubt, of the importance of his discovery. But what the contestants are bent upon in a grim struggle like that is not to say a "new thing," but to hold up their end by hook or by crook. They are fighting out an age-long fight; what they are really carrying on is a trial of strength, not a trial of wits. Whatever they may think about the Poor Laws, or the regulation of sweatshops, it is out of the question to substitute a discussion of these things for the fighting out of the Home Rule issue. While that fight is going on, the other class of questions are doubtless considered by Government experts and Royal Commissions, the results of whose labors will in due time be laid before Parliament; and that is all that could be done in any case.

WESTINGHOUSE AND HIS TIMES.

No one will, we think, deny that George Westinghouse has been one of the great figures of American business and industrial life for the last forty years. To few men is it given to achieve such success by inventions so early in life as he, and to still fewer is vouchsafed the creation of great manufacturing enterprises, employing thousands upon thousands of men, along lines of the greatest value to everybody. Westinghouse and Edison illustrate to best advantage that organization of society which gives free scope to individual talent and places no limit upon the legitimate rewards it may reap. Both began without inherited wealth, and both have contributed enormously to the revolution in social and industrial life due to the utilization of electricity. Mr. Westinghouse's claim to popular fame lay, of course, more in the railway field than in the electrical; one has only to contemplate what wonders have been accomplished by his air-brake in safeguarding life to understand that he is entitled to be known as a benefactor of humanity.

In the electrical world he was, perhaps, more an adapter and organizer than an inventor; but a great and never-to-be-forgotten service was in connection with the development of the alternating current system for light and power. For this he received, only two years ago, the Edison gold medal of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, than which, we fancy, no honor could have been more welcome, since it was Edison himself who in the beginning most bitterly opposed the introduction of the alternating current, calling it "impractical and deadly." In this contest between these two men of vision, Westinghouse saw the furthest and the deepest; and his dogged pertinacity in sticking to his views in the face of ridicule and protest illustrated the strength of his character. It was only in the financial field that Mr. Westinghouse appeared unpractical; there his dreams betrayed him, his visions led him astray. But no financial failure could daunt his spirit or check the fertility of his brain, as is illustrated by his recent invention of the air-spring, which, if properly developed, should become indispensable in the operating of motor cars. More than 15,000 patents were controlled by him, and he held more than 300 for his own individual inventions.

Withal, he never for a moment lost his interest in the individual workingman; though he could snatch a tool from a mechanic and indignantly show him wherein he was doing his work badly, he never forgot that man's welfare. He was always a regular attendant at the meetings of the association of original employees of his airbrake works. Who can measure the benefits conferred upon labor by this man, whom so many of our fellow-citizens would denounce and strip because he achieved wealth as the

result of his genius? Even with genius, success does not come without constant application and study, and, in Mr. Westinghouse's sphere nowadays, not without enormous, unfruitful expenditure. Like Edison, he thought nothing of expending a hundred thousand dollars or several hundred thousand dollars to search for a new method or to demonstrate the feasibility, or the reverse, of a new device. Of this the very large sum spent in developing the Nernst lamp is a case in point, and the clearest proof that there is no royal road to wealth, even when one controls patents which should insure a rich reward to inventor or exploiter.

But no review of Mr. Westinghouse's career can fail to take note of the extraordinary period in which he lived—truly the golden age of invention and industrial development. The submarine cable, the telephone, the electric light, the ocean greyhound, the conquest of the air by flying machines and of the ether by wireless, the automobile—these are but a few of the marvels of science which came to pass during Mr. Westinghouse's lifetime, and are accepted as a matter of course by the oncoming generation. Indeed, one may almost say that his sixty-eight years embrace the whole history of the railway. In all this, nothing has been more marvellous than the development of electrical and hydro-electrical power plants, the harnessing of the streams and rivers, the transmission of power over long distances, and the lighting of cities, for a large share of which thanks are again due to Mr. Westinghouse for his devotion to the alternating current, so brilliantly illustrated by the lighting of the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Few to-day realize that the first electric trolley car was run by Frank J. Sprague in 1887, not thirty years ago; that the first arc light attracted great crowds in this city about 1880; that the first steamer equipped with incandescent electric light in the face of the opposition of the underwriters left this city for the Pacific in 1881; that the telephone is but thirty-four years old, the automobile less than twenty. Never has the general welfare been so subserved by industry and invention as during the last few decades, and never has human progress been so rapid. Fortunate, indeed, is the nation which can take the lead in these matters by the aid of such talents as those of George Westinghouse.

RELIGION WITH A "PUNCH."

What is the most humiliating task that a man of intellect and character can be asked to undertake? We should say that it was to find a justification for what he heartily disbelieves in; to set up a defence for what shocks and repels and saddens him; to work out a philosophy which is as a mantle of charity to be thrown about things demoralizing or disgusting. Men in many different walks of life are called upon to stoop to this. The college president is expected to argue that the apotheosis of athletics makes for mental discipline and sound learning. The journalist is looked to for a glozing over of the offences of sensational newspapers. He can be seen doing it in the last *Atlantic*. But the spectacle is perhaps never so depressing as when those set apart to teach morals and religion cast about to find reasons for approving and supporting what in their hearts they must abhor.

The latest example of this to fall under notice is the attitude of some New York clergymen towards the Rev. Billy Sunday. His address in Carnegie Hall last week was his first in this city, we believe, but was only a repetition of the kind of sermons he has been delivering in various parts of the West for some years. Against the man himself, we have not a word to say. His sincerity we do not question. Nor do we doubt that he has helped some men to a better life. It appears to be well established that his "booze sermon" has led drunkards here and there to reform. But the point is that he makes of religion a huge sensation and a blazing vulgarity. He speaks of the most sacred things in the language of the saloon, the race-track, and the gutter. His rudest sneers are for ministers of religion whom he calls "fudge-eating mollycoddles," and for church-members, of whom a frequent description by him is that they are a "world-loving, dancing, card-playing, whiskey-guzzling, gin-fizzling, wine-sizzling, novel-reading crowd." As for professors in theological seminaries, what he would do with them is to "stand them on their heads in mud-puddles." His general style of speech is well exemplified in his saying in one Western city, that he was going to stay there and preach "till hell freezes over, and then I'm going to get a pair of skates and keep on soaking it into Satan."

Now, it is in behalf of such a man and such methods that educated religious teachers are inventing apologies that read for all the world like apologies for yellow journalism. Vulgar, yes; demoralizing, certainly; but only see how it circulates. The Rev. Mr. Sunday sets every nerve in a deeply reverent nature tingling with pain and shame, but only observe how the crowd runs after him. "Tabernacles" are built for him in Pittsburgh and elsewhere. Millions have thronged to hear him. He talks to them, to be sure, in the language of a newsboy or a longshoreman, but his own defence is that if he used such polite words as the clergy he wouldn't have larger numbers to preach to than they do. His recipe for reaching the crowd is very simple: "I loaded my old muzzle-loading gospel gun with ipecac, buttermilk, rough on rats, rock salt, and whatever else came handy, and the gang has been ducking and the feathers flying ever since." Noise and numbers! There it is, the old fallacy made to excuse such a treatment of religion as really tears up its deepest roots. The old notion about the Lord not being in the earthquake but in the still small voice has become ridiculously obsolete. Conversions to the accompaniment of a brass band and shouting thousands are the great proof of spiritual power to-day.

A book has just been published (F. H. Revell) on "The Real Billy Sunday." It is written by the Rev. Elijah P. Brown, D.D., who further identifies himself as "Ram's Horn Brown." It is right enough that a volume should be devoted to a great religious phenomenon—for this Mr. Sunday unquestionably is. Mr. Brown recites the facts of his life, the circumstances of his becoming religious, with many details about his subsequent activity and enormous success. Sunday has simply developed sensationalism in the *n*th power, and applied it to the work of saving souls. He is adrip with the slang of the slums. He claps Jehovah familiarly on the back. He puts a smear as of the barroom over the holy things. But countless thousands fight to hear him. He gets the crowd. And that is enough, even in religion! As he himself says, he "hands out the

goods," he "dopes it out for the Lord," he pitches "hot ones" to that "smooth guy," the devil. At last, religion has got its "punch"!

PH.D.

The time has come when a serious attempt must be made to determine Gilbert and Sullivan's permanent place in the world of creative art. A brief review of the musical-comedy output during the last theatrical season will convince any one that we are sufficiently far removed from "Pinafore" and "The Mikado" to insure a true perspective.

Happily, the material for a systematic examination of the subject is accessible. It is true that we are still without a definitive text of the Gilbert librettos. For this we must wait until Professor Rücksack, of the University of Kissingen, has published the results of his monumental labors. So far, we have from his learned pen only the text for the first half of the second act of "The Mikado." This is in accordance with the best traditions of German scholarship, which demand that the second half of anything shall be published before the first half. In the meanwhile, there are several editions of Gilbert available, which, though somewhat imperfect, ought to present no difficulties to the scholar. For example, in the edition of "The Mikado" issued at Chattanooga last year, the text reads:

> And he whistled an air, did he,
> As the sabre true
> Cut cleanly through
> His servical vertebrae!

where "servical" is evidently a misprint for "cervical." So, too, the trained eye will at once discern that in the following passage from the Peers' chorus in "Iolanthe":

> 'Twould fill with joy
> And madness stark
> The hoi polloi
> (A Greek rebark),

the sense is greatly improved by reading "remark" for "rebark," unless we argue that the chorus had a slight cold in the head, an assumption which nothing in the text would justify us in bringing forward, and which, indeed, would be contradicted by the highly emphasized summer style in which the chorus is apparelled. Thus forewarned, then, we are ready to enter upon a detailed examination of the intensely animated personages in whom Sir William S. Gilbert has embodied his *ultima ratio,* his *dernier cri,* and his *Weltanschauung.*

In Ko-Ko, the author has given us a Man, with none of the sentimentalities of August Strindberg, with nothing of the limited, vegetarian outlook upon life of Bernard Shaw, with nothing of the over-refinement of Mrs. Wharton. Ko-Ko is atingle with all the passion and faults of humanity. He is both matter and spirit. He comes close to us in his rare flashes of insight and in his moments of poignant imbecility. The human being is not lost in the Lord High Executioner. He is alive straight through to his entrails and liver, as Jack London might say. He is infinite, even as life is infinite. He is, by turns, affable, as with Pitti-Sing; cynically disdainful, as with Pooh-Bah; paternal, as with Nanki-Poo.

In the presence of Yum-Yum he is that most appealing figure, a strong man in love torn between desire and duty. The firmness with which he rejects the suggestion that he decapitate himself, arguing that in the nature of things such an operation was bound to be injurious to his professional reputation, reveals a character of almost Roman austerity. There is something of the Roman, too—or shall we say something of the German?—in the thoroughness with which he would enter on his career. He would prepare himself for his functions as Lord High Executioner by beginning on a guinea pig and working his way through the animal kingdom till he came to a second trombone. This is the old standard of conscientiousness of which our modern world knows so little.

And yet a very modern man withal, this Ko-Ko. Mr. Chesterton would have loved him, and would have had no difficulty in proving that his name should be pronounced not Ko-Ko, but the second syllable before the first. He is modern in his extraordinary adaptability to time and circumstance. Starting life as a tailor, he adapts himself to the august functions of Lord High Executioner. He adapts himself to Yum-Yum. He adapts himself to Katisha. No sooner is he released from prison to become Lord High Executioner than he has ready his convenient little list of people who never would be missed. Of his powers of persuasion we need not speak at great length. His wooing of Katisha is a triumph of romantic eloquence. It carries everything before it, as in that superb climax when Katisha inquires whether it is all true about the unfortunate little tom-tit on a tree by the river, and Ko-Ko replies: "I knew the bird intimately." He is modern through and through, our Ko-Ko. He is at one with Henri Bergson in asserting that existence is not stationary, but in constant flux, and that the universe takes on meaning only from our moods:

> The flowers that bloom in the spring,
> Tra la,
> Have nothing to do with the case.

Far less subtle a character is the Lord High Chancellor in "Iolanthe," although, within the well-defined limitations of his type, he is as real as Ko-Ko. Like Ko-Ko he has risen from humble beginnings. But whereas our Japanese hero attains fortune by trusting himself boldly and joyfully to life, letting the currents carry him whither they will, like Byron, like Peer Gynt, and like Capt. Hobson, the Lord High Chancellor's rise is the result of painful concentration and steadfast plodding. Ko-Ko is at various times the statesman, the poet, the lover, the man of the world (as when he is tripped up by the Mikado's umbrella-carrier). The Lord High Chancellor is always a lawyer. In response to Strephon's impassioned cry that all Nature joins him in pleading his love, that dry legal soul can only remark that an affidavit from a thunderstorm or a few words on oath from a heavy shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

Plainly, we have here a man who has won his way to the highest place in his profession by humdrum methods; the same methods which Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., employed when, by writing in a hand of remarkable roundness and fluency, he became the ruler of the Queen's navee; the same methods brought into play by Major-General Stanley, of the British army and Penzance, when he qualified himself for his high position by memorizing a great many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse.

There is matter enough for an entire volume on Gilbert's self-made men—Ko-Ko, the Lord High Chancellor, Major-General Stanley, and the lawyer in "Trial by Jury," who laid the foundation of his fortunes by marrying a rich attorney's elderly ugly daughter. The suggestion is made in the hope that it will be some day taken up as the subject of a Ph.D. thesis in the University of Alaska. That is only one hint of the unworked treasures of research that await the student in these librettos. How valuable would be a really comprehensive monograph on the royal attendants in Gilbert, including a comparison of the Mikado's umbrella-carrier with the Lord High Chancellor's train-bearers!

REVIEWING THE REVIEWER.

The despotism of the professional critic—literary, art, or dramatic—is one of the forms of social injustice against which a hard-driven democracy frequently revolts; so frequently, indeed, that one is surprised not to find a plank in the Progressive platform for the Federal regulation of interstate criticism. Most often the bitter plaint comes from the great army of creative artists, publishers, and producers. The occasion, rather strangely, is, as a rule, the publication of an unfavorable review. Managing editors seldom find letters like the following on their desks, or if they find them they apparently suppress them in accordance with the well-known tendency of the newspapers to suppress things:

DEAR SIR: In your issue of last Monday an ignorant reviewer, in commenting on my latest novel, "Why She Didn't," ventures to put it beside the best of Thackeray and Balzac. You and he and I know that this isn't true, and in the interest of honest art I protest against the framing of comparisons that can only make the judicious grieve and cause dead authors to turn in their graves. My book is a pot-boiler. I put the best that is in me to make it such, and nothing that you may say can alter the fact. I trust you will give this letter as much publicity as you did the original review. Is your critic dishonest, or merely illiterate?

No; the letters that reach the managing editor nearly always have a different tone. Unfavorable reviews are roundly denounced, and favorable reviews are thankfully appreciated. Putting both kinds of correspondence side by side, the managing editor learns that his reviewer is an incompetent and disingenuous

trifler, whose learning and fine sense of discrimination cannot be too widely recognized.

But it is not always the persons directly interested who protest against unfavorable criticism. The general public will occasionally intervene, and writers and artists not implicated in the specific review will chafe under the self-assumed authority of the man who criticises for pay. Sometimes his motives are aspersed. Sometimes his mere human limitations are brought into the discussion. Thus the promoters of a new London literary weekly announce in their prospectus that the paper "will not rely upon the jaded taste of one exclusive dramatic critic, but will publish the opinions of a variety of qualified writers." The scheme is not a bad one. Instead of having one review of a book or a play, have five reviews from several different points of view; this will surely do away with the autocratic element in criticism. But note what a writer in the London *Athenæum* proposes: nothing less than a Review published and written by authors. As matters stand at present, "reviewing is chaotic, and an intending reader is bewildered by conflicting pronouncements." Whether multiplying the number of reviewers by five would render critical opinion less chaotic is an open question. Whether the reviewing of poems and novels by poets and novelists would be always just and discriminating also calls for consideration.

Yet the problem of the jaded professional appetite cannot be put aside. The only question is, what is one going to do about it? Is the professional reviewer to be abolished? We doubt whether many would favor such a plan. The writer of the *Athenæum* letter uses a suggestive phrase, "the intending reader." The reader of newspaper criticism does turn to the reviews for some lead as to how he may most profitably spend his two dollars for a theatre seat or his dollar-fifty for a novel. The newspaper reviewer is his taster. Appetites may grow jaded, and yet there are tea-tasters and wine-tasters who draw very handsome salaries. Why should it be assumed that the dramatic critic's appetite necessarily grows stale with practice? As a matter of fact, it frequently does. But why should it be assumed that he fails to make allowance for that fact? Those who have written reviews and those who have edited them know well enough how hard the average reviewer will strive to make allowances, how he will try to find all the good there is to be said for a production which as a whole he thinks bad; and that if the reviewer finally does hit out it is because, with the best will in the world, the stuff he is concerned with is hopeless by æsthetic standards, or utterly reprehensible by moral standards.

But there are standards and standards. Why should one individual seek to impose his own upon the crowd? I am not speaking now from the point of view of the highest conception of criticism. There are editors and reviewers, no doubt, who regard it as their duty to make no compromise with popular taste, where such taste obviously sets in towards mediocrity or sheer emptiness. Such a reviewer will maintain that it is wrong to speak of the great mass of popular fiction as harmless merely because it is written for the hour, and with no other intention than to kill that hour or two for the reader. A continued diet of literary pap, in the eyes of such a critic, is bound to bring about a state of mental and æsthetic debility in the reader which is more harmful to the welfare of the race than if people did not read at all. The robust, primitive strength of sheer illiteracy is preferable to the flabby culture that feeds on best-sellers and plays with a "punch." And yet for our present purposes, let it be admitted that this lofty standard of a critic's duty is altogether too rigid for the uses of our democracy. The reviewer I have in mind is the one who is perfectly willing to accept the fact that the great mass of books of to-day, while not literature, still calls for sympathetic consideration. In appraising the vast output from the fiction mills he is prepared to lay aside the standards of great fiction. The question is whether he is to throw away all standards, whether his book-notices are to consist of a simple statement of what the book is about, supplemented by praise when he thinks the book worth while; and when the book is not worth while, whether he shall say nothing.

Well, this method has been tried, too, and commercially it is probably the most successful method that can be practiced. Yet let no one imagine that it leaves author or producer altogether satisfied. The author, in his heart of hearts, aspires to be the artist and finds himself longing for true appraisal in place of puffery. The author's financial backer is too good a business man not to be aware that a steady flow of treacle in the review columns is apt to cloy the public appetite. The author wants assurance that his reviewer is not a hired press-agent, but he wants to be reassured at some one else's expense. From A's point of view it would be much better if a little gall were occasionally mixed with the honey, and he thinks that the occasional damning of a book by C, D, or F would increase the prestige of criticism. And C, D, and F think that the best interests of literature demand the occasional slating of a book by A. So it is not rare to hear authors, publishers, producers complain of an excess of saccharine criticism. The invincibly fresh appetite is not quite what they want. What they do want is a fine and discriminating taste that shall infallibly recognize the high merits of the particular book or play in which they are interested.

The critic does not impose his standards. He is an expert who simply announces his findings, and it is for the customer to decide whether he will buy or not. Play-producers have often protested against the critic's habit of overlooking the enormous expenditure of effort, hopes, and money involved in the staging of a play, and the loss its failure must mean to writer, producer, and actors. That puts criticism on a purely business basis. It is an argument which reacts with deadly force against those who bring it forward. If the manufacturer of a new ketchup submits his samples to the Bureau of Chemistry, he will hardly argue that the size of his investment should have anything to do with the chemist's analysis. The purveyors of mineral water depend very largely on the chemist's tables for their advertising effects. So does the tea and wine and cereal food merchant. The more you view art as a business, the stronger the argument becomes for a professional taster of art.

Another way of summing up the indictment against the professional reviewer is to say that he is not representative of the common mass of taste and opinion. He may be unrepresentative either because he knows too much—the "highbrow" curse—or because he knows nothing. Just why a reviewer should be representative of common opinion is not very clear. His work is not that of a prophet, but of a judge after the event. One can easily imagine how immensely valuable the gift of knowing what the public will like would be to those who act as literary advisers for publishers and play-producers. It must be extremely useful for a literary entrepreneur to have about him a taster of whom he can say, "What this man likes, one hundred thousand other people will like." Such a man's opinion determines the nature of the product, determines whether the product shall be marketed or not. But once the product is put on the market, there is no longer need for a prophet. The venture has been made; the prophet must make way for the judge. What difference does it make whether the judge thinks like a hundred thousand other people, or thinks along his own lines? Provided he is honest, he will deliver decision according to the merits of the case. Personally, the chemist may detest ketchup.

But more than that. The accusation that a reviewer's opinion is not at all representative may possibly hold against the critic who knows too much; it does not detract from the authority of the reviewer who is accused of knowing too little. It may be unjust to have the

merits of a "crook" melodrama or a book of Wild West fiction passed upon by a "highbrow" literary taster. But if author and publisher are really anxious to get a line on public opinion, whose opinion can be more convincing than that of the reviewer who is not better informed on his subject than a hundred other men who might be picked up by chance on Park Row or Broadway? I am not so sure but that this may be the best way of selecting a literary or dramatic reviewer for a great metropolitan paper. And lest the reviewer's taste grow jaded, his tenure of office might be limited to a week, or even less. There is no reason why every new play and every new book might not be reviewed by somebody fresh from the street, bringing with him no standards of artificial culture, no preconceived notions based on acquaintance with the author's previous work. For that matter, it is a method that to a very considerable extent is already being practiced. The habit is common of advertising the opinions of non-professional critics, to serve either as a reinforcement or as a counterbalance to what the professional critic may have said. The practice has not been carried to its fullest logical development, because the opinions printed are usually of well-known actresses, clergymen, and social reformers. To the extent that they are notabilities, their views can hardly be representative of the taste of the general public. The opinions of a dozen men taken from the City Directory would be better. Still it is an advance.

In all seriousness I believe that much is to be said in favor of substituting some such system of criticism by partial plébiscite for the present system of individual reviewers. It would be perfectly sound business and perfectly honest business to find a half-dozen men of note who really like a book, and to print their opinions at space rates instead of letting the book take its chances at the hands of some almost unknown reviewer. If the writer of the present article were the author of a book and could obtain endorsements from Mr. William Dean Howells, Dr. Parkhurst, Mr. George W. Perkins, and several Y. M. C. A. secretaries, he would be rather indifferent as to what the hired men of the press might think. This does not contradict what has been said before as to the undesirability of having five different men review the same book or play. That proposal was based on the assumption that the views of these five men would show a wide range of difference. This would indeed make criticism chaotic. The ideal is to obtain five men who are all agreed —in favor of the book or play.

The revolt against criticism regularly arrives nowhere. Common-sense asserts itself to show that if you want judgments, you must have a judge, though occasionally one may be tempted to exercise the recall on his decisions. It is all very well to say, "I know what I like, and the self-constituted critic may go hang." The multi-millionaire from Pittsburgh may like chromos, but when he wants to buy a Velasquez he goes to some one who can tell him whether Velasquez painted the picture. There is a kind of taste in art which is not individual and arbitrary, which is not taste at all, but knowledge. The issue is between a trained palate which sometimes grows jaded and no palate at all. As a matter of fact, the indignant victim of criticism does not know which he wants. Sometimes his critic knows too much. Sometimes he doesn't know enough. The appellant simply knows what he doesn't like in the way of criticism, and that is anything that hurts.

S. S.

Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE'S STAKE IN THE MEXICAN TROUBLE—APPEAL BY FRENCHMEN IN MEXICO TO EUROPEAN POWERS.

PARIS, February 21.

The following passages are a faithful résumé of an appeal made by Frenchmen in Mexico to the European Powers most interested—England, France, Germany, Spain. These are "particularly authorized to speak up for the protection of their citizens and their invested capital, both of which are in danger."

France holds Mexican investments to the amount of several thousand million francs—more than $1,000,000,000 exclusive of property owned by Frenchmen living in the country—in Government funds, in banks and railways, and in business enterprises of every kind, electric transportation, mills, and factories, etc. "It is necessary to say this because the United States ignores systematically the share taken by France in the development of Mexico. Official documents make no mention of it. The American press is mute concerning it. Open an American guide-book to Mexico and you will find everything in it except the French colony and French business enterprises."

Among such enterprises, the appeal cites mines like the Dos Estrellas and El Boleo; El Buen Tono tobacco manufactory in the City of Mexico; the textile fabrication at Orizaba; and the big French shops in Mexican cities, modelled after the Paris Bon Marché. "In nearly all the banks, it is chiefly French money. Our merchants have obtained a first place in importation. The French resident colony numbers more than 4,000, and comes immediately after the American and Spanish colonies and ahead of the German and English."

The appeal goes on to attribute the "American error" to the idea that Mexico is a "Latin Republic," whereas it is in reality an "Indian Empire." This mistake it considers radical. First, it argues from the Mexican population in round figures —only 3,000,000 of white race out of a total 15,000,000, while of the remaining 12,000,000 only half are of mixed white blood, leaving 6,000,000 pure Indians. The Mexican Republic has never cared to commemorate the European conquest and colonization, and when the Spanish Ambassador, at the diplomatic New Year's reception, recalled the "Spanish origin" of Mexicans, President Porfirio Diaz answered: "That is true—in part!"

The usual arguments—from the character of the population—are presented to show the impossibility of any genuine republican or constitutional system working in Mexico as the United States and Europe understand a republic. A native authority, J. Sierra, is quoted: "What part can universal suffrage play in a new country where the principles of national representation exist only in an embryo state, where there has been no political education, where school instruction is all but non-existent, and where a population thinly scattered over an immensity of space vaguely aspires to a well-being which it cannot define itself?"

This may be compared with the letter of an Englishman resident in Spanish America for thirty-five years: "I doubt if any voter would be able to give any reason for supporting any particular candidate, either Presidential or Congressional. He might reply, 'He belongs to my party,' or, 'He is a good man,' or 'He is a member of my family,' or 'He is an intimate friend of mine,' or, 'He will give our city water-works,' etc., etc. Note that in every case it is the man that is voted for; whereas in the United States it is principles that are voted for, not the man." The French colonists' despairing appeal adds to this:

From the hot lands of equatorial climate to high plateaus at an altitude of 9,000 feet, the mixture of the elements of the population is such that all is varied and confused, and without real cohesion —unless when at great moments the instinct of national defence is awaked.

The American thesis (President Wilson's) is just—ideally—and we admit it willingly. But we are face to face—not with a theoretic problem, but with the Mexican situation as it exists. Suppose that Huerta withdraws, or is conquered. There must still be the mockery of elections making a choice among rival leaders. Why should Zapata obey Carranza? Why should Carranza be in command of Villa? And what are the others going to do—Pablo Gonzales, Torribio Ortega, Eulalio Gutierrez, Aguilar—not to choose among these adventurers of insurrection?

No; the law of the strongest will have to speak again—amid new upsettings a single one will have to impose his rule—and everything will begin all over again.

It is the duty of the great Powers to come to an agreement and make North America understand that there is also a Europe in existence—and that the long patience of Europe is exhausted. It is time that French, English, Spanish, German citizens should have their interests and their properties defended. We desire a collective and friendly communication of European Governments with President Wilson, to obtain from him, if not a declaration, at least an attitude of neutrality in conformity with the United States' recognition of Mexican Federal power.

At this writing, there is a rumor that a Frenchman—Henry Simon, or Samson—has been "executed" somewhere in Mexico, like the English Benton; also, that Germany is again feeling the way to concerted action on the part of the four European Powers most concerned. No one

imagines that orders already given by France to Ambassador Jusserand—to adhere to the policy of Washington just as far as possible—will be modified essentially. But there is an uneasy feeling, in political and financial circles, that something has to be done. S. D.

EFFECTS OF THE BALKAN WAR—OTHER PROBLEMS IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

VIENNA, March 1.

Commercial depression owing to the political troubles of last year has reduced the demand for all kinds of commodities in Austria-Hungary this year to a minimum. The fear of further difficulty, because Russia is spending $375,000,000 on railways, many of them strategic lines to the Austrian frontier, and is forming four new army corps, has kept up the feeling of disquiet. The unrest has manifested itself in a disinclination to use money in that class of investment which depends upon the political situation, and in many cases persons of means have placed their principal in other countries, or invested it in stock which would be unaffected by any upheaval, either in Austria or in the Balkans

This is especially the case in Galicia, where many aristocrats have left the country for the south of France, and where business is at a standstill. Appeals have been made by the authorities at Lemberg to the central Government in Vienna for assistance for the unemployed, and since last Christmas several thousands of dollars have been distributed to the starving. The distress, however, is much too widespread to be relieved by doles of money. The people of Lemberg and other towns gave evidence of the straits to which they had been reduced by a great demonstration. Shops were plundered of food, and similar riots took place in Budapest this week, while passive demonstrations of the unemployed have been held in Vienna.

Unless the financial situation greatly improves immediately, there is likely to be great trouble in the country generally. The Ministers of Finance, both in Vienna and Budapest, may promise to suggest that money be lent on mortgage and devoted to building purposes, but they are not likely to take more than a mild interest in such a measure, while the Common Finance Minister is pressing so hard for money. He is pointing out that every available cent must be devoted to military preparations, and that it is the duty of every patriot to put money into the funds. There is also a lack of small dwellings, municipal action being already necessary in Vienna to provide apartments for workers. The relief given, however, is by no means in proportion to the demand, and the new houses are let from cellar to attic, before the foundations have been laid. The city is considering plans for constructing an underground railway, so that cheap workmen's flats can be built outside the town; but at the earliest the railway cannot be opened for three or four years, and meanwhile the trouble increases. The number of unemployed grows, while the overcrowding gets worse from day to day. This applies to Budapest as well as Vienna.

The question of duelling in the army has been ventilated in Vienna this week on account of a tragic case in Budapest, in which a lieutenant was shot by his brother-in-law. The whole thing originated in some trivial dispute between a husband and wife. The wife says that her husband always boasted that he had fought nineteen duels, and she longed to pit him against her brother, whom she believed to be the better shot. To accomplish her object, she repeated some expression used by her husband in regard to her family, and her brother appealed to the commander-in-chief at Budapest for instructions. He feared that if he failed to challenge his brother-in-law he should be branded as a coward, and perhaps cashiered.

The commander appointed as seconds two hot-tempered officers who virtually forced the men to fight, although both were unwilling. The brother-in-law attempted to fire to one side, but, owing to his ignorance of the weapon, killed his man. The incident has excited widespread indignation, and it is probable that the entire law regarding the obligation of men in uniform to enter duels will be revised.

The University of Vienna has taken an action in full accord with the spirit of the nation in proceeding to limit the number of students of medicine who may be accepted each year. The authorities take it for granted that all these students will become practicing physicians, and that the profession in a few years will be overcrowded. There is no doubt that the number of academically educated men in Austria is too great, and that the cheap facilities for acquiring a degree, the expense of which at most amounts to a few dollars, and in cases of proven poverty is remitted altogether, are producing a class of men unfitted for their work in life. L. R.

THE FAMINE IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, February 14.

Nearly one-tenth of the population of Japan is undergoing the worst famine that the country has had for more than 100 years. This has been brought on by the failure of the fishing industry and the almost entire failure last year of the rice crop in the northeastern and northern districts known as Tohoku and Hokkaido. The failure of the rice crop in these districts was owing chiefly to cold weather during the summer; the rice did not head up. And the cause of the cold weather—cold ocean currents—kept the fish away from their usual runs and at great distances from the shores.

An official report, issued by the Home Office, states that nearly 10,000,000 persons are in the famine district. A conservative estimate places the number who are now in urgent need of food at 200,000. That the distress is already very real is shown by the many appeals for assistance which are sent to the Tokio press and to charitable organizations.

Before the general public knew of the conditions in the north, persons who deal in humanity were already in the affected districts, gathering young girls to fill the brothels and factories of the cities. Girls from fifteen to twenty have been arriving in Tokio in large numbers, their parents having been willing, in numerous instances, to sell them.

Plans are making to relieve the suffering, through the press, through a special relief organization made up of Tokio business men and officials, and through missionary organizations. The Government has set aside 6,000,000 yen for aid. But the difficulty with this is that it is not meant to supply food directly to the sufferers. The money is to be loaned to various village and prefectural authorities to be used in paying for special work, in order that the people may help themselves, and is to be paid back to the Government within a period of twenty years. Moreover, of this six million yen, only two and one-half millions are to be used this year. The remainder will be distributed next year to help in paying for seed rice. It will perhaps be two or three months before a comprehensive report of the conditions can be made. Even with the aid that is now offered, and with the coming of spring, the suffering will not be over. Months must pass before another rice crop can be harvested, and the people must live, acquire strength to carry on their work, and must have seed for planting. J. B. A.

Imagination in College

A SYMPOSIUM.

[Not many years ago the complaint was occasionally heard that college training was a handicap to a young man who proposed to enter upon a career of business, and that if later he chanced to outstrip the clerk who had four years' start of him, it was by virtue rather of native talents than of his higher education. The past decade has seen a marked change of front on the part of colleges generally, the prevailing aim having been, despite a few strong protests within their ranks, to prepare youths for the immediate business of life. In not a few institutions it is safe to say that whereas discussions of pure theory were formerly regarded as a desirable part of a boy's training, more recently "theoretical" has come to bear almost the stigma of "heretical." To some minds it is a grave question whether present conditions do not prepare a student too perfectly for the medium which he is about to enter. They wonder if it would not be well, as used to be the custom in college, to leave the gulf between theory and practice unbridged; and if the old method was not wise which counted upon a student's feeling some shock when he came into contact with actual life after having experimented in theoretical possibilities. Theory, it was held, quickened the imagination and created a controlling vision which a youth would never quite lose.

As State universities, more than oth-

ers, have specialized in practical efficiency, the *Nation* has thought it well to ask a number of presidents of these institutions to say how the imagination of their students fares under such training; and trusts that the discussion of this important matter may be continued in its correspondence columns.—Ed. The Nation.]

There are at least three ways in which the imagination may relate itself to life: as an æsthetic enrichment of experience, as an intellectual interpretation, and as a vision which supplies a motive to conduct.

So far as literature, philosophy, art, music, travel, supply mental imagery, and open vistas into human life, I fear that the student mind is not richly furnished by his college course. The decline of the ancient classics, the flood of current fiction, the multiplication of student activities, are all hostile to literary and artistic mindedness. It is doubtless true that the State university fosters this type of imagination less successfully than do many of the institutions of the Atlantic seaboard. To recognize this condition is, however, not to surrender to it. While the technical schools are steadily increasing their efficiency, the arts college was never more alive to its opportunities and responsibilities.

Something, too, may be said for approaching a problem from the practical side. I am by no means sure that a student of agriculture, for example, may not in his study of soils appreciate quite as vividly the abstract principles of chemistry as the man for whom laboratory experience is isolated from any practical problem. I feel some confidence in asserting that the keenness with which students in law, medicine, engineering, and agriculture are doing their work, and the large registration in mathematics, in physical and biological sciences, in history, economics, and politics, in psychology and philosophy, justify hope that the State university is doing much to give the student an intelligent understanding of his environment, and to make him value theory because this is the basis, not the antithesis, of the practical.

Perhaps the most searching questions that the community can put to a university are: How do your graduates imagine their lives in relation to the common welfare? Do they see the city and the State as mines to be worked or as causes to be served? Do they look through the eyes of a set or a social class, or has their course given them a disinterested point of view and a vision of duty? All of our institutions may well ponder these questions. How far has this test been met? Is the average university club a place in which men and measures are discussed with the calm detachment, the insistence on verified facts, and the open mind which characterize the scientific spirit and the socialized imagination? The State university has no cause to vaunt itself, but may it not hope that as the institution is more and more consciously seeking to serve the commonwealth, students and alumni are with increasing clearness gaining the vision of obligation and opportunity, of what Wells calls "the sense of the State"? George E. Vincent.

University of Minnesota.

I have no hesitation myself in saying that the young men of to-day are dreaming dreams on a larger scale, and thinking in larger units, than the corresponding boys of my own college generation, which was the first half of the seventies.

When a boy grasps the idea that we are at work in our department of agriculture, for example, trying to determine the conditions of a permanent agriculture; that is, that we are trying to find out a system of culture by which Mother Earth, instead of yielding continually less, may yield continually more, his imagination will have caught fire, and he will look out on the world of agriculture and all its problems with that eye of a statesman which characterized Faust in the second part of Goethe's great tragedy. For with an improving agriculture comes an improving quality of the agriculturist, one element reacting on the other; and with the improving quality of the agriculturist, using that term in a large sense, comes an improving civilization, with all which that implies.

The imagination of a student in architecture quickens and reaches up into newer and higher regions through his dreams of great and beautiful structures, for it carries him into intellectual and æsthetic intercourse with the great architects and artists of all countries and all times. The boy who catches a notion of what it means to the world and to civilization to subdue nature and to harness the winds, the streams, the ocean tides, and the heat of the sun to the car of human progress, can certainly not be accused of a lack of imagination.

Take a still more "material" illustration. The boy who recognizes what it means for our day and generation to discover and utilize for human welfare the clays of a great commonwealth like that of Illinois in such a way as to increase the wealth of a community in the production of clay products; who has a vision of the far-reaching effects of the increasing facility and ease of life, following upon the use of brick, for example, as a paving material, and the consequent emergence of a whole great commonwealth from the thick muck and mud of its fertile fields to a solid basis of facile communication and intercourse; who realizes how investigations in this field may result in a complete change in our style of building, and in the incorporation into it of all the principles of art and beauty which humankind has worked out in the course of ages, and how by a steady development of our scientific knowledge and our artistic skill through this same use of clay products we may increase enormously the beauty and joy of life in the contact with the common articles of furniture about a house, like plates and dishes—when a boy, I say, has this vision and comprehends these relations and interrelations in a large way, he is living, and moving, and having his being in a world of imagination and beauty.

The boy who is dreaming of making a combustion engine which shall get rid of smoke in our great cities, and increase the ease of movement throughout the world, certainly cannot be accused of not using his imagination; for the possibility of his success depends on doing this very thing.

All the facts thus far discussed relate to what people are apt to regard as the purely material side of college life. Speaking of the students in the University of Illinois to-day, where we are supposed to have developed these non-imaginative sides of the university curriculum to the full extent, I believe that there are now more students here on this campus who are interested in art and literature, and looking forward to achieving something creative in those lines, than there were at Northwestern or Harvard when I was a student at those colleges, nearly forty years ago.

An institution which has turned out a Lorado Taft, who certainly in the field of sculpture cannot be accused of lack of imagination; a Walter Burley Griffin, who dreamed of a great city, which will be realized as the capital city of the Australian Commonwealth; a Henry S. Bacon, who imagined the great Lincoln monument on the mall at Washington, which is to be realized in the next few years, can surely not be accused of destroying, at any rate, the imagination of college students.

My own opinion is that a large part of the current criticism of American colleges and universities is based upon an exclusive study of the historic institutions along the Atlantic seaboard, which may perhaps display all the evils which our friends, Flexner, Birdseye, Corbin, and even President Wilson and President Lowell, discern; and I would not undertake to say that they do not know what they are talking about. But most of the criticism of that sort certainly applies primarily to the institutions described by their friends, and has little or no application to the great State universities of the Mississippi Valley. I believe that the visions which

are seen by the young women and the dreams that are dreamed by the young men in these great centres of popular education are destined to change the face of our society, as they make steadily for an intelligent, cultivated, aspiring democracy, determined to dream and to realize its dream, that all the good which has been achieved by civilization thus far shall be maintained and made available for all mankind, rich and poor, educated and uneducated alike.

EDMUND J. JAMES.

University of Illinois.

Whether the present work of colleges and universities quickens the student's imagination less than the work of the college of former times is doubtful. It depends much on how restricted a meaning we give to the word imagination. If we mean imagination in general and not merely the higher form of this power exercised in poetry and art, I do not believe that the old college curriculum was more effective in this respect than is the diversified work of the present college or university. In the old institution the curriculum was required, and every one was compelled to conform to the same standards, whatever his interests might be. This of itself had a very repressing effect upon an appreciable number of students in every college. Furthermore, the number attending college was, comparatively speaking, very small. Nor, again, can I see that the teaching, with some exceptions, was more vital and inspiring than it is at the present time. In fact, much of it was notoriously dull and dispiriting. I recall only a few great teachers.

The subjects studied did not lend themselves more than does the present group of subjects to the stirring of the imagination. The Latin and Greek of that day were depended upon largely for imaginative development, but the methods of study and teaching were such as to make a slavish adherence to words and phrases the rule. The great increase in the study of French and German has, at least in part, made up for the decline of Greek and Latin. Philosophy was another subject that one might recall as having in the old days some effect upon the imagination; and indeed it had, especially if it were taught by a real teacher. But here again it is safe to say that in general the courses in philosophy as given nowadays, supported by courses in psychology and biology, are fully as inspiring in every respect as the courses of twenty-five years ago. In English there is a distinct gain over the past, since in the old days very little appeared in the courses of study under the title "English." History, where the imagination comes often into play, was given in small and often uninteresting doses. The numerous courses of the present day, the increased equipment, and the unquestioned development in training for the teaching of history make the present ahead of the past. In science the contrast is very greatly in favor of the present. There was very little science taught in the colleges thirty-five years ago, and very little laboratory work, at least in American colleges. There was no call upon the imagination. Nowadays a student can do nothing in science without the use of his imagination, nor can he in mathematics. Economics has developed in large measure within the last three decades. Sociology was hardly heard of twenty-five years ago. Both of these subjects encourage the exercise of the imagination. In the professions we find somewhat the same situation. In engineering and medicine there can be no constructive work of any sort without the use of the imagination. Therefore, in general, so far as subject-matter, the quality of teaching, and the general equipment of the institutions are concerned, the character of the work done now is on the whole superior to that of the past, and ought, other things being equal, to arouse the imagination more than was possible in past decades.

In spite of all this, the type of imagination that has to do with poetry, art, and music—with the emotional nature—may have suffered. Yet on this point I am in doubt, for it must be borne in mind that the increase in the enrolment of colleges and universities has been enormous. The college community is no longer limited to the select few, but includes a great mass of those who for one reason or another are enabled to seek a college education. The select few are still with us, and I am not convinced that they do not still respond to appeals to their imagination. They are lost to sight, however, in comparison with the total number. In addition, we must remember that a different type of imagination, that developed by history, science, economics, and the practical professions, has come into play, and overshadows at the present time the type attaching itself to poetry and art. The stirring of the imagination now is along economic and social lines. It is no longer contemplative. It does not have to do so much with poetry and art as it has to do immediately with life, and the imagination of students is easily aroused in all moral, social, and economic questions. Then, too, colleges of liberal arts, where the greatest appeal to the imagination is made, are large and increasing. In the thirteen universities having the largest college enrolment, there are, according to Professor Rudolf Tombo, jr., 23,280 college students, and of these 14,648 are men. What a tremendous increase in twenty years!

That there are great difficulties attending the development of appeals to the imagination of whatever sort there can be no doubt. They lie partly in the increasing and often foolish demand for the practical, for that which has an immediate money value. The things, however, that most hamper sound learning, contemplation, the development of the imaginative side of the student's life, are too great freedom in the choice of courses, the lecture system, the rush and hurry of modern life, the enormous increase in the number of student activities, the growing complexity of our civilization, the great appeal of social life, the development of the moving-picture show, the modern theatre, college athletics, innumerable books and magazines—all of which tend to relax his mental discipline. Here, to my mind, is the real centre of the whole difficulty. In the old days there were few lectures and much hand-to-hand work. There was time for meditation and rest, with opportunity for private reading and discussion, and students had to get from one another through the exercise of their own qualities of mind their opportunities for recreation and enjoyment. Added to this difference is the whole trend of our American life. Colleges and universities fight against the situation to the best of their ability, but they are the creatures of the people themselves and partake of the character of life of the community that supports them.

Lastly, I cannot see that State universities are in any way different from other universities in these respects. While I believe it to be true that the old college training was too unpractical to enable the college graduate immediately to compete in business with the ordinary clerk, I am unable to see that the State university, on the other hand, now prepares the student too perfectly for life so that he fits into its workings without the shock which he would get, and in the old days used to get, if his imagination were encouraged to play around theoretical possibilities. That this change towards the practical is on the whole a disadvantage, few, I believe, would maintain. That it more than offsets the possible loss on the emotional imaginative side many would contend. The State university simply is doing its best to train students substantially well for their mission in life. In order to deal justly by its community the university must represent such callings and professions as have been organized sufficiently to furnish material usable as educational instruments. And so far as I know, all the training of the State university, no matter towards what end it is directed, is intended to practice the reasoning powers, arouse the imagination, and give the stu-

dent some ability to exercise creative power. FRANK STRONG.

University of Kansas.

The history of learning may be figured (even if one is not a disciple of Bergson) as consisting of two movements: the first, a succession of reconstructive impulses, each resulting in a better formulation of experience; the second, a stiffening and petrifying of the formulations achieved into an orthodoxy which in turn resists succeeding reconstructive impulses. At every point along this circuit, from the beginning where discoveries are made to the end where ancient discoveries have fallen to be textbook routines, one finds teachers. At the beginning one finds the vital creative scholar. At the end one finds the "hidebound pedant the like of which shall in a subsequent century be made at Nuremberg out of wood and leather." What a school effects depends upon where its teachers range between these extremes.

It is the same in all sorts of schools. Froebel did his work in the kindergarten. He has disciples who continue his work in his spirit. But also he has disciples who make the Froebel play a deadening routine, and who, reciting the Froebel catchwords, develop in little children that *état scolatre* (described by Tolstoy in "La Liberté de l'Ecole"), in which the mind becomes a shrivelled edition of its healthy self. It is the same in all subjects. The professor of lyric poetry may be a Doctor Blimber to whom "all the fancies of the poets . . . are a mere collection of words and grammar and have no other meaning in the world." On the other hand, the professor of historical grammar may be one to whom the secular changes of the Greek grammar through a thousand years afford a view of the evolution of life and mind as profound as that which appears in the literature in which the grammar was hidden. A man of the better type, whatever his subject, draws those about him into faith in his work. It is faith in a great work, and no cheaper device, which saves a youth —imagination, heart, will—whatever there is in him.

In the State universities I have known some teachers who seemed to me well down towards the level of Doctor Blimber. I have known many more, with varying ability, of the better sort. When I see, as I do every day, the young doctor of philosophy who burns with hidden fire in hope of establishing a new result in his subject, still better when I see the old professor who has outlived a large part of what he was taught and of what he has taught, and still faces the onrush of new ideas with undiminished faith, courage, and industry, I think the imagination of those whom such men lead is in no peril.

WILLIAM L. BRYAN.

Indiana University

Poetry

A LAY O' THE DAY.

Oh, I'm homesick for the old days, the slow days, the days that used to be,
When the stage-coach held the highway, and the frigate ruled the sea.
We go scuttling over land,
Skyrocketing through air,
On our spit-fire devil-wagons,
Getting—where?

Give us back the long days, the calm days, the days when men could dream,
When the town was still a village, and there wasn't any steam.
Though we carry round on wires
The live Promethean Spark,
We are rather more than ever
In the dark.

Though truly these be live days, and brave days, days when strong men grind
On the flints of circumstance cutting-edges to the mind;
Yet the stroke that whets a hatchet,
Turns a razor edge:
Lest we blunt the finer spirit,
Better hedge.

Better give ourselves an off day, a whole day, a day to size up things,
To weigh the fact that after all the soul was born with wings,
And might, had we the courage left
To break its prison-bars,
Outsoar these aeroplanes, and float
Among the stars.

If ever dawns a new day, the true day, the day when we are through
With this rag-time-tango living—oh, I know what I shall do:
I'll sit me on the quiet grass
Under a quiet tree—
I'll sit, and very like I'll whistle—
Quietly.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

Books and Men

SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

"Tenniel's White Rabbit is an English squire." This was the comment made in a magazine when a number of artists entered the field which had been Sir John Tenniel's own—the illustration of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." The magazine writer chose the important character of the White Rabbit for comparison, and discussed the conception of him as formed by Arthur Rackham, Peter Newell, and others.

The White Rabbit of Tenniel certainly is an English squire. There he stands at the head of the first chapter, with checked tweed coat, well-filled waistcoat, heavy watch with a massive chain and seal, Gladstonian collar, and—truly English touch—an umbrella. And there he stands, safe in the affections of thousands; of elderly people who were children when he first appeared, and of children who are making his acquaintance to-day for the first time. His portrait was the keynote, so to speak, for an association of author and arist which proved to be, perhaps, the most happy combination in the history of the making of books.

None of the recent obituaries of Sir John Tenniel, in the newspapers, failed to mention the fact that he illustrated "the immortal Alice"—as they all called her. The notices of the artist's death almost invariably named his cartoons for *Punch* as his best work, and gave a secondary place to his illustrations of Lewis Carroll's books. The political influence of the cartoons, and the long term of years through which they appeared, may justify this. Certainly Dropping the Pilot did as much as any one thing to fix Wilhelm II in the world's mind as a cocksure young upstart—a reputation which he was more than twenty years in living down. It is still a model for political cartoons—it was parodied in a New York newspaper last week.

But I question if an artist would place the "Alice" pictures behind any of the cartoons in craftsmanship. If popularity counts, the picture of the Jabberwock, the Mad Tea-Party, and the disappearing smile of the Cheshire Cat are known to thousands of persons who have never seen Dropping the Pilot, the pathetic drawing of Gordon at Khartum, or the caricatures of Disraeli. Finally, Tenniel had his equals in the cartoonist's field, but seldom his superiors as an illustrator, if one considers the sympathy, judgment, and humor displayed in the two Carroll books.

There was an almost universal outburst of protest when, on the expiration of copyrights, other artists ventured to tread in Sir John Tenniel's footsteps. Some of them did it with full realization of the danger. The childish sweetness of Alice, wrote Mr. Peter Newell, is a characteristic which Sir John Tenniel "has caught and fixed in a way none may rival." And "his work will live as long as Alice." Yet Mr. Newell attempted the impossible, with more success, perhaps, than would have been expected. There is no admirer of Mr. Newell's other work who will not have to admit that his White Rabbit is merely a scared little gentleman, his Mad Hatter a pot-house lounger out of Dickens, and his March Hare a rather bibulous beaver.

Mr. Arthur Rackham tried the same thing, a few years later. His gnarled and writhing trees, his fondness for the grotesque and goblin-esque (to coin a word) elicited a picture in *Punch*. The real Alice of Tenniel was looking upon

the brood of mock Alices—upon all the strange, twisted shapes, and exclaiming, as she did in the book on one occasion: "Curiouser and curiouser!"

Lewis Carroll was by no means the easiest author for an artist to satisfy. The strange genius who could write such rollicking nonsense for children, and such prim letters to them; who could get miffed with two little girls who were writing a child's magazine, and refuse to receive their publication because it contained a limerick which he fancied carried a disrespectful allusion to some obscure dogma of the church; who could reprove W. S. Gilbert for his line about "the pale young curate" because the curate "might have become pale while watching at a sick-bed or visiting the poor"—this was a character by turns generous and astonishingly peevish.

Yet Tenniel and he worked together without serious difference. Tenniel found him exacting, as did Harry Furniss at a later date—Furniss speaks of seven years spent in illustrating one book. Mr. Tenniel, as he was then, and Lewis Carroll came together through Tom Taylor's introduction. Tenniel made the pictures for "Alice in Wonderland," and, six years later, in 1871, for "Through the Looking Glass" He wrote that after this work, "the faculty of making drawings for book illustration departed from me, and notwithstanding all sorts of tempting inducements, I have done nothing in that direction since." His only earlier illustrations seem to have been for "Lalla Rookh" and the "Ingoldsby Legends."

"Don't give Alice so much crinoline," the author would write to Tenniel. Or "The White Knight must not have whiskers." Sometimes Tenniel would rebel. "A *wasp* in a *wig*," he wrote once, "is altogether beyond the appliances of art." Yet he achieved results apparently as difficult. A caterpillar sitting on a mushroom, smoking a hookah, would not, on the face of it, seem an easy problem. The artist came off with flying colors, as every one knows.

In reviewing the pictures you are led to wonder how much of the detail, not directly demanded by the text, is due to Lewis Carroll's suggestions, and how much to Tenniel's imagination. That gift of the artist played about the author's fancy, never straying too far afield, never rigidly bound by the letter. Who suggested, for instance, the straws twined about the March Hare's ears, in the manner of King Lear? Who invented the Jabberwock's vest and gaiters? Who gave the Dodo his cane?

Tenniel's pictures have become part of the life of so many of us. I know a man who followed a little girl and her nurse from one shop to another in an English watering-place, in great delight because the girl "had one of those combs which go over the head, from ear to ear, just like Alice in Wonderland." Mr. Edmund Gosse, in a volume of recollections published a couple of years ago, speaks of the fact that the poet Aubrey de Vere looked so much like the Hatter that it was impossible not to notice the resemblance. When Mr. de Vere recited poetry it was especially hard to keep from smiling—as he recalled the picture of the Hatter quoting:

> How I wonder what you're at!
> Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
> Up above the world you fly,
> Like a tea-tray in the sky.

And an amateur performance of "She Stoops to Conquer" was ruined, for a number of the audience, when one of them pointed out, in a whisper, the similarity in appearance between one of the men in the cast and the Fish-Footman in "Alice in Wonderland."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

EARLY PLAYS AT HARVARD.

Valuable communications on early plays in this country have from time to time appeared in the *Nation*, notably in the issues of January 28, February 11, 1909, and February 27, 1913. So far as I am aware, however, attention has never been called to a perhaps not very important, but yet very interesting, phase of the subject—namely, plays acted by students at Harvard College before 1800. Information on this subject has been obtained from two sources: the "Diary" of Dr. Nathaniel Ames, who graduated in the class of 1761, and the manuscript records of the College. The entries in the "Diary" are so brief that they may be given in full. (The references are to the Dedham Historical Register, where the "Diary" is printed.)

1758, June 22, "Roman Father a Play" (I, 13).

1758, July 3, "Cato a Play acted at Warrens Cham." (I, 13); July 6, "Cato to perfection" (I, 13); July 14, "Cato more perfect than before" (I, 14).

1759, April 20, "went to see the Drummer acted at Hows" (I, 50); April 21, "The Orphan Acted ye 13th inst." (I, 50); June 20, "the Recruiting Officer Acted by ourselves then Public" (I, 50); July 6, "the Revenge acted" (I, 50); September 7, "Cato acted this evening" (I, 51); November 23, "went to Boston, the Revenge Acted at Bowmans" (I, 52). (This was presumably Ames's classmate, the Rev. Joseph Bowman.)

1760, April 8, "Tancred and Sigismunda Acted with a Farce at ye end on't" (I, 112); June 13, "Acted Tancred & Sigism^{da} for which we are like to be prosecuted" (I, 112).

1765, Nov. 20, "Scholars punished at College for acting over the great and last day in a very shocking manner, personating the Jude etertat Devil, etc." (II, 27).

In regard to Ames's final entry, it may be said that one student was expelled, one student was rusticated, and two students were "degraded" for their share in the "profane farce."

The following extracts are from the books labelled "Faculty Records," though, as a matter of fact, the word "Faculty" was not employed at Harvard until 1825.

1762, April 28, "This Day was the public Examination, the Com^{tee} of the Overseers being present, after w^{ch} Oliver & Huntington were allow'd to exhibit a Scene in Terrence before the Com^{tee} they desiring it, but in Private in the Library none being present but the Com^{tee}, the President & Tut^{rs}" (II, 161).

1781, Nov. 16, "Voted—That To-morrow evening, some Scenes of *Busiris*, a Tragedy written by D^{r} Young, be exhibited in the Chapel, as an academical exercise, by a number of the Students" (IV, 278).

1781, Dec. 7, "Voted—That a number of the Junior Sophisters who are to exhibit, this evening a piece from Pope's Iliad, be permitted to appear habited" (IV, 282).

It has been stated that the Rev. Benjamin Colman (H. C. 1692; d. 1747) "was himself a poet, and wrote, inter alia, GUSTAVUS VASA, the earliest American tragedy. It was once acted at Cambridge, at a Commencement of the College" (New Eng. Hist. & Gen. Register, 1860, XIV, 160 note); and Wegelin ("Early American Plays," 1890, p. 24) says that Colman left such a play in manuscript. Did Colman write such a play and was it ever acted at a Harvard Commencement? The "Gustavus Vasa" commonly acted in this country in the last half of the eighteenth century was, I take it, the play of that name written by Henry Brooke, and printed in London in 1739.

When it is remembered that the prejudice in New England against plays was great, that the opposition to all theatrical performances was bitter, and that the first theatre in Boston was not opened until February 3, 1794, it will doubtless surprise many to learn that the Harvard students not only had been giving plays for certainly thirty-six years before that event, but that in so doing they had the sanction of the College authorities.

It may be added that Ames on September 9, 1761, recorded that "Boston People flock up to Newport to see the Plays by the English Actors" (I, 145); that on August 23, 1762, he himself went to Providence to see them (I, 147); that on November 12, 1762, "in the evening acted a Play rebuked for it by our Parents" (I, 148); that on November 14, 1762, it was "Proposed to act a Play in Dedham" (I, 148); that on November 13, 1765, "Undertake to act the Orphan" (II, 27), and that on April 20, 1772, "The Farce called the Toy-shop was acted . . . before a numerous Audience of the most respectable Inhabitants of the first Parish in Dedham both male & female. General Prologue which I wrote for the Toy-shop . . . [here follows the Prologue in 38 lines.] . . . N.B.—The Guests were invited to come to an Evening Lecture" (III, 23-24).

Finally, this is a convenient place for putting on record what is perhaps the earliest performance of a play in English in Canada, at Annapolis, of which a notice appeared in the *American Magazine* for April, 1744, I, 348-349.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

TRANSCRIPTS OF BIRD SONGS.

In this day, when everything, including the last mysteries of life and the dearest personal sanctities, and excluding only cubist art, is measured by a strict scientific standard, it is perhaps idle to bewail the application of scientific methods in the description of bird songs; especially since we are now hearkening, not to the melody of "smalë foulës," but to the music of humanity in that rosy and golden communal state which is the twentieth-century Heaven. Yet does not the lark (our horned lark as well as the British skylark) sing at Heaven's gate, and shall we not ever, on hearing it, pause in delight and awe?

Of the several means of describing the songs of birds, we have foolishly preferred musical notation. One book after another is appearing, interspersed profusely with musical staves that look very scientific and useful, but, as a matter of fact, are rarely of the slightest value. The keen ear of Gilbert White himself would not recognize these songs when played on the piano, and it is doubtful whether Mr. Burroughs, who might conceivably have been pestered into an understanding by this time, could do more than say what songs they were *not*. The cause of the failure of musical notation is well known—yet not regarded: few birds sing in accord with the intervals of the diatonic scale, and few birds sing without using notes that are indeterminate in pitch. These difficulties are insuperable. While it is possible to reproduce with some success the song of the wood-thrush, it is beyond the power of the cleverest musician or naturalist to catch and keep the intricate warble of the magnolia warbler, or the tumultuous jargon of the brown thrasher. And there is a further difficulty which is rarely mentioned—the variableness of quality in bird songs. Suppose we were able to set all songs on the musical staff; should we be better off? Not much, I fear. In my experience (and in the experience of every field naturalist), I have named a bird, not by the form of the song, but almost wholly by the quality. Only in special cases is the form significant. In virtually every case the ear is arrested by, and the memory retains, the quality of the song. Those who are enthusiastic over musical notation forget that birds do not use the piano.

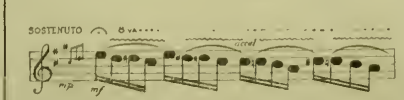
An older method, based on the alphabet rather than on the musical staff, is still popular among ornithologists. I dare say, Mr. Burroughs has done more than any other person to illustrate its usefulness. What grammar-school teacher, "birding" in the wake of a noisy crowd of youngsters, has not stopped with a "Sh!" and exclaimed: "Listen, children, the ovenbird! Do you hear that, 'Teacher, *teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER, *TEACHER*'?"

But Mr. Burroughs has not been useful in more than a few instances. Nor have dozens of other writers, producing every manner of astonishing description, many of them little better than the following befuddling concoction which Minot intended to represent the song of the Blackburnian warbler: "'Wee-see-wee-see, tsee-tsee, tsee, tsee, tsee-tsee, tsce, tsee,' the latter syllables being on ascending scale, the very last shrill and fine"—a transcript which I have never been able to connect with the original. The versions, moreover, tend to multiply *ad infinitum*. For the red-winged blackbird we have an assortment that should satisfy every one. For the Maryland yellowthroat no less than two dozen are current: among them are "witchity, witchity, witchity"; "tswee-tee-tee, tswee-tee-tee-tee"; "I see, I see you, I see, I see you, I see, I see you"; to which so excellent an ornithologist as Mr. Chapman deigned to add, "I beseech you, I beseech you, I beseech you"; and once, as I was passing an insane asylum, I was sure that that yellow bird in the willows was calling, "You're crazy, you're crazy, you're crazy."

This alphabetic method, though inferior to the musical in the representation of form, is superior in the representation of quality, since the syllables chosen are sometimes capable of indicating the quality with preciseness. Yet we need to guard ourselves against vagaries, in particular against the application of this method to any and every song. Especially must we realize that most of these transcripts are recognizable only by the trained ornithologist, who forsooth needs them not!

In addition to the use of the musical staff, and of painstaking literal notations, methods which are frankly scientific in spirit and result; there is a third, which might be called the literary method. Whole pages—chapters even—devoted to scientific description of a bird's song are of less value than two well-chosen adjectives, as when Gilbert White speaks of a bird's "sibilous, inward melody"—of less value than an apt comparison, as when Mr. Chapman says, "It has a quality about it like the droning of bees."

In Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews's "Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music" the discussion of the song of Wilson's thrush illustrates the use of all three methods. First, the literal notation: "O, veery, veery, veery, veery!" over which Mr. Mathews draws an undulatory scroll which helps matters very little. Secondly, the musical notation:



Thirdly, the literary description: "The tone effect at a distance is like the metallic twang of the Jew's harp; nearer by it resembles a reedy, harmonic strain from an accordion swinging in the air. Some one, I do not know who, has called the song 'a spiral, tremulous silver thread of music.'"

Surely the third method is the best. For my part, I confess a debt of gratitude to that nameless poetic soul, "Some one," which I do not feel towards the *eingehend* Mr. Mathews in his scientific moods. I would not leave the impression that the musical reproduction and the literal reproduction are useless. They are both useful at times, and the second is more often useful than the first. But they are of trifling value generally in comparison with the literary description. That this is true is largely owing to the complicated form of most bird songs, but it is mainly due to the difficulty presented by the quality of bird songs, which the literal transcript meets only imperfectly. This matter of quality is the more important, and the matter of form the less important, by virtue of the fact that the songs of many of our commonest birds (notably, of course, the song sparrow) vary widely in form, and only slightly in quality. What is needed, therefore, is a method which, while not ignoring the form, is capable of describing the quality; and this means that, unless the scientist can invent a new method, we must turn to the artist of words. He can describe in a few terse, definite, and yet vague, words what the scientist without literary talent could not describe in a ponderous manual. He can apply the subtleties of a highly developed language to any song whatever. What is more, he can give to the city-dweller a distinct foretaste of what awaits him in the country—which hours spent in playing the piano or in pronouncing "wichu-wichu-wichi-chee" could never give.

N. F.

Correspondence

THE NEW "NATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In answer to the leaflet in the last *Nation* inviting suggestions in regard to the programme of the new *Nation*, may I, as a very dependent reader of the old *Nation*, say a word?

Like many another college professor, I am compelled to limit my list of periodicals to the bare necessities. I put the *Nation* first; and I do this because its criticism inspires my confidence. When I read that the scope of the journal was to be enlarged I felt misgivings; in such a review I want quality, not quantity. And I am reminded of the fate that overtook the London *Academy* a number of years ago when it sought to enlarge and make a wider appeal. It soon became useless for my purposes.

It would be impertinent for me to sug-

gest that the *Nation* might become less authoritative in the hands of those who have so carefully guarded its interests. But I fear popularization of the *Nation* as I fear the pest. And I must, again as a dependent reader, candidly express my fear. With best wishes,

W. P. REEVES.

Kenyon College, Gambier, O., March 14.

[We are glad to assure Professor Reeves and other friends that every effort will be made by the new management to preserve the old standards to which the *Nation* has been and is devoted.—ED. THE NATION.]

REALITIES IN THE NEAR EAST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If we review the years during which the Turks have been gradually forced back to Asia, during which also the Ottoman Empire in Europe has been bolstered up by the great Powers, we must be struck by the futility of diplomacy and the want of foresight of cabinets. The main policy of the Powers was to uphold the Turkish Empire in Europe, however disastrous the consequences to the people whom the Turks oppressed, and however opposed to the increase of civilization and material prosperity in these regions. This policy has been in the result a complete failure. Inevitable forces against which the schemes of diplomats and chancelleries were quite unavailing have now almost driven the Turks from Europe. The retention of Adrianople and of a part of Thrace gives them next to no European interest, for this territory is—politically—a mere annex to Constantinople, and is a financial incubus into the bargain.

Yet the futility which has always marked European diplomacy in regard to the Near Eastern question was surpassed when the Turks were allowed to tear up the Treaty of London. Had Adrianople and the surrounding district remained in the hands of Bulgaria, the peace of the Balkans would have been assured, for the aspirations of Bulgaria would have been satisfied. Accordingly, the first reality which we have to grasp is that peace is not permanently assured so long as a mile of ground in Europe outside of Constantinople belongs to Turkey, and there is still a bit of ripe fruit to be seized. The main reality, however, to bear in mind is that the storm centre is now shifted to Asia Minor, and that the enemies of the Turkish Empire are no longer the small Balkan States, but the greater European Powers and Greece. Greece must be ranked with the great Powers by reason, not of her size, but of her geographical position. One has only to refer to one of the late Lord Salisbury's large maps to perceive that the increase of the Greek race must inevitably cause the shores of the Ægean Sea one day to become Greek territory. In the natural process of modern evolution the ancient influence of Greece must again become paramount in certain parts of Asia Minor.

But though by the spread of the Greek population Turkish influence and rule will be weakened and finally overthrown on the Ægean seaboard, it will be undermined inland by concessions to capitalists under the support of their respective Governments. The Turks, it is certain, cannot conduct a modern administration and modern business, and now that the European source of supply to the ranks of politicians and officials has ceased by the loss of the European territories, officials will become more incapable than ever. This incapacity has hitherto never been realized by the great Powers; it is now so indisputable that it will henceforth necessarily form an important factor in their Near Eastern policy. Therefore, as a governing race, the Turks are in a plight similar to that of the Red Indians of America or the Maoris of New Zealand. Diplomatists and chancelleries will continue to keep up the fiction of an independent Ottoman Empire and will connive at administrative abuses and injustice, but fictions cannot alter realities.

We have also to realize that the policy of the great Powers in reference to Turkey in Asia is purely selfish. All are engaged in a game of grab under the veil of concessions, treaties, and spheres of influence—a game which is stimulated by the weaknesses and pretentiousness of the present governing group at Constantinople.

The progress of the partition of Turkey in Asia must necessarily be gradual, but it is none the less inevitable, since it is based on supreme time forces. These will produce results in various forms. It may be in violent annexation, as in the case of Tripoli, or in peaceful annexation, as in the case of Egypt. But as between the invaders it is a battle of cash rather than of cannon, for the military power of both Germany and Austria-Hungary is largely nullified by reason of their geographical position. Difficulties and dissensions are pretty sure to arise from time to time, because the condition of the Ottoman Empire is such that it is imperative for European Powers to acquire as far as possible indefeasible rights within its area. The progress of these acquisitions will one day form an interesting chapter in the history of the decline and fall of the Ottoman Empire.

E. S. ROSCOE.

London, Eng., March 9.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the publication of my letter concerning the management of the American Historical Association, which appeared January 22, three replies, or explanations, have been given to the public through the medium of the *Nation*. These letters were written by men of the highest standing in the Association: Professor Fay, of Dartmouth; Professor MacDonald, of Brown, and Professor Jameson, of the Carnegie Institution. These gentlemen are not only learned scholars, but they are also good judges of the strength of an assumed position. If my statement that the American Historical Association, under the leadership of its council, had been conducting and administering its affairs in an illegal and unconstitutional manner, could have been refuted, it would, of course, have been done. As a discreet silence has been maintained on the only point at issue it is fair to conclude that it is conceded that the "power of the council has increased, is increasing, and should be diminished." Professor Fay agrees with me entirely on that proposition.

While it could hardly be expected that Professor Jameson and Professor MacDonald would concede so much, it is reasonable to suppose that they are not prepared to justify the shutting out of the hundreds of men who attend the annual meetings of the Association from having any part in its government, other than that of ratifying what had been done by the Council. At any rate they say nothing about the real point at issue.

Professor Jameson flies from the real issue and tries to conceal his flight by bringing non-essentials into the discussion. The question of the popularity or unpopularity of my position at Charleston does not affect in the slightest degree the justice of my contention. I stated there that if any men on earth were capable of self-government the members of the American Historical Association were capable; that we had allowed the Council to assume too much power, and that it was our duty to become self-governing. If the personal endorsement of at least one hundred men, including those who have held high positions in the Association, was an indication that I was not standing alone, such an endorsement was certainly voluntarily extended after the business meeting. My learned and distinguished friend, I fear, does not read accurately the signs of the times or he would not take the position that the methods of the Council are popular. If he thinks that the wiping out of constitutional guarantees is popular with the members of the Association he is blind.

Professor MacDonald makes a labored effort to defend the nominating committee. I have no quarrel with the committee. Some of my best friends served upon it. I conclude that they did what they were appointed to do. Such a committee has no legal existence, as the Council has no authority whatever to appoint it. How the committee performed its duties has no proper place in this discussion. There was no criticism of its members at Charleston, therefore Professor MacDonald's defence is unnecessary.

To put the whole matter concretely, my contention is that the duties of the Council are carefully laid down in section 5 of the Constitution, as follows: ". . . the election of members, the calling of meetings, the selection of papers to be read, and the determination of what papers shall be published." It has no right to appoint a nominating committee which does nothing more than conduct a caucus by mail, the effect of which is to preclude a free and fair expression from the men who sustain the Association. The constitution contains the democratic ideal. Is it not our duty to see that it is not set aside?

May I again emphasize the fact that my action in this entire matter is impersonal? I have repeatedly stated that

it is the system, not men, that I am condemning. We have drifted consciously or unconsciously, it matters not which, into the rule of the few in the American Historical Association. I do not claim to represent the entire membership in my contention for self-government. I do know that I have unmistakable evidence that there will be a revolution if the question is not handled justly and wisely by those in authority.

DUNBAR ROWLAND.

Mississippi Department of Archives and History, Jackson, Miss., March 15.

THE BLIGHT ON ATHLETICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The great prevailing evil connected with college and school athletics is not the "mucker" ideals and practices on the playing field, but the grafter ideals and practices with respect to making up the teams before they reach gridiron or diamond. Except in a few colleges, usually the larger ones, there is constant deliberate violation of the professed observance of the standards of non-professionalism. Those responsible for the make-up of the teams say one thing and do another—essential crookedness. It should be added in fairness, however, that frequently in those institutions where conditions are the worst a committee of the faculty on athletics wages a gallant but losing fight for the maintenance of standards. The chief seat of the trouble usually lies with the managers, student body, and, most important of all, the alumni.

When the present writer was a senior in preparatory school (an old endowed academy of good reputation), the chief "line bucker" that year on the football team was not a member of the school, although, of course, he was supposed to be. He had been a member of the school some years before, but at that time had no connection with the school whatever other than playing on the team. Yet the principal of the school and other masters stood on the side lines, and, "with indifference, approval, or motives of expediency," saw him play all through the season. In my home town, when the high-school team (baseball or football) plays the team of another high school situated at some distance, the managers of the respective teams think it smart to vie with each other in running in as many semi-professional non-members of their school as possible. This sort of thing is, I believe, distinctly worse nowadays than it used to be. It is a manifestation of our national propensity to over-organize things and to worship the god Get-there.

To what depths the resulting degradation of spirit of the whole undergraduate body in a college may descend is illustrated by the following incident which not long ago came directly under my personal observation. A paid professional on the baseball team (he was indeed a student also, but everybody knew he was paid, and one of the trustees, it was generally understood, furnished the money) was on one occasion refused by the manager an advance of his salary, while the team was away from home "representing the college" in a large city. The next time the team played at home he obtained his revenge by striking in the midst of the game. He sat on the benches during the remainder of the game and saw his team whipped; and, of course, the student body at the time was furious. He was denounced in most thoroughgoing fashion in the next issue of the college paper. Now anybody would suppose that the wrath of the student body would be sufficiently deep and lasting to prevent such a traitor, who had so flagrantly and publicly disgraced them, from ever playing on the team again. But he was not only a star pitcher, but also a batsman who frequently rapped out three-baggers and home runs: and he did play on the team the following year.

Of what avail is the attempt of professors in such a college to inculcate high ideals of honor and honesty in the classroom? Their efforts are counteracted many fold by the influence of the school of graft maintained by the department of athletics.

What hope is there of keeping grafting out of business and politics in a nation where young men in higher institutions of learning, during that period of their lives when, if ever, they are idealists, habitually and systematically cheat at their games? IDEALIST.

New Haven, Conn., March 7.

ALBERTUS VAN BEEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should be glad to receive information about the American career of the Dutch marine painter, Albertus Van Beest (1820-1860), who from 1845 until his death lived and worked in Boston and New York. Among his American pupils are mentioned the marine painter, William Bradford, and the landscape painter, R. Swain Gifford. Information concerning the whereabouts of his works in public or private collections will also be received with thanks. A. J. BARNOUW.

446 Beeklaan. The Hague, Holland, March 5.

THE FOREIGN CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A chapter might easily be written concerning mistaken literary judgments by foreigners. The perusal of such a chapter might even lighten for us the humiliation of certain cruel and rare moments when we realize that we have made ourselves ridiculous by immoderate censure or laudation (generally the latter) of an English writer. *Die Neueren Sprachen* publishes frequent letters of literary appreciation, dated from London and signed by a name which may, strictly speaking, be either German or English. While some of these letters contain nothing so absurd or grotesque as to indicate a foreigner whose taste is as yet unformed, the criticism in the following passage (quoted from Vol. XVIII of the above review, page 421) looks quite in the opposite direction:

Mr. Mackereth's name deserves to stand very high among the poets of today, for there is a strength about his work which is very rare in English verse. His thoughts have a nobility and at the same time a restraint that is the prerogative of no special poet and age. "A Son of Cain" (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net) is everywhere full of an optimism that does not deny the pain of life but lifts its eyes to the hills all the same, and everywhere there is that deep, instinctive sympathy with all that lives that forms the finest note of our age.

We have the rollicking of exultant power in:

> I met a Lion in the way:
> Heigho! his eyes were wild!
> A bright, magnificent beast of prey,
> A dæmon's child.
>
> He scowled, and scowled,
> With bristling mane;
> And growled, and growled,
> Like in angry pain.
> He stood aloof; I liked him well.
> Heigho! his ivories!

Shades of Tartarin!

I close with the sentiment of the following lines which a French lady preserved, in the form given below, in her translation of Du Maurier's *Trilby:*

> A feeling of sadness and longing,
> That is not aching to pain,
> And resembles sorrow only
> As the mist resembles the rain.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, March 15.

A REQUEST FOR LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. J. M. Hulth, of the University Library of Upsala, who has succeeded to the editorship of Carl von Linné's correspondence, formerly edited by the late Prof. Th. M. Fries, desires information as to the whereabouts of letters to and from Linné, which might be found in collections in this country. Individuals or institutions having such letters are asked to communicate with the undersigned. AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

The John Crerar Library, Chicago, Ill., March 14.

DUFFERS AND EXPERTS.

For the ordinary duffer the printed directions of the expert on how to play the game of golf are often a disheartening experience. His instructions to us to think of a dozen different things at once are as difficult to execute as to close simultaneously all but the third finger of a hand; and the diagrams, with their dotted lines and pointed arrows, which he employs to illustrate swing, and grip, and stance rival in intricacy a complicated problem in hydraulics. It may be doubted whether any mere duffer has ever derived benefit from the theoretical study of the game. Half an hour on the links under the supervision of a professional who has the happy knack of disguising the boredom he must inevitably feel is probably worth all the books that were ever written for the instruction of the initiated but inexpert.

Nevertheless, there is a fascination in the study of these books that we would not willingly forego, and we continue to brave the derision of the family

circle and to endanger its penates by posturing, club in hand, upon the carpet, fondly imagining that the contortions we are making bear some resemblance to the hero of the diagram. Our next adventure on the links ought usually to be sufficient to convince us that all is vanity, that duffers we came into the world of golf, and duffers, saving a miracle of regeneration, we are destined to leave it; but when the next book by a renowned expert appears we borrow it with the simple faith of little children.

But even though in our less optimistic moments, as when our opponent is dormy and our drive has been sliced out of bounds, we realize that not even a Vardon can restore to us that lost stroke or prevent its recurrence on another occasion, there is a considerable amount of interest in reading, as in a recently published symposium of famous players,* how past masters of the game conceive that they themselves play their strokes. It is pleasant to follow in their wake *haud passibus æquis*, now and then recalling a memorable stroke, an epoch-making event in our own foozling history. There was that time when we played the long "push" shot up to the pin at the seventh, laying it dead at the hole side exactly in the manner described by George Duncan; or that other never-to-be-forgotten occasion when from the abyss of the formidable bunker that guards the sixteenth, tucked up against the face of the hazard, we achieved a miracle of recovery in which we recognize now that we employed precisely the methods advocated by Lawrence Ayton. The musical purr of a perfectly hit drive is a sound that, thanks to some special dispensation of whatever providence alternately encourages and casts down the golfer, most of us have heard at more or less infrequent intervals; but there is a satisfaction in learning from Harry Vardon how intricate is the succession of movements that in our more inspired moments we must have achieved in the order prescribed.

Young Mr. Ouimet, who contributes to the symposium an interesting chapter on putting, rudely upset what had almost crystallized into a tradition when he defeated Vardon and Ray in last year's open championship, for it had come to be very generally accepted that no amateur golfer, however good, could quite beat the best of the professionals. In spite of Mr. Ouimet's remarkable performance that axiom is probably still sound, and why it should be so has been the subject of much speculation. Clearly it is not because the professional has a great deal more practice, for there are many leisured amateurs who spend a good part of their waking lives upon the links, whereas the average professional habitually devotes several hours a day to the dull routine of teaching. The explanation is probably in the main a psychological one; the professional makes his living by his ability to play golf. That which for the amateur, if he be playing well, is an agreeable exercise, if ill, an exasperating waste of time, is for the professional a solemn discharge of duty, a thing to be taken seriously, just as we take our account books and ledgers. The professional, especially the Scotch professional, who is the sublimation of his class, will make a golfing joke, but he will not make a joke on golf. At most of the famous links on his native heath there is a set of jests, hallowed by antiquity, to listen to which is part of the routine through which the stranger is expected to go, but golf itself is a sacred matter not lightly to be profaned.

"How often do you do that?" the present writer once inquired of a well-known Scotch professional when he was guilty of the elementary mistake of taking his eye off the ball, and fluffed an easy approach into the bunker guarding the green. The professional gave the question his conscientious deliberation, and "Just aboot once a year-r, sorr," came the unsmiling reply.

That remark seems exactly to express the difference between the amateur and the professional points of view. The former, be he an amateur champion or the plain average duffer, is privileged to take his eye off the ball as often as he likes, and may yet hold up his head among his fellow-men. The latter, since to err is human, may be allowed an annual indulgence of the weakness, but to repeat it with the careless insouciance of the amateur would be to put in peril his means of livelihood.

Assuredly there is balm in Gilead for the duffer. Following a professional match, or playing ourselves with a professional and receiving a stroke and a beating, we may envy the mechanical accuracy with which he makes his "threes" and "fours" and "fives," humbling "Bogey" and making "Par" appear absurdly simple, yet we know that he is not enjoying the mathematical precision of his play one-half as much as we are enjoying our own spasmodic brilliance. There comes in his round none of the sense of adventure that attends our own eccentric course. The back spin from the cunningly played mashie shot as his ball hits the green has for him no thrills, for the result that we hope for prayerfully is for him but the occurrence of the expected; and the intentional slice around the coppice on the woodland course, that we deem a suitable subject for the subsequent entertainment of our friends in the clubhouse, is to the blasé expert no more than a part of the mechanical routine of the day's work. Even our emotional outbursts we would not sacrifice for the imperturbable poise which the professional knows it is necessary for him to maintain, for though these are bad for our golf they are excellent purges of our souls. And if at times in the eye of the expert we catch a gleam of sarcastic commiseration for our ineptitude we can retort on him, as Chesterton makes King Alfred's men retort on the conquering Danes in his "Ballad of the White Horse":

> You are more tired of victory
> Than we are tired of shame.

S. W.

*"Success at Golf," by Harry Vardon and others. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1 net.

Literature

SOCIALISM REVISED.

A History of Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup. Fifth edition. Revised and largely rewritten by Edward R. Pease. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

This edition of Kirkup's work has been prepared and published in a new form by an English Fabian, who explains in his preface exactly what he has done. Roughly, Mr. Pease has brought up to date those chapters which described primitive Socialism and the origins of the present movement, has written several new chapters on the movement abroad, and particularly in England, and has collected (in chapters xv and xvi) Kirkup's own views on the question in general, these views in previous editions having been scattered through six chapters, and being now rearranged and much condensed. The result of his labor is a handy edition of a valuable work.

Chapters xv and xvi are, naturally, much the most interesting in the book and exhibit clearly Kirkup's special merit as a writer of Socialist history and a student of the Socialist movement. He is careful to impress upon the reader that it is not a mere collection of economic theories or doctrines, but a real movement. "It is not," he says, "wedded to any stereotyped set of formulas, whether of Marx or any other, but is rooted in reality, and while moulding facts, it must adapt itself to them. Above all, we must ever remember that it claims to represent the aspirations after a better life of the toiling and suffering millions of the human race" (p. 405). It is "still in process of development. Its theories must undergo the rough-hewing of continual controversy, discussion, and criticism." "The competitive system has never entirely and exclusively dominated any society, and has been everywhere modified by custom and the traditions of the past, by national and social interests and by moral considerations. . . . We must conceive Socialism in the same way as claiming, when certain historical con-

ditions have been realized, to be the normal or prevalent type of economic and social organization." What this means is set forth as follows:

Socialism, then, simply means that the normal social organization of the future will and should be an associated or co-operative one. It means that industry should be carried on by free associated workers. The development of Socialism will follow the development of the large industry. . . . It is a new type of industry and economic organization the practicability of which must be decided by the test of experience. It cannot be introduced mechanically. We cannot force or improvise such a change in the constitution of society. No revolutionary violence can avail to carry through a transformation which runs counter to the fundamental laws of human nature or the great prevailing tendencies of social evolutions. This will be especially manifest when we consider that its realization will, above all things, depend on the ethical advance of the mass of the people (p. 415).

Kirkup's Socialism is very far removed from the present "stiff and barren orthodoxy," as he calls it, which is so deeply permeated with, and colored by, an aggressive materialism and a spirit of general and violent revolt. With this he has no sympathy. Marx he regards as having forged "new chains for the working class in the shape of dogmatic materialism, a rigid and abstract collectivism and ultra-revolutionary views which still hamper it in the task of emancipation" (p. 443). More than once he expresses strong disapproval of the attitude of modern Socialists towards "the family," and is at pains to insist that between Socialism, as he understands it, and religion there is no contradiction (pp. 447-449). To the reviewer, however, it seems that he fails to recognize the instinctive antagonism that exists between the Socialist *weltanschauung* and that of the Christian, if for no reason other than that the one is concerned exclusively with *diesseits* and the other mainly with *jenseits*. Platforms may assert as forcibly as possible that "religion is a private matter" with which Socialism is not concerned, but no intelligent Socialist will deny that the entire body of Socialist thought is altogether detached from religion, taking no account whatever of those fundamental relations which are the substance of all religion, and from which no believer can logically prescind in any rational act. It is quite true that the Christian churches are not in the least committed to any particular system of government or production. Society exists, as they see it, for man and not man for society, and whatever system of production best enables man to fulfil his destiny here and hereafter is, from their point of view, good. But unless we are to deceive ourselves, we must not fail to recognize, in the Socialist movement, even as Kirkup describes it, a synthesis of many centrifugal forces, all operating strongly against the existing order—indeed, the very foundations of the existing order—and notably against the notions of law and the supernatural destiny of man. Whether one hold any form of religion or not, there is no excuse for not recognizing this fact, for it will probably, when fully recognized, greatly help to clear the field of discussion and enable those who are in doubt easily to find their proper camps.

Kirkup's book will make an appeal to many who are tired of Spargo, Hillquit, and the other painstaking but tedious modern scholastics of the more reasonable and coherent Marxian school. To those who are fighting Socialism it will perhaps furnish suggestions for a change in the plan of campaign. Much ammunition is now going to waste on empty forts—such, for instance, as "surplus value"—which might be put to more profitable use elsewhere. Incidentally, it is worth noticing that Kirkup, although valiantly laboring to bring his Socialism into harmony with Evolution *à la* Darwin, is much more of a Utopian than a scientific Socialist, and the general trend of the movement in this direction is now very marked. The "soap-box" school and a few of the faithful scholastics alone remain thoroughly orthodox and "scientific."

CURRENT FICTION.

When Ghost Meets Ghost. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Devoted readers of Mr. De Morgan will recall the whimsical "Apology in Confidence" appended to "A Likely Story." His preceding novel, "An Affair of Dishonour," had been sharply handled by reviewers. They had not only fallen foul of the story for what it was—a feeble attempt at historical romance—but had censured the author for what it was not. They had expected him to be "Early Victorian and suburban, kindly and buttonholy," and he had disappointed them. He apologizes for his unfair treatment of them, and plumes himself on the "Victorianity" and "suburbanity" of his current offering, "A Likely Story." Also, harking back to criticisms of his earlier books, he asks credit for having "slumped" from a quarter of a million words to less than 100,000—"an essay towards conformity which seems to me to deserve recognition."

The physical aspect of "When Ghost Meets Ghost" leads one to suspect that convenience rather than conformity determined the length of "A Likely Story." Here is a chronicle running to nearly 900 pages and bulking a good deal nearer half a million than a quarter of a million words. If the characteristic summaries prefixed to the chapters had been printed as a table of contents, as they were in the earlier novels, some twenty-odd pages would have been added to the volume. This may have been the straw to imperil the publisher's back: a list of short chapter-titles is furnished. But the important question is not how long the story is, but whether it is too long. The present reviewer (who would not spare anything of "Joseph Vance" or "Alice-for-Short") thinks it is.

The substance of the narrative is altogether too slight for this scale of treatment. A pair of twins are separated in early womanhood, one following her convict husband to Van Dieman's Land, the other staying in England. After some years the husband, by a clever forgery, causes each of them to believe that the other is dead. Half a century later they are both in England. Problems for the novelist: how shall they be brought together and how shall they be convinced of the truth? Mr. De Morgan's postulate is that these are problems of almost superhuman difficulty, and that we are assisting at an extraordinarily subtle process of solution. In point of fact, the means employed is the simplest known to the romancer—coincidence. Never has that long arm been more deliberately extended. If little Dave Wardle, who lived in a particular house in Sapps Court with one of the old twins, had not been run over by a particular fire-engine, and taken to a particular hospital, he would never have become the protégé of the particular nurse who was familiar with the particular village household in which the other old twin lived. If Lady Gwen had not chanced to be calling at Sapps Court at the precise moment when Mrs. Prichard's old table was about to be repaired, she would not have taken charge of the old lady's papers, her father the earl would not have read the forged letter, and—so on.

When, at the end of a very long chain of these petty coincidences, the facts have become plain to everybody except the two old parties, there is still a vast deal of fiddling to be gone through as to how they shall be made known to each other. Lady Gwen, who at this very moment is able to endure her lover's blindness and her bosom friend's dangerous illness without hysterics, is almost beside herself with dread as to what may happen to these two respectable old women when they find that they are both alive! The noble earl, her father, is hardly less distressed; indeed, the anguished attention of a large number of persons of all ranks and ages is focussed for some time upon this terrible moment of revelation. One of the twins does die shortly after the news is broken. But why shouldn't she? The

truth is, there is interest, and a mild pathos, inherent in the situation, but one cannot make even a potential tragedy out of the meeting, or failure to meet, of two nice old ladies of eighty-odd who have been lost to each other for fifty years.

This is not the whole story, of course. Sapps Court is, roughly, the *milieu* of the opening chapters of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice-for-Short." Dave Wardle is again the gamin destined to become a gentleman. Uncle Mo is the rough diamond, the heart of oak. When we hear, in chapter one, that he is an ex-prize-fighter, we know that he will not have been so in vain, and the single right cross-counter by means of which he does for the villain (a very Dickensish jailbird) in the very last chapter, justifies us. Ancester Towers, the other setting, places the action, without undue violence, at the other social extreme. The earl is simply a gentleman and a connoisseur who happens to have a title. His lady the countess is of an older school. With her dowager-like, almost Trollopean, attitude, she is in odd contrast with her daughter Gwen, and is, we suspect, less an anachronism than the latter, since the action is supposed to take place in the fifties. Gwen, the beautiful and audacious, is plainly akin to Mr. De Morgan's other delightful heroines. But the chronicler is so intent upon his two old grannies that, with all his half-million words, he does not succeed in finishing her love-story, and has to "gobble it up" as best he may in the very obvious exposition of the "Belated Pendrift" which closes the volume.

Simple Simon. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Co.

Readers who remember the "Clara" of this writer will be prepared for the mixture of audacity and sentiment, social theory and satire, realistic detail and romantic feeling which give their peculiar atmosphere to these pages. The activities of Messrs. Wells, Chesterton, and Shaw have, to be sure, established something like a school of audacity. To be lively, and brilliant, and shocking, in one sense or another, is the essential.

Some of the younger Englishmen who show this influence seem to be really above it, or to have something behind it. Two such we have noticed particularly of late, James Stephens, author of "The Crock of Gold," and A. Neil Lyons, author of "Clara" and of the present story. These writers are of their day; they do not dare not to be clever; they make great play with paradox and quip and shocking sally. But this is nothing more than the modish garment of their humor. For these are genuine humorists. There is a human warmth about them which one gropes for in Mr. Chesterton and misses outright in Mr. Shaw. Mr. Wells showed it in "Mr. Polly," and Mr. Bennett in "Buried Alive." As a group, the old guard of new-century wits have been chary of it as too much smacking of that damnable thing, sentiment. Mr. Stephens and Mr. Lyons, the more furious they are against the sham, the more ardently and openly they worship the real thing. Clara was a disreputable woman, but she not only loved much, she was perfectly lovable, and, on her own plane, venerable. In the present narrative, Mr. Lyons shows himself very angry against official charity, the dull hypocrisies of organized poor-relief. But this merely brings into sharp contrast the loving kindness of Simple Simon and his mate. One trait we hope Mr. Lyons will outgrow—a belligerent tone due to the assumption that other people are probably less sensible than he.

The Judgment of the Sword. By Maud Diver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Here," the author's note tells us, "is no compound of history and romance, but the true romance of history. . . . Neither book (this or its predecessor, 'The Hero of Herat') has any relation to the historical novel proper, except in form." The exception is puzzling, unless form means merely title and binding; for the book does not even resemble a novel in form. There is no love story; there is no hero—or, rather, there are half a dozen. As the writer says, "No single figure, however heroic, could be made to dominate the tale of the First Afghan War without fatally upsetting the proportions of the whole."

Once it gets under way, the narrative is picturesque and vigorous. Mrs. Diver has made good use of the background of mountain and defile, of the striking scenes of defence, retreat, and slaughter. It is not her fault that the story of Pollock's punitive expedition seems anticlimactic after the British disaster in which sixteen thousand men perished; but she might have told this more briefly.

The Remington Sentence. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Co.

A quaint and quiet humor, the leisurely progress of an unaccented plot, stress placed on minor detail, and a wide range of characters—these are familiar characteristics of Mr. Ridge which his readers expect and which they find in the present volume. The vicissitudes of a sister and three brothers, condemned by the terms of a dead father's will to "hard labor for five years," create whatever of plot there is. The young Remingtons leave their Hampshire country home to prove their mettle in London, before coming into a substantial fortune. These facts we discover by dint of reading between the lines. The whys and wherefores that lead to the imposing of "the Remington sentence" the reader may create for himself. Upon this point the author is silent.

Among the characters one recalls with interest Helen, the perplexed "big sister"; her lover, the explorer Saltmarshe; Kenton, one-time butler of the Remingtons, outwitting a nagging wife by well-acted aphasia; Mr. Clifford, the successful fruit merchant of Covent Garden, who indulges his "low tastes" at Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday; Signora Michaelis, of the Leicester Square ballet, once Nancy Dawkins, of the Chalk Farm Road bakeshop; Loo Riccardo, cockney blending of Italy and England; and Harkway, the schoolmaster, a pedagogical Wilkins Micawber, that Dickens might have drawn. With these and their fellows we wander through W. Pett Ridge's favorite London, the London of the lower middle classes—Tottenham Court Road, Southampton Row, St. Martin's Lane, Holborn Circus, Regent's Park.

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN GREECE.

Ægean Days. By J. Irving Manatt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Professor Manatt wrote this almost ideal book of travel with the experience of a four years' consulate at Athens and of three subsequent visits and with a rich accumulation of Hellenic culture gained through a lifetime of loving study and honored teaching. He is thoroughly familiar even with the somewhat recondite works upon his subject, he has at his fingers' tips the political, literary, and artistic history of the Ægean during the ancient, mediæval, and modern periods; he is renowned as an adept in the vernacular. His style is in the main easy, yet at times marked by the vice, so peculiar to the scholar when writing a popular treatise, of attempting factitious sparkle and energy. Thus it is that the comparisons may become farfetched, as when he likens Concord to Colonus as a poetic hearth, Simonides and Voltaire to James Russell Lowell, or, most extraordinary of all, implying a certain lack of humor, his rehabilitated Sappho to Alice Freeman.

Professor Manatt errs in not brightening his volume with enough photographs, and those that he does reproduce are for the most part dimly printed. It is impossible, of course, to do justice to what is perhaps the finest landscape in the world; but these illustrations do not even suggest the inspiring nobility of Greek scenery as compared with the enticing luxuriance of Italian. It is, too, a little surprising to find a man of the writer's inclinations insulting Lesbos and the

Lesbian poets by inserting a poor reproduction of a wretched painting, Alma Tadema's Sappho and Alcæus.

The scheme of the work is eminently artistic. In Part I a summer's vacation at Andros is used as a centre of interest, and around it are grouped excursions to the near-lying Cyclades—Eubœa, Syra, Tenos, Naxos, and Paros. Part II is less unified, describing a short Ægean cruise under the enlightened conductorship of Dörpfeld, and visits to Ceos, Troy, Lesbos, Chios, Ithaca, and Leucas; but a certain connection is maintained by the recurrence of the Homeric *motif* through these sections of the Hellenic world, and by the confinement of attention, with one or two exceptions, to the Asiatic coast and the adjacent islands. The unity is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that several chapters have already been published as occasional essays. In the course of describing each place visited, Professor Manatt contrives to introduce all the significant geographic, historic, ethnographic, literary, and even practical information. But this is no mere guide-book. In his rambles with you he comes upon a ruined tower, a lone column, a half-effaced inscription built into a garden wall, and he is forthwith reminded of some ancient tale, some bit of lore, some verse of poetry connected with the fragment. He seems a pleasant comrade conversing casually and familiarly as you walk or ride or row or sail; and lo, when you have done, as if by magic you are well enough instructed to lecture yourself upon the places that you have visited in his company. In the end you find yourself possessing an adequate conception of each Ægean island in its more glorious classical setting, in the ecclesiastical ascendency of its Byzantine period, in the picturesqueness of the Venetian occupation, under Turkish misrule, in the heroic War of Independence, and in the almost realized hope of a modern resuscitation.

Almost immediately on landing at Andros, Professor Manatt is haled before an absurd court for trespassing on private premises, and thus he has an opportunity to sketch the whole petty polity of the island. He searches out a hymn to Isis chiselled upon a stone now used as a lintel, and he falls into delightful recollections of other Andrian inscriptions, which he employs to reconstruct the conditions of the place under Athenian and Roman sway. Meeting Dörpfeld on a steamer in the Ionian Sea, he allows the ingenious archæologist to explain in his own entrancing and momentarily convincing style his theories about an Ithacan Leucas. So he leads us on and on, beguiling us ever into the idea that we are merely chatting as we jog pleasantly along, never emphasizing too obviously the thesis that lurks beneath the whole work.

It is this thesis that creates a broader and a nobler unity. The author, in a word, is a fervid advocate of the continuity of the old and the new Hellenic culture. He patronizes, to be sure, true New Englander that he is, rather than comprehends and honors the august church of the East, and in his treatment of the Andrian benefactor but heretic, Theophilos Kaïres, he fails to appreciate the importance to the church of maintaining the standard of faith as well as of morals; but in general he is a steadfast friend of the modern Greek and a believer in his future. He constantly discerns ancient customs still persisting; he realizes that the determinative factors are an uninterrupted civilization and language, whatever fresh influx of blood there be. To one who has read the heroically poetic letter of a wounded Greek soldier to his wife in the May *Atlantic* of 1913, the identity of the past and present needs no demonstration.

This is a timely book, and to those who know and, because they know, appreciate and love modern Greece, it will prove a helpful apologia. It constitutes the best kind of a defence, for it is indirect. There are few bald assertions of the superior character and energy of the present race, but the accidental pictures of their generous hospitality, their kindly curiosity, which is only another phrase for humane interest, and their almost fanatical desire for education under adverse circumstances, are more effective proof. When a distinguished historian in one of our greatest universities visits the Balkans for but a few weeks, and then, abandoning his scientific reputation, presumes to issue an ultimatum upon the complicated problem and upon the merits of the several combatants, it is comforting to listen to the sober judgments of Professor Manatt's ripened experience.

S. Bernardino of Siena. By A. G. Ferrers Howell. London: Methuen.

The name of San Bernardino calls to mind, first of all, perhaps, the gaunt Franciscan figure that appears so often in the altar-pieces of the Quattrocento, distinguished by the lips drawn in over a sunken mouth, the bald head inclined a little, with its narrow circlet of white hair, and the attribute, a tablet with the sacred monogram YHS. Readers of Italian manuals will think at once of certain unique passages from sermons preached at Siena, stories and fables and sketches of contemporary life, recorded just as they were uttered, phonographic in the freshness of their dialect and the vivacity of their phrasing. But their author had little thought of place in art or literature; the powers of his keen mind and eager soul were wholly spent in ministry. He was the foremost figure in Italian religious life between St. Catherine and Savonarola. He is truly named the Second Founder of the Friars Minor; he won back the allegiance of the Italian people to the Church, dishonored and enfeebled by the Great Schism; and in his preaching, here and there and everywhere in Italy, he strove, flame-like, to enlighten and to burn away the gathering moral darkness of the Renaissance.

Some twenty years ago Paul Thureau-Dangin published an admirable study of the life and preaching of S. Bernardino, a book very like Sabatier's "Vie de S. François" in spirit and in value. Since then, however, biographical and critical investigations have multiplied, and a new comprehensive work is therefore welcome. One misses in Mr. Ferrers Howell's style the clearness and grace of his French predecessor, but in completeness and accuracy the new book is all that could be desired. The first of the four long chapters recounts the history of the Strict Observance, the second is biographical, the third and most important is devoted to the sermons of S. Bernardino, and the fourth to his minor works.

The preachers of the Quattrocento contented themselves, for the most part, with formal exposition of the gospel or epistle for the day. Bernardino, disregarding that convention, chose a topic suggested by the immediate needs of the audience before him, and dealt with that topic directly, intensely—and at extreme length. In most of his sermons he attacks particular vices—gambling, love of finery, avarice, party strife; but his preaching as a whole illumines the entire field of religious experience. He combines searching moral diagnosis with generous commonsense. So he treats of wisdom in almsgiving, of caution in admonishment, of poverty and the love of poverty, of honest doubt, of religious sentimentality, superstition, and asceticism. His doctrine bears eloquent witness to the passing of the Middle Ages:

> To take up the cross in a way that the body cannot bear, is not an inspiration of God, but a temptation of the devil; and the reason is, that God hates none of the things that he has made; wherefore he hates not our body, but loves it, and would have us love it, and preserve it for his honor, and not destroy it, nor give it a burden it cannot bear. . . . For the judgment is not between us and the saints, but between God and us: the question will be whether we have fulfilled his commands to the best of our ability; not whether we have done what the saints did.

Yet his liberalism went hand in hand with a relentless intolerance of evil; and he wrought mightily upon the throngs that heard him. Often his sermon-courses ended in the red glow of a bonfire of vanities; and again and again he quelled the bitterness of local

warfare. Even now signs of his influence remain throughout Northern and Central Italy, from the Alpine pass that bears his name to his burial place at Aquila, in the many churches that are dedicated to him, and in the representations of the sacred monogram, carved, at his bidding, on city towers and on palace gates.

Mrs. Ady (Julia Cartwright) contributes to Mr. Ferrers Howell's volume an interesting chapter on S. Bernardino in Art. It is in Siena, naturally, that the figure of the saint appears most frequently, but there is hardly a local school that cannot show his likeness on wall or panel. The most notable paintings inspired by his life are Pinturicchio's frescoes in the Aracœli and the charming little pictures at Perugia, by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, representing S. Bernardino's miracles. At Perugia, too, is his most elaborate monument in stone, the façade of the Oratorio, decorated with the very lovely bas-reliefs of Agostino di Duccio.

The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont. Edited by Eloise Robinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $5.

Among the possessions of Professor Palmer, of Harvard, brought together in the course of his devoted study of George Herbert and Herbert's age, is the unique manuscript of the minor poems of Dr. Beaumont, which he bought at one of the sales of the Sir Thomas Phillipps collection in 1911. It is a quarto volume of 173 leaves, written in two hands, one that of the poet himself, the other that of John Gee, who apparently used the manuscript in preparing the selection of Beaumont's verse for his edition of 1749, and made various corrections to this end. Under the auspices of the English department of Wellesley College the whole volume has now been handsomely reprinted, with an ample introduction and notes.

Relying chiefly on Gee and correcting some errors of Grosart by the way, Miss Robinson has incorporated in her introduction an excellent account of Beaumont's quiet and in the end not unprosperous career. He was, according to his own report and as his industry with the pen well testifies, a bookish man who might have been content to settle down in the university there to spend a life in digesting libraries of theology. In one of his birthday effusions—"Martij 13, 1643"—he pretty well sums up his intellectual course, and as the poem is not in the selection of 1749, and consequently not in Grosart, we may quote several of the stanzas as an example of his rather rougher style:

Th' importunate Drops at length some impresse made
Upon my stony Intellect, & I
Was put Apprentice to ye Bookish Trade
At full fifteene ith' Universitie
Where captiv'd in a Gowne, under ye shade
Of thousand leaves I sate, and by
The losse of almost all ye Time since then
Have learned to be ye foolishest of Men.

My itching mind proudly desir'd to prie
Into whatever Learnings Title wore.
With unfledgd Wings I often towred high,
And snatch'd at things above my pitch, before
I had sure hold of what beneath did lie.
Yet on I ventur'd still, & caught at more;
I caught ye Wind of Words, which by a Blast
Of following Notions soon away were past.

At length I learn'd, & sure my Tutor was
Th' ETERNAL WISDOME, well to rest content
With shallow knowledge of such Objects, as
Can never blesse their Knower: Complement
And Ceremonious Learning I let passe
To guild their Crest, who make Applause their bent
Ambitious onely not to be a foole
In that, which Saints and Angells draws to Schoole.

But our poet was soon cast out of his bookish ease. In the year 1644, according to the quaint account of John Gee, the Earl of Manchester was ordered "to garble and model the University of *Cambridge*, where Mr. *Beaumont's* avowed affection to the King's cause exposed him among the first, to the keenest edge of their resentment." Beaumont lost his fellowship (early in 1643, according to Miss Robinson's calculation, instead of 1644), but under the generous protection of the Bishop of Ely he multiplied benefices and books in a way that ought to have made even a poet-clerk happy.

Beaumont, as we already knew, belongs with the school of Herbert and Vaughan and Crashaw and Traherne, and the present addition to his works only serves to place him a little more exactly in that band of religious poets. Though of course he never rose anything like as high as Crashaw or even as Vaughan, his work is rather more on a consistent, if not dead, level than theirs, avoiding the morbid conceits of the former which sometimes sink him to about the lowest degree of bad taste of any writer of mark in the language, and seldom if ever flowing in the flaccid manner of Vaughan in his more negligent moments. Miss Robinson admits freely that very few persons—none, we should say, unless they are reading in that period for a purpose—will care to go through all of Beaumont's 177 poems which she has printed. It would scarcely be a fair question to ask any scholar why he, or she, had ventured to add another volume of this kind to our burdened libraries, and as a matter of fact the present publication has a certain value and even interest of its own, though the latter must not be presumed on too far. Beaumont had the least spark of genius, and not much of the high fervors of religion, but he is an admirable specimen of a man who lived in the intellectual and spiritual society of those who possessed both of those qualities in large measure, and he caught, as it were, the routine of their inspiration. He is in this way characteristic of the mean, though not precisely the golden mean, of his age. At times he utters a note of a more intimate sincerity, and for a moment we seem to see into the man's living heart. Having quoted the cruder stanzas from his "Natalitium," we feel bound to supplement them with a more alluring illustration. We take them from the first poem in the volume, "Suspirium," which was not known to Grosart:

I *think* a thousand thoughts a day,
Yet think not one: each doth betray
It selfe, & halfe-made flyes away.

I *think* of Heav'n, I *think* of Hell,
Of what both heer & there doth dwell:
Yet what I *think* I cannot tell.

Through all ye World my Mind does run,
And when her foolish Course is done,
She onely is where she begun.

Such Hudling and Perplexity
In my tumultuous Heart there bee,
That seeing all, I nothing see.

When our divine Dr. Beaumont wrote those words he was thinking not of the poems of Herbert or Vaughan, but of a sad experience which came to him often in his own study, and which has come to many another over-ambitious student since his day.

Miss Robinson's editorial care in bringing out the volume is commendable, but she has fallen into the too common error of editors in finding parallels and suggesting borrowings on the most unconvincing coincidences of language.

Notes

The Yale University Press has undertaken the following publications: "Bracton: De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ" (Vol. I), edited by George E. Woodbine; "University Sermons," by Henry Sloane Coffin; "Our Many-Sided Navy," by R. W. Neeser.

The two volumes on the Civil War in Harper's composite history of "The American Nation" were contributed by Dr. J. K. Hosmer, and attracted considerable attention at the time of their appearance. They are now brought out in a separate edition as "The American Civil War."

The Bobbs-Merrill Company will publish on March 21, "Five Years to Find Out," by Ida A. R. Wylie.

D. C. Heath & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of Keller's "Die drei gerechten Kammacher," edited with notes and vocabulary by Prof. H. G. Collings.

and of Gustav Frensen's "Jörn Uhl," abridged and edited with notes by Prof. W. W. Florer.

Sherman, French & Co. announce for publication next month "Candle Flame," by Katharine Howard.

In the March announcements of Houghton Mifflin Company the following books are included: "The Women We Marry," by Arthur Stanwood Pier; "Emerson's Journals" (complete), edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes; "The First Step," by Eliza Orne White; "Lost Diaries," by Maurice Baring; "The United States Federal Internal Tax History from 1861 to 1871," by Harry Edwin Smith; "Commodore George Hamilton Perkins, U. S. N.," life and letters, by Carroll Storrs Alden: "In the High Hills," by Maxwell Struthers Burt. The same publishers have added to their Riverside Textbooks in Education: "Rural Life and Education," by E. P. Cubberley; "The Hygiene of the School Child," by Lewis M. Terman; "Evolution of the Educational Ideal," by Mabel J. Emerson; "Chief Middle English Poets," by Jessie L. Weston; "The Tendency to the Concrete and Practical in Modern Education," by Charles W. Eliot; "Art Education," by Henry Turner Bailey.

The general meeting of the American Philosophical Society will be held at Philadelphia in the hall of the Society, Independence Square, April 23-25.

The *Nation* evidently has done an injustice to Mr. Zane Grey in its criticism of his "The Light of Western Stars," by the statement that he "has taken over his opening situation from Charles Alden Seltzer's 'The Trail to Yesterday.'" In a letter to the editor, Mr. Grey declares that his novel "was written in 1912, and was begun serially in *Munsey's* before Mr. Seltzer's novel began in another magazine." Investigation fully substantiates this statement. The *Nation's* reviewer was misled by the fact that Mr. Seltzer's story appeared in book form several months before Mr. Grey's. The entire intent of the reviewer was to say that this novel was of the conventional sort as to situations, and inferior in that respect to the author's own "Desert Gold," published previously. It was not the intention to accuse him of wilful plagiarism, and any inference to that effect is regretted.

To the series of reference books prepared by William S. Walsh for the J. B. Lippincott Co. he has now added "A Handy Book of Curious Information." It comprises, as the sub-title states, and as some experience in using the volume confirms, "strange happenings in the life of men and animals, odd statistics, extraordinary phenomena, and out-of-the-way facts concerning the wonderlands of the earth." Naturally, the prime disadvantage of any such miscellaneous cyclopædia as this is in the uncertainty one must always have whether a particular desideratum will fall within its province. We can only assure the searcher after such books that the editor of this volume has made a truly curious collection of facts and stories from many scattered sources.

The anonymous author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby" now offers "Policy and Paint," some incidents in the lives of Dudley Carleton and Peter Paul Rubens (Longmans, illustrated). Carleton was a general utility man in diplomacy for James I and Charles I, eventually becoming Foreign Minister. Rubens, as all the world knows, was British envoy for the King of Spain in the year 1629. Some twelve years earlier, when Carleton was at The Hague, the two men had been associated in picture-dealing ways. Carleton was a zealous agent for the art-loving noblemen of England, especially for the favorite Buckingham, and knew where to place a gift where it would do the most good. Carleton was something of a cold fish, but his career gains dignity from his constant devotion to the cause of Elizabeth of the Palatinate and Bohemia, whose royal husband had been dispossessed and exiled by the Emperor. The intention, one can hardly say the endeavor, to reinstate his sister colored all the foreign policy of Charles I. It was the permanent obstacle to peace with the Empire and with Spain. Carleton, as a good royalist and Protestant, ever sought to make peace between England and France, a course made very difficult by the religious contentions in both countries. Rubens, of course, sought peace with Spain. Both attempts succeeded, though on humiliating terms. Elizabeth of Bohemia remained unrighted. Charles and Buckingham complicated every negotiation by fluctuations of timidity, ill-calculated rashness, and perfidy. Carleton served difficult masters, kept himself pretty clean, and probably deserves our author's commendation as the first real English diplomat, as distinguished from casual envoy and spy. Perhaps the chief value of the book lies in the picture it draws of the sheer incompetence of the Stuart régime in all foreign matters. For more than local reasons, a Cromwell was due. On the rather slender thread of the relations of Carleton and Rubens our author has constructed an excellent bit of biographical history. The necessary complications of the narrative make the book one rather for the scholarly than for the general reader.

The reading of "The Science of Happiness," by Jean Finot, translated from the tenth French edition by Mary J. Safford (Putnam), in spite of its numerous editions and its chaplet from the French Academy, has not removed the suspicion that Happiness, like Fame,

> will not speak to those
> Who have not learnt to be content without her.

The author's habit of enthusiastic exaggeration, noticed in these columns on the appearance in translation of his "Race Prejudice," some seven years ago, is abundantly in evidence in the present volume. At the outset we are told that, "after all, if we consider man happier than he really is, perhaps some additional happiness will follow." But the suggestion seems to be at once forgotten by the author himself, for it would be hard to conceive humankind in a more wretched condition than is painted in many of the paragraphs that follow. Man craves only happiness and creates nothing but misery. He has created enough futile tears with his religion to drown the whole present generation. With all their racial gayety we may see at a glance that the representative minds even of the French people are "corroded by every evil, beginning with that of thought and ending with that of love." From all the heights of French intellect streams down the dreariness of desolation, present even when not visible. Disunited in most things, we have one point of solidarity—"each member of mankind would believe himself dishonored if he did not provoke around him the bitterness of envy." "The object in life for the majority of men and women is nothing but the desire to create along their path the worst of the moral deformities of man, envy." And if we were to banish all whose business is nothing but the creation of hatred, the cities, the suburbs, and the country would be alike depopulated.

One begins to feel, at times, that one is dealing with a modern Juvenal, but the turning of a page will bring the comforting assurance that the sadness which has thrown a veil of profound melancholy over the world and elicited more tears than the most terrible wars is but spurious after all, and its cult a mere fad. Religion has been the main offender in setting awry a humanity which is really born to be happy, and particularly the Christian religion, the predominant care of which "is to poison the little joys of life." In the happiness which is just ahead of us, then, we are all to give up our *religions*, so far as anything in the nature of a definite creed is concerned, and substitute *religiousness* in their place. Our happiness is not to be entirely freed from the condiment of sorrow, but not too much of it, if you please. We are cautioned, of course, as by the moralizers of all ages, not to depend upon wealth for happiness. And here again the author is seized with a spasm of pessimism; he interjects the remark that society always treats a very wealthy thief with more respect than a very poor honest man. But he immediately brightens up with the reflection that Mr. Roosevelt, by attacking dishonest millionaires in a country where wealth outstrips all honors whatever, has shown the fragility of its worship and shifted the chances of success to the side of its opponents. It must be said for the author that, though his ideal of happiness is not very clearly defined, he does insist that it is to be a product of the *moral* life. And in spite of his slap at Christianity for trying "to poison the little joys of life" which the human heart craves, we are told finally that the coming pedagogy of happiness will implant in the mind the precept that "it is not wishes fulfilled, but duties accomplished, which most surely and most easily procure happiness."

There is, of course, nothing really new in all this, and few thoughtful readers, one imagines, would have felt any sense of injustice if the French Academy had withheld its crown. To go back to Keats again, we fear that the French seekers after happiness who have swallowed up ten editions so rapidly are wooing with too slavish knee. Rather than this—

Make your best bow to her and bid adieu;
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.

It was a happy idea, in connection with the official life of Disraeli, which is coming out so slowly, to issue a volume of his political writings, and this has now been done, under the editorial care of Mr. Benjamin Hutcheon, as "Whigs and Whiggism" (Macmillan). Some of the pieces included have been reprinted in earlier volumes, but even these are now out of print, and the brilliance of their style, apart from their historical value, would justify their presentation again in popular form. The two longest and most important pieces are "The Vindication of the English Constitution" and "The Letters of Runnymede," the former of which appeared in December, 1835, as a "letter to a noble and learned lord," the latter in the first half of 1836 in the London *Times*, being republished anonymously in July of the same year. Both the "Vindication" and the "Letters" were written while Disraeli was still in the wilderness, and are a part of his savage campaign against the Whigs in behalf of Lord Lyndhurst. The "Vindication" contains the fullest exposition of Disraeli's conception of the Constitution; it might not inaptly be described as Burke, without the deep undertone of philosophical emotion that surges through the "Reflections," but sharpened and keyed up for a more modern taste. Occasionally there is a telling epigram, as, for instance, this: "There was a time when our Kings affected to rule by Divine right. It cost our fathers dear to root out that fatal superstition. But all their heroic labors will prove worse than fruitless if the Divine right of Kings is to be succeeded by the Divine right of the House of Commons." Occasionally epigram and argument unite more elaborately, as in this cutting, if not entirely fair, attack on the Westminster Utilitarians, against whom the "Vindication" was mainly directed:

The blended Utilitarian system of morals and politics, then, runs thus: it is the interest of man to be a tyrant and a robber: a man does not change his nature because he is a king; therefore a king is a tyrant and a robber. If it be the interest of one man to be a tyrant and a robber, it is the interest of fifty or five thousand to be tyrants and robbers; therefore we cannot trust an aristocracy more than a monarch. But the eternal principle of human nature must always hold good. A privileged class is always an aristocracy, whether it consists of five thousand or fifty thousand, a band of nobles or a favored sect; therefore the power of government should be entrusted to all; therefore the only true and useful government is a representative polity, founded on universal suffrage.

"The Letters of Runnymede" are more personal than the "Vindication," and perhaps for that reason have been better remembered—unless it is the cleverness of the title that has given them a kind of factitious reputation. Junius was evidently Disraeli's master in their composition, Melbourne and Lansdowne and Lord John Russell and Palmerston taking the place of the Grafton and Bedford and Mansfield over whom the terrible *nominis umbra* poured his vitriol. That the animus, if not quite the deadly precision of malice, of the older writer was caught by the younger may be seen from a typical specimen of the attacks on Lord John Russell:

You were born with a strong ambition and a feeble intellect. It is an union not uncommon, and in the majority of cases only tends to convert an aspiring youth into a querulous and discontented manhood. But under some circumstances—when combined, for instance, with great station, and consequent opportunities of action—it is an union which often leads to the development of a peculiar talent—the talent of political mischief.

The "Letters" were never acknowledged by Disraeli, and their present editor suggests that, as their author grew older and became better acquainted with the men whom he had so viciously abused, he regretted their publication. We need have no such regret to-day.

To every college teacher, to each and every man, a book on the short story is an ambition that gives promise of early fulfilment. "The Modern Short-Story" (A. S. Barnes Company), by Lucy Lillian Notestein and Waldo Hilary Dunn, is the latest stone towards the completed edifice. The Short-story, properly hyphenated, is the exclusive subject of this latest work of collaboration. The authors have not a great mind, but great minds, for they flow from channel to channel with a facility more admirable than that displayed by the lone Indian shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Whole chapters are made up of a mosaic of quotations embedded in the cement of such startling profundities as that the Short-story "is akin to the other forms of narrative art." Besides, we are assured, hundreds of stories have been read in the preparation of the volume. Those used for illustration can be counted on one's fingers, and not all of them seem to have been scrutinized. At least, in Kipling's "Drums of the Fore and Aft" is seen none of the satire that saturates it; it becomes "simply self-sacrificing heroism." The little treatise is primarily a textbook to which the authors hope many college students will be exposed, but one may harbor the suspicion that the undergraduate mind, after encountering these numberless hurtling phases of current doctrine, will be left gasping in bewilderment rather than keyed up to a creative point. To the general reader, familiar with recent theorizing about short fiction, the volume is more likely to prove unintentionally entertaining.

Various indeed are the topics in "A Bookman's Letters" (Doran), by W. Robertson Nicoll, the veteran editor of the *British Weekly*. They range from such a good old-fashioned topic as Learning to Read to matters so recent as A New Critic—Mr. John Bailey. But all have the discursive air of one whose long custom it has been to converse in a pleasantly informal manner as ideas occur to him, but never to be elated or fervent or combatively aroused—an omnivorous reader without engrossing literary passions or profound critical convictions. In this pedestrian manner he likes to relate reminiscences of Meredith, to recount the early career of Swinburne, to indulge in divagations anent Sir Walter Besant. Yet in general he avoids main-travelled roads, much preferring to meander down many an unfrequented bypath. He lingers over the strangely futile career of George Augustus Simcox; he retails the letters of long-forgotten Samuel Brown to seldom remembered George Gilfillan; he wonders whether Robert Buchanan was moral or not; and to Mr. William Hale White he devotes full five chapters of leisurely comment. Though poetry, the novel, the essay, and criticism receive repeated notice in the four hundred-odd octavo pages of these fugitive writings, it is not so much literary art as biographical detail that has obviously engaged his warmest interest. Near the opening he converses of The Six Best Biographies, and throughout the volume he rehearses wherever he can little known facts of the flotsam and the "tramps" in the stream of literary history that will appeal to those of curious and desultory reading.

Somewhere midway in the saintly line of social benefactors from St. Francis to Florence Nightingale stands the consecrated figure whom E. K. Sanders has admirably described in "Vincent de Paul, Priest and Philanthropist, 1576-1660" (Longmans). It is as the patron saint of practical philanthropy, as the pioneer of social reform, organized charity, and assistance to wounded soldiers and galley convicts that Vincent de Paul has been hitherto chiefly known. The world has acclaimed him as the organizer of the devoted Mission Priests who went to Scotland, Poland, and Italy, to Algiers and Madagascar, as well as throughout France, and as the founder and spiritual adviser of the saintly Sisters of Charity, who included women of high and low degree, and who devoted their lives to forgetfulness of self in their service of others. Mr. Sanders does not abate a bit of this just fame, but he goes further; he pierces the veil with which the celebrity of the philanthropical achievements has enshrouded Vincent de Paul, and reveals him as a simple and sincere priest of the Catholic faith whose prime aim was to bring spiritual food to those who were in spiritual starvation. Born during the religious wars, and living through the worldly, selfish, factional struggles which stretched from Henry IV's death to that of Mazarin, this simple saintly son of southern France saw that the common people were as sheep having no true shepherd. A spiritual tragedy at the bedside of a dying peasant convinced him of this, and produced the crisis in his own life which turned him towards mission work. "It is the priests living as most of them live to-day who are the greatest enemies of the Church of God," he cried. Henceforth he sought to raise the priesthood from its degradation and to have Christ's word preached to those who had never truly heard it. Looking at Vincent de Paul primarily as a spiritual reformer, Mr. Sanders unfolds the details of a life as extraordinary as it is simple and beautiful. In the first half of the volume he sketches the outward life of Vincent de Paul as student, Turkish slave, papal agent, confessor of princes, adviser of Anne of Austria, and inspirer of saintly lives like his own; in the second half he describes the organization and work

of the Mission Priests and the Sisters of Charity, and shows the constant personal influence which the founder continued to exert upon both until his death in 1660 at the age of eighty-five. It is an excellent, edifying biography, worthy of its subject.

Mr. Frederic Mathews's "Taxation and the Distribution of Wealth" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) has an ambitious title, and is issued by the publishers in ambitious form—a portly, well-printed octavo of nearly 700 pages. And the table of contents is no less ambitious—five parts, each divided in books, each book divided into chapters. The parts and books cover an extraordinary range of topics: Protection, Taxation, the Natural Tax, Progress (including Progress and Politics, Intellectual Progress, Religion, Philosophy), and finally Politics. Unhappily a little delving below the surface shows that all this array of learning has but one aim and end: the single tax. The propaganda of the single-taxers takes Protean forms, and ranges from the one-page leaflet to the ponderous pseudo-scientific treatise. This volume belongs to the latter class. Testing Mr. Mathews's reasoning and evidence here and there, we find him using glibly the most untrustworthy material and settling summarily the most intricate problems. On the General Principles of Taxation, Adam Smith's well-known four canons are quoted, and there is an end. Indirect taxation, of course, gets hard knocks, and protective duties perhaps the hardest of all. However great may be one's impatience with the stock arguments of the crude protectionists, such superficial and inaccurate arguments for free trade as Mr. Mathews presents can cause no less impatience. That he is not competent to deal with the really intricate problems of international trade is shown by his misunderstanding of Mill's reasoning on the possible transference to foreigners of part of an import duty's burden. As to the later parts of the book—on Intellectual Progress, Religion, Pre-Socratic Philosophy, Attic Philosophy, and, finally, Christ—he must be a brave single-taxer who will read it all, and a brave man who will bring himself to believe that he sees its bearing on the problems of taxation and distribution. In the concluding chapter we are told that "the words of but one man in the history of thought show a rational and scientific comprehension of the disease from which society is at present suffering"; and the volume ends at the very last with a resounding phrase which sufficiently indicates its quality: "One Tax, One Freedom, One Kingdom, and One God."

The separately printed supplement to the January number of the *American Journal of International Law* gives translations of the various treaties entered into by the Balkan belligerents: that of February 29, 1912, between Bulgaria and Servia, with a secret appendix, and an agreement between the general staffs of the two armies; of May 20, 1913, between Turkey and the Balkan allies; of July 28 and August 10, 1913, between Bulgaria, Rumania, Greece, Montenegro, and Servia, with protocols annexed; of September, 1913, between Bulgaria and Turkey, and of November 11, 1913, between Turkey and Greece, with protocols annexed. In addition to these Balkan documents is given the United States proclamation of November 21, 1913, prescribing rules for the measurement of vessels for the Panama Canal. In the *Journal* itself a valuable paper contributed by Mr. A. Schvan embodies suggestions for a combination between the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers, for the maintenance of naval peace, Great Britain having for her sphere the Atlantic and the United States the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Schvan recognizes that with only one of the great Powers, the United States, are war interests of comparative insignificance; but this "splendid" isolation in his view is in danger of diminution, under the ever-increasing interdependence of trade, shipping, and finance. He trusts to the Dominion, on our northern border, and other outlying great provinces, to prevent England from forgetting that she has a greater rôle to play as the centre of a world-wide empire than as one of the historical Powers of Europe. He believes that a clear division of naval responsibilities would be all-powerful for the maintenance of peace on the high seas, with, as a corollary, the discouraging of military exploitation on the land. Another elaborate paper is the first part of Mr. Roy Emerson Curtis's "Law of Hostile Military Expeditions as Applied to the United States." Denys P. Myers presents a study of "Representation in Public International Organs," with a very complete array of citations. The editorial comments are valuable and instructive, as are the summaries of international events and of public documents relating to international law.

Prof. Herbert E. Bolton's "Guide to the Materials for the History of the United States in the Principal Archives of Mexico" (Carnegie Institution of Washington) is one volume of a series that is designed to render more accessible to historical students the manuscript sources for American history in foreign archives. In the long and often lean years of American historiography, no single undertaking has been so full of promise as has this effort of the Carnegie Institution of Washington to break away from the customary routes of historical travel, and to strike out into new and largely untrodden fields. With the materials in the United States, Spain, Italy, Germany, Canada, Cuba, and Mexico already fairly outlined; with the volumes on England nearly complete, and those on France approaching completion; with reports on Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Sweden under way, and that on Russia projected, the process of orientation is well begun, and the task of construction is already awaiting the builder. But a history of our colonial and national periods is not a matter of days but of years, and in years not of decades but of generations.

Mr. Bolton's "Guide" is the result of five summers spent in Mexico, followed by a period of sixteen months devoted to the actual gathering of information. To any one familiar with the difficulties of a task of this kind—pioneer work often of the hardest and most perplexing character—it will not be necessary to read the author's preface to be impressed with the value of what he has done. Other volumes of the series will bear more directly upon leading phases of our history, but none will show more strikingly the intrinsic perplexities of the problem that every one engaged in this undertaking has had to face. In Mr. Bolton's case more than half the working hours spent in the archives were devoted to the physical tasks of searching for and handling manuscripts; many additional hours were consumed in the presentation of credentials, and the gaining of admission to the various repositories visited; while the remaining hours were taken up with the dreary business of studying the material thus unearthed. The conditions in Mexico were particularly discouraging, and the investigator left his work there, as other investigators have left their work elsewhere, with the feeling that the resources of the archives had been far from exhausted, and that even those collections which were examined were but part of a larger whole that will have to be dealt with some day.

Prof. Rudolf Eucken, the idealist of Jena, has written two more books, which have been promptly translated, and published by Putnams. They are "Knowledge and Life," translated by W. Tudor Jones, and "Ethics and Modern Thought," translated by Margaret von Seydewitz. The first is a portion "of a greater work already planned," which was interrupted by the author's visit to America; the second consists of the Deem lectures delivered last year at New York University. We have taken the pains to read these books, before putting them upon the shelves, though (after a dozen or so volumes of Eucken) without expectation; and our lack of expectation has been verified. They contain scarcely one distinguishably new idea, if, indeed, a new phrase. Yet they are not therefore to be summarily condemned. Some men can sing a song with as much sincerity the thousandth time as the first; and Eucken, especially in "Knowledge and Life," tells the tale of the independence of the spiritual life with the same freshness and vigor of eloquence (well rendered by Mr. Jones's translation) as if he had never told it before. As usual, he is at his best in the critical summaries of prevailing tendencies of thought. His positive construction, showing that knowledge and life are aspects of one movement, continuous yet always revolutionary of previous schemes of life, resists clear statement and leaves one, as usual, with an expectation always just to be satisfied. Yet to one who has not read Eucken the book may be recommended.

Books on "The Greatest Books in the World" always attract some readers and evidently still find publishers; but it may be doubted whether the above title ought to have been chosen by Laura Spencer Portor for her little volume (Houghton Mifflin) on "The Odyssey," "The Divine Comedy," "Goethe's Faust," "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," "Pilgrim's Prog-

ress," and "The Book of Job." She shows neither familiarity with original sources where that alone might justify adding one more comment to the thousands that have been made on Homer, Dante, and Goethe, nor originality of thought, nor charm of style. There is much vagueness and dim speculation throughout, together with, as always in such cases, some unsupported positiveness. She finds "every evidence that Homer had a broader and deeper experience of life than comes to most men"; but it would be superfluous to comment further on a wholly superfluous book.

Prof. Rufus Byam Richardson, the archæologist, who died on March 10, was born in Westford, Mass., April 18, 1845. He graduated from Yale in 1869, and received the degree of Ph. D. in 1878 and of bachelor of divinity in 1883. From 1880 to 1882 he was professor of Greek at the Indiana University, and from 1882 to 1893 at Dartmouth. From 1893 to 1903 he was a director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. He excavated the ancient gymnasium at Eretria, and the site of ancient Corinth. Prof. Richardson edited Æschines's Oration against Ctesiphon, 1889, was a contributor to the *American Journal of Archæology*, and the author of "Vacation Days in Greece," 1903, "Greece through the Stereoscope," 1907, and "History of Greek Sculpture," 1910. He was a member of a number of archæological societies.

John Brown Dunbar, who died on March 12, was born April 3, 1841, at Bellevue, Neb., at that time Indian country. Mr. Dunbar was brought up among the Pawnees and was considered an authority on their language, grammar, and customs. He assisted Father Gailland, of St. Mary's mission, in the preparation of a Pottawatami grammar and dictionary, and furnished the late Daniel G. Brinton with a collection of Indian songs, Pawnee, Arikara, Caddo, and Wichita. He contributed an important series of articles on the Pawnee Indians to the *Magazine of American History*, wrote an appendix on the Pawnee language for Grinnell's "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales," and was the author of a number of papers on Indians and early Western history.

Allan Forman, well known as an editor and dramatic critic, died on March 13. Mr. Forman was born September 27, 1860, at Mattituck, Long Island, N. Y. After taking a special course in English literature and economics at Williams College, he started the Brooklyn *Advance* in 1881. He served as dramatic critic for various papers for five years, and established the *Journalist* in 1884, which, except during three years of travel in Europe, he continued to conduct till his retirement in 1908.

The death in England was announced recently of Christian David Ginsburg, who was one of the original four members appointed by convocation for revision of the English version of the Old Testament. Dr. Ginsburg was born December 25, 1831, and received the honorary LL.D. from Glasgow University in 1857. He was the author of a number of works of Biblical criticism, including commentaries on the "Song of Songs," "Ecclesiastes," and "Leviticus," and a critical text of the Hebrew Bible. He was also a contributor of numerous articles to encyclopædias.

Alfred Charles Edwards, editor in chief of *Le Matin*, Paris, who died recently in that city, was born at Constantinople on July 10, 1857. He was the founder and for many years editor of *Le Matin*, and had previously been connected with *Le Figaro*, *Le Gaulois*, and *Le Clarion*.

Science

PROFESSOR SEE.

Brief Biography and Popular Account of the Unparalleled Discoveries of T. J. J. See. By W. L. Webb. Lynn, Mass.: Thomas P. Nichols & Son Co. $2.50.

Truly this is a daring book, everywhere abounding in parlous surfeit of superlatives. Its subject, Professor See, has thought thoughts as vast as the universe itself, and has surely acquired the cosmic attitude of mind. By heredity "a typical Missourian in every sense," the infant See, we are told, first saw the light on the 393d anniversary of Copernicus's birth, weighed nearly ten pounds, suffered from a "croupy tendency," showed himself "every inch a natural philosopher" by speculating on the origin of sun, moon, and stars at the tender age of two, never so much as dreaming that he should grow into a "little boy with methodical methods," and one day become "the greatest astronomer in the world."

This biographer believes in his subject heart and soul: he leaves the reader in no manner of doubt about it, following the "triumphant career with unabated enthusiasm." With agility the youthful See passes from Steele's "Fourteen Weeks in Astronomy" to Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste," side-steps the University of Chicago, and publishes his first volume of researches himself, probably his most important work so far. Later President McKinley appointed him professor in the navy. After brief duty in the East, he was ordered to Mare Island, where during the past twelve years he has pursued researches in universe building to which has not as yet been accorded that full acceptance which their author and his biographer seem to believe has been the case.

Professor See has published many extended papers in the "Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia," where they have the widest circulation; but so far his revolutionary theories seem only in small part acceptable to his scientific contemporaries. Rather more than half the present book is See's own, a reprint of papers and addresses in which he sets forth in his positive fashion the views which have enabled him to establish on an impregnable basis the two new sciences of cosmogony and geogony: at least that is what his biographer says. Looking into details, we find no especial novelty in his new theory of earthquakes. John Michell (1760) put forth the same idea: subterranean sea-water turned into explosive steam. Whether right or wrong, Professor See is skilled in clear exposition of his ideas. He tells how, on his theory, the mountain ranges have been formed by the expulsion of lava from beneath the earth's crust, pushing it up in one place and permitting it to sink down in another, so that matter is transferred from one place to the other by the movement of lava streams beneath the cool, solid crust of the globe. As for any such secular action of the ocean in uplifting the land, one must close the eyes to the thousands of miles of ocean coast that are not elevated. There are many oceans with abysmal depths off their coast, but no mountains adjacent on the land; indeed, it would help the theory not a little if the Atlantic Ocean did not exist at all. The shallow Mediterranean hardly accounts for the Alps, nor do the moderate depths of the Indian Ocean for the Himalayas. It must be said that geologists have shown no marked unanimity in thinking Von Zittel, and Suess, and Geikie, and Lyell, and Dana, and Chamberlin all wrong, and See alone right. "A decillion decillions to one" may be the chances in favor of his theory, as See sees them, but geologists appear to think very differently.

Coming now to his celestial researches, astronomers are ready to acknowledge their debt to Professor See for agitating in England the question of publishing Sir William Herschel's voluminous papers, for nearly a century accessible only in the scattered "Philosophical Transactions," but now made available in collected form through the collaboration of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society, under the competent editorship of Dr. Dreyer, of Armagh.

Concerning his own work Professor See well says it is most significant that his laws would unite all the different classes of heavenly bodies into one continuous and unbroken whole. Nothing could be more acceptable than such a scheme of origin and connection, provided it can be shown to be reasonably true. His capture theory has points of interest, and some astronomers are disposed to regard portions of it with favor. Many generations, however, must pass before it can be definitely accepted; meanwhile the opinions of other experts are entitled to due consideration.

See's biography is profusely illustrated with fine half-tones, for the most part from photographs, terrestrial and celestial. There are also portraits of many eminent astronomers, from Her-

schel to Huggins; a swaggering one of the Hon. Champ Clark, whose national lustre now receives sensible accretion as "member of Congress from Professor See's home district in Missouri." This is a unique story which may enhearten many a struggling youth with a deathless ambition.

Dr. Thomas Morgan Rotch, professor in the Harvard University Medical School, who died last week, was born in Philadelphia in 1849. He graduated from the academic department of Harvard in 1870, and four years later from the medical department. He was the medical house officer of the Massachusetts General Hospital during 1873-74, and studied in European hospitals in 1875-76. He was a lecturer from 1878-88, assistant professor in diseases of children from 1888-93, professor from 1893-1903, and professor of pediatrics since 1903. Dr. Rotch was the author of several medical books, among them a textbook on "Pediatrics," and one on "The Röntgen Ray in Pediatrics." He was also a contributor to medical journals.

Sir John Murray, the naturalist and oceanographer, was killed in an automobile accident at Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 16. Sir John was born at Coburg, Ontario, Canada, on March 3, 1841. He was educated in the public schools of London, Ontario, at Victoria College, Coburg, at Edinburgh University, and in Germany. He was one of the naturalists on the famous voyage of the Challenger, 1872-76, and was first assistant of the staff appointed to publish the scientific results of the Challenger expedition, 1876-82, becoming editor in 1882. He was a member of the Triton and Knight Errant explorations in the Faröe Channel, and took part in numerous other explorations. Sir John was created K. C. B. in 1898, was a Fellow of the Royal Society, an LL.D., a D.Sc., and Ph.D., and was the recipient of various foreign orders and honors. He was the author of a number of works and reports on oceanography and kindred subjects, and was an honorary member of a large number of British and foreign scientific societies.

Edward Singleton Holden, who died on Tuesday, was born at St. Louis, November 5, 1846. He graduated from Washington University in 1866, and from the United States Military Academy in 1870. He left the army in 1873, and from then till 1881 was professor of mathematics in the United States navy. He was director of the Washburn Observatory, Wis., 1881-85; president of the University of California, 1885-88; director of the Lick Observatory, 1888-98, and had been librarian of the United States Military Academy since 1901. Dr. Holden received the LL.D. from the University of Wisconsin and from Columbia; was a member of various American and foreign learned societies, and was the author of many books on astronomy and other subjects. Among his miscellaneous writings may be mentioned: "Bastion System of Fortification," 1872; "Life of Sir William Herschel," 1881; "Mogul Emperors of Hindustan," 1895; "Primer of Heraldry," 1898.

Drama

THE CHICAGO THEATRE SOCIETY.

Chicago, March 13.

The Chicago Theatre Society, which was formed in 1911, has not attempted to lease and operate a theatre by the season, or to organize a repertory company of its own. The directors have recognized that this would necessarily throw upon them a mass of detail which they had not the experience to handle. The general plan has been to make contracts with producing managers, guaranteeing a minimum share of gross receipts for engagements played under the auspices of the Society. The exact nature of these contracts and the amount of financial risk has varied considerably, but in no case has the Society invested capital before the opening of an engagement or assumed the actual lease of a theatre. It has, therefore, always been possible to compute the maximum liability.

The first venture under such an arrangement was a ten weeks' engagement of the Drama Players at the Lyric Theatre in February, March, and April, 1912. This company, supplied by the Shuberts, was organized and directed by Mr. Donald Robertson, who had been instrumental in forming the Society, and made up of well-known and competent actors, among whom were Mr. Herbert Kelsey, Miss Effie Shannon, and Miss Hedwig Reicher. Rehearsals were begun in October, 1911, and a series of bookings arranged prior to the opening in Chicago. Nine plays were selected by Mr. Robertson and the executive committee, subject to the approval of the Shuberts, but the financial responsibility of the Society was confined to guaranteeing the receipts of the ten weeks in Chicago, and all other expenses, including the salary of the director, were paid by the producing company. The net result of the season, from the treasurer's point of view, was a loss of about $35,000, or approximately 60 per cent. of the Society's guarantee fund.

On the artistic side, it is not so easy to arrive at a definite statement of results. Of the plays produced, three were entirely new works by American authors, three were new translations of successful foreign plays offered for the first time in America, and the other three, Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea," Molière's "The Learned Ladies," and Pinero's "The Thunderbolt," were virtually new to Chicago audiences. The last-named group proved to be the most successful, while the American plays failed to arouse any particular interest. It is possible that some of the apathy displayed by the public was due to the fact that nothing was attempted in the "new manner of stagecraft," and that there was nothing either in the plays or in the method of their presentation to set them noticeably apart from the offerings of the other first-class theatres, but I am more inclined to account for the lack of support in other ways. The director, for instance, was embarrassed by a system of season-seat reservations for fixed nights, which made it necessary to withdraw certain plays at the very moment when they had begun to make a popular appeal, and to substitute others which had not been so successful. This handicap alone should account for a loss of several thousand dollars. The Lyric Theatre in itself was hardly suitable for the purposes of the Society. It had never been properly established in the minds of the theatre-going public as a successful playhouse. It was too large, and when only partly filled was anything but homelike and intimate.

In the search for new American material, Mr. Hamlin Garland and others toiled valiantly, but it was discouraging to find that, while the general level of craftsmanship in the plays submitted was surprisingly high, there were no pieces of conspicuous excellence or originality, and that the playwrights of already established reputation apparently did not think it worth while to offer new works. Add to this a general lack of interest in the repertory idea and the suspicion on the part of the average theatregoer that, since the venture was subsidized, it must be an attempt to educate his taste (an idea which he bitterly resents), and you have some of the elements which contributed to the heavy tax upon the guarantors.

For the second season, the Society found it impossible to raise enough funds to repeat the experiment with the same or a similar company. It, therefore, decided to limit its activities to guaranteeing the pay-rolls, travelling expense, and necessary advertising of certain productions which would not otherwise be brought to Chicago. By special arrangement, the Society obtained the use of the Fine Arts Theatre, which seated about six hundred people, agreeing to pay rent only for such time as it was used for the Society's purposes. Thus was arranged and carried through a season of eighteen weeks, during which time fifty-one different plays were presented, among them about twenty-eight short pieces of one or two acts. The season opened with one week of the Coburn Players in "Electra," "Iphigenia," "Macbeth," and "Twelfth Night." They were followed by one week of the Hull House Players, a local semi-amateur company, in Galsworthy's "Justice" and "The Pigeon" and Masefield's "The Tragedy of Nan." After this came two weeks of "Anatol" from the Little Theatre in New York, four weeks of the Irish Players, and a four weeks' engagement of an English company

playing Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes." Beginning March 17, Miss Horniman's Players, from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, occupied the theatre for four weeks, presenting six modern English plays and three revivals of old comedies. From April 21 to April 26, Miss Edith Wynne Matthison and her company appeared in a revival of "Everyman" and during the following two weeks presented four short plays, including "The Terrible Meek" and "The Necessary Evil,' by Charles Rann Kennedy. There were also, earlier in the season, a special production of "The Drone," by Rutherford Mayne, given at four matinée performances, and one evening and one matinée performance of four short American plays by the Wisconsin Dramatic Society.

Thus far two engagements have been played under the auspices of the Society during the current season: four weeks of "The Yellow Jacket" and twelve weeks of repertory under the direction of Mr. B. Iden Payne. Mr. Payne was one of the early stage managers of the Irish Players, and afterwards for several years the director of Miss Horniman's company in Manchester. His company, which was necessarily smaller than the one which played at the Lyric during the first season, included Miss Mona Limerick, Mr. Walter Hampden, Mr. Whitford Kane, Mr. Dallas Anderson, and a number of actors and actresses who had gained their experience in the English repertory theatres. Only three weeks of rehearsals were possible before the opening, and the labor of putting up a new bill for each week of the engagement proved a most severe tax upon the skill of the director and upon the strength, willingness, and resourcefulness of the actors. The general average of the acting and of the stagecraft displayed was extremely good under the circumstances; and the simplicity and sincerity of the productions justified, I think, the belief of the executive committee that, in spite of meagre attendance and much misunderstanding of its aims and intentions on the part of the critics, the Society has to its credit an effective achievement. It is expected that the total loss to the Society will be less than that of last season.

From the foregoing survey it will be apparent that, while the Chicago Theatre Society has not actually maintained a repertory company of its own, the whole experiment has been along the general lines of the so-called "repertory movement," and has tended towards the ultimate establishment of a permanent company under the control and sponsorship of the Society. This may be a matter of the near future, or it may still be a long way off. The season at the Lyric, the engagements of the Irish Players and of Miss Horniman's Players, and more especially the twelve weeks just closed, have tested the present attitude of the public and of the critics towards the repertory idea. There is no indication that this attitude is likely to undergo a radical change. For it is rash to assume that the public can be consciously educated in the theatre. What can be done is to offer to those people who are already genuinely interested in plays and methods of presentation not yet commonly found in other theatres a chance to gratify their taste. If such a policy is followed, without a truckling to sensationalism or a leaning to moonshine, and above all without any assumption of cultural superiority towards those who are frankly more interested by some other form of entertainment, it is safe to count upon an already existent portion of the public which (I quote here from a letter of Mr. Winthrop Ames), "can be slowly unified into a supporting and increasing audience."

KENNETH SAWYER GOODMAN.

AN APOSTLE OF MODERNITY.

European Dramatists. By Archibald Henderson. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd.

Mr. Henderson is an apostle of modernity. Like the faithful of other cults, he adopts his creed once for all in its unsifted integrity. The simplicity and expedition of this method are beset with the drawback that what is received as *à priori* impeccable often turns out on experiment to contain ingredients that are uncongenial or meaningless to the docile worshipper. In such a perplexity Mr. Henderson is the last man to cavil or temporize. He duly subordinates or piously suppresses his own unreasonable feelings; far be it from him to set up his impertinent instincts in the face of works sustained by the twofold vouchers of contemporaneity and eminence. In Mr. Henderson's sacerdotal or ceremonial praise of pessimists and iconoclasts for whom as a mere man he entertains the most wholesome indifference, we seem to hear some genial and humane Calvinist of the early nineteenth century enlarging with perfunctory ardor on the merits of original sin and eternal punishment. Mr. Henderson, as man to man, cares nothing for Ibsen; but he praises Ibsen with a gusto that makes us really quite impatient of those tepid and half-hearted proselytes, Mr. Archer and Mr. Gosse. He does not in the least like Strindberg, but he ransacks his own comprehensive and tri-lingual vocabulary for epithets of praise that would sound fulsome to Mr. Björkman.

The truth is that Mr. Henderson, American citizen and householder, is, in no true sense, the author of the book called "European Dramatists." He has evoked a phantasm or spectre of himself—a constructive entity, so to speak—whose function it is to consume latter-day literature in quantities that defy measurement, to enjoy them hugely, to praise them without stint, almost without mercy, and to indite copious essays for a receptive public. The real Mr. Henderson—a plain, kind, healthy American citizen, no doubt, like the rest of us—very properly goes about his business and, beyond the needful concession of his name, repudiates all share in these extraordinary proceedings. But, no, we exaggerate; there are scattered passages in which the live man has, for a page or two, snatched the pen from his aerial secretary or "affable familiar ghost." The said living man wrote the criticism of Strindberg's "Easter," of Maeterlinck's "L'Intruse" and "Blue Bird," and of Barker's "Prunella," and he nods at us now and then over the shoulder of his industrious substitute, when the latter deals with theatrical performances.

We think it needless to pass in minute review the opinions of a book constructed in this fashion. That Mr. Henderson's spectral collaborator should trouble himself little with definitions, distinctions, qualifications, explanations, and the other adjuncts to precise and lucid thinking is a fault too natural to incur censure: these are the functions of a living organism. It is excusable, likewise, that this airy personage should express himself in a somewhat windy and inflated style, a style teeming with polysyllables which he enjoys in the measure of their sonority and their abstractness, and of many of which he clearly understands the meaning. We confess that we have reaped most profit from the papers on the genesis of Ibsen's drama and on Granville Barker, which draw heavily on the author's abundant stores of knowledge and which illustrate the happy property inherent in facts of retaining their specific gravity, when everything in the neighborhood tends to rarefy and dissipate. Some day Mr. Henderson may quarrel with his literary factotum, and, in a fit of honest indignation, sit down and write a book himself: the day will be a luckless one for Ibsen and Strindberg, and a happy one for his reviewers.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

Margaret Anglin's representation of "As You Like It," in the Hudson Theatre, is a most workmanlike achievement, marked by notable intelligence if not by much inspiration. Its excellences include a much greater reverence for the text than is commonly exhibited, some exceedingly clever stage management—especially in the ordering of the forest scenes—swift, smooth, and spirited action, and admirably painted scenery, not so spectacular as to block the progress or mar the proportions of the piece, but sufficiently beautiful to give pleasure and promote illusion. Unfortunately, the Rosalind of Miss Anglin—the designer and directress of this production—is

not so successful as the framework which she has prepared for it. Her impersonation has its distinctive merits—spirited execution, humor, archness, coyness, dignity, and refinement—but it suffers constantly from over-accentuation, a certain hardness that creates the appearance of artificiality, while it is curiously lacking in fanciful or poetic suggestion. The actress insists so strongly upon some of her points as almost to incur a charge of affectation, of which the merest suspicion is necessarily fatal to the charm of Rosalind's character.

Miss Anglin was most successful in the first act, where her retort upon the banished duke was delivered with admirable feeling and dignity, and in the scene with the bloody 'kerchief. In the purely comic or fanciful episodes she betrayed a self-consciousness which may have been due to anxiety, but robbed them of much of their appropriate charm. If her idea was to express Rosalind in terms of modern naturalism, she made a mistake which she will do well to rectify. Romance and realism are seldom compatible. This was exemplified, more or less, in the realistic Jaques of Fuller Mellish, a clever study executed with fine consistency and precision, but one that took little note of the sardonic vein in Jaques's character. Sidney Greenstreet's Touchstone was another performance which was good mechanically, but poor in imagination. It had none of the quaint, wistful quality of which the old comedians made so much. The Celia of Ruth Boucicault was good, and Pedro de Cordoba was a virile and attractive Orlando, especially in the earlier acts. The Corin of Max Montesole had uncommon merit—a capital bit of Shakespearean character—and E. Y. Backus and Harrison Carter, as the banished and usurping dukes respectively, both did well. In general quality the performance was far superior to several more pretentious modern Shakespearean revivals. J. R. T.

NOTES.

"Cymbeline" was the last volume of the New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare (Lippincott) to come from the hand of the late Horace Howard Furness. Indeed, the critical apparatus was not quite complete at the time of his death, and so the usual articles on the State History of the Play, Actors' Interpretations, and the List of Books consulted are wanting in this volume. The Index has been compiled by Dr. Benson B. Charles, of the University of Pennsylvania. Fortunately, the Preface, the elaborate notes on the text, and the discussions of the source of the plot and date of composition were left ready for the press. The merits of this edition are so well-known that we need not dwell on them here. With regard to the question raised by Prof. A. H. Thorndike, as to the influence of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster" on Shakespeare's latest group of plays—the so-called "romances"—and on "Cymbeline," in particular, Dr. Furness very sensibly concludes that the evidence is too uncertain for us to reach any decision. It is a question of priority and in view of the meagre data that have come down to us no one can say whether it was Shakespeare or the younger dramatists that led the way. For the rest, Dr. Furness's estimate of the play strikes us on the whole, as too low. Moreover, he tries to thrust upon some hypothetical collaborator virtually all responsibility for what is inferior in the work. His theory is stated in the following words:

> Regarded broadly, I believe that the Imogen love story and all that immediately touched it interested Shakespeare deeply; the Cymbeline portion was turned over to the assistant, who at times grew vainglorious and inserted here and there, even on the ground sacred to Imogen, lines and sentiments that shine by their dulness. Nay, one whole character was, I think, confided to him. It is Belarius—who bored Shakespeare.

In support of his views Dr. Furness cites a number of lines which are objectionable on the score of slovenliness of style or of inconsistency with the character of the speaker. It would be pleasant if by so simple a device we could relieve our favorite authors of the blemishes that offend us in their works, but Shakespeare, like the rest of us, will have to bear the responsibility of his own sins. Most critics will readily grant that the scene containing the vision of Posthumous is spurious. There is likely to be more skepticism in regard to the supposed defects of the final scene. It is a different matter altogether, however, when we are asked to reject scattered lines and fragments of lines here and there throughout the play in scenes whose authenticity is unquestioned. Professor Dowden and others have already remarked on the signs of declining energy that are observable in certain parts of "Cymbeline" and the weaker passages on which the present editor has laid his finger may well be referred to the same general cause. The truth is that in selecting a chronicle background for the central romantic theme Shakespeare did not make a very happy choice, and even his own interest, doubtless, slackened in the face of the inherent dulness of the subject. That the decline mentioned above was only temporary, however, is clear from the two plays that followed—"Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest"—in each of which we have romance, pure and simple, set forth in a style that shows no flagging from beginning to end. But, after all, when we think of "Cymbeline," we think first of Imogen, and this character alone suffices to make the play worthy of the group to which it belongs.

George Middleton, well and favorably known as an author of short plays, has now produced a three-act comedy, "Nowadays" (Holt), which is notable not only as a sane and veracious study of contemporary life, but for dramatic qualities which ought to make it valuable in the theatre. Dealing with the relations of the sexes, and making a strong and effective plea for a more equal partnership for women in the opportunities and responsibilities of life, it shows a philosophic realization of the limitations imposed by nature and the hard facts of existence. The story, free from all sensationalism or extravagance, is strong in the naturalness of its situations and the vitality of its contrasted personages. William Dawson, a prosperous contractor, and a liberal and affectionate man, is nevertheless, by training and instinct, a domestic tyrant. His creed is that a wife, if comfortably provided for, should find a full life in caring for her home, children, and husband; that girls, except in case of necessity, should regard marriage as the sole respectable means of livelihood, and that boys should succeed to their father's business or follow his direction. But he is willing that his son should have a liberal education, see something of the world, and have an opportunity of sowing a few wild oats. For twenty-five years he has ruled his family in accordance with this policy, unsuspecting that he has robbed his wife of the zest of life by crushing her artistic ambition. When his daughter, who has inherited his dominant will and her mother's idealistic spirit, insists upon going to New York to study sculpture, he refuses to aid her, hoping that she will be starved into submission, but continues to let his son, a selfish young wastrel, run free, with a large allowance. The result is that the lad marries a pretty but foolish girl, whom he soon abandons shamelessly, together with the partnership bestowed upon him by his father, while Mrs. Dawson, driven into temporary revolt, breaks her fetters and joins her daughter, who has won a great prize in a public competition. In the end old Dawson capitulates, agreeing to meet his wife's wishes in every respect, but in the meanwhile Mrs. Dawson has discovered that her artistic faculties have been paralyzed, and she patiently returns to the old drab existence at home, content to mother the deserted wife and her infant. The daughter, with the prospect of fame and fortune before her, offers her hand to the man who has long loved and encouraged her, but has never proposed marriage, fearing that his poverty might be a bar to her artistic progress. She decides that they will work together, that woman's nature needs a mate for its full development, and that life is not complete without the child. This is a simple tale, without a shock or thrill in it, but steadily interesting and entirely human. All the characters are depicted with fidelity and consistency; the dialogue is good, and the plot logical in its outcome.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic" is to be succeeded at the Little Theatre in London by "Love's Labour's Lost." This piece was selected by Charles J. Mathews and his wife, Mme. Vestris, for the opening of their season at Covent Garden on September 30, 1839. No one, not even the oldest actor in the theatre, had ever seen it played. The cast included James R. Anderson, Robert Keeley, John Pritt Harley, Mrs. Nisbett, and Mme. Vestris (as Rosaline). Unfortunately Mathews closed the shilling gallery, and the admission to the lower gallery was reduced to 1s. 6d. The "gods" resented this curtailment of their liberties, and the comedy was interrupted, often stopped, and all but "damned" by the tremendous noise and uproar. At last a man carrying a placard on a pole gave the malcontents to understand that

the shilling gallery would be restored on the following night. There were, however, only nine presentations of the play at Covent Garden.

F. R. Benson's American tour prevents him from assuming the management of the Stratford-on-Avon Festival this year, and the programme has been arranged by the executive committee of the Shakespeare Memorial. The proceedings, which will occupy two weeks, will be opened on Monday afternoon, April 20, by Sir Herbert Tree, who will produce "Othello," playing the Moor to the Iago of H. B. Irving and the Cassio of Henry Ainley. On the evening of that date Arthur Bourchier will be seen as Shylock. On Thursday, April 23, Shakespeare's birthday, Mr. Bourchier will act Benedick. Miss Margaret Halstan will act Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing." In addition to playing Iago, H. B. Irving will appear as Hamlet. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton have been approached with a view to their playing in "The Taming of the Shrew." The general direction of the festival this year has been entrusted to Mr. Patrick Kirwan. During the festival Mr. Kirwan will produce two old plays, "The Two Angry Women of Abington" and "A Woman is a Weathercock." The first of these, which was not divided into acts, was published in 1599. The scene lies in London. Its full title is "A Pleasant Historie called The Two Angrie Women of Abington; with the Humorous Mirth of Dick Coomes and Nicholas Proverbs." Of the five plays by Henry Porter which are mentioned in Henslowe's "Diary," this is the only one extant. Charles Lamb praised it. "A Woman is a Weathercock" is of somewhat later date. It was acted before James I at Whitehall and "divers times privately at the White-Friers, by the children of her Majesties Revels." Published in 1612, it was dedicated "to any Woman that has not been a weathercock." The author, Nathaniel Field (1587-1633), was a player as well as a playwright. He also wrote "Amends for Ladies," 1618, and he shared with Massinger in the authorship of "The Fatal Dowry," 1632, first acted at "Black-Friers."

Music

FOLKSONGS

Afro-American Folksongs. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: G. Schirmer. $2 net.

About thirty years ago Lafcadio Hearn conceived the idea of a book on negro music of which he and Mr. Krehbiel were to be the joint authors. He was to write "a long preface and occasional picturesque notes" to go with his friend's "learning and facts." He would begin by showing how the blacks "carry their music with them to Persia and even to mysterious Hadramant, where their voices are held in high esteem by Arab masters." Then he would "touch upon the transplantation of negro melody to the Antilles and the two Americas, where its strangest black flowers are gathered by the alchemists of musical science and the perfume therefrom extracted by magicians like Gottschalk."

This book, unfortunately, never was written; but Mr. Krehbiel continued to study the subject, as he had already done for a decade, and to gather material for a volume of his own, which is now before us. It is not an attractive book to the eyes, and the numerous quotations are printed in type so small that one almost needs a microscope to read them; but these shortcomings must be overlooked because of the value of the material contained between the covers of this "study in racial and national music," as the subtitle calls it. A good deal of this material is but loosely connected with the main thesis of the book, but it is interesting to students of music and anthropology, although the frequent digressions make it difficult for the average reader to follow the argument.

What Mr. Krehbiel has attempted to prove is that Dr. Wallaschek, the author of a valuable book on "Primitive Music," was wrong when he expressed the opinion that the songs of the American negroes are very much overrated and that, as a rule, they are "mere imitations of European compositions which the negroes have picked up and served up again with slight variations." In Mr. Krehbiel's opinion, the songs of the black slaves of the South are original and native products:

> They contain idioms which were transplanted hither from Africa, but as songs they are the product of American institutions; of the social, political, and geographical environment within which their creators were placed in America; of the influences to which they were subjected in America; of the joys, sorrows, and experiences which fell to their lot in America.

Of the conditions under which the negro songs were born this volume presents vivid pictures, cited from diverse authors; sketches which explain why so many of the songs are "spirituals," and why more of them are gay than might be expected under the circumstances. This leads to a discussion of the psychology of the major and minor modes, concerning which interesting facts are brought to light. On examining the negro folksongs in six collections Mr. Krehbiel found that 331 were in the major mode, 62 in ordinary minor, 23 mixed and vague, 111 pentatonic, and so on. The pentatonic scale and the use of the "snap" or "catch," which characterizes three-fifths of the songs and which in an exaggerated form lies at the basis of "ragtime," are the two most obvious features of the Afro-American folksongs and therefore the most frequently copied by composers and dance-makers; but, as the author says, "there is much more that is characteristic in this body of melody, and this 'more' has been neglected because it has not been uncovered to the artistic world." His object is to uncover these elements. He admits that, while the folksongs originated in this country, "the essential elements came from Africa"; and to Africa, therefore, he takes the reader in a chapter in which he learnedly discusses the many kinds of slaves, their aptitude and love of music, and their knowledge and use of harmony. Other chapters are entitled Folksongs in General, Songs of the American Slaves, Religious Character of the Songs, Variations from the Major Scale, Minor Variations and Characteristic Rhythms, Structural Features of the Poems, Funeral Music, Dances of the American Negroes, Songs of the Black Creoles, Satirical Songs of the Creoles.

In this diversity of topics and digressions one is surprised to find no discussion of the relations between the songs of the American negroes and those of Stephen Foster. This omission is doubtless due to the fact that Mr. Krehbiel accepts the old-fashioned and foolish definition of some of the German writers, who allow no song to be called a folksong if its composer is known, even though it be in all other respects exactly like acknowledged folksongs. It is a definition which would exclude from the collections of folksongs all those the composers of which might happen to be discovered to-morrow! Stephen Foster's songs are true folksongs in every possible way except that their composer's name is known. Nor are they the only songs which disprove the writer's statement that the negroes of the plantations alone lived under conditions which are essential to the development of true folksong. We have white and red as well as black folk music. What is more, the white and red music is purely American, whereas in the case of the negro folk-music "the essential elements came from Africa," as Mr. Krehbiel admits and proves. In this he was anticipated by Jeannette Robinson Murphy, of Orlando, Florida, who, in her "Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers," gives a more minute and vivid description of the characteristic "trimmings" of negro song than are to be found in the volume under review.

As for the numerous songs printed in Mr. Krehbiel's volume it need not worry any one that while he would have preferred, as he admits, to present them without harmonic additions, he nevertheless does present them with such. Students may disregard these additions. At the same time, as long as harmonies were added, it should have been done after the methods followed by Grieg in Norway and Harvey Worthington Loomis in his arrangements of Indian

tunes, making the harmonies as exotic as the melodies, instead of following the rules laid down in Richter's manual of harmony.

At a recent recital of Julia Culp, the audience was much pleased with two songs by John Alden Carpenter, included in the collection of six settings of poems from Rabindranath Tagore's "Gitanjali." Mr. Carpenter discovered the worth of these poems and set them to music long before Tagore had received the Nobel prize for literature; indeed, the "Soul of India" was at that time virtually unknown in America.

The "Old Testament of Music," as Hans von Bülow called Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord," is offered for sale by a dealer in Munich (Rosenthalsches Antiquariat, Katalog 153) for the trifle of $8,000. It was believed until recently that the original of this work was lost; but of the Munich manuscript, sixty-two pages (out of ninety) are in Bach's own handwriting. It is thought that this manuscript belonged to his son Philip Emanuel.

Although Paderewski could not play in California, he found there a cure for his neuritis, which had delayed his appearance in New York a fortnight, and made him lose another fortnight on the Pacific Coast. At the conclusion of his Eastern engagements he will probably return to California next month and give the recitals which were postponed.

Art

French Colour-Prints of the XVIII Century. An Introductory Essay by Malcolm C. Salaman. Illustrated by fifty representative examples in colors. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $12 net.

The field of prints is apparently small. Yet it includes a remarkable range of possibilities because of the diversity of the media employed (etching, dry-point, line-engraving on copper, wood-engraving, mezzotint, stipple, aquatint, and what not). And it offers an infinite variety of national, racial, and individual expression. Recently added attention has been devoted to the bypaths of the subject. Under the circumstances, the French color-print was bound to have its turn, and it is perhaps more significant than surprising that two books on the subject have appeared within a year —that of Model and Springer ("Der französische Farbenstich des 18. Jahrhunderts") and the one now under consideration.

One must welcome the present book, even though some of the half-tone plates are rather flat in modelling and color. These reproductions are useful, however, since there is not much opportunity to see the originals in this country, American collectors of this specialty being few. Your reviewer, in fact, knows of but one who has achieved really noteworthy results.

At their best the eighteenth-century Frenchmen used color with tact, a sense of harmony and a certain reticence, and with a wisely appropriate choice of media without obtrusive line (for color in line is thin) or grain. Furthermore, they manipulated the medium in such manner that, as the Goncourts noted, the process, the manner, the labor which produced the effect, were quite concealed. This last statement has reference particularly to the plates in which Debucourt, Descourtis, and others worked in a mixture of aquatint and other methods.

Mr. Salaman, however, has treated not only this late eighteenth-century phase of the subject, but he takes us back to Le Blon and his early experiments, and includes within his scope the "crayon" manner and its offshoot the "pastel" manner, as well as stipple engraving. The last named, with its facile adaptation to the taste for sentimental prettiness, had its vogue more particularly in England, and is but slightly associated with French art. The earlier crayon, or chalk, manner, on the other hand, is peculiarly an expression of the French spirit, and, further, of a factor of considerable importance in the history of all reproductive graphic art; that is to say, the interest in the reproduction of drawings. It is that, too, which brought into being the basic process of the aquatint, which is the main theme of the book before us. Aquatint, the invention of which is usually connected with Le Prince, and which was often referred to as *gravure au lavis*, "wash" engraving, was evidently born of the desire to reproduce wash drawings. In numerous plates by Janinet, Debucourt, Descourtis, and others, plates "not great but engaging and decorative," the reader receives a vivid impression of the taste and life of the Louis XV and Louis XVI periods. But it is the gay, light-hearted life of the rich only that is mirrored here. It is reflected, in the language of Brownell, with "audacity of suggestion," but no "vulgarity of pictorial expression," no "offence against artistic taste." We get in these prints a picture showing only one side of the shield. The author quite aptly points out that the "great, serious, homely art of Chardin" has no place in the records of the color print, and Watteau but a very small one. It is at best the "piquant effrontery" of Boucher, and in the main the work of minor artists, which was reproduced in such terms of color. Among the artists who inspired these engravers in color—Huet, Schall, Bollly, and the rest of them—Boilly stands out; and to him Mr. Salaman devotes a good deal of space. The recent revival of interest in Bollly, however, has been anticipated by the American connoisseur who some time since brought together what is perhaps —to speak guardedly—the most complete collection of prints by or after this artist.

French color engraving must naturally not be judged from the point of view of the lover of etchings. Its object and achievement do not lie in that direction. It was not practiced as a painter-art, as a means of original expression, except by Debucourt, who was both designer and engraver. It had a quite special aim and intent. Mr. Salaman speaks of aquatint and the crayon manner as "pretty media," and in that spirit he appropriately handles his subject.

The Vasari Society continues its useful work of publishing drawings by old masters with undiminished vigor. The portfolio for the eighth and ninth years (1912, 1913) presents the usual assortment of important pieces from public museums, and, even more valuable to the student, of drawings in private collections. The policy of republishing a certain amount of familiar material is justified by the fact that the Society offers truer facsimiles and usually reproduces to scale. Thus in Portfolio VIII we find the first really adequate reproduction of the splendid drawing by Antonio Pollaiuolo, A Prisoner before the Judgment Seat, in the British Museum. Other drawings of especial note among the thirty-three are St. Martin Dividing his Cloak, by Tintoretto, from the Edinburgh Museum; fine examples of Piranesi and Antonio Canale, British Museum; two quite magnificent Rembrandt sketches from private collections; studies from a Negro's Head by Watteau. Benozzo Gozzoli, Michelangelo, Alonso Cano, Rubens, Jordaens, Hans Baldung, are other artists represented by drawings for the most part new to students. The attributions of a rather feeble sheet of pen studies to Fra Bartolommeo might awaken critical doubts. Portfolio IX contains twenty-eight plates and greater rarities. Three pieces each are accredited to Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt. Michelangelo, Titian, Sebastiano del Piombo, Correggio, Dürer, Koninck, Altdorfer, Jean Fouquet, Jacques Callot, and Watteau are the outstanding names. Especially noteworthy are the tiny emblematic design by Leonardo, owned by the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert, and the bold pen sketch for Dürer's Christ on the Mount of Olives from Lord Hampton's collection. Mr. G. F. Hill, from the beginning the honorable secretary of the society, has recently resigned. Mr. A. M. Hind, of the British Museum, succeeds him. To Mr. Hind applications for membership and the subscription of a guinea a year may be sent. Few publishing clubs are more worthy of support. None offers its members a more skilful management or a better money's worth.

Arthur Parton, the landscape artist, who died on March 7, was born at Hudson, N. Y., March 26, 1842. He studied at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, and exhibited his first pictures there in 1862. Coming to New York in 1865, he became a regular exhibitor at the National Academy of Design. He received the gold

medal of the American Art Association in 1886, and the Temple Medal, Philadelphia. He also received honorable mention at the Paris Exposition, 1900. His works are represented at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in other leading collections. Mr. Parton was a member of the American National Academy, the National Academy, and the American Water Color Society.

Finance

MEXICO AND THE MARKETS.

"Mexico" has come to be a word which Stock Exchange operators cannot conjure with. This is because, although the Mexican imbroglio is the foremost political problem of the hour, every successive attempt to make of a new development in the tangled relations a basis for a general break on the New York Stock Exchange has failed. There have been various explanations for this, and they have been mutually conflicting. One theory is that our Government's policy is at all events averting war, and that without war, the Mexican situation is not a formidable financial menace. But another theory, which seems to be equally widely held on the Stock Exchanges, is that the Washington policy is certain to cause war with Mexico, and that war would be preferable to the existing state of political chaos across the border. This second theory is interesting, because unusual from the Wall Street point of view.

Two questions always confront the financial markets when a nation goes to war. One is the actual and immediate expenditure involved, and the Government borrowings incidental to them. Even the Boer War, fought by a rich European Power against a remote colonial people, cost England, all told, a million dollars a day, or one thousand millions in all, and it utterly deranged the English financial position. The extent of such a drain on resources depends on the duration of the fighting.

Our own Spanish war, which lasted not more than five months, increased our expenditure on the army alone, in the two fiscal years within which the campaigns fell, by $220,000,000, and compelled our Government to sell $198,000,000 bonds. This was a larger rate of daily expenditure than England's in South Africa; but the shortness of the contest averted a serious strain. It would therefore have to be considered, in a supposable Mexican campaign, whether the period of fighting would be nearer to the four months of 1898 in Cuba, or to the thirty-three months of 1899, 1900, 1901, and 1902 in the Transvaal.

The other consideration which confronts financiers when such a contest begins is the question of foreign complications. This was temporarily a serious matter in the Russo-Turkish War, and it was the paramount financial influence in the recent Balkan contest, when nobody felt sure, from October, 1912, to June, 1913, whether the great European Powers might not be drawn in. A Mexican contest would reduce at least this difficulty to a minimum; for the great neutral Powers with interests in Mexico would probably be better satisfied to see us intervene than to have us hold our hands off.

But behind all these considerations there would stand the utterly perplexing questions, Where would a process of armed interference end, how long would the process continue, and in what degree would it improve the present deplorable condition of Mexican finance and business? All of these problems have been curiously tested once, by what occurred in Mexico, just when our own Civil War was breaking out. A Mexican President, duly elected and inaugurated, had been driven from the capital; an insurgent leader had been recognized by foreign governments as *de facto* President. Thereupon, however, the constitutional Government proceeded to hold its ground, and a state of anarchy, similar to what now exists, prevailed. United States vessels were seized; foreign residents who refused to pay heavy cash requisitions were banished or executed without trial. The murder of Ormond Chase, then a matter of executive inquiry, resembled in all respects the episodes of Benton and Vergara.

Mexican trade was meantime ruined. Paper currency, issued by the *de facto* Government, fell to 60 per cent. discount. In 1861 a tax of 10 per cent. on all fortunes exceeding $2,000 was decreed. Our Administration, having recognized the insurgent Government, changed front and recognized the other Mexican faction. Meantime, the Monroe Doctrine was asserted at Washington, but our own Government, confronted with war at home, could do nothing in Mexico.

At length, in December, 1861, through the French Emperor's urgency (utilizing the helplessness of the Washington Government), France, Spain, and England landed troops in Mexico, and in 1863, with the nominal consent of a Mexican "provisional Government," Maximilian of Austria was made Emperor of Mexico. What followed, everybody knows. Maximilian and his French troops were utterly unable to pacify the country. Three years later, they were still on the defensive, holding only part of Mexico. In 1866 Napoleon III, frightened at the attitude of the victorious Union Government at Washington, began to withdraw his troops from Mexico. In 1867 Maximilian was captured by the insurgents, tried by court-martial, and shot. It was then that Porfirio Diaz, at the time an insurgent leader, came upon the scene.

Such was the course of events in the last instance of actual foreign intervention, to put a forcible end to political chaos in Mexico. The question, whether the failure of the present Mexican situation to upset the markets is due to improbability of war, or to probability of it, must be judged in the light of the above considerations.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andersen, H. Ch. Fairy Tales. Oxford University Press.
Arden, Joan. A Childhood. Cambridge: Barnes & Barnes. $1 net.
Baring, M. Lost Diaries. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Barnett, L. D. Antiquities of India. Putnam. $4 net.
Barnouw, A. J. Anglo-Saxon Christian Poetry. The Hague. Nijhoff.
Barrus, C. Our Friend John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Benson, E. F. Dodo's Daughter. Century. $1.35 net.
Bolen, G. L. The Whole Truth About the Tariff. Battle Creek: Phoenix Co.
Bradley, F. H. Essays on Truth and Reality. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Burt, M. S. In the High Hills. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Burton, R. Little Essays in Literature and Life. Century. $1.25 net.
Catalogue of the Icelandic Collection. Ed. by H. Hermannsson. Ithaca: Cornell University Library. $6 net.
Cohn, J. R. Vital Problems of Religion. Edinburgh: Clark.
Curtis, H. S. Play and Recreation. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.
Dalrymple, L. Diana of the Green Van. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.35 net.
Don Quijote de la Mancha. Trans. by Robinson Smith. London: Routledge.
Fielding-Hall, H. The Passing of Empire. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Giovannitti, Arturo. Arrows in the Gale. Riverside: Hillaire Bookhouse. $1 net.
Goldman, S. P. Handbook of Stock Exchange Laws. Doubleday, Page.
Guyot, Yves. Where and Why Public Ownership Has Failed. Trans. from the French by H. F. Baker. $1.50 net.
Hébert, M. Jeanne d'Arc. Paris: Nourry.
Hill, M. Sunrise Valley. Boston: Small Maynard. $1.25 net.
Hoag, C. G. A Theory of Interest. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Hubbell, H. M. The Influence of Isocrates on Cicero, Dionysius, and Aristides. New Haven: Yale University Press.
Jastrow, M. Hebrew and Babylonian Traditions. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Jordan, H. Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust. Putnam. $1.30 net.
Kenna, E. D. Railway Misrule. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Law, H. E. The Power of Mental Demand. San Francisco: Elder.
Legge, E. More About King Edward. Boston: Small, Maynard. $4 net.
Lincoln, N. S. The Man Inside. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Lockhardt, Caroline. The Full of the Moon. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Lockhardt's Life of Scott. Ed. by Reid. Macmillan. 25 cents net.
Lucas, B. Our Task in India. Macmillan. $1 net.
Lytton, Lady Constance. Prisons and Prisoners. London: Heinemann.
Macauley, C. R. The Red Tavern. Appleton. $1.30 net.
McClure, A. Making Built-in Furniture. McBride Nast. 50 cents net.
Martin, Helen R. Barnabetta. Century. $1.30 net.
Maspero, G. Manual of Egyptian Archæology. Putnam.
Moore, L. The Peacock Feather. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Morris, William. The Life and Death of Jason. Poems by the Way. News from Nowhere. A Dream of John Ball, and a King's Lesson. The House of the Wolfings. The Roots of the Mountains. The Story of the Glittering Plain. The Wood Beyond the World. The Well at the World's End. The Water of the Wondrous Isles. The Sundering Flood. Longmans' Pocket Library. 75 cents each.

Petit Recueil de Chants Français. Ed. by H. Carter. Oxford University Press.

Pollard, A. F. The Reign of Henry VII. Vol. III. Longmans. $3 net.

Poll, M. Van den Vos Reynaerde. Cincinnati: University Press. 75 cents.

Prince, Morton. The Subconscious. Macmillan. $2 net.

Pycraft, W. P. The Courtship of Animals. Holt. $1.75 net.

Rackham, A. Book of Pictures. Century. $4 net.

Ripley, N. B. Omar or Christ. Eaton & Mains.

Rockwell, F. F. Making a Garden of Small Fruits. McBride, Nast 50 cents net.

Sharts, J. W. The King Who Came. Dufficld. $1.25 nct.

Singh, Saint Nihal. Japan's Modernization. London: Kelly.

Singh, Saint Nihal. Progressive British India. London: Kelly.

Smith, A. Elementary Chemistry. Century Co. $1.25 net.

Sophocles in English Verse. Trans. by Arthur S. Way. London: Macmillan. $1.10.

Stoddard, J. L. Poems. Chicago: Shuman.

Terry's Japanese Empire. A Guidebook for Travelers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.

The Quest Series: The Mystics of Islam, by Nicholson; Jewish Mysticism, by Abelson. London: G. Bell. $1 net.

Thorley, W. Paul Verlaine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

Topographical Catalogue of the Private Tombs of Thebes by A. H. Gardiner & A. E. Weigall. London: Quaritch.

Trevelyan, W. B. Apples of Gold. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Vandercook, M. The Loves of Ambrose. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Villiers Stuart, C. M. Gardens of the Great Mughals. London: Black.

Ward, Wilfrid. Men and Matters. Longmans. $3.50 net.

Warwick, Anne. Victory Law. Lane. $1.30 net.

Wells, Carolyn. Anybody but Anne. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

Wells, H. G. The World Set Free. Dutton. $1.35.

White, B. The Carpenter and the Rich Man. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.

Whitlock, Brand. Forty Years of It. Appletons. $1.50 net.

Wightman, R. The Things He Wrote to Her. Century. 60 cents net.

Williams, H. W. Russia of the Russians. Scribner.

Woman and Morality. Chicago: The Laurentian Publishers. $1 net.

World's Classics: Selected English Speeches. Poems by C. Rossetti. London: Humphrey Milford.

Writings on American History. Ed. by G. Griffin. American Historical Association.

Young, W. T. Introduction to the Study of English Literature. Putnam. 75 cts.

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WOMEN AND FEMINISM Some one has said, apropos of *The Evening Post's* head "What Women Are Doing," that, if it knows that, it knows more than Socrates, Napoleon, and Abraham Lincoln. Possibly those three didn't know—feminism is pretty new—but anyone would certainly admit getting a fairly good inkling who reads the very full accounts of suffrage doings, fashions, shopping, sociological movements, and no-mere-man-knows-what-not, written by Clara Savage, Louise Townsend Nicholl, Jeanne Stevens, and other specialists.

FINANCE An entire Supplement is devoted to this subject and Alexander D. Noyes is its editor. It contains business diagnoses and letters from all the financial centres, as well as full quotation tables. It is known as one of the most authoritative financial publications of the daily newspaper world.

CHURCHES AND ORGANISTS Two full pages are given to these subjects. Hundreds of people take the paper for this one feature; and letters come from all parts of the United States from church musicians who keep in touch with New York in this way. E. N. Williamson edits this department.

SOLDIERS and SAILORS The page about Army, Navy and Militia is known wherever a drum beats or a quartermaster's whistle blows. It is a complete encyclopædia of the week's doings and of prospective happenings. The service everywhere reads this page.

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Summary of the News

The Mexican situation in its relation to the United States remains unchanged, and there has been nothing to confirm the report published in some of last Friday's papers that President Wilson contemplates any change of policy. Fighting began around Torreon on Saturday afternoon, Villa capturing Bermejillo after a running fight of sixteen miles. On the following day the rebel troops entered Brittingham, which is only nine miles from Torreon proper, and after hard fighting on Monday and Tuesday they took possession of Gomez Palacio, a strongly fortified position three miles from Torreon on the northern side. It seems to be established that the Federal forces are considerably inferior in numbers to those of Villa. At Eagle Pass, Tex., on Monday there was an insignificant clash between an American patrol and some Mexican Federals, due to the latter, who were pursuing some Constitutionalists, having directed their fire to the American side.

Opposition to the repeal of the exemption clause in the Panama Canal Tolls bill has developed considerably, and filibustering tactics have been employed to delay its consideration. It cannot be taken up in the House until the Rivers and Harbors bill is out of the way, and although that measure received the right of way on Monday, following an agreement among Democrats in the House, progress with it is so slow that it is doubtful when the Tolls bill will be taken up. The President, however, expresses confidence that the free tolls provision will be repealed.

Statements were issued on Saturday by Attorney-General McReynolds and Howard Elliott, chairman of the New Haven Railway, that an agreement had been reached between the Government and the line for the reorganization of the system so as to prevent a suit under the Sherman act. Certain important concessions have been granted to the New Haven, notably an extension of time for the sale of the Boston & Maine line. Chairman Elliott in his statement expressed the belief that the settlement would have a beneficial effect on the industrial situation in New England.

The Indiana Democratic State Committee on March 19 unanimously adopted a plank endorsing a State-wide primary law. The popular support thus accorded President Wilson was the more significant in view of the fact that all of the Taggart nominees were subsequently chosen.

The proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution extending the suffrage to women was rejected in the Senate on March 19 by a vote of 35 to 34 in favor of the resolution, a two-thirds affirmative vote being necessary for its passage. An amendment offered by Senator Vardaman to repeal the Fifteenth Amendment granting the franchise to negroes was lost by a vote of 48 to 19, and one by Senator Williams of Mississippi excluding negro women from the woman's suffrage amendment was rejected by a vote of 44 to 21.

In its report for the fiscal year ending December 31 last, the United States Steel Corporation records the largest turnover of business of any year in its history. The gross earnings last year were $796,894,299, as compared with $745,505,515 in 1912 and $757,014,767 in 1907, the best previous year in point of revenue.

The announcement was made on Friday of last week that Robert Lansing, of New York, and Cone Johnson, of Texas, would be appointed respectively counsellor and solicitor of the State Department in succession to John Bassett Moore and Joseph W. Folk.

The situation in Ulster, which appeared extremely grave at the end of last week, has cleared somewhat. On Friday, following the debate in the House of Commons and the departure of Sir Edward Carson for Belfast, the Government started moving troops into the province. A number of officers, understanding the movement as a preliminary to war, took advantage of the option said to have been given and resigned their commissions. Premier Asquith issued a statement to the *Times* on Monday declaring that the situation had been misunderstood, and that the movement of the troops was a purely precautionary measure. In the House of Commons on the same day he repeated his assurances, and the Secretary for War added a brief statement that the resignations from the army had been due to a misunderstanding and the officers had been ordered to rejoin their regiments. Throughout the crisis there have been no disturbances either in Ulster itself or in the rest of Ireland.

The British naval estimates for 1914-15, which were announced in the House of Commons on March 17, amount to $257,750,000, an increase over those of last year of $13,700,000. Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, in explaining the estimates, stated that the increase was due principally to the change to oil fuel, to the establishment of a naval flying corps, and to the increased pay of the personnel of the navy. He held out hopes, however, that "in the absence of any new policy" the estimates for next year might be substantially lower. The rivalry with Germany was mentioned frankly, Mr. Churchill declaring that it is the aim of Great Britain to complete eight battle squadrons by the time Germany has five.

According to dispatches received from South Africa the Labor party has made considerable gains in the elections throughout the Transvaal. The success of the Laborites is particularly noticeable in the Rand district, and the result is regarded as a condemnation of the Government for its action in deporting the strike leaders. It is asserted also that the Labor victories indicate that the Boers have lost control in the Transvaal.

The Caillaux case arising out of the shooting of Gaston Calmette, editor of *Figaro*, by Mme. Caillaux promises to develop into another Government scandal. Following the resignation of M. Caillaux from the Doumergue government and the readjustment of the Cabinet came the resignation of ex-Premier Monis, who held the portfolio of Minister of Marine. Statements were made in the Chamber that while M. Monis was Premier he had influenced the public prosecutor to postpone the trial of Henri Rochette, who was charged with having swindled the public out of enormous sums of money. Before the investigating committee of the Chamber of Deputies Caillaux and Monis have given evidence directly contradicting each other. The Royalist party has seized upon the Caillaux case as a pretext for anti-republican demonstrations, and it is charged that Caillaux and other members of the Radical party have used their political opportunities to accumulate large fortunes.

The new Italian Cabinet formed by Signor Salandra, former Minister of the Treasury, in succession to the Giolitti Cabinet, has been completed. The Premier assumes also the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, and the Marquis di San Giuliano, who was spoken of in connection with the premiership, becomes Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Greece's naval programme announced by the Minister of Marine in the Chamber of Deputies on March 19 is to include three battleships of the Dreadnought type, three armored cruisers, and lighter craft. The Minister of Marine emphasized the determination of the country to maintain the supremacy at sea gained as a result of the Balkan wars.

Half of the Greek loan of $100,000,000 was issued on March 18. On Saturday the French Government authorized an issue of $35,000,000 for the French market, and the remaining $15,000,000 will be issued in England.

The deadlock between the two houses of the Japanese Parliament arising out of the naval graft scandals resulted on Monday in the issue of a decree by the Emperor suspending the sessions for three days. Since Parliament adjourned yesterday in the ordinary course, the Emperor's action is equivalent to a prorogation. The deadlock arose out of the failure of the conference committee of both houses to agree on the respective amendments for the reduction of the naval estimates. As the budget has not been passed the situation is a serious one.

The deaths of the week include: William Paterson, March 18; Adolph F. A. Bandelier, Prof. Giuseppe Mercalli, March 19; Wilton Lockwood, March 20; John Norris, March 21; Harry Thurston Peck, March 23.

The Week

President Wilson was well advised in consenting to the publication of the informal talk which he gave the Washington Press Club on Friday. The country will have read with interest and a new understanding Mr. Wilson's account of the very human embarrassments of his office. Compelled to wreak himself upon his work, to order his day rigidly, and to shut out as many haphazard interrupters as possible, the President has been acquiring the reputation of one austere and aloof, merely a thinking machine, a man of mystery. But in Mr. Wilson's frank disclosure of his inmost thought about all this, we perceive that he is throughout keeping his genial interest in everything that is human, though obliged to hold it, as it were, under cover. His humorous description of his own feelings about it all, his explanation of his frequent desire to cease to be a dignified official and to become a mere man again, and his unbosoming himself of his constant fear of making blunders, constitute delightful reading. The whole is a touch of nature which will make his countrymen feel more kin with President Wilson.

The sub-committee of the House Judiciary Committee which has been considering the relations of Representative McDermott, of Illinois, with the lobbying activities of the National Association of Manufacturers reports a lack of evidence such as would justify his expulsion, but recommends the adoption of a resolution declaring that the House "strongly condemns" his conduct, and pronouncing him "guilty of acts of grave impropriety." As these acts, according to the report, include not only "his associations with M. M. Mulhall, a lobbyist of the National Association of Manufacturers," but also "accepting loans of large sums of money from Horning, a pawnbroker, and from Harvey, a member of the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association, both of whom were vitally interested in legislation pending before Congress," it cannot be said that the subcommittee is too harsh in its characterization; indeed, a not altogether inconceivable standard of personal honor might suggest the voluntary resignation of the gentleman from Illinois. Fortunately, the report was unanimous.

There seems to be general agreement that the provisional settlement which has been arranged between the Government and the New Haven Company is the best thing that was possible in the circumstances. Mr. Brandeis is quoted as saying of it that "the people of New England are to be congratulated." President Elliott, of the New Haven, feels satisfied that the amicable adjustment arrived at has the merit of giving "ample time for the protection of the company's property," and of recognizing New England's need of "peace and a chance for constructive work." Much is still left open for decision, but both sides seem confident that the completion of the programme will involve no serious difficulty. The whole story of the New Haven, from the time that it entered upon its policy of sweeping aggrandizement, forms one of the most significant episodes in American railway history, and the last chapters in it have been, in more ways than one, of a tragic character. The company is now at last facing away from that troubled past, and the thousands who are affected by its fortunes and by its proper management must feel a long-wished-for sense of relief.

The most notable victory that peace has scored in decades, if reports say true, has aroused surprisingly little comment. Perhaps this is due to the well-nigh incredible nature of the report, for it is nothing less than that the line officers of the navy have yielded to the staff officers in the long dispute whether the latter should have military titles. Who has forgotten the tempest that raged so fiercely a few years ago when a mere surgeon was put in charge of a hospital ship? What jests and gibes were made over the kind of orders that a surgeon would issue to those having to do with the navigation of the vessel! The line officers saw nothing but immediate disaster to the whole naval establishment if such a condition was to be allowed. Nor were they so weak as to be impressed by the argument that in the army the staff officers had military titles. After all, the army is only the army, while the navy—well, the two words require to be pronounced in very different tones. And now the line has surrendered. Simple folk belonging neither to the line nor to the staff will wonder what these rival defenders of our liberties will do without their familiar bone of contention, but the signing of the treaty of peace between them must make the President face the Mexican problem with a smile.

The contest for the Alabama Senatorship between Oscar Underwood and Richmond Hobson goes on its interminable course. As there is no real issue involved, the struggle has degenerated into one of personalities. As usual, the unfortunate negro has been dragged in and Alabamians were besought to defeat Underwood because, thanks to him, half a dozen black men hold minor places on the pay-roll of the House of Representatives—thus endangering the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race—until it appeared that Hobson himself had appointed a colored bootblack or barber for a House committee. Then, going from black men to white women, the horrible charge was made by the Underwoodites that Hobson conferred with Jane Addams and other leaders of the National Suffrage Association, who, be it known, are plotting to overthrow negro disfranchisement in the South by getting Congress to enfranchise all women by a Constitutional amendment. Naturally, Hobson indignantly denied this sordid charge, so galling to a Southerner's honor, and retorted that his opponent is the agent of the Whiskey Trust. Ridiculous as all this is, it is undeniable that Hobson has won the support of Prohibitionists and temperance workers in extraordinary degree; to them he is a great national figure.

Partisanship is never so offensive as in the administration of workmen's compensation acts. Yet the law which passed the Kentucky Legislature just before adjournment was opposed by men fired with the same zeal as those who insisted that the New York Commission should be bi-partisan. They alleged that the governing board, composed of the Attorney-General and Commissioners of Labor and Insurance, would "be enabled to build up a political machine." This frightened no one, and a bill which had the support of labor and enlightened capital went through unchanged. Modelled on the Ohio law, it is optional in nature, provides a State insurance fund, and sets the maximum death indemnity at $3,750, and the maximum weekly payment for injury at $12. The laws of the

two other important States which dealt with workmen's compensation in 1913 show how variant are ideas, not merely upon the question of partisanship in the administrators of the State fund, but upon who these persons shall be. In Connecticut there are five Commissioners, of whom it is stipulated merely that one shall be appointed from each Congressional district. In Oregon three industrial accident commissioners are appointed by the Governor, and it is provided that not more than two shall belong to the same party.

Ex-Commissioner Worcester's gloomy letter in the New York *Times* on the 361 American employees who have been displaced in the Philippine service calls for distinctions. Dealing with so large a number of officials, it is mainly directed at the dismissal of men in inferior posts. Yet in the happy days when he himself served in the islands, it was the avowed endeavor of the Administration to put natives in subordinate positions as fast as they qualified. What he now protests against is, therefore, an enlargement of the old policy; and this in face of assurances from the new régime that competence is insisted upon in the Filipino appointees. And a considerable part of the dismissals, as Mr. Worcester admits in veiled language, is traceable to a new and praiseworthy striving after economy. The last issue of *The Filipino People*, in editorial comment on the first successful passage of a General Appropriations bill in three years, which President Wilson signalized by a congratulatory telegram, explains that the long deadlock between Assembly and Commission was due to the latter's insistence upon "useless and unjustifiable expenditures" for a crowded executive force. In reductions of force, as well as of salaries, a million dollars annually is to be saved the poor *tao* whom the ex-Commissioner would have us believe the politicians are bleeding. Dismissal on insufficient notice may have worked hardship in some cases; but his blanket indictment involves self-contradictions.

Ex-President Eliot's eightieth birthday on Friday passed without formal celebration. The day found him in "fine health and good spirits," and full of the keenest enjoyment of what he has called the "durable satisfactions of life." Mr. Eliot is to New England what John Bigelow was to New York—its First Citizen. Year by year he has been showing how one may reach great age with unflagging energies and complete devotion to public questions. He declined the London Embassy chiefly because he could do more useful work at home; and on subjects connected with peace and war, education and morals, as well as on social issues, he speaks constantly to an enormous audience. Nothing that he has ever said is clearer and more incisive than his recent analysis of the labor unions, pointing out how the whole movement places its emphasis on the wrong things. He was free to say, what many public men feel but dare not utter, that the trades unionism of today is objectionable on moral and educational grounds, even after proper recognition of its achievements in raising wages, shortening hours, and improving conditions of labor. Physically, Mr. Eliot is erect and vigorous—a wonderful example of what happens when an intellectually intense life is coupled with normal and sensible care of the body.

The splendid conduct of the Wellesley girls at the big fire so centred public attention as largely to relegate to the background, for the time being, the loss suffered by the College. In many ways that loss is irreparable; dispatches tell, for instance, of researches carried on for years and of great value to science, the records and results of which have been destroyed. But this should serve to remind the public, and especially the persons of large means who are in the habit of responding generously to any call in behalf of a good public cause, that the College is absolutely crippled, and that it has earned by four decades of good work the hearty assistance that it so desperately needs in this emergency. It must not only erect new buildings to take the place of the old central building that was destroyed, but must provide entirely new equipment for its laboratories and build up its library and its museums afresh. We have not heard of any systematic endeavor to obtain funds for these purposes, though Bishop Lawrence, the chairman of the executive committee, issued a statement soon after the fire, setting forth the prostrate condition of the College. In this he pointed out that, owing to the obsolete nature of the construction of the central building, it had been impossible to place insurance corresponding to anything like the value to the College of the building and its contents. We feel confident that an appeal to the enlightened liberality of those interested in the higher education will meet with a generous response.

The process of deterioration which is supposed to set in with the second generation of great fortune-owners in this country is not so widespread as one is led to imagine. The victory over England's professional court tennis champion by a rich young man argues rather exceptional physical stamina and a clean outlook upon life. The heir to America's largest fortune has devoted much of his time and his means to useful work in the field of social service. The young heir to one of the great landed fortunes in New York city has displayed a commendable interest in matters of social and civic progress. The heir to one of the largest railway fortunes in the country has given a great deal of time to coaching the university crew of his alma mater. It may be that amateur rowing or tennis or even the management of a campaign against the social evil is not an exercise conducive to the conservation of great wealth. The three generations from overalls to overalls, liberally interpreted, might still hold. But that other form of decline which we associate with the Pittsburgh school of millionaire ethics, as brilliantly exemplified in the person of Harry K. Thaw, is apparently far from universal among the children of the very rich.

The closing words of Mr. Asquith's speech in the House of Commons two weeks ago were as follows:

> If there is one lesson more clear than another, taught by the history of this ancient Kingdom of ours, it is that the union with us of law and of liberty has its source, and in moments of supreme urgency has its sanction, in the corporate sense of common interests and common responsibilities. There are times, and I believe this is one of them, in which we ought all of us to be ready to sacrifice much, not merely of prejudice and prepossession, but of solid and dearly cherished aims and ideals, for the paramount good of the whole. If we have been as a nation, as we may claim without boasting to have been, the pioneers in the world of popular government, it is because our people, keen, tenacious, combative, self-reliant, learned in the stress of controversy, the most acute and

apparently the most irreconcilable, to respect one another and to renounce the falsehood of extremes. This is a testing case. The best traditions of our past, no less than the undisclosed and fateful issues of the future, appeal to us to-day with imperious accents to pursue if we can the way of unity and peace.

The fine spirit of this passage, as, indeed, of the Prime Minister's entire speech, was fully recognized by his immediate audience in the House, as by the major part of press and public in England. Yet Mr. Asquith's conciliatory proposals have not been accepted, though they went so far as to lead William O'Brien to assert that the Prime Minister had consented to the erection of an Orange Free State in Ulster.

An important distinction to be made is the difference between Ulster's excuse and Ulster's reason. Freely admitting, as Mr. Asquith did, that there are historic and racial difficulties to give point to Ulster's unwillingness to come under the government of a Dublin Parliament and Executive, the practical question now is whether she is determined to fight despite the free opportunity offered her to decide whether she will accept that government or not. Ample time is given for settling the matter. The Home Rule bill will not become law before July, 1914. Under its operation, an Irish Parliament could hardly be set up before July, 1915. But the Ulster counties could, by a bare majority vote, take themselves out from under Dublin rule for six years. During that period, at least two general elections will occur, and if, as the Ulster leaders assert, the country is with them, there would be no possibility of another Imperial Parliament "riveting the Dublin fetters" upon them. Their rights and privileges are fully safeguarded. It is this fact which has made the whole burning controversy seem factitious. Ulster may be as sincere as you please, but the way in which the English Conservatives have seized upon the Ulster issue for political effect has few of the marks of candor upon it. The Ulster club was good enough to shatter the Parliament Act, and drive the Liberals out of power. So the cry was raised of a great outrage upon Ulster, which all Englishmen must resist by force of arms, if necessary. But Mr. Asquith's plan of settlement was one eminently just to Ulster, and more than fair. Yet the Conservative leaders had gone so far and kindled such hopes in their followers that they would not draw back. They continued to talk as if the Prime Minister's proposals had not entirely altered the situation. This is party tactics, not common-sense.

It was a trifle more than impudent in Sir Edward Carson, the other day, to refer to Winston Churchill as "a politician on the make." Whatever may be the case with Mr. Churchill, Sir Edward Carson is to-day playing a political game in which the stakes are, for him, dazzling. If he wins, he becomes the unquestioned leader of the Conservative party, with the reversion of the Premiership clearly his. For it was Sir Edward Carson who devised the scheme of using Ulster discontent, skilfully fanned into Ulster resistance to the law of the land, as a means of tumbling the Home Rule bill in a heap and wrecking the Liberal Ministry. It was a daring project, which Sir Edward has thus far carried on with great tenacity; but its effect on his own political future, if he is finally successful, is so plain that it requires peculiar effrontery in him to rebuke another for being "on the make."

Mr. Winston Churchill has revolutionized naval warfare, so far as the experts are concerned, by announcing a new standard of international comparison on the sea. This time it is the fifteen-inch gun. In a reassuring speech the First Lord of the Admiralty asserted that Great Britain will have ten ships carrying these mammoth guns to Germany's two. Need anything more be said? In the naval war-game as played by the experts it is a maxim that only the biggest fighting units shall be counted, everything else being relegated to a theoretical scrap-head. The experts will undoubtedly proceed to educate themselves in the new arithmetic with characteristic zest, and the taxpayers of the nations will have to pay for the new educational course. For instance, it is only necessary for Japan to lay the keel of a single 17-inch gun battleship to make the United States navy obsolete—theoretically; and immediately we shall be called upon to balance the naval ledger on the 17-inch basis. Every war leaves behind the real lesson that arithmetic is a delusion. But the experts undismayed cling to figures. On the Continent they are now busily engaged in comparing rows of figures as between Russia and Germany to show that both Russia and Germany must spend more money on bigger armies.

English laments over the sale to Americans of a part of the famous library of the Duke of Devonshire are natural, but ring a little hollow. Emphasis is placed by the London *Standard* on the severe pressure of English taxes, particularly the death duties, which is leading old families to part with "heirlooms of great historical and personal interest." It is hard, the *Standard* affirms, for an impoverished nobleman to refuse an offer of $500,000 for books or works of art that he personally can get on perfectly well without. This would be especially true of one who never could speak, with Prospero, of "volumes that I prize above my dukedom." In the case of the great Devonshire library at Chatsworth, there may easily have been the added reason that the owner knew nothing whatever about the inside of his books. This was true of the late Duke. He did not even know how to get down from the gallery of the library, as is shown by the amusing story, in his Life, of his having to call a servant in order to show Lord Salisbury where the blind stairway was. The present Duke may be as indifferent to the contents of his rare volumes. As long ago as Dr. Johnson's day, the Dukes of Devonshire had a reputation for "dogged veracity." This may lead to a more bluntly truthful explanation of the present sale than we have yet had.

The political effects of the murder of the editor of *Figaro* may turn out to be serious for the Radical majority now in control. It is not so much that M. Calmette was editor of a journal of conservative, and virtually royalist, sentiments, and that his assassination may be made the occasion for further anti-republican "demonstrations." Of much greater consequence are the revelations now coming out of the intimate connection between politics and finance as exemplified in the Rochette case. A Government of stock-brokers is a favorite way among the anti-republican parties of describing the present Radical régime, and every little while enough comes out to justify the critics, in partisan eyes.

CHEATING AFTERTHOUGHTS.

Ex-Senator Foraker, in an address before the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce last week, argued for the right of the United States, under the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, to discriminate in favor of our coastwise vessels using the Panama Canal. The contrary opinion he sought to reduce to the absurd. Why, he exclaimed, if we cannot thus aid our domestic shipping, and, of course, cannot favor our foreign shipping, then "no advantage whatever arises out of this great national work, the construction of the Panama Canal."

We will not dwell upon the unpleasant implications of this. It might be interpreted to mean that if we have not overreached somebody, or deceived and cheated some other nation, in building the Canal, then all our labor is in vain. We do not suppose that Mr. Foraker intended this, or would approve it; though it seems to lie tacitly in his argument. But he has misread the entire history of our work on the Canal, if he is not aware that the United States protested earnestly from the first day to the last that it sought no exclusive privileges at Panama. To affirm now that we get no "advantage," if we cannot twist the treaty, is coolly to forget that we vowed to all the world that we would never seek any special advantage—except, of course, for our navy. It is this historic fact which renders the present rueful attitude of men like ex-Senator Foraker ridiculous. To make it appear that, after proclaiming for years our unselfish motives, we are now chapfallen to find that we are debarred from playing a smart trick at the expense of other nations, is to class ourselves with the England of Dr. Johnson's day. He warned his Irish friends against making a Union with England, saying that, if they did, "we shall surely rob you." He added: "We would have robbed Scotland if she had had anything worth stealing."

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty was not negotiated or ratified in a corner. We knew what we were doing, and so did all the world. In the report of Senator Davis, for the Committee on Foreign Relations, recommending ratification of the treaty, he made it perfectly clear that we were setting up no "selfish motive of gain." To do that, he said, would be "unworthy of the United States, even if we owned the country through which the Canal is to be built." And on the question of adopting the Suez rules for neutralization and entire equality of treatment, he said explicitly that this country could not oppose them "without discrediting the official declarations of our Government for fifty years." But California was alert then, as she is to-day, to the possibility of selfish gain through the Canal. Senator Bard, of California, moved to amend the treaty by adding the clause: "The United States reserves the right . . . to discriminate in favor of vessels of its own citizens engaged in the coastwise trade." But the Senate voted this down. There could hardly be plainer proof that the treaty was not then believed to convey the right which it is now sought to read into it.

Our virtuous protestations of disinterestedness never rose higher than at the time the Panama Zone was forcibly seized. That act was felt to need every justification possible. It was seen that if, in addition to "taking" the Isthmus, we were to use it and the Canal to the prejudice of the world's commerce, this country would look not only very like a pirate—that we did not so much mind in those days—but like a low-down trickster. Accordingly, no one was more emphatic in asseverating our unselfishness than President Roosevelt. In his message to Congress of January, 1904, he declared: "If ever a Government could be said to have received a mandate from civilization to effect an object the accomplishment of which was demanded in the interest of mankind, the United States holds that position with regard to the interoceanic canal." That was the tenor of all the talk at that time. We would hear of nothing except "the interest of mankind." Now we have waked up to the interest of our shipowners! As they cannot get a direct subsidy, argues Mr. Foraker, we must give them one indirectly, by means of a remission of Canal tolls, or else confess that we didn't drive a sharp bargain when we had the chance to.

The question has sometimes been put, rhetorically, what would the United States do if the shoe were on the other foot, and if it were England that was striving to evade the apparently plain requirement of a treaty? It is not necessary to confine ourselves to hypothesis. The thing has actually occurred. By the treaty of Washington in 1871, provision was made that the use of canals along the great lakes, whether American or Canadian, should be upon equal terms to citizens of both nations. But some years later, Canada undertook to give a rebate of nearly all the Welland Canal tolls to Canadian ships carrying merchandise to Montreal or beyond. This was virtually the same thing we have attempted at Panama—a discrimination in favor of coastwise trade. President Cleveland promptly protested that this was to fulfil a treaty promise with only "the shadow of performance." The matter was taken up diplomatically, and Canada receded from her untenable position.

It is a similar retreat from an act violative of an international agreement, as all understood it at the time it was made, which President Wilson, to his everlasting credit, is urging upon Congress. All that he asks is that we do what we said we would do. The tolls-exemption was pure afterthought. And it was a cheating afterthought. Unless we set ourselves straight, no nation having a treaty, or contemplating a treaty, with the United States will feel safe in taking words in their ordinary meaning, or depending upon the understanding of the negotiators. Yet some Americans think it highly patriotic to expose their country to such a reproach! They seem to be rather proud when a foreign Government comes to us with a treaty in its hand which we are trying to set aside, and asks the "Figaro" question, "Who is cheating here?"

JUSTICE TO PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATIONS.

Whatever may have been the sins of our railways and other public service corporations—and the *Nation* has not failed in its duty of pointing them out—it is undeniable that they are to-day paying a heavy penalty for the mistakes of their managers in the past. Indeed, so beset are some of them as to make it clear that, in business circles at least, there is a revulsion of feeling due to the impression that the Government is no longer giving them a square deal, that the pendulum, having swung too far in one direction, is going too far in the other; that owing to legislation, regulation, and to threat of confiscation, and by autocratic use of Federal authority, the lot of the railway company at least is becoming intolera-

ble; that so much of the power of company officials has been stripped from them by Government arbitration, control, and regulation that they can no longer be held responsible by their stockholders for satisfactory results. It is even said that their present estate is so intolerable that complete Government ownership is beginning to appear preferable.

Thus, in his recent annual report, Mr. Rea, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, declared: "It is evident that the ability to regulate wages and working conditions, and other heavy operating expenses, has, as the result of Federal and State legislation, largely passed from the control of your management, as has also the power of your company and other railroads to charge reasonable rates for the public transportation service rendered." His own railway is confronted with an increased annual expense of $1,580,000, of which $850,000 is due solely to the totally uncalled-for Full Crew act, passed at the behest of the labor unions; the other $730,000 being occasioned by the raising of wages through the arbitration in 1912 under the new Federal law, the Newlands act. Now, an ordinary corporation, finding its expenses increased by causes beyond its control, would feel free to charge more for its product; but the railway is estopped, since the power over rates has passed to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The difficulty is so much intensified by the diversification of governmental control that President Rea insists:

> Some way must be found whereby the serious but divided responsibility of governmental regulation of rates, wages, and other railway matters shall either be concentrated under one administrative branch of the Government, or the results of legislative acts, orders of commissions, and awards of arbitration boards shall be recognized by rate regulatory commissions, so that regulation of wages, rates, and other matters may continue without working a manifest injustice to the railroads and those who have invested in their securities.

Should the Interstate Commerce Commission long postpone its rate decision, or decide against an increase, there will inevitably be profound sympathy for the honest railway managers in search of new capital who find themselves thus ground between the upper and the nether millstone. They also feel themselves seriously wronged when they appear openly before the Legislature to ask for the repeal of the Full Crew law, and find that neither the Legislature nor the press pays any attention to their protest. It does not help the situation to point to the mismanagement of the New Haven, the St. Louis & San Francisco, and say that this sort of wrongdoing is responsible for the present situation. The presidents may admit this sorrowfully, yet wake up the next morning to find a bill in the Legislature at Albany to revise commutation rates downward in a given county by 50 or 60 per cent.

The telephone company is in the same plight; but recently placed under the control of the Public Service Commission, it finds a bill introduced at Albany enforcing a five-cent rate in New York. This may be a just proposal, but the responsible telephone officials must be forgiven if they feel a bit bewildered and go about wondering where the next blow is to come from. The Bell Telephone Company is facing the Postmaster-General's demand that its stockholders be compelled to sell out to the Government. Its president, Mr. Vail, in his remarkable report just issued, attacks the Post Office's arguments for Government ownership. They are obviously very misleading, if it is contended either that the postal business is well managed or that the parcel post is a financial success. Who can tell? Not Mr. Burleson. He has abolished the special parcel-post stamp, and would never think of reckoning in rentals, or interest on plant, or overhead charges, to ascertain whether the parcel post is carried at a deficit or not.

Meanwhile, the Government refuses to reimburse the railways adequately for carrying the mails, and insists on different rates for heavy and light mail matter carried in the same car. Is it any wonder that uneasiness grows and unrest continues? And both are intensified by the situation of the express companies, however much they may owe their present plight to past stupidities. One does not have to be that worst of offenders, a "reactionary," or an investor in railway securities, to see how great is the opportunity for constructive statesmanship on both sides, for the peace policy that Mr. Wilson outlined. That, we take it, is to be peace, with honor and justice, without mercy for corporate wrong-doers of the New Haven stripe, but with protection to those who would bury the dead past and play fair. Has not the time come, they ask, when they may receive a sailing chart to which they may adhere for at least a few years? Are they not to be freed from their present position of being under fire at once from all sides and at the mercy of demagogues, labor unions, experimenters, diversified government agencies controlling them without regard to one another's acts, and of the several Legislatures?

THE IRISH IN OUR PUBLIC LIFE.

In his series of articles on immigration, Professor Ross gets round in the April *Century* to "The Celtic Tide." His discussion of Irish emigration to this country is brief, but seems to be well fortified by fact, and is not unsympathetic in spirit. A fuller treatment would bring out many points that Professor Ross here passes over. For example, he has previously given expression to the serious disquietude which many Americans feel to-day in connection with the new-comers from South European countries. But their grandfathers were just as acutely concerned over the Irish emigrants. These were, sixty and seventy years ago, as much disliked and even dreaded as are, by some, Slav and Italian to-day. America put up with those early Irish emigrants in much the same spirit in which it has had to reconcile itself to the later Italian tide. In both instances, it is the Caliban argument that prevails:

> as 'tis,
> We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
> Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
> That profit us.

It may be asked, however, if the large immigration of to-day will not, half a century hence, look as harmless and even desirable as does now the Irish immigration of 1845-55. That the flow from Ireland has so greatly fallen off appears to be one reason why Professor Ross looks at it with a more kindly eye. The only good immigration is a dead immigration!

So remote has become the old notion of an "Irish peril" in the United States that now one of the main questions discussed is whether Irishmen have risen as they should to their opportunities in this country. This comes within the scope of Professor Ross's article. We may remark, by the way, that there

could hardly be a better proof of Irish assimilation here, and of the senselessness of the old fears about this element of our immigration, than sober debate whether Irish-Americans are as prominent as they ought to be in the professions and the sciences. It is Professor Ross's opinion that they are not. "Those of Irish blood," he says, "are far from manning their share of the responsible posts in American society. Their contribution by no means matches that of an equal number of the old American breed." This would imply that the old American breed is holding its own fairly well, and is in no immediate danger. But it is also fair to remember that we must not make up a final judgment too hastily. Professor Ross justly observes that "it is too soon yet to expect the Irish strain [in America] to show what it can do."

One thing, however, it has shown that it can do, though Professor Ross makes no direct reference to it. The Irish in the United States have displayed a wonderful talent for public affairs. America is always mainly in mind when the old taunt is repeated that the Irish are able to govern every country except their own. The distinction won by Irishmen outside of Ireland is, indeed, an old theme. It was dwelt upon with a kind of proud humility by that greatest of all Irishmen, Edmund Burke. In France, in Spain, in South America, Irish names have been illustrious. But in the United States a great door, and effectual, has been opened to the Irish genius for politics. Its flexibility, its innate generosity, its human sympathies, together with an easy mastery of political machinery, has led it on to triumphs quite out of proportion to the numbers of Irishmen in this country. One sign of this Irish technical facility in politics is seldom noticed, but deserves a word. Irishmen are natural-born parliamentarians. The best parliamentarians—in the sense, we mean, of ready grasp of rules of procedure—at Albany have for years been Irishmen. In the House of Representatives, to-day, an Irishman, Mr. Fitzgerald, is an acknowledged master in that art.

It cannot be said, by even the warmest friends of Irishmen, that their contributions to our public life have always been worthy or inspiring. Boston is now spoken of as an Irish city. It has had a succession of Irish Mayors. But their rule has not invariably been what it should be. It is not necessary to refer to Tammany, so long stamped by Irish dominance. The names of Kelly and Croker and Murphy do not feed Irish pride. Indeed, they are well known to be a cause of grief to truly patriotic Irishmen, whether in Ireland or in the United States. Irish priests and other visitors from Ireland have been known to express in private their astonishment and mortification at the kind of Irishmen who had seemed to come to honor in this country. Tammany in New York has been a standing and effective argument against Home Rule in Ireland. But this, it may be believed, is in the way of being corrected. The admirers of the Irish race will at least hope that their extraordinary gifts in politics may be more and more used for the bettering of our public life; so that hereafter, in the struggles for higher things which are bound to mark our democracy, the record may be made, as it was long ago in one of the famous battles of France: "Nos Irlandois s'y distinguèrent."

PROFESSORS IN COUNCIL.

A circular letter was sent out in the spring of 1913 looking to the formation of a national association of university professors. The motive actuating the signers was indicated in the statement that, besides his interest in his specialty, the university professor is "concerned, as a member of the legislative body of his local institution, with many questions of educational policy which are of more than local significance," and that "he is a member of a professional body which is the special custodian of certain ideals, and the organ for the performance of certain functions essential to the well-being of society." And the general purposes were declared to be "to promote a more general and methodical discussion of the educational problems of the university; to create means for the authoritative expression of the public opinion of the profession; and to make possible collective action, on occasions when such action seems called for." The letter was sent out by Johns Hopkins professors to members of the faculties of nine other universities, and the response was favorable in all cases; a conference on the subject was held last November; and now announcement is made of the names of a committee, representing the chief departments of learning and nearly all the leading universities of the country, whose task it will be to take the steps necessary for complete organization.

The distinctive feature of the American university is the part played by the president. Nothing even distantly resembling it exists, we believe, in any European country. That he is not the absolute monarch he is sometimes represented as being is true enough; but the limitations upon his power are often of the same nature as those which have as a general rule obtained in the case of what are usually designated as absolute monarchies in the history of nations. No university president thinks of setting up his personal will as the sole guide of his policy. Apart altogether from such check as may be exercised by the board of trustees, or other formal governing body, he usually consults the chief professors in any matter relating to their respective departments; and moreover there exists in every university some form or other of faculty organization. Nevertheless, the president, in most American universities, is the centre of power, the chief fountain of favor and disfavor, of advancement or retardation; and his disposition towards any question, whether relating to an individual or to a principle or a policy, usually has, or may have if he chooses, the controlling influence in its determination.

This feature of the American university system has been the subject of endless comment; but there exists alongside it, and somewhat resembling it in nature and effect, another feature that has attracted less notice. What goes on within any university is, in a certain sense, its own private affair; and it may easily happen that it is not the president, but one or more professors or professorial cliques, in whom real power rests, and by whom it is improperly exercised. Now there has not been developed in our country either a central organ—such as the Ministry of Public Instruction in European countries, for example—or a well-defined body of university tradition, to operate as a check upon any bad tendencies or unjust practices which may thus develop in a given institution. When such a state of things arises, whether the blame for it belongs to president or to

professors, all that is apt to happen is a certain amount of grumbling, perhaps of indignation; it is only in extreme cases that there is likely to be any overt action. It may be that some professor is the victim of downright persecution; it may be that manageable mediocrity is systematically preferred to high ability which is somewhat more difficult to handle; it may be that independence of thought or freedom of speech is frowned upon and discouraged. Whatever the trouble may be, appeal is impossible to any but the little circle within the university itself, which is to all intents and purposes a close corporation.

That the new association may supply to the American university professor a basis for a wider and more catholic appeal in questions of moment, that it may become the means of promoting a professional spirit at once finer and stronger than that which has hitherto been general, must be the hope of all who are interested in the most truly distinctive service which universities render to a nation. Upon their immediate promotion of the general welfare, not only through the diffusion of intelligence and the improvement of education, but also through efforts expressly directed to economic and social ends, emphasis has been laid in these latter days as never before. This tendency is bound to continue; and the benefits that will flow from our universities in these ways are quite beyond calculation. But it is not difficult to imagine these results obtained by other instrumentalities, if the institution we call the university were not historically in existence, and ready to furnish them. The thing that the university alone can supply—the thing, at all events, in which neither history nor imagination suggests a possible substitute—is the preservation of high intellectual ideals, the maintenance of noble traditions of science and learning. Of these ideals and traditions university presidents, however masterful, university administrators, however efficient, cannot possibly serve as the custodians. It is upon the men whose business is not to administer but to teach and to learn, not to manage but to investigate and to inspire, that we must depend for keeping alive the sacred fire. And if we read aright the announcement of its purposes, the new association is above all to be devoted to the strengthening of the conception of the professor's status.

THREE YEARS OF THE DRAMA LEAGUE.

The Drama League of America is celebrating the completion of three years of existence. The review in *Drama* by the League's president, Mrs. Best, shows how this body suggests comparison with plans for state-aided drama. It is not merely a discriminating agency, but an active force in the encouragement of good plays. Founded on the idea of avoiding bad plays by getting skilled judgment of them, the League has come to have something of the group's power to create what it wants. Standing for the demand for better-written, better-produced drama, it helps thus to insure the supply. It does not believe in the ability of the mass to get what it wants, inasmuch as helter-skelter theatre-going gives the people small voice. The League also distrusts popular taste itself, and insists upon a clearer understanding than most have of the difference between Galsworthy and Veiller. It tries to form a coherent group large enough to demand attention, and to support those higher stage ventures often looked upon as precarious.

"Take up the cultured man's burden" is a dreaded cry nowadays, and the League's progress is the more creditable in that it has had to make head against it. Its 90,000 members constitute in thirty-five of the largest American and Canadian cities units of genuine influence, while a coöperative branch is being formed in England. Its officials, from university professors to business men, are well known. An education department reaches libraries, colleges, high schools, and a great many children, and in certain country and city districts paid workers are organizing amateur dramatics. It coöperates with a publishing house in issuing inexpensive plays, ten having now been planned for. But its main work is in establishing circuits through the smaller cities, by binding several hundred or a thousand people to take tickets to half a dozen better plays than they could otherwise obtain. Companies for one-night stands may be carried from coast to coast on the assured support of a series of towns, while a national taste is being formed on which managers desirous of raising standards may depend. The members should reap the double benefit of being kept in literary touch with the theatre, and—where they live in the larger cities—being spared the practical vexation of experimenting on performances. Chicago last year had 150 plays: 100 were musical comedies, and therefore not considered; of the other fifty, sixteen were approved and bulletined. If the bulletins were taken as even a partial guide, thousands of hours and dollars must have been saved. The League says nothing of unapproved plays; and so long as its list is short, silence cannot be construed as condemnation.

This promising organization will plainly count for little if the membership is not responsive. A year ago Walter Pritchard Eaton found Western members (chiefly women) enthusiastic in attending meetings, but laggards in attending plays. The latter cost money; recommendations often ran counter to this or that critic, or this or that neighbor; many liked the sense of belonging to the organization, but were indifferent to its work. Possibly, this has changed, for Mrs. Best reports the word of certain managers that receipts swell on the first favorable bulletin, and of others that approval has saved some plays.

The idea is to create a ticket-buying patronage by common-sense means, not elevating the theatre above the audience, not cultivating the "problem" drama, but supporting tragedy, comedy, farce, and melodrama alike, if only they are good of their kind. While its influence may always safely be exerted upwards, it has to reflect that in the present closeness of touch between the public and the stage, errors of taste or too great conservatism would be fatal.

The significance, less of the League and similar organizations than of a larger impulse behind them, is two-fold. The dramatic production of the last half-century in Europe and America has cosmopolitan qualities, and so transcends national lines that it is the common property of every stage. Granting practical difficulties, it is unfortunate that more of what is admittedly good in all this bulk should not be often represented. Thus Chicago, in one of whose suburbs the League originated, has a Little Theatre that has found a public ready to crowd to Murray's translations of Euripides, and to Synge, Yeats,

Maeterlinck, and Sudermann. Together with this goes the new yearning manifested in small places. The theatre as it now exists is too purely metropolitan. The opportunity for inferior plays to scour the country banditti-like and hold up the smaller cities, hungry to see anything and only half-conscious that the modern stage "has such a scope to show her pride," has had too few checks. When this hunger organizes itself, and presses its wishes home to the centres of play-production, the second-rate play may be exposed to a healthier and stronger competition.

A WELCOME NOTE.

For some time to come the barnyards of Iowa are to be the scene of cheerful tumult. As the rural free delivery continues to pour into Iowa copies of the maiden speech delivered last week by Mr. Vollmer in the House of Representatives, proud cacklings and cluckings will arise from within the wired poultry stockade. Grunts of philosophic but profound satisfaction will issue from the pig-pen behind the barn. And within the barn there will be lowings of contemplative and approving comment. If the soil and the climate of Iowa had a voice they, too, would join in the chorus of self-congratulation; and the farmer might rub his jaw with satisfaction. For even in the pages of the *Congressional Record*, the official organ devoted to the regularly recurrent praise of nature and nature's God, one must search far to find so handsome a tribute to the good will of Providence as it manifests itself in the agricultural statistics of Iowa. We welcome the reappearance of the fine old native type of Congressional eloquence which for some time has been submerged by the dry discussion of free foreign bottoms and interlocking directorates. The forces of change may play fiercely about us, but America will be America so long as new Congressmen from the South remember to pay tribute to the soft murmurings of the Chattahoochee, and new Congressmen from the North lay wreaths of laurel at the feet of the American hen.

We welcome Mr. Vollmer's impassioned defence of the American farmer as a type of American manhood and its capacities. We have latterly fallen into the habit of self-dispraise. From comparing our cities with the cities of Europe to our disadvantage, we have passed on to comparing the foreigner's farming methods with our own. After pointing out how much better they do things in Düsseldorf than they do in Chicago, we have gone on to show how much better the market-gardeners around Paris do than the farmers of our prairies. And so the legend has grown up of a rather shiftless American farmer who doesn't dig deep enough, who doesn't feed his soil enough, who doesn't rotate scientifically. The farmer has had his turn under the muckraker's harrow. But what are the facts? Turn to Iowa:

Argentine corn! Have you seen it? Compared with our Iowa corn, it is a measly, scrawny article, like popcorn, and full of bugs. All the imports of Argentine corn for a year would not furnish a morning breakfast for the hogs of Iowa—

Loud grunts of "Hear, Hear" from the hogs of Iowa.

All the importation of Chinese eggs would not furnish a nestegg apiece for the hens of my State—

Shrill soprano cackle of "Right you are" from the hens of Iowa.

I have travelled all through Central and South America. The Latin-American is not yet born who can compete with the Iowa farmer in raising corn.

One need not be a farmer or the son of a farmer to feel the blood of pride mantling the check of patriotism. It is good that such things be said.

Cheering as a sign that the natural optimism of this people is far from dead, Mr. Vollmer's remarks take on profound significance in the light they throw upon a political revolution that is now working itself out. For the extraordinary fact must not be overlooked that Nature has been pouring forth her bounties in Iowa under a Democratic Administration. The American hen has been laying like mad although a Democrat is in the White House. The American hog has been growing tenderloins and bacon at an amazing rate with a Democratic majority in the Senate. Iowa's swelling ears of corn have been growing faster than Argentine corn with Champ Clark as Speaker of the House. What Republican Administration can show a snowfall that may even compare with the heavy drifts that have recently been blanketing the farmer's fields, protecting his young growing things, and steeping his soil in beneficent moisture?

Thus, in the great shifting of party principles and programmes, it may yet prove to be the decisive factor that the rainfall, the temperature, the wind output from Medicine Hat, and the frequent volcanic eruptions in Alaska, with their perceptible effect on climatic conditions all over this country, are no longer to be found exclusively in the Republican platform, but may confidently be expected to be handled with equal, if not superior, courage and statesmanship, by the Democratic party. Admitted to power on sufferance, the Democratic party may yet develop strength in quarters least expected. The farmer will naturally go with the party in whose hands are the lightning and the thundercloud.

This leaves the Republican party in a parlous state. The Progressives have stolen a great many of its votes. The Democratic party has now stolen most of its clothes—the retired farmer with his house on Main Street and his Ford machine ever ready to take him to church or the moving-picture show, the growing deposits in the country banks, the swelling crops, the climate; above all things, the American hen. We distinctly visualize Uncle Joe Cannon gazing sadly through the henyard wiring and muttering, *Et tu, Brute!*

Foreign Correspondence

THE DEPORTED SOUTH AFRICANS —AN UNUSUAL DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK.

LONDON, March 7.

Any one who arrived at the Marble Arch entrance to Hyde Park on the first Sunday of this month could see at a glance what exceptional interest had been aroused by the meeting called to welcome the South African "exiles." Four o'clock was the time fixed for the beginning of the speeches. By that hour the multitude was already far larger than the normal total of what is regarded as a very successful Hyde Park demonstration. Walking south to the Hyde Park Corner entrance, one found the vanguard of the chief procession beginning to pass through another dense crowd. It was not until about six o'clock that the last detachment made its way in.

The deported leaders themselves marched under the words "Exiled! They Conquer." Other legends were "Welcome to the Deported," "Unity now International," "Your Liberty at Stake," "Workers of London and Workers of South Africa Stand United against Botha." Out of the hundreds of mottoes displayed on these banners, only two or three could be regarded as at all violent or abusive.

Not every one, of course, among the hundreds of thousands of persons present could be claimed as a sympathizer. It was just the kind of Sunday afternoon, with its bright sunshine and genial air, that would tempt into Hyde Park—its pleasant sward fenced off by no "Keep off the grass" notices—large numbers of people who cared little about politics. Doubtless, too, mere curiosity to see what the deported leaders were like attracted a good many. The Monday papers published a snapshot showing F. E. Smith, the Unionist member of Parliament, with silk hat on his head and cigar in his mouth, listening to one of the speeches. Many others, certainly, came to the park and went away again with no more democratic zeal than Mr. Smith. But the welcome that was given the "exiles" when they reached their several platforms, and the enthusiasm with which the nine meetings carried the resolution of the day, showed how strong a body of opinion supported the protest.

A big demonstration of this kind is of some value as an index to popular feeling, especially in cases where for some reason or other it has not been able to find adequate expression in Parliament or the press. The gathering was a London crowd pure and simple. The procession was not swollen, as at so many previous Hyde Park meetings, by deputations from the country. This rally gave one some impression of the forces of London labor. Yet of the sixty-one members for London constituencies in the present House of Commons, how many belong to the Labor party? Only three. Is it any wonder that so many of the younger and more impatient spirits within the labor ranks are declaring that the hope of accomplishing anything by Par-

liamentary representation is only a delusion?

A great demonstration, too, is a useful corrective of mistakes made by the press in its estimates of popular feeling. In commenting on the Hyde Park meetings, the *Daily News*—one of the few papers that have realized the significance of recent events in South Africa—truly says that the action of the Botha Government has touched popular instincts in a manner and to a degree of which organized political opinion has very little conception. "It is clear that the papers do not recognize it. It is fairly certain that none of the regular political parties has any real appreciation of the magnitude of the storm brewing. This is not an ordinary labor agitation, any more than the passionate protest against Chinese serfdom was an ordinary labor agitation. What the man in the crowd feels, perhaps, rather than thinks and says, is that, in their dealings with these men, Gen. Smuts and his colleagues have struck a blow not at trade unionism only, but at the very heart of civilized democracy of any kind."

The British Government and Parliament, one may take it for granted, will do nothing. If the Colonial Secretary's doctrine of colonial independence is correct, there is no power at home to interpose the slightest check on Gen. Botha so long as he can obtain a majority in South Africa. This very helplessness will only embitter the feeling of those who resent the Botha policy as an affront to the British traditions of liberty and justice. Before this trouble arose, there was already good reason to fear a general strike on English railways next summer. The effect of the South African martial law and deportations upon the temper of the labor world has been such as to make this prospect almost a certainty.

H. W. H.

CARNIVAL IN SPAIN — ONE-ACT PLAYS—THE OPERA.

MADRID, March 8.

The chief attraction of the carnival, which, at the beginning of Lent, temporarily drives politics from the field, is the procession on the Recoletos, the chief boulevard, in the gayly decorated carriages and picturesque floats. A prize of $600 is offered for the most artistic effort, but on various occasions, including this carnival, no entry was accounted worthy of the first prize. This is due to the fact that the carnival season here in Madrid is getting to be more and more a festival of the poor, and the appearance of most of the floats is flimsy and cheap. Various wealthy families adorn their carriages with flowers and ribbons, and make a picturesque addition to the spectacle, but the floats are the criterion.

Another feature has driven out the purely artistic effort, and that is the opportunity of advertising. Thus a very successful float filled with gay young people, dressed as hunters and huntresses and representing "Valor and Beauty," may be followed by a grotesque figure sitting in a huge shoe and carrying the advertisement of the only shop worthy of your patronage. An insurance company also entered a float in which the most prominent object was a sign urging every one to get his or her life insured, and to do it now. It all reminded me of my boyhood days, when, after the wonders of a Barnum circus parade, came the anti-climax behind the last elephant in the form of a darky driving a wagon with a huge sign extolling some quick-lunch counter or a new brand of easy-chair tobacco.

In the smaller cities some of the older traditions have fortunately been preserved. Thus the procession of giants, grotesque figures representing in some places various nationalities, in others characters from pictures or folklore, still issues forth, and after parading through the chief streets and performing a curious local dance in the principal square, enters the church itself. There, according to the ancient tradition of some towns, the figures repeat their dance before the image of the Virgin, or of some saint, no doubt in order to let him share the merriment and to afford him a little amusement in the midst of the ennui of unending heavenly bliss. At the end of the festivities, the giants are stored away in the sacristies, to show that they are not only sanctioned by the church, but form a part of the various religious procedures and ceremonies.

The theatres and places of amusement here hardly resemble those anywhere else. During the days of carnival, especially, when it was frequently suicidal to remain out of doors, the small theatres, which give only one-act plays, were crowded. The briefness of these performances allows the presentation of several plays in the course of the afternoon and evening. Indeed, the next morning should be included, for it is often two o'clock before the theatre closes. The striking feature of these performances is their utter lack of formality. They begin half an hour late, or more; they have been insufficiently rehearsed because they are apt to be taken off with surprising haste after unfriendly demonstrations on the first night; the prompter plays the chief rôle, and the heroine is likely to find him more interesting than her passionate lover; the musicians drop in casually smoking, and with their hats on, and by and by the leader appears, which may indicate that the audience will not be kept waiting much longer. Sounds of scene-shifting continue, curious faces appear at the side of the curtain to ascertain whether the number and temper of those present demand a prompt beginning. Presently the orchestra strikes up and a characteristic, light musical comedy has begun.

The scene generally opens on a village square, which enables the composer to put the audience into an expectant frame of mind. Many things can happen on a village square, the worst being a song by an untrained but willing chorus, made bearable by some rather clever dancing. Then the hero comes in and discloses the difficulties he finds in the conquest of his love. When you feel perfectly certain that she will never have him, she enters, sings a song with her eyes fastened on the director, and finally disappears with her lover, in defiance of the unsuspecting father. The scene then shifts to Paris. I have never been able to determine why in almost every play the scene shifts to a brilliantly lighted Parisian hall. Be that as it may, the climax of the intrigue is now reached. The eloping couple appear; so does a fabulously wealthy American; champagne flows in rivers; flimsily dressed danseuses show the possibilities of night life in a great city; songs and choruses succeed each other. In the meantime, the heroine resists the bribes of the wealthy American; the father arrives in hot pursuit, but is convinced of his helplessness by the facts of the situation, and the curtain falls with the lovers grouped near the prompter's box, while the prompter himself hands a cigarette to the irate, but appeased father.

The performances at the Royal Opera House are no less characteristic of Madrid. No *mise en scène* of a more luxurious character could be devised; evidently neither time nor money is spared to make the costumes and the decorations equal to any in Europe. This winter many Italian operas are being presented and also a few of Wagner's are attempted. I use the last word for many reasons. In the first place Germanic traditions are as foreign to these people as are the customs of the Chinese. In the second place Italian and Spanish singers rarely interpret Wagner in a way satisfactory or even endurable to a German musician. Finally, it is an exceptional Spaniard who will understand music such as Wagner's. The musical rhythm of the people here is, as it has been for centuries, purely Oriental—cadences, melodies, and trills. Wagner, therefore, seems to enjoy a success based on his great name rather than any local appreciation.

The Italian opera, on the other hand, is the greatest drawing card, and is generally presented with a good deal of fire; and, when the singers are imported from the leading opera houses, is thoroughly successful.

R. S.

HOLLAND'S FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES—OLD-AGE PENSIONS — THE NAVY.

THE HAGUE, March 14.

Holland, like many other countries, annually publishes a book containing the official trade statistics. But the man who has to make use of such tables had better take any figures than these official "returns." This untrustworthiness may be excused on two grounds. In the first place many kinds of goods are free from import duties, and it is not necessary to take account of the quantities thereof coming into this country. Secondly, quantities of goods cross the frontier daily to be re-exported.

It is in relation to value that figures are altogether wrong. Again the explanation is easy, but can hardly serve as an excuse. The statistical service was organized in 1850, and the prices of various commodities, prevailing at that time, were taken as a basis to calculate the value of the trade. That these prices have varied in sixty years has only recently dawned upon the official mind. Peruvian bark, worth $20 a kilogram then, is still regarded as worth the same, al-

though it can now be obtained at about one-hundredth of that price.

A thorough overhauling of this state of affairs has been promised and a bill has already reached the second Chamber providing for reforms. When the trade returns for 1914 are published next year a considerable diminution of the value of imports and exports is likely to appear, but this will be purely clerical.

The old-age pensions accorded to septuagenarians by the previous Administration prove far more expensive than it was thought they would, and other measures —the increase of the colonial navy, for instance—demand many millions. Mr. Bertling, the Minister of Finance, is in a far from enviable position, as he has to find the money, not only for what the present Government does, but also for the measures passed by its predecessor. That Administration proposed to revise the tariff and to make it fiscal and "mildly" protecting at the same time. But this met with an unmistakable "no" from the electorate. Other financial measures, such as a 10 per cent. surtax on several duties and a tobacco tax, were vehemently opposed also, the former as a "makeshift unworthy of a real financier," the latter as an intolerable burden on the Dutch, who smoke as soon as they can walk to a cigar shop.

Minister Bertling, however, cannot have his single income tax passed in time to use it this year, and thus has to resort to the makeshifts which were condemned in his predecessor. Even he has announced a "technical" revision of the tariff, a tobacco tax, and surtaxes. And the latter are much higher than those paid at present. Thus on the death duty a surtax of 20 per cent. is proposed, on the earned income a duty of 20 per cent., on the unearned income a duty of 25 per cent., and on the income tax, levied on companies with limited liability, a surtax of even 50 per cent. is asked.

There are those who think that even the $100,000,000 desired by the State is not sufficient to guarantee Holland's independence, much less that of her colonies. At present the Dutch fleet is not more than a make-believe. The ships are small and for the most part too old to be of any account in war. There is not a single dreadnought among them—nothing to protect the commercial fleet, Java, and the rest of the Indian Archipelago. Several Royal committees have studied the problem, and it is probable that before long an Indian squadron will be built.

In the meantime private people are doing their best to support the State. The firm of Driessen, cocoa manufacturers, have devised a novel way to assist the Navy League in collecting money for warships. Every packet of chocolate, every tin of cocoa contains coupons of a value corresponding to the size of the packet. Buyers are requested to return these coupons to Messrs. Driessen, who undertakes to send the amount printed on the coupon to the Navy League. It is only a matter of 2,000,000,000 twopenny tablets or thereabout. Every Dutch man, woman, or child to eat one tablet a day, and the Junketer may be put on the stocks within a year! Was there ever a sweeter way to show one's patriotism?

F. H. A.

Parties and Men.

SOCIAL AMENITIES IN POLITICAL LIFE.

By SIR HENRY LUCY ("Toby, M. P.").

On the opening day of the famous case of Bardell versus Pickwick the defendant observed a serjeant with a fat body and a red face who nodded in a friendly manner to Mr. Serjeant Snubbin and said it was a fine morning. "Who's that red-faced man," whispered Mr. Pickwick to his solicitor, "who said it was a fine morning?" "Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz," was the answer. "He's opposed to us; he leads on the other side." It is recorded how Mr. Pickwick "was on the point of inquiring with great abhorrence of the man's cold-blooded villany how Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, who was counsel for the opposite party, dared to presume to tell Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, who was counsel for him, that it was a fine morning," when he was interrupted by the entrance of the judge.

This touch of nature, noted by Dickens, makes akin the political world on both sides of the Atlantic. In their social relations opposing parties in the various Legislatures dwell apart. They lunch and dine together, strictly within the lines of party demarcation, and regard with suspicion interchange of social friendship with adversaries. An exception to the rule is to be found in London. Party spirit is not less bitter, but it does not extend beyond the limits of the actual battlefield. In the dining-room of the House of Commons particular tables are in a few instances set apart for particular companies. There is, for example, one at which His Majesty's Ministers sit. No private Member would presume to join the circle. Analogous provision is made for leaders of the Opposition. The Irish Nationalists also have their particular quarter in the dining-room. But under the mellowing influence of the prospect of Home Rule, they are less exclusive than they were in Parnell's time or in the early days of Mr. Redmond's succession to the leadership. They may frequently be seen dining at tables where the main body of private Members promiscuously sit.

This disposition to fraternize with the enemy at the social board is in increasing degree displayed at private gatherings. There remains a certain line of distinction. If the host and hostess belong to the Liberal party, the majority of guests are of that faith. The rule applies with equal force to the houses of Conservatives. But at what usually turn out to be the most successful parties there is a leavening, whether of Liberalism or Toryism as the case may be. The same circumstance exists in the case of the great "crushes" at which the opening of a new session is celebrated. The Prime Minister and his wife are "At Home" to his supporters in both houses, and to their wives and daughters. On the same night the leader of the Opposition throws open the stately rooms of Lansdowne House. The vast proportion of both guests belong to their several political parties. But in both houses there is a fair sprinkling of the other side, usually represented by its most popular members.

The rupture of the Liberal party following on the introduction of Gladstone's first Home Rule bill dealt a blow at this happy condition of affairs from which in individual cases it has not yet recovered. There is nothing so bitter as the animosity of severed friends. The five-score members of the Liberal party who followed Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington in secession from their party would hold no truck with former comrades. The latter were equally bitter in their resentment of those whom they regarded as deserters from the Liberal flag. It so happened that what were at the time known as Dissentient Liberals included the majority of those accustomed to play the host. Mr. Chamberlain gave many dinner parties throughout the session. Previous to the break-up of 1886, Devonshire House was the splendid centre of social life for the Liberal party. Thereafter its doors were angrily closed against old familiar faces.

The only member of Gladstone's Cabinet who managed to retain friendly relations with former colleagues was Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Chamberlain by chance meeting his once bosom friend, John Morley, passed him without sign of recognition. Sir George Trevelyan, with whom for years he was accustomed to exchange hospitalities, became a particular aversion, inasmuch as, having at the outset seceded with the rest, he, upon reflection, went back to the old fold. But up to the time of Sir William Harcourt's death there was no interruption of intimacy between him and Mr. Chamberlain. The same friendly relations were maintained with Sir Henry James, afterwards Lord James of Hereford, a man who for conscience sake sacrificed the blue ribbon of his profession when within his grasp. When in 1886 the landslide on the Home Rule question rent the Liberal party in twain, it was made known to Henry James that in Gladstone's reconstituted Government the woolsack was at his disposal. He was, however, a convinced anti-Home Ruler, and turned aside from the luring bait.

A pretty tale hangs by the uninterrupted amity of Harcourt and Henry James. One day, in conversation with Harcourt, the late Lord Morris, one of the wits with which Ireland occasionally endows a Saxon Parliament, remarked upon the charm of this personal incident in the storm and stress of party warfare.

"Yes," said Harcourt, with a wistful, far-away look in his eyes, "we are, as you may say, brothers."

"So were Cain and Abel," murmured Lord Morris.

As illustrating the happy state of the social relations of political antagonists in the Parliamentary circle, I may mention an incident of personal experience. During the term of his Premiership Mr. Arthur Balfour had accepted an invitation to dine at my house. Casting about for men whom he would particularly like to meet, I thought of Sir William Harcourt. On the face of it, the experiment was exceptionally risky. As leader of the H use Mr. Balfour was in personal charge of an Education bill whose genesis and provisions were abhorrent to Liberals. Harcourt ably led desperate resistance to the bill. At that period there was being tried the experiment of adjourning the sittings of the House of Commons from 7 P. M. till 9 o'clock in order that Members might dine. On the day of our dinner an extreme controversial point had come up for discussion on the bill in committee. From three o'clock till seven Arthur Balfour thundered across the table at Harcourt, who, the light of battle in his eyes, vigorously replied. At eight o'clock they unexpectedly met at dinner and were undisguisedly pleased at the *rencontre*.

Early in the course of the meal Harcourt announced that, in view of the urgency of the position of the Education bill, he must be back in his place at nine o'clock, when the sitting would be resumed. Arthur Balfour smiled at this noble exhibition of devotion to duty, but made no remark. He recurred to the subject later when, consulting his watch, he found it was five minutes to nine.

"Harcourt," he pleasantly said, "it's time you were off."

Harcourt, who loved a cigar after dinner and the talk that accompanied it, gloomily looked across the table. Then he rose and said, "I beg to move the closure," and stalked from the room.

The Prime Minister, who, by the way, does not smoke, was in no hurry to depart. He read in the papers of the next morning how the leader of the Opposition, rising at ten o'clock, indignantly protested against the absence of the right honorable gentleman in charge of the bill.

"Where is the Prime Minister?" he inquired, thumping the table with closed fist, and with familiar gesture looking round to his supporters, who responded with strident cheer. "He ought to be in his place to answer for this iniquitous bill."

Among the charges brought from the opposite benches against Mr. Asquith is that he is too frequently disposed to dine out when the House is in session, and may not be counted on to return before eleven o'clock, the hour of adjournment. It must be admitted that the custom on the part of a Prime Minister is comparatively modern. While Disraeli was Prime Minister he never, or hardly ever, dined out while the House was sitting. Stafford Northcote followed his old chief's example. W. H. Smith improved upon it in characteristically genial manner. He had a specially prepared dinner sent to his private room behind the Speaker's chair, provided his own wines and cigars, and invited a few of his colleagues or principal supporters to share the comforts of the situation, their consciences made easy by knowledge that they were within sound of the division bell. As for the leader of the House, he was at instant call should a sudden turn of events demand his presence on the Treasury Bench.

Mr. Gladstone during his successive Premierships rarely dined at the House. His official residence in Downing Street was, at his habitual speed, within seven minutes' walk. He found the brief exercise and the change of air refreshing. Moreover, he liked to munch his mutton at his own table, with full opportunity to bestow upon each mouthful those thirty-two bites he once declared were necessary to complete digestion. But his absence never exceeded in duration the canonical hour. Sometimes at periods of storm and stress it fell considerably within its limits. When he was carrying his second Home Rule bill through committee I have seen him stride out past the speaker's chair on the stroke of eight o'clock, and watched him return to his place at twenty minutes to nine, having in the meantime bolted his evening meal. Possibly at such crises he would put on a spurt that would reduce his walk there and back to ten minutes. That allowance made, the feat was one that should humble the pride of the American quick-luncher.

It was Mr. Arthur Balfour who broke the traditions of the Treasury Bench in this respect. Impatient of the dulness of debate, tired of the tedium of hour-long lounging on the Treasury Bench, he shrank from the supplementary ordeal of eating a not-particularly good dinner in the company of men who, worthily esteemed as colleagues, inevitably suffered from the drawback of diffusing the sadness of monotony. To dine at the House would be very pleasant, say once a week, or, better still, once a fortnight. "Toujours perdrix" is proverbially a distasteful item of the bill of fare.

When in succession he came to be Prime Minister or leader of the Opposition, Mr. Balfour, most delightful of companions, found himself the recipient of a stream of invitations to dinner outside the precincts of Westminster. After heroically withstanding temptation for a while, he yielded. In course of time what began as an exception grew into a habit. So powerful was its force that it captured both Front Benches, Ministers and ex-Ministers nightly going out to dinner with a light heart. In Disraeli's time, and with occasional exceptions during Gladstone's Premiership, the spectacle of a Minister showing himself on the Treasury Bench in dinner-dress created something of a sensation. In these days (or rather nights) it is common enough.

An Arctic Eye.

VISION OF THE SNOWY OWL.

Because we human beings have reasoning powers, we command the laws of physics and optics; we make the waves of light our plaything, thinning, concentrating, bending, filtering them with lenses, mirrors, and prisms. And when all is done, it is no more than an attempt to remedy the degenerate condition of our two eyes. Everything must be judged by comparison. If there were no eyes but our own they would be regarded as perfect. But there are the eyes of a snowy owl, and when I look deep into those yellow depths, I am conscious of inferiority.

In some ways an owl's eyes are much like our own. The yellow irides of the snowy owl face well to the front, giving him binocular vision; so we hail him as, like ourselves, one of the pursuers of earth, who has more need in life to look forward than back. Furthermore, he winks with his upper eye-lid, and not his lower, in which respect he differs from most birds, and he has eye-lashes, too; but why we know not, for his frozen tundra home is not dusty. Beyond these resemblances, comparison shows us in a sorry light, which is calculated to disturb, momentarily, the poise of the Lord of Creation.

In size the owl's eyes far excel ours, but to what extent we fail to grasp until we see his skull. Then we realize that he is indeed a specialist. His whole personality is subordinated to vision. He is primarily a pair of great, golden optics; his feathers keeping these eyes warm, his wings serving to carry them from place to place, his food captured chiefly for their nourishment. Their relation to his skull is like that of the brain to ours. Indeed, the cubic contents of each of his orbits is actually greater than his brain capacity.

We watch his iris carefully and see it expand and contract like the diaphragm of a camera shutter. In his icy home near the top of the world, when the sun sinks for the last time and the winter night shuts down, these golden irides enlarge and the convex surface of the lens draws in every available wave of twilight from star and aurora, re-

vealing through the dusk the small creatures of fur and feather, and directing their pursuit and capture. But what of the Arctic day when for months the snowy glare is poignant pain and men must guard their eyes with dark glass or flounder about helpless with snow blindness? In the inner corner of our eye we have a little roll of skin, useless and unsightly, a heritage from some saurian-like ancestor. The owl has also received this third eyelid, but in working order; and when the glare becomes unbearable, this membranous curtain flows gently outward, filming the eye with translucent tissue. Thus can the eagle look at the sun and live; and the owl scan the light-scorched tundra and follow the leaps of an Arctic hare.

The interior of an owl's eye viewed through a simple mirror ophthalmoscope is a marvellous sight, seeming, like the X-ray, to admit us to the deeper secrets of the living body. The moment the pencil of light strikes the retina, the iris contracts, and readjusting itself a moment later, reveals the whole back of the inner eye, the blood-orange choroidal coat and its delicate pigmentation. Below the level of the pupil is the curious, fan-like pecten, throbbing rhythmically, its black tissue crumpled into half a dozen folds. The human eye wholly lacks this structure, and we can only presume that its function is to help nourish the great eye as a whole, or to aid in accommodation.

The full face of the snowy owl is one of its human resemblances. Among mammals we find much the same angle of divergence in dogs and bears, both of which look forward in life and not sideways. But unlike these creatures, the snowy owl has eyes with little power of rotation. The law of compensation steps forward and presents the owl with fourteen neck vertebræ, which move upon one another so easily that the bird can describe almost a complete turn of its head. The bears, with but half this number of neck bones, can twist only part way around. The owl is like a binocular, revolving lighthouse; the bear like an oscillating but stationary one.

When the owl flies silently through the dusk, it has need to concentrate its vision in but one direction—downward. No prey offers, nor does danger threaten from the side or above. Now this sort of hunting, peering through the dim light, or, in the Arctic day, searching the far distant tundra, requires far-sightedness. But when the ground is under his feet, and his prey within reach, this long vision is swiftly replaced by the short-sightedness necessary to the swift moment of capture. In captivity, with opportunity only to look closely at objects, the snowy owl may become short-sighted or else astigmatic, but we so closely reproduce his normal conditions of life that he thrives for many years. In our climate he will not survive the heat and continued glare of the summer's sun, so at this season the change to Arctic night is simulated by removing him to a cool, dark cellar. Here he eats his daily portion of mice and sparrows, he preens and moults his plumage, occasionally converses in a low tone with his fellows, and still more rarely sends his loud mating call, "craou! craou!" ringing through the night. Or he sits silent and introspective, seeing again perhaps the sights which have been photographed on those great pupils: the coming of the colorful Arctic spring, with the unreal brilliance of tundra blossoms; the eternal warfare of the wolves and the musk-oxen; the inverted sex-life of the phalaropes; and his own home life, the scratched-out hollow in the cool moss, and the half-dozen sombre-clad owlets for which he foraged through all the intense, brief summer of this desolate northland.

WILLIAM BEEBE.

Correspondence

THE NEW "NATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The announcement sent out with the last number of the *Nation* will be of great interest to all its old readers and subscribers, and since you generously invite them to comment on the changes that are proposed, I am tempted to express my pleasure at the promised restoration of the summary of the week's news, which was a valued feature of the *Nation* for a brief period some years ago. At the same time, the "marked increase in the number of pages per issue," which is foreshadowed, fills me with apprehension. It has always seemed to me one of the fine distinctions of the *Nation* that its high qualities were contained in such compact compass. I should fear that any marked enlargement of its field such as is suggested by the items in your list: "Out of Doors," "The Animal World," "Sports," would result in some loss in its own special distinction of character without adequate compensating gain. Through the medium of reviews, these subjects may be said to have received in the past a quite adequate consideration in your columns. May I express the hope that, by expanding them into special features, the *Nation* will not, with the rest of its enlarged programme, approach too nearly the swollen ranks of the magazine and the bloated weekly editions of the daily paper? HAROLD B. WARREN.

Brookline, Mass., March 17.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer begs to do himself the pleasure of saying—apropos of your recent announcement of changes to be made—that the best possible guide to future enlargement would seem to be your past. Dr. Holmes to the contrary notwithstanding, it is sometimes possible to steer a ship by reference to its own wake. In point of scholarship, independence, cosmopolitan range of intelligence (whether political or literary), grasp of large subjects, you have conferred on the writer what I may call a "perennial favor," and a most exceptionally great favor, ever since the *Nation* was first published. You have championed the identical ideas incorporated in President Wilson's leading measures—the "safe and elastic" principles combined in the Currency bill, in particular. I am yours with great respect and genuine gratitude.

READER.

Hartford, Conn., March 17.

A PLAGUE OF SOCIOLOGICAL GOSSIP

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The most incorrigible gossip, particularly if his specialty be sociological gossip, can generally silence criticism by a virtuous protestation of his interest in facts. If he ask foolish questions, he is only "seeking light"; if he sticks his nose into dirty business practices, he is a devoted truth-seeker, trying to get at the facts. The Almighty Fact has become one of our lesser gods and bids fair to be raised to the rank of the two great gods, the Almighty Dollar and the Almighty Ballot. Who is there that dares to question the value of fact and the superlative merit of the fact-seeker? At the risk of sacrilege, it must be said that facts are what the gossip, as well as the scientist, seeks; with this difference: that the scientist values a fact because of its relation to some truth which he believes to be of value, whereas the gossip values it because of the interest he can create by telling it to somebody else. The unthinking world has often mistaken the gossip for the scientist, especially when they have dealt with some of the same facts.

How many Government commissions of inquiry have we had during the last fifteen years? Does anybody remember now what they did or what they discovered, though at the time our ears tingled with horror at the facts brought out? Has any real good come of any of them? If one wants to know why these mountains of published evidence have brought forth so little, let him follow carefully the hearings of any commission of the present day. Let him try to determine how much of their inquiry is mere economic or sociological gossip, and how much relates itself to any real problem in any logical way. The theory seems to have been that, if we can only pile up a large enough mountain of fact, the truth will, in some magical manner or by some process of parturition, emerge. Truth is not to be discovered in that way. Suppose that a court of law, without any idea as to what evidence was relevant and what was not, should proceed to gather volumes of evidence, valuing each fact for its own sake, whether it had anything to do with the question at issue or not, how long would it take to determine the merits of even the most ordinary case? What is especially needed in these inquiries is some general ideas on the relevancy of sociological evidence. That is the only thing which will

prevent them from becoming mere collections of gossip.

It has long been believed that when, for any considerable time, there are more laborers seeking employment than are wanted by the employers, then labor conditions are bad; but when, for any considerable time, employers are looking for more men than there are men to be had, labor conditions are good. Now, this is either true or it is not true. If any commission of inquiry into social conditions doubts it, why does it not test it out and determine, once and for all, whether it is true or not? If it is true, it furnishes the key to the whole situation. All that has to be determined is how the number of men looking for jobs can be reduced, or how the number of jobs looking for men can be increased. If your commission cannot do that, it had better disband as incompetent to handle the question.

It would be an interesting inquiry if the members of the commission would spend half their time disguised as employers seeking unskilled labor, and the other half as unskilled laborers seeking employment. By this means, they could determine whether it is harder for an employer to find an unskilled laborer who is willing to work for him than it is for an unskilled laborer to find an employer who is willing to employ him, or *vice versa*. If it is especially hard for employers to find unskilled laborers who are willing to work for them, obviously we should either have more unskilled laborers, or fewer employers, or both. Most employers would certainly agree to that, and they would probably set themselves to get more unskilled laborers imported. By the same reasoning, if it is especially hard for unskilled laborers to find employers who are willing to employ them, most obviously we should try to get more employers or fewer unskilled laborers. If it is good policy to import unskilled laborers when they are scarce and hard to find, it ought to be equally good policy to stop importing them when they are so abundant that they have difficulty in finding employers enough to employ them all. No one who is not willing to do this need be taken seriously if he professes interest in "labor."

Our industrial system needs a balanced ration; but it seems to have an excess of unskilled labor and a deficiency of employers. Obviously, the ration can be balanced up only by reducing the excessive ingredient or adding to the one which is deficient. Why not do both? At the present time we are doing the opposite in both cases. We are not only importing vast numbers of unskilled laborers, but we are discouraging employers by holding them up to public odium and ridicule, especially if they are unusually successful. When we need more employers who can start new productive (not acquisitive) enterprises and carry them through successfully, we should hold them up to public esteem. Otherwise we are imitating the old woman who threw clubs at her chickens because they would not come when she wanted them.

If we shall stop doing the obviously wrong things, and do one or two obviously right things, we shall need no more, or very little more, "social" legislation. Moreover, the sociological gossips will be among the unemployed.

T. N. Carver.

Harvard University, March 19.

BANDELIER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: By the death of Adolph Francis Alphonse Bandelier, on Thursday, March 19, in Madrid, Spain, American anthropology has lost its most distinguished scholar. It is very doubtful whether his intimate personal knowledge of the races of both North and South America, based as it was on many years of life in the very dwellings of the Indians and expanded by exhaustive researches in Spanish colonial archives, can ever be equalled. It certainly has never been surpassed by his predecessors or contemporaries. By his death it is as though a storehouse of priceless manuscripts had been burned.

Professor Bandelier was born in Berne, on the 6th of August, 1840, and was, at the time of his death, in his seventy-fourth year. It may have been due to his Swiss ancestry that his literary product seemed to combine German patience and thoroughness with an originality and brilliance that is French.

Coming to America at an early age, he soon became interested in the study of American archæology. At forty we find him in the Southwest and Mexico, where he lived for twelve years, devoting his time to long journeys on foot, living for months at a time in Indian communities without so much as seeing a white face. His zeal for acquiring at first hand an exact knowledge of the manners and customs of the aborigines led him into many dangerous situations. But neither danger, nor, what is far harder to endure, the filth and squalor of Indian life, was allowed to interfere with his investigations. After five years of field work that would dismay any but the most ardent and devoted enthusiast, he settled down in Santa Fé to undertake extensive researches in the documentary evidence. Much of this time he was in charge of studies made for the Hemenway Archæological Expedition.

In 1892, through the generosity of Henry Villard, Bandelier left Santa Fé for the West Coast of South America. Here, chiefly in Peru and Bolivia, he continued his ethnological, archæological, and historical studies. For fourteen years he worked on South American subjects in connection with the American Museum of Natural History, gathering a large part of the extensive collection of Peruvian antiquities which deservedly adds to the fame of that museum.

While he was in Lima he married, in 1893, Miss Fanny Ritter, who was destined to become, not only his faithful comrade in the field, but also his enthusiastic co-worker in the library, and during many years of the latter part of his life, his eyes as well. In the deciphering and translating of colonial manuscripts, a field in which he took high rank, Mrs. Bandelier was of the greatest assistance.

In 1904 Bandelier became a lecturer at Columbia University and was able to teach in his favorite field: Spanish-American literature in its connection with ethnology and archæology. Failing eyesight hampered his work but never dampened his zeal. Not long ago he was rejoicing in restored sight and shortly before his death was engaged on further researches in the realm where he was master.

The list of his published works reads like a bibliography of American anthropology. It includes scientific reports on his archæological tours; contributions to the history of the Southwest; semi-popular books like "The Gilded Man," a vivid picture of the period of Spanish exploration and discovery; and, finally, "The Islands of Titicaca and Koati," the best example of his ability to combine intensive field study and wide literary research.

The last-named book, which was published by the Hispanic Society of America in 1910, is typical of his life-long crusade against tradition and for the truth. In it he shows the falsity of many historical myths for which the Spanish chroniclers and their followers were responsible. Prescott had to rely almost entirely on such sources as Garcilasso Inca de la Vega. Yet that noble Inca left Peru when but a youth, lived forty years in Spain before he began to write, and then with pardonable pride sought to surround the empire of his ancestors with a glamour that should command the respectful admiration of sixteenth-century Europe. Bandelier, by his long years of actual residence among the Indians, was able to remove much of the accumulated crust with which romance and imagination had surrounded the truth. It was due to this ability that his comments on the literature of early Spanish-America were so valuable. His loss will be felt by students of American anthropology for many years to come.

Among his published works, the following are the best known: "On the Art of War and Mode of Warfare of the Ancient Mexicans," 1877; "On the Distribution and Tenure of Lands, and the Customs with Respect to Inheritance among the Ancient Mexicans," 1878; "On the Social Organization and Mode of Government of the Ancient Mexicans" (these three published in the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, Harvard University, Annual Reports for 1877, 1878, and 1879); "Historical Introduction to Studies Among the Sedentary Indians of New Mexico," 1881; "A Report on the Ruins of the Pueblo of Pecos," 1881; "Report of an Archæological Tour in Mexico in 1881," 1884; "Final Report of Investigations among the Indians of the Southwestern United States 1880-5," part 1, 1890, part 2, 1892, two volumes; "Contributions to the History of the Southwestern United States carried on mainly in the years from 1880-1885," 1890 (all these in the Papers of the Archæological Institute of America, American series, constituting volumes 1-4); "The Romantic School of American Archæologists" (New York Hist. Soc., 1885); "The Delight Makers" (a novel of Pueblo Indian life), 1892; "The Gilded Man (El Dorado), and Other Pictures of the Spanish Occupancy of America," 1893; "An Outline of the

Documentary Report on the Relative Antiquity of Ancient Peruvian Burials," 1904; "History of the Zuñi Tribe," 1892; "The Indians and Aboriginal Ruins of Chachapoyas, Peru," 1907; "The Islands of Titicaca and Koati," 1910.

Finis omnia coronat.

HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, March 21.

NATURE IN THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the prevalent conception that the early eighteenth century had no appreciation of nature, the following lines may, perhaps, be of interest. They are from an anonymous poem which was published in 1729, under the title, "The Loss of Liberty: or the Fall of Rome." The piece is of some significance on its own account, as it seems to me to be better than all but a few of the blank-verse poems published before "The Task" (1785). Thomson's "Winter," "Spring," and "Summer" had preceded it, and probably influenced it, but it does not particularly recall "The Seasons." The lines given below have nothing to do with the subject of the poem, but are introduced for their own sakes:

The Sun, with all his Glory, from the Sky
Descended, an unclouded Blaze! the East
Was darken'd o'er with Night's increasing Shade,
'Till, by Degrees, the ample Vault of Heav'n
Was veil'd amid the Gloom; the Stars alone,
With twinkling Radiance sparkled from above,
And gemm'd the glitt'ring Round; 'till in her Wane,
The languid-looking Moon, all sickly, pale,
And yellow'd o'er with horizontal Mists,
Gleam'd thro' the waving Trees, and drove her Car,
In Silence o'er the World; then slept the Winds,
And still'd the murm'ring Wood, the ruffled Stream;
Peace brooded in the Calm, and Nature seem'd
To slumber o'er her Charge.

RAYMOND D. HAVENS.

University of Rochester, March 15.

IMAGINATION IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of your first symposium, may I remark that what is left unsaid is as important as what is said? The stress in every one of the letters is laid only on what the imagination is stimulated to *do;* our State universities apparently deem themselves altogether successful if they can inspire their students to build better bridges and make two ears of wheat grow where one grew before. No one wishes to belittle the material services of these institutions to their communities. But that such stimulation is the chief function of education is open to question.

What of the stimulus—which these gentlemen so completely overlook—to *be,* to conceive an ideal of character and conduct? Does not the college which gives its students a conception of a well-ordered life, which inspires them to strive for self-regulation and proper self-development, also benefit the community? For, after all, very few undergraduates can become Edisons or Burbanks, on however small a scale, but they may be roused to make the best out of themselves. To my mind it is more urgent at present that they be successes as men than as farmers or engineers—for the man who aims at realizing a sound humane ideal is quite likely to "get on in the world" and is sure to realize his duties as citizen, while the man whose goal is material, even material service, may live a disorganized and impoverished existence.

Herein, I fancy, lies the cause of the slight querulousness discernible in these letters towards the Eastern colleges and the classics. On the Atlantic seaboard the humanistic ideal still survives to some extent. Probably the State universities more nearly fulfil their purpose, although the older institutions are by no means such abject failures as some people would have us believe. However, the latter do seem to lose their inspiration in proportion as they subordinate the classics, and some of us who owe allegiance to more "up-to-date" branches of learning would like to see the old supremacy reëstablished. To us Plato and Aristotle seem to give a finer stimulus than stock-raising and the theory of the gas engine, and Sophocles to yield a deeper insight than Sudermann or stereotomy.

T. K. WHIPPLE.

Princeton, N. J., March 21.

Books and Men

SWINBURNE.

A few of Swinburne's essays and studies have been gathered into a volume and published by Mr. Richard G. Badger, at the Gorham Press, Boston. The first of them, a sort of brief "morality," called "A Pilgrimage of Pleasure," gives its name to the book. It is attributed to Swinburne, but apparently without absolute certainty. The date of it is 1864.

Other numbers, in the same book, are "Dead Love"—"a dim sort of short story in prose," as Mr. Gosse calls it; a review of Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal"—written in a Parisian Turkish bath, according to the same authority; an article on Simeon Solomon's "Vision of Love"; a page or two about Meredith's "Modern Love"; the enthusiastic and slashing article on Dickens, from the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1902; a *Fortnightly* article on Charles Jeremiah Wells—"An Unknown Poet"; and a brief review of John Nichol's "Hannibal." A bibliography by Edward J. O'Brien closes a book the importance of which lies almost wholly in its interest to collectors, and in the fact that it is made up of articles from the hand of a man who was a great poet.

A life of Swinburne is in preparation, it is said, for the English Men of Letters series. The author is Mr. Edmund Gosse. The limits of space imposed upon the contributor to that series should not be irksome. The poet's outer life was the comparatively uneventful one of the typical literary man; of his inner life it may be that no biographer will ever try to write fully. Those who are acquainted and those who profess to be acquainted with the intimate side of literary gossip may possibly understand why so little has been generally known about Swinburne. This is not to deplore the lack of small talk, the scarcity of anecdotes about him. It simply means to point out that, while the magazines of the past thirty years have contained scores of articles about his great contemporaries—articles published both before and after their deaths—the few which dealt with Swinburne were almost all critical. They contained little or no biographical material.

Those who were born years after he had written the poems which made his name one of the glories of English literature knew simply of his living in retirement with his friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton. This was all, until his death five years ago next month. The forthcoming biography, about the "most extraordinary human being" its author ever knew ought to be an interesting book. Mr. Gosse's essay on Swinburne of about two years ago promises that.

It was a wonderful time, for his friends and worshippers, when the poet stood in the morning light of his fame:

When, with flame all around him aspirant,
Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
The implacable beautiful tyrant,
Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
And a sound as the sound of loud water
Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
A thunder of lyres

Naturally, it turned their heads a little. Some of the cult, when Swinburne recited that very poem, "Dolores," to them for the first time, sank literally upon their knees before him, and offered the adoration due a god! Surely, no one need waste satire on a scene like that. His own conception of himself was of one who should have been an ancient bard. "I should like to stand on a promontory in Sark," said he, "in the full blaze of the sun, and shout my verses till all the gulls come fawning to my feet. That would be better than scraping and spluttering over a filthy pen."

He was right. And his worshippers, though rather absurd and hysterical, were not far from right. It is true they erred, somewhat, in their prophecies—the world's great age did not begin anew with the "Poems and Ballads," the republic of life and letters which he hailed afar has not come to pass. But this strange poet burst upon a stodgy,

mid-Victorian world; he came with words of fire. Language had a new sound on his lips, things hitherto unattempted in English prosody were child's play to him.

You can duplicate the experience; you have duplicated it if you read Swinburne for the first time when you were nineteen. That is the only age when most men read poetry; it is certainly the age to encounter the "Poems and Ballads." It is easy, from the quietude of sixty, or the cynicism of forty, to look back with amusement upon the days when Swinburne was bidding England and Europe, and the rest of the world, to have done with kings and queens, with marriage rings, apparently, and with clothes as well. But you have either missed a great experience or wilfully parted with your illusions if you do not recall with emotion your first entrance into that garden, where there is

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

Reading "The Triumph of Time," with its numerous magnificent stanzas, and reading "Faustine," "Dolores," "A Forsaken Garden," "By the North Sea"—to name but a few—has been a memorable event for thousands of lovers of poetry. If it came at the right time in their lives the magic pages burned, to their excited imagination, like those of an illuminated manuscript. On others lines of Shelley have made a similar impression, though without quite the same ju tification.

The healthy mind took no harm from Swinburne. Much that was extravagant, a little that was morbid, was passed by without lasting impression. Some of his eroticism was beautiful; some of it plain fudge. He had a good deal to do with founding the school of poets and prose-writers who clamor that only the illicit can possibly be "artistic"; who are as narrow and bigoted in their insistent dwelling upon one theme as any of the "Puritans" they denounce. To some extent he may have influenced the sickly band, who, as Mr. Alfred Noyes justly points out, brought poetry into disgrace and made it seem only a plaything for effeminates. Many of his longer poems, most of the dramas, are read only by students and a few others. But there remain perhaps a score of exquisite songs and lyrics, unharmed by parody, undiminished in their beauty by the lapse of nearly half a century. And this can be said of few poets, except the supreme masters.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

GRIMAREST'S "VIE DE MOLIÈRE."

The bibliographers give 1705 as the date of the first edition of Grimarest's "Vie de Molière." To be sure, Brunet, "Manuel du libraire," Vol. III, col. 1808, adds the note: "Déjà impr. à Lyon"; but he doubtless intended to refer to an edition printed at Lyon by Jacques Lyons with the date 1692, which was really a pirated reprint of the 1705 edition, antedated by the printer so as to avoid being interfered with by the privileged publishers of Paris. This reprint of the "Vie," Lacroix suggests, was intended to form a part of the pirated edition of Molière's works issued by Jacques Lyons about 1710, with the fictitious date 1692 (see "Bibliographie Molièresque," 1875, Nos. 982, 283, 300). The real *editio princeps* of the "Vie" was published at Paris in 1705 by Jacques le Febvre and by P. Ribou; it appeared in Dutch at Amsterdam in the same year. In 1706 there appeared an anonymous "Lettre critique à Mr. de * * * sur le livre intitulé La vie de Molière," in reply to which Grimarest produced his "Adition [sic] à la Vie de Molière, contenant une réponse à la critique que l'on en a faite." The "Vie" was printed at Brussels in 1706, and in English with a translation of Molière's Works, London, 1714. In 1709 it was included in the five-volume edition of Molière printed at Amsterdam; and, together with the "Lettre critique" and the "Addition," in the edition printed by Denis Thierry at Paris (see Lacroix, Nos. 298, 299, 982-87). Lacroix states distinctly that the edition of 1709-10 is the first printed in France which contains the "Vie," "Lettre critique," and "Addition." A copy in the Harvard College Library (Paris, chez la Veuve Gabriel Huart, M.DCCX) contains in the first volume the above pieces, with the statement that they have not before been included in the "Œuvres de Molière," and two plays, "Le Dépit amoureux" and "L'Etourdi" (cf. T. F. Currier and E. L. Gay, "Catalogue of the Molière Collection in Harvard College Library").

An edition of Grimarest's "Vie" which apparently contradicts the foregoing statements, and seems not to have been recorded, has recently been acquired by the Yale University Library—a single volume with the following title-page:

LES | ŒUVRES | DE | MONSIEUR | DE MOLIERE, | TOME I. | Nouvelle & derniere Edition. | *Enrichies de Figures en Taille-douce.* | [Vignette.] A TOULOUSE, | Chez JEAN-FRANÇOIS CARANOVE, | près Saint Rome, à la Bible d'Or. | M.DC.XCIX. | AVEC PERMISSION.

On the verso of this title is the list of "Pieces contenues en ce premier volume," including prefatory matter, "La Vie de M. de Moliere par Monsieur Grimarest," the "Lettre Critique," the "Addition," and two plays, "L'Etourdi" and "Le Dépit amoureux." Then follow fifteen more unnumbered leaves, containing the "Privilège du roi" granted in 1680 to Denis Thierry for the edition of 1682; the "Permission" issued in 1696 to Dominique Desclassan, and by him transferred to Caranove, to reprint for three years in Toulouse the 1682 edition; "Avis sur cette nouvelle edition," "Table générale" of the contents of the eight volumes, "Preface" (reprinted, with variations, from the 1682 edition). "La Vie de M. de Moliere" occupies pp. 1-90; the "Lettre critique," pp. 91-107; the "Addition," pp. 108-36. The remainder of the volume is filled by the plays, "L'Estourdy, ou les contre-temps," pp. 137-236; "Le Dépit amoureux," pp. 237-324, ending with the words "Fin du Tome premier." The Yale copy appears to be complete as to text, but does not have the engravings announced on the title-page. The bibliographers describe two eight-volume editions printed at Toulouse, one by Dupuy, Desclassan, and Caranove in 1697, one by Caranove in 1699; both reproducing the Paris edition of 1682 (see Lacroix, Nos. 288, 290; Lacroix adds: "Il est de tradition, à la Comédie française, que les éditions de Toulouse donnent le meilleur texte de Molière"). Since the publication of Mr. Currier's "Catalogue," the Harvard Library has acquired a set containing Vols. I-VII of the 1699 edition, completed by Vol. VIII of the 1697. A comparison of Vol. I with the single volume in the Yale Library yields curious results. The title-pages are identical in wording, with minute differences of type; H. has "prés Saint Rome" where Y. has "près," and the vignettes are quite different. H. has no sign of Grimarest's life; it contains after the title-page ten unnumbered leaves, with the preface of the 1682 edition, "Avis au lecteur," and verses; then follow four plays: "L'Etourdy ou les Contre-tems," pp. 1-114 (notice the difference in spelling); "Depit Amoureux," pp. 115-217 (not "Le Dépit Am."); "Les Precieuses Ridicules," pp. 219-63; "Sganarelle," pp. 265-304; after p. 304 come the "Privilege du Roi" and the "Permission d' imprimer." There are occasional differences in the text of the two volumes, and Y. has three lines more to the page than H.

The Yale volume undoubtedly belongs to a pirated and antedated edition which was first mentioned in 1886 by E. Lapierre, "Les Trois éditions de Toulouse," in *Le Moliériste* (Vol. VIII, pp. 213-17). Lapierre states that in some copies of Vol. VIII of the genuine 1699 edition, Grimarest's life (1705 edition) was bound in. He then discusses the antedated edition, pointing out that its text is more correct than that of the other Toulouse editions, that the order of the plays is different, and that it contains several writings (*e. g.*, a criticism by Bayle) which do not appear in the previously known authentic editions before 1710. However, he had seen only an imperfect copy, without engravings, and evidently not including Vol. I, for he makes no mention of the "Vie," the "Lettre Critique," and the "Addition." His conclusion is undoubtedly correct, that about 1710 some printer, whether Caranove or another, brought out an edition based on that of 1710, and dated it "Toulouse 1699" in order to take advantage of the three-year *privilège* which expired in that year.

K. MCKENZIE.

Literature

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE AND THE REFORMATION.

The Western Rebellion of 1549: An Account of the Insurrections in Devonshire and Cornwall Against Religious Innovations in the Reign of Edward VI. By Frances Rose-Troup. Illustrated. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

This elaborate account derives its importance and interest neither from the eminence of its author nor from the intrinsic value of the subject, but from the prominence of the author's sponsors and from the broad general conclusions which she (and apparently they) believe this piece of minute research establishes. As the preface states, Dr. James Gairdner read and revised the manuscript; Dr. T. N. Brushfield suggested the subject and provided material. The approval of these scholars enables us fairly to regard the book as an example of the most recent methods approved by historians of the English Reformation, whose sympathies are confessedly Roman Catholic.

The Roman Catholic view of the English Reformation teaches that its cause lay not in the wickedness of the clergy nor in the alienation of the people, but in the political ambitions of king and nobles, and that the measures by which the power of the Pope was abolished and the monasteries dissolved were stained by fraud, violence, and deceit. Until, however, popular opposition to the Reformation measures, actuated by religious preference for the old régime, could be definitively established by research so sound as to stand the test of critical investigation, the burden of proof must still lie upon the Roman Catholics. If a majority of the people did object, why did they not revolt? The object of this book is to show that they did. It is the most elaborate attempt yet made to investigate popular uprisings, and to meet the contention of recent students that the risings between 1536 and 1558 were chiefly the result of the economic crisis, and were only to a very minor extent connected with the Reformation.

The author's methods are those of the new Roman Catholic school, to let the facts speak for themselves and to withhold comment or criticism. We are explicitly told, however, that England in 1536 "from one end to the other was permeated with sedition," and the careful account of the Pilgrimage of Grace, of Exeter's Conspiracy, and the like, are obviously to show us that the seething discontent underneath the apparent apathy or acquiescence of the people burst forth several times prior to the particular outbreak with which this book deals.

How two or three thousand men, headed by a few gentlemen and priests, rose in Southwestern England in 1549, besieged Exeter, demanded the restoration of the old ceremonies, fought a "battle" or two with the royal forces, and were finally dispersed and the leaders executed, is all told with such a wealth of detail that probably the narrative of this event will never need to be rewritten. Indeed, the critical apparatus is so erudite that few but scholars well versed in the field will be able to verify the citations from pure inability to know to what they refer. The veriest tyro will identify "L. and P."; few manuscript workers will be puzzled by "Caligula E.," but "Invective, sig. e. v." will puzzle many, even though the full title of this little-known tract is quoted later in the text for another purpose. What, too, is "Cotton Appx."? The list of authorities contains neither the initials of the authors, the editions used, nor indications of relative value. The index is meagre and inaccurate. The means of filling out the indications in the footnotes are lacking. Important steps in the narrative are unsubstantiated by even such references, while abundance of exact citations is constantly poured out upon the most trivial and minor matters. We insist upon this point because the Roman Catholic or Protestant layman, for whom this volume is intended, may very probably conclude that such erudition on minor matters indicates so great erudition upon the vital facts, for which no references are given, that the mass of information could not be cited in mere footnotes. He will be apt, therefore, to accept the author's fundamental conclusions as proved.

The fallacy of such an assumption and the subtlety of such a method appear when one realizes that upon the really material facts of the inquiry—the extent of the movement in territory and in numbers, and the real sentiments of the people—the author virtually vouchsafes but one witness. Only one lengthy narrative of the event has been found, and the book is, therefore, a restatement, with some corrections and elaborate additions, of the opinion of John Hoker, or Hooker, alias Vowell. From the very considerable literature of printed and manuscript material the author was able to draw little of value on popular opinion, however voluminous were the details about troops, marches, and trials. This is the most vital count in any indictment against the general conclusions that the book seeks to establish. Only less damaging is the fact that Hoker is not shown to have been an eye-witness of these events, nor to have written his account within some brief time thereafter. He seems to have written about 1570, or perhaps later, in connection with his work on Holinshed's "Chronicle." This fact the author is apparently unwilling to confess to her reader. Nowhere do we find the full titles or whereabouts of the various versions Hoker wrote; nowhere do we find any account of him, of his opportunities for observation, of his character, of his veracity, nor even of his connection with Exeter. Indeed, though references to "Hoker" are sprinkled throughout the book, we find no description whatever of that citation till we reach page 134, where a footnote refers us to Appendix D, a brief half-page of details concerning the manuscript copies. Worst of all, the important sections of the text, for which no citations are given, are all based on Hoker, and are not, as might otherwise be supposed, careful summaries of an amount of contemporary evidence too voluminous for citation.

The longest and most direct statements about the ideas of the people are carefully circumstantial, but obviously imaginary, descriptions of scenes and incidents, every detail of which could be supported by adequate evidence except the fact around which the description was written. When the rebels are taken to prison, the discomforts of a sixteenth-century prison are vividly described, not from evidence furnished by the rebels, but from some well-known source. We learn what manner of a court tried them by evidence drawn from Sir Thomas Smith's "Commonwealth." A chapter headed Religious Feeling in Exeter contains a few apposite quotations from Hoker, and biographical details from unimpeachable sources about the cathedral clergy and the single Exeter martyr! The chapter on the condition of the country enters into the economic argument, but advances only one specific explanation, and that not the author's own, of the claim that the agrarian discontent in the West was slight; few cases have been found in the Star Chamber or in the Court of Requests from Western England. But the records of both courts are notoriously incomplete; we know almost certainly that Western England formed a legal district quite apart from Eastern and Southern England, and that the Stannary courts of Cornwall, the manorial courts, the forest courts, or some royal council may very likely have heard such cases. Absence of evidence in this case proves literally nothing, and, least of all, that this rebellion, not being agrarian, was religious.

Even if all these rebels were animated solely by religious motives, even if we accept the largest contemporary estimate of ten thousand (Hoker's estimate is two thousand), we hardly find in these facts valid evidence regarding the opinions of some half-million souls in Western England. We must have numerous first-hand explicit opinions of actual witnesses, indirect evidence

above the suspicion of having been manufactured for any one's purpose, to demonstrate a positive attachment of the people to the Pope or to Catholic rites. It is more than probable that the vast majority throughout England would have been willing to retain the old ritual and liturgy, but that they were ready to take any active steps to preserve them must be shown by other evidence than this book affords. We must have, too, some account taken of the international situation, of the rivalries of noble factions, of the possible claims of men like Exeter upon the throne, of the "national" feeling in Cornwall (p. 221), of the common use by Protestant and Catholic alike of religious pleas to cloak all sorts of interests and schemes, before we shall see the full significance of this rebellion.

CURRENT FICTION.

Burbury Stoke. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Hopkins here returns frankly to the atmosphere and setting of the book by which he won his audience—"The Clammer." Clams are not involved in the present action, but those which figured in the earlier tale were so clearly employed as supernumeraries that they might as well have been called trout, or humming-birds, but for the immediate need of a salt-water flavor. Boats now serve the same purpose, somewhat more conventionally. The supposed narrator, who is known to us only as Peter, is not so strictly a recluse as the Clammer, since his father and sister live with him. But he has the recluse instinct, and sees little of the people who live beyond the six shore acres which he has protected with a high wall. A man invades this territory by swimming ashore from a wreck. Burbury Stoke is a handsome young Englishman, and, though he gives no account of himself, Peter takes him in as a guest for some time. Then Peter's sister, Felicia, comes home, and we perceive that Stoke is her rejected but not despised lover; Peter is less understanding, since he is made precisely according to the Clammer recipe of dunderheadedness and sensibility. We do for a time share Peter's uncertainty as to which of the two Marys provided for his consideration he is really in love with, but the uncertainty lasts longer on his part than on ours.

Vain Oblations. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Feminine cleverness cannot go much farther than it has gone in the writing of these seven stories. They are extremely skilful products of the art of the short story. Not one of them is built upon a commonplace situation; and of the seven episodes here developed, none stoops to follow the line of least resistance. They are not pretty or pleasant stories; in fact, they are without exception "disagreeable," grewsome, or harrowing. Whether from instinct or method, each story is based upon an impossible situation, some human *impasse* within which lie vain struggle and suffering. The title of the initial tale thus becomes a fit title for the collection. Another thing the tales have in common is that, with a single exception, they are supposed to be told by a man—not always the same man, but some man of middle age or more, with wide experience of men, places, and things—a man of the world, in short. The style is suitable for such a person—or for a clever woman's theory of him. It is sophisticated, grim, a trifle weary—suspicious of sentiment, though dryly aware that there may be something in it. It is also adroit, alert, to the point, beyond the utmost of smoking-room colloquy. And at bottom, despite its gruffness and grimness, despite its attempt to achieve the air of the detached male, its deliberate immersion in an atmosphere of whiskey and tobacco—at bottom it is feminine, and rather morbidly feminine.

Guardian Angels. By Marcel Prévost. New York: The Macaulay Co.

M. Prévost has brought his authority as an Academician to the telling of a story with a moral. He does not believe in governesses; and undertakes to show, by four typical examples, their evil influence in French domestic life. A pleasant suggestion of their collective character is given in the second chapter, which portrays all four getting drunk together in a suite maintained by the lover of one of them. They do not deliberately plot against society; their deadly work is individual. Rosalie, the most innocent of them, becomes governess in the household of a baroness with delightful children and an affectionate husband. The girl soon comes to share the baron's esteem for his amiable wife. Notwithstanding, nature so works in her and in the baron that his abuse of her is hardly seduction. The upshot is the baron's pretended suicide and his flight from France with his fellow-victim of circumstance. The argument does not seem over-strong thus far, unless one admits that no pretty girl a degree above the rank of menial can safely be admitted into a household containing a middle-aged husband. Rosalie, Sandra the Italian, Magda the German, and Fanny the Englishwoman, in different fashion, bring havoc and ruin into the bosom of French families. We must refer the reader to the narrative for details; the author does not stint them. In translation, at least, the book is thoroughly disagreeable and only moderately impressive. It is too much like a mere story to be a good tract, and too much like a tract to be an effective story.

The Pillar of Sand. By William R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The aristocrats here brought forward and put through their paces do not strikingly remind one of the New England Brahmins one has met, whether in life or in letters. They mean to be very refined and noble and superior to proletarian clay; and that is all that can be said for them. They are less real than the aristocrats of "A Tale of Two Cities." Something may be said for the author, however. He may lay claim to the distinction of having undertaken an unpopular and disinterested task. The late David Graham Phillips used to love to assault the Harvard man and to snort at the claim for good blood. Mr. Castle does not hesitate to urge the obsolescent advantages of birth and breeding. His hero is a young Boston poet of weak exterior, but with the marrow of the Inner Circle in his bones. His villain is a fellow born without the pale, and therefore a cad, a liar, and a bully. Of course, Hugh Brandon could not steal: no Brandon ever stole. Of course, Francis Evans kept a mistress and abused her, dealt unkindly with widows, lashed children out of his path, plotted against an innocent man. His ancestors were not known on Beacon Street. The book is a queer survival; it belongs to the age of Sandford and Merton. We doubt if Boston Society will be deeply stirred by it.

Victory Law. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Co.

Victory is a great actress, but she has the scorn of any healthy woman for the supposedly accompanying "temperament." She has no intention of falling in love with more than one man, and him she wants very simply to marry, and does marry. Two other men are in love with her, but one of them has the wit to keep it to himself, and the other she manages to transform into the devoted friend he has hitherto posed as being. The real conflict of the book is that between Victory's love for her husband and her love for the theatre. Her behavior here, too, is very human. She does not stand about balancing one force against the other; she is simply overwhelmed first by one need and then by the other. Each is imperative and irresistible, and it looks as if they would tear her to pieces between them. The husband finally has his eyes opened and learns to dissociate his enemy, the theatre, from fancied corporeal rivals, sees that it is not really an enemy at all—and then the three live happily ever after.

LORD MORLEY'S NEW BOOK.

Notes on Politics and History: A University Address. By Viscount Morley, O.M. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

In the summer of 1912 Lord Morley, as Chancellor of the University of Manchester, delivered the address which forms the basis of this precious little volume. Here is the wisdom of the foremost British historian and one of the weightiest British statesmen, now living, on the interlocking subjects—history and politics. With amazing brevity Lord Morley discusses the chief elements of politics—monarchy, absolute and limited; republicanism, the development of the Cabinet, the rise and power of the press—and he illustrates each point by concrete examples, drawn from his very wide range of reading. Instead of controversy, he teaches or suggests by the clearness of his statements, but he lets you see that, before reaching any conclusions himself, he has canvassed both or all sides of the question.

Coming to history, Lord Morley takes up the various methods of writing history, passing rapidly from Thucydides to contemporary historical writers, who are, and apparently must be, specialists. He ranges himself here, as he has done vigorously in many previous essays, with the "literary" historians, always presupposing, however, that they possess the solidity of information which patient research can alone supply. He touches upon the unity of history, upon the influence of churches in determining secular politics, upon nationality, and upon the Janus-faced problem of progress. He uses Treitschke and Taine to illustrate two important matters. Cosmopolitanism—promoted by science, art, and the present international Socialists and industrial revolutionists—he refers to as the step beyond nationalism.

Of science he says: "Besides all else that it is and does, [it] is the strongest unifying agent of the time, especially if we include the inventions that science makes possible, and the commerce that inventions stimulate and nourish." Of another similar unifying agent he remarks: "The curse of industrial life is insecurity. The principle of insurance applied to risks of every kind has extended and ramified in a truly extraordinary way during the last fifty years, until it is now one of the subtlest international agencies, uniting distant interests and creating perforce a thousand mutual obligations." But he adds, later: "The recruiting sergeant now holds the international scales."

Lord Morley concludes by considering modern theories of the state, and a few of the chief exemplars of different schools—Mazzini the prophet of nationality; Cavour, who worked through Liberty and "set ideas before cannon," and Bismarck, the protagonist of Authority, whose chosen means were blood and iron.

No summary can do justice to Lord Morley's survey, because it cannot reproduce the mellowness of his temper, or his sagacity and breadth of view, or his clear style. It would be hard to name a modern book of similar weight and significance that is written so simply. We might call this Lord Morley's political testament, were it not that on many questions he prefers to set forth the doctrines of conflicting parties rather than to emphasize or even to reveal his own. He has transmuted erudition into culture.

We note two or three slips in proofreading, for correction in subsequent editions: "Austro-Hungary," which is as monstrous a hybrid as "Anglo-Scotland" or "Belgo-Holland," appears twice (pp. 99 and 139); the omission of a comma converts "De Maistre Proudhon" into one person, p. 114; "Pontevechio" should be "Pontevedra," p. 120, n. 1; and "Ferrari" should be "Ferrara," p. 158.

ANOTHER LIFE OF BORROW.

George Borrow and His Circle. By Clement King Shorter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

There were already four lives of Borrow in existence when Mr Shorter finished this volume, which has taken him "ten years to write, and has been a labor of love." He tells us frankly that his intention was not to compose a formal biography, but to follow the lead of his fancy and to draw on the large stores of manuscripts by and about Borrow which form part of his inexhaustible literary treasures. This was well, though it was scarcely necessary, however characteristic, to print the testimonies in praise of his earlier achievements in this same field. For those who need an introduction to Borrow's strange career, it must be said at once that the present work will not take the place of the elaborate, if somewhat overburdened, biography published by W. I. Knapp in 1899. Mr. Shorter also, from a proper wish to avoid unnecessary repetition of what others have done, makes little use of the "Letters of George Borrow to the Bible Society," edited by T. H. Darlow in 1911, which give so vivid an account of Borrow's life in Russia and Spain, and on which Herbert Jenkins drew so heavily in his biography, issued about the same time.

Nor will the reader of critical taste find in Mr. Shorter's pages any attempt to throw a new light on Borrow's philosophy of life. Our annalist takes his task jauntily, and, if truth be told, is occasionally a bit down at the heels in his way of proceeding. He is at his best, we think, in the chapters that deal with his hero's early years in Norfolk and London. Here he has followed Borrow with indefatigable industry, and has untangled his wanderings and friendships as no one hitherto had been able to do. We get a clear idea of what Borrow was doing in those years when he was articled to Messrs. Simpson & Rackham, of Norwich, ostensibly studying the law, but in reality learning outlandish languages and preparing himself for his career of philological vagabondage. More particularly Mr. Shorter has made Sir Richard Phillips, the publisher under whom Borrow served his hard literary apprenticeship in London, a precise human figure, although the outcome in its larger lines is not much different from the portrait in "Lavengro." In regard to the mysterious novel, "The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell," of which Borrow gives an account in "Lavengro," but of which no trace has ever been found, Mr. Shorter broaches a new theory. Dr. Knapp tried to get round the difficulty by declaring that it "was not a *book* at all, and the author of it never said that it was"—an explanation which Mr. Shorter promptly invalidates by showing that in nine lines of "Lavengro" the author four times refers to it distinctly as a "book." His own suggestion is taken from a letter of John Borrow's of 1829, which contains this significant passage: "Let me know how you sold your manuscript." Now as there is no record of the sale of any other manuscript in that year, Mr. Shorter asks whether this may not have been the lost "Joseph Sell," which the author, by a lapse of memory of the sort only too common with him, threw back to 1825. The suggestion is ingenious, but hardly more. Borrow had abundance of manuscript poems which he was likely enough to have been trying to vend in 1829, or in any other of his early years. It is easier just to suppose that "Sell" was never sold, except in the writer's imagination.

The manuscript material from which Dr. Knapp drew his book is now in the archives of the Hispanic Society in New York. The most important of the biographical documents in the possession of Mr. Shorter are the letters of Borrow to his wife and the correspondence of his step-daughter, Mrs. MacOubrey, by means of which he tries to mitigate the rather disagreeable impression we have had of Borrow at home and in his old age. From several chance expressions Dr. Knapp concluded that money, and not love, was the motive of Borrow's marriage to a widow aged about forty and somewhat his senior, and to discredit this insinuation Mr. Shorter now prints at length a number of Borrow's letters to her. These documents, not very interesting in themselves, leave it still quite possible to conjecture that when our Benedick came, as he says, "to suffer the halter," he had in mind, besides other feelings, no doubt, his

own adage: "Marriage is by far the best way of getting possession of an estate." But they do prove abundantly that he was a devoted and very dependent husband, and it is pleasant to have this softer light thrown on his somewhat embittered years of retirement.

Those who are familiar with Borrow's "Wild Wales" will be ready to believe that he was fond of his step-daughter Henrietta, and will be glad to have the worst stories about her challenged. After Mrs. Borrow's death it will be remembered that Borrow lived with his step-daughter and her husband, Dr. MacOubrey. This is Dr. Knapp's well-known account of his death, which conforms to the village gossip of the last thirty years:

On the 26th of July, 1881, Mr. Borrow was found dead in his house at Oulton. The circumstances were these. His step-daughter and her husband drove to Lowestoft in the morning on some business of their own, leaving Mr. Borrow without a living soul in the house with him. He had earnestly requested them not to go away because he felt that he was in a dying state; but the response intimated that he had often expressed the same feeling before, and his fears had proved groundless. During the interval of these few hours of abandonment nothing can palliate or excuse, George Borrow died as he had lived—*alone!*

In rebuttal of this hateful charge Mr. Shorter quotes letters showing that the relations between Borrow and his daughter were of the kindest sort, and cites this brief note from her diary: "George Borrow died at three o'clock this morning." His comment on these words is convincing: "It is scarcely possible that Borrow's step-daughter and her husband could have left him alone at three o'clock in the morning in order to drive into Lowestoft, less than two miles distant. At this time, be it remembered, Dr. MacOubrey was eighty-one years of age." No doubt the story of Borrow's lonely death is legendary, at least in the precise form in which it has come down to us, but from the facts which Mr. Shorter himself admits the life of the three old people at Oulton was of a strange and unconventional kind, and it is more than probable that Borrow suffered from, perhaps unintentional, neglect.

Withal we have to thank Mr. Shorter for an entertaining and informing book on a subject which ought to be dear to every lover of good literature. May he give us others of the same sort from his great collection of documents. But one of his footnotes alarms us a little. He contemplates, he says, an edition of Borrow's works which is to include unpublished verse and, apparently, other new material. That may be of service to Borrow and to letters; but, alas, it may also be the reverse. There is no surer way to lessen the number of an author's readers than by loading his works with a mass of his second-rate and ephemeral writings which ought to have been burned by the first person into whose hands they fell. Mr. Shorter, in the opinion of some people, has already committed this unpardonable sin in the case of another, and we are uneasy for our much-loved Borrow.

THE IRELAND OF PARNELL.

Twenty-five Years' Reminiscences. By Katharine Tynan. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $3.50 net.

The present reviewer's card of membership in the Irish National League is dated September 1, 1887—his twenty-first birthday—and is signed by "Tim" Harrington. In his youthful days he bought the suppressed *United Ireland* (at three-pence the copy) from ragged urchins who lurked in the doorways of Dame Street and College Green, and not infrequently produced the famous journal from under their shirts. Many a time in the dark days of 1882-1884 he saw "Foxy Jack" Spencer, with his flaming red beard and brave sad face, clatter down the street on horseback surrounded by his clanking escort of dragoons. He trudged away of a Sunday to Clontarf or Dundrum or what not to hear "Tim" Healy and "Joe" Biggar take a fall out of Col. Saunderson or Johnston of Ballykilbeg. He, too, has been in Sarah Atkinson's house, and she in his; and he has heard Rosa Mulholland read aloud from her wonderful store of fairy-tales, and knew the adventures of "Puck and Blossom" before ever printer saw the manuscript. He, too, was born into print in the *Irish Monthly* under Father "Matt" Russell, surely the kindliest, most painstaking, and most patient of all editors that ever lived. How, then, in Heaven's name, is he to "deal faithfully" with Katharine Tynan's "Reminiscences," the pages of which are besprent with names like these? What is there for him to do but give thanks to Heaven—and to his editor—that the book came his way, and to pray that it may so come to others of his race and time who, like himself, are twenty-five or thirty years away from Innisfail?

For it is for these that the book is written. There is in it something for those who are of to-day and of other lands. The chapters on the Rossettis and the Meynells will interest those who care little for the days of Parnell and the Ireland of the Land League, and there are anecdotes of William Morris, of Cardinal Manning, of Russell, of Killowen, of Oscar Wilde, of W. B. Yeats, and so forth, which will bear detaching and resetting. But it is first and last a book for Irishmen of the "Parnell times," written without restraint as intimately as a diary, wherein great and small, tragic and trivial, mingle and jostle as in a crowd. There is little form to it, no artifice whatever, and an utter naïveté of expression that is in itself a plea in avoidance of criticism. If one must pass judgment on it, then let it be quickly said that the chapters covering the author's childhood days are the best in form and expression, that some of her swans have a little of the honest "goose-look" about them in the cold gray light of twenty years after, and that it is precisely the unstudied, unfinished, disorderly arrangement of the matter that gives the book its peculiar charm for those for whom it is written.

The author is—or at least was—a good hater and a most loyal lover. She has perhaps added a line or two to the picture of Mr. Parnell as it stands to-day in the memory of Irishmen. The closing chapters on the "Parnell split" and 1891 vividly revive recollections of those sad days when the "dying lion" was making his last fight and when Irishmen were so sharply divided, and so bitterly. She tries to be just to the anti-Parnellites: "There may have been some honest among them," she admits! And she has at least had little to say of them *nominatim*, but, if one may say so, there is eloquent emphasis in her silences. These two chapters will make many an old wound sting again for a moment, and perhaps twenty-five years from now when she writes of her "fifty years" she may find it in her heart to delete here and there a sentence—there are not many—and save some one a smart in his old age. For Irishmen all they were in those days, however much they differed.

She ends her book with the burial of Mr. Parnell, and it is a striking picture that she draws of the last scene:

We stood near the grave-head inside the line of *camans*. The storm had passed by, and it was very still and chilly, the air suffused with a clear green and gold light, the autumn evening fast drawing in. Stars were looking out of the quiet sky; and a great peace had fallen in the wake of the storm. At last came the procession and the solemn funeral service of the English church. . . . The voice of the reader was a good voice and he did justice to the glorious words. The great crowd, nearly altogether a Catholic crowd, listened in a mournful silence to the living words of hope and consolation while the Gaels, with their linked *camans*, kept the pressure away from the grave.

The service went on to its close.

"Man born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery: he cometh up and is cut down like a flower: he fleeth as it were a shadow and never continueth in one stay."

The coffin was lowered. A woman shrieked, and there was a second's confusion; then stillness and the silvery voice of the reader. But as earth touched earth—and any one who was present will bear me out in this—the most glorious meteor sailed across the clear space of the heavens and fell suddenly. He had omens and portents to the end.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT ON CIVICS

How France Is Governed. By Raymond Poincaré. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2.25.

If any one is qualified to tell "how France is governed" it ought to be a man who, after being a lawmaker for twenty-five years, a Minister for five or six, and a lawyer all the time, finally was elected to preside over the government of France. Obviously, when he wrote, for a publication addressed to young people, these elementary chapters on civics, M. Poincaré did not dream that they would appear in book form and be translated in foreign languages after he became President. But politics, nowadays, plays such tricks on Presidents of republics with literary pasts. M. Poincaré, however, has no reason to be ashamed of his book. Written for young Frenchmen, it will prove instructive to readers of all ages everywhere. The childlike simplicity, the familiar style, the homely similes, and humorous anecdotes can but add to its pedagogical value. Even if the author were not an expert conveying first-hand information on the workings of the government of which he is a part, his well-known lucidity of style and the solid historical background of his exposition would make the book invaluable for the students of politics.

It has, however, another and more personal interest. French Presidents, like Constitutional monarchs, once in office, have to confine their public utterances within the limits of universally accepted truisms. Hence there is something refreshing in getting here some of the last personal expressions of M. Poincaré's political thought before he became President. Thus the story of the Minister of Finance who, on an excursion through Auvergne, heard a peasant addressing his donkey as a "devilish Minister," is an amusing and instructive philological illustration, seemingly drawn from his own experience. The remarks about the "lamentable taste" of the frescoes in the bathrooms of the Château of Rambouillet may be of interest to artists only, although there is some humor in the fact that now he must use these bathrooms himself. But his political opponents, who have been accusing him of vague dictatorial designs, ought to rejoice to hear him condemn plébiscites as serving to confiscate popular sovereignty, while seeming to ratify it. The advocates of state ownership will welcome the statement that certain state-owned services are "indispensable to the progress of civilization," while the other side cannot but be pleased to hear M. Poincaré characterize state management of industrial affairs as being often "clumsy, idle, and dilatory." Furthermore, those who are familiar with the President's oft-expressed doctrines will not be surprised to hear him chide his fellow-citizens for their extreme reliance on the state as on a Providence that ought to distribute "relief, subventions, awards." Thus admonition mingles freely with exposition and narrative with description in this book, which aims at being both a text-book and a guide for good citizenship.

Unfortunately, the chapter on the military law is already out of date, and the very interesting treatment of the Wallon amendment has been entirely marred by a mistranslation complicated by a misprint.

Notes

The University of Chicago Press announces the publication of "Masters of the Wilderness," by Charles B. Reed.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces for publication early next month "South Africa" (The English People Overseas series), by A. Wyatt Tilby.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company will publish on Saturday "Pidgin Island," by Harold MacGrath.

John Lane Company will publish on Saturday: "Napoleon at Bay"; "The Tower of Mirrors," by Vernon Lee; "The Fortunate Youth," by William J. Locke.

Among the volumes announced for immediate publication by the Harvard University Press are: "The Spiritual Message of Dante," by William Boyd Carpenter (the William Belden Noble lectures for 1912-13); "Works of Vitruvius," translated by the late Prof. M. H. Morgan and edited by Professor Howard and Professor Warren; "The Harvard Expedition to Samaria," by Dr. George A. Reisner.

Students of the French Renaissance will welcome the reproductions of "Manuscrits à Peintures de l'Ecole de Rouen," prepared by Georges Ritter, of the Bibliothèque de Rouen and issued by the Société de l'Histoire de Normandie. The chief works of the school of Rouen owed their inspiration to Cardinal d'Amboise, and the influence of the models which he brought back from Italy is distinctly traceable in the beautifully executed manuscripts of Petrarch, Josephus, and Ovid, of which the finest pages are here reproduced. There are also illustrations from books of hours of the more strictly Norman school which followed.

Sidgwick and Jackson (Cambridge, Eng.) have issued an edition of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," with an introduction which relates the history of the book, and collects what evidence is available for the identification of the principal characters. The preface is written by Lord Kilbracken—better known, perhaps, as Sir Arthur Godley—who is a distinguished old Rugbeian.

Much interest has been aroused in England in the career of a new writer, Patrick MacGill, who has just written an autobiographical story, "Children of the Dead End." Though now only twenty-two years of age, he has worked for several years as a farm laborer and as a navvy. He wrote his first verses at the age of twelve while working from 5 A. M. to 11 P. M. as a farm hand in the Irish midlands.

A London publishing firm, according to Mr. C. K. Shorter, admits that last year it made more money out of selling rights of cinema production than out of publishing proper. But the picture palaces are starting a new copyright problem. At the last meeting of the committee of management of the Authors' Society it was stated that many authors and playwrights were being placed in a serious position, owing to the use by various film manufacturers of titles which had been employed by the authors for their books and plays. After hearing evidence on the point, the committee decided to take a test case into the courts. In the event of an unfavorable judgment, the Government is to be asked for remedial legislation.

Last year the two thousand charities in the British Isles of which particulars were forthcoming, had a total income of sixty-four millions of dollars. This was an increase of $1,000,000 over 1911. Such are the facts which the twenty-fifth edition of "Burdett's Hospitals and Charities" (London: The Scientific Press) is able to record. The volume contains its usual fulness of detail, despite the difficulty of obtaining the information sought owing to the inexcusable failure of institutions to respond to repeated requests. A good word is spoken for this country in the statement that "the better managed hospitals of the United States are gradually waking up to the necessity for some uniform system of keeping their accounts."

THE "Centenary Volume 1810-1910" of the Royal Belfast Academical Institution (Belfast: M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr) is an extraordinarily complete record of the foundation, the struggle for existence, and the final success of what was for many years the most important teaching institution in Protestant Ireland. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Belfast, then a small but flourishing community, whose conditions and needs at that time are here described in detail, had a few fairly good private schools, but no public endowment for secondary or collegiate education. The Institution was founded by Belfast merchants, and thereafter maintained by them in the face of discouragement by the British Government, which was easily persuaded by the authorities at Dublin that it would be unwise to foster the education of the "disloyal" inhabitants of Belfast. A niggardly grant from London was awarded at last but was suspended for several years with the excuse that the school was not approved by the strictest Presbyterians in Ireland. The Institution, however, prospered in spite of meagre salaries for the instructors, unfinished buildings, of which Soane, the founder of the Soane Museum in London, was the unpaid architect, and, above all, in spite of the machinations of the Presbyterian Synod. Its history is a monument to the effective power of Scotch-Irish "grit." But it owed its success chiefly to the distinguished men who consented to teach

there for salaries ranging from £50 to £150. Among these was James Thomson, the father of Lord Kelvin, who, appointed at a salary of £50, held the chair of mathematics for seventeen years until he was called to Glasgow. The Institution, therefore, claims Lord Kelvin as one of her sons and gives him a full-page portrait, though he was only about eight years old when his family removed to Glasgow. The Institution aspired to become the University of Ulster, but the organization in 1845 of the Provincial colleges in Ireland and the opening of Queen's University curtailed this ambition. Among the famous men who were educated there were Allingham and Ferguson, the poets; Dill, the well-known authority on Roman Society; Darbishire, the classical scholar; Sir Joseph Larmor, the physicist; Sir Almroth Wright, the pathologist; Sir Donald Currie, the shipowner; Lord Pirrie, the shipbuilder, and many others whose portraits and biographies are given in this volume.

AFTER the coöperative histories of England from the hands of specialists, like the series edited by Oman, Poole, or Traill, there is a reversion to the J. R. Green type of a considerable survey from a single hand. In the first volume of his new "History of England and the British Empire" (Macmillan), Arthur D. Innes gives the story of English political growth, from the invasion of Cæsar to the end of the Wars of the Roses. The Tudor and Stuart period, from 1485 to 1689, will fill his second volume, and the last two hundred and twenty-five years the third and fourth volumes, bringing the narrative down to 1914. In thus giving a full half of his space to the period since 1685—a period which occupies less than a fifth of the space in J. R. Green's "Short History"—Mr. Innes wisely recognizes the increasing desire of readers to have the complicated recent history more fully treated than is usually done in the ordinary handbooks. The great economic changes, the important constitutional developments, the rapid growth of the overseas dominions, and the widening sphere of government activity in social legislation, amply justify this shifting of emphasis to the more modern times. In the volume before us Mr. Innes gives a clear impression of the unity and continuity of national development. He writes a brisk narrative of the political history for a period, and then adds a good summary of the growth of commerce and industry, of social changes, and of the development of literature during the same period. He gives more attention to Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, which are to be parts of the British Empire, and less attention to the details of constitutional history than most of the larger handbooks. His narrative, so far as we have tested it, is accurate and acquainted with the best scholarship, and is also very readable.

THERE is unquestionably a certain amount of careful information in Philippe Bunau-Varilla's "Panama: Its Creation, Destruction, and Resurrection" (McBride, Nast), but this is inevitably lost in the immense display of the author's vanity. For these 550 pages are one long look of the writer upon his work with ineffable satisfaction at finding it good in every part. It has been said that Charles Sumner's egotism was so great as to be equivalent to an insult to every man he talked with, but M. Bunau-Varilla leaves Sumner and all other vain men of whom there is a record gasping far behind him. His self-complacency is so colossal that the reader soon ceases to resent it, and merely rocks with laughter at it. Bunau-Varilla is Tartarin and a *cadet de Gascogne* rolled into one and delivering himself page after page in the most pompous and *staccato* style of Victor Hugo. He concedes, grudgingly as it were, something to the Creator for having made the Isthmus of Panama, and to Lesseps for having conceived the idea of cutting it, but all the rest he claims for himself. It was he who devised the modification of the original plans, which would have made the canal feasible and saved the company from bankruptcy, if only France had not been led astray by calumniators and traitors. Then it was Bunau-Varilla who converted the United States from Nicaragua to Panama, captured Mark Hanna, persuaded Roosevelt, compelled Congress to reverse its vote. It was he, again, who first thought of and plotted and carried out the revolution in Panama; who used John Hay and President Roosevelt and the American navy as his toys and tools; who, in fact, did everything that was worth doing and that was well done in connection with building the Panama Canal. A stupid engineering board has not yet come round to his notion of the "Straits of Panama," but this will surely be seen in time. M. Bunau-Varilla, however, does not wait for that in order to emit a pæan of self-praise. His book is so inflated with vainglory throughout that you finish it with all other feeling put aside except that you have been standing in the presence of the most ridiculous braggart who ever put himself in print.

FIVE new volumes of the Loeb Classical Library, though they perhaps show some improvement over earlier issues, only confirm the common judgment that a grave and, it may be, irreparable error was committed in entrusting the publishing of the series to a house which apparently lacks the sense of good form and style in book-making. We speak not of the Macmillan Company, who import the volumes, but who, if we are rightly informed, have no responsibility for their manufacture. That responsibility must be shared between William Heinemann and the general editors, and we can only wonder whether they are aware of the sort of comments that are commonly passed on the mechanical execution of their duty. In this respect, the Latin volumes are, as a rule, decidedly better than the Greek, but some of these, too, leave much to be desired. In the present issue, the first volume of the Suetonius is particularly bad. From the use of poor paper and from imperfect registering the lines often show through the page in a way quite offensive to the eye. The Cicero is less open to criticism in this respect, but even here one is annoyed by turning from a double-leaded to a single-leaded page, or *vice versa*, in the Latin text, when a little intelligence on the part of the printer would have arranged the lines and notes so as to avoid this fault. The Horace does not suffer from this defect, but lacks distinction, and is in its appearance without a touch of the "simple elegance" (to use Professor Bennett's happy rendering) which that poet might claim as a right. Of the two Greek volumes, one, the Dio Cassius, has a very clear impression of the text, and only suffers from unnecessary alternation of crowded and open type. The other, the second volume of Julian, is printed in such a way as sadly to try the eyes and temper of the reader.

WE have spoken of this mechanical aspect of the Loeb Library at what may seem undue length, but it is really a matter of supreme importance to the success of the undertaking. Otherwise, one recognizes gladly that excellent work is going into the books. Among the present volumes the palm for dexterous translation will probably go to Prof. C. E. Bennett for his rendering of the Odes and Epodes of Horace. He has eschewed metre, but has given his language a sufficiently poetical cast, without overstepping the bounds of prose taste. We have dipped into the book in many places, and have nowhere found a passage which seemed to us clumsy or inadequate, and have, on the contrary, often been surprised at the skilful imitation in English of some precious phrase or line which we had supposed incommutable. An index partly, but by no means wholly, supplies the absence of the few notes that should have been added, and very brief introductions might well have been furnished for some of the Odes.

THE volumes differ oddly in this matter of aids to the reader. In this respect, Prof. J. C. Rolfe has been unusually generous and judicious in the first volume of his Suetonius. His translation also is good, although at times the style becomes a bit languid. In some ways the task of Walter Miller in rendering Cicero's "De Officiis" was even more difficult than that of transferring Horace into English prose. Mr. Miller in one of his notes explains the difficulty as being due to the fact that Cicero had to invent terms to correspond to the ethical vocabulary of the Greek Stoics, and that explanation is no doubt in large measure correct; but beyond it lies the impossibility of finding words in any modern tongue which will convey the exact meaning of some of the classical conceptions of morals and manners. Nor is it much easier to find an equivalent for the Greek καθῆκον than for the Latin *officium* which Cicero uses. And in the nature of this difference in ethical ideas, it may be said in passing, lies the greatest value of classical study, as well as the impossibility of getting this value by the use of translations alone. Mr. Miller, in our judgment, has been successful in his search for the nearest possible equivalents for the Latin terminology, and has known how to be helpful in his notes without being diffuse. Were this the place, however, we should like to quarrel with his note on

I, xliii, in which he finds Cicero inconsistent in dealing with "wisdom" and the "bonds of union between gods and men." Possibly a closer tracking of Cicero's ideas in this place might lead to a clearer notion of the relation between the ideal *sapiens* and the man of practical morality.

MRS. WILMER CAVE WRIGHT adds the second volume to her Julian, of which we shall probably have more to say when the third, and concluding, volume has appeared. A translation of "the Apostate" is not so easy as it may seem, and Mrs. Wright is carrying out her task with notable success. In a few places her rendering is questionable, and once (p. 33), by an odd slip, she has given "staff" for the Cynic's τρίβωνα. A new project begins with Earnest Cary's translation of the "Roman History" of Dio Cassius. It was proposed at first to revise for this purpose the version by Foster published in Troy, N. Y., in 1905-06, but the revision was so radical that the general editors properly give the credit and responsibility of the work to the later man. The present edition when complete will run to nine volumes, the first, which now appears, containing the fragments of books i to xi. The various forms of a fragment, when such occur, are arranged on the same page.

ERNEST CUSHING RICHARDSON, who is Princeton's librarian, has studied and written to no small extent on the history of libraries. A volume on "Some Old Egyptian Librarians" appeared about two years ago. There have also been essays, in the professional magazines, on mediæval libraries, and other similar topics. And now we have "The Beginnings of Libraries," published at the Princeton University Press. Dr. Richardson looks upon these, including the present book, each as a "sort of preliminary report or investigation in the field, pending full and systematic report." This would seem to indicate that a complete work is contemplated, and that these books and essays will form parts of that work. It is likely to be on a rather ample scale. For when an author can produce a fair-sized little book of a hundred and seventy-odd pages, and scarcely touch his subject at all, any "full and systematic report" which he may make is sure to be pretty exhaustive. Some idea of his method may be gained from reading the third chapter, on the Definition of the Library. Dr. Richardson argues that a single book may be a library, that a single word may be a book, and that a single sign or dot may be a word. Therefore, we are led to the conclusion that any single mark or dot which means anything is a library. Surely, this is a case where the "scientific method" parts company with common-sense, and where it had been better to follow common-sense. Otherwise, an absolutely limitless field of unprofitable speculation is opened, and the investigator must ramble forever in a fog. There follow chapters on Antediluvian Libraries, Libraries of the Gods, Animal and Plant Libraries, Preadamite Libraries, and so on. All that the learned author can do is to indulge in learned guess-work about subjects of which nobody has knowledge. The remainder of the book is devoted to "quipus," message-sticks, wampum, leopard-teeth, tattooing, and other topics belonging properly enough to the anthropologist. Chapters about The Administration of Primitive Libraries and The Beginnings of Library Schools come near the close of the book, and indicate what can be done when a conscientious scholar tries his best to make a chapter out of nothing, and forgets to use his sense of tho absurd.

"CAMBRIDGE Poets, 1900-1913" (Cambridge, England: Heffer) is an anthology of verse written by Cambridge men, and a few Cambridge women, during the period mentioned, and piously collected by Aelfrida Tillyard. Surprisingly few of the poems owe their inspiration to University scenes or traditions; nor does the collection as a whole indicate that Cambridge has in the past few years produced any especial "school" of poets. It must, indeed, be reluctantly admitted that, though this volume contains some very creditable work, the general standard, whether of inspiration or of metrical skill, is by no means high; it is, in point of fact, hardly high enough to justify Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's apology for the volume made in the preface that he contributes: "I shall take it to be conceded, at this time of day, not only that good poetry is worth writing, but that our language has a capacity and our nation a rather special aptitude for it." Elsewhere in his preface, Sir Arthur speaks a "small word of protest," deploring the predominance of the lyric form that he finds in the volume, and seeing in it the reflection of an unfortunate tendency of the age. In a collection, however, most of the contents of which is the product of adolescence, the predominance of the lyric is entirely natural. Much of the verse, as was to be expected, is imitative, and in two instances, certainly, the legends "with apologies to Robert Browning," and "with apologies to Rudyard Kipling" might not inappropriately have been appended to the respective titles. One of the most interesting pieces in the book is Harold Monro's "God," a clever poem in dramatic form. A pleasing fancy, gracefully phrased, is James Elroy Flecker's "Oak and Olive." We quote two stanzas:

> I ponder how from Attic seed
> There grew an English tree,
> How Byron like his heroes fell,
> Fighting a country free,
> And Swinburne took from Shelley's lips
> The kiss of poetry.
>
> And while our poets chanted Pan
> Back to his pipes and power,
> Great Verrall, bending at his desk,
> And searching hour on hour
> Found out old gardens, where the wise
> May find a Spartan flower.

There are some unfortunate examples of careless proofreading, notably on p. 58 ("The Challenge," third line), where the insertion of the word "own," evidently from the line above, gives an extra foot to the verse; and on p. 101 (third line from the bottom), where "beauties" is an obvious mistake for "beauty's."

"BUSINESS Organization and Combination" (Macmillan), by Lewis H. Haney, is the first attempt to present a systematic treatise on industrial organization. Written primarily as a college textbook, it should be estimated from this point of view. There have been many books on corporations and Trusts, but this differs from its predecessors in treating more systematically of the general nature and evolution of business forms. It considers the characteristics and adaptability of the individual entrepreneur, the partnership, joint-stock company, and corporation, and then investigates the development of the pool, the Trust, the holding company, the amalgamation, and merger. In each case the author has endeavored to weigh the advantages and disadvantages from the social point of view, a purpose which is admirable, but is in many cases carried out with such detail as seriously to confuse the student. The book lays its stress upon the administrative and legal aspects of business organization, and intentionally eliminates financial problems so far as possible. This results in depriving it of much attractive and useful material and leaves in many portions only dull administrative details of less fundamental value. For example, the chapter which discusses simple Trusts, such as real-estate Trusts, might well have been left to a legal treatise, and the one on internal organization seems superfluous. On the other hand, more attention might well have been given to corporation finance than the scanty treatment in the chapters on promotion, underwriting, and reorganization. But in view of the fact that the question of public policy occupies an important portion of the book, the most surprising omission is the failure to consider the history and interpretation of the Sherman Anti-Trust act, upon which has centred all discussion of the Trust problem for the past fifteen years. The author urges the need of a new form of organization to fill the gap between the partnership and the corporation, and suggests the limited-liability association. The book is well supplied with documentary material, and in spite of its omissions is a distinct addition to the literature of the subject.

"THE Ways of the South Sea Savage" (Lippincott), by Robert W. Williamson, is well defined by the sub-title as "a record of travel and observation amongst the savages of the Solomon Islands and primitive coast and mountain peoples of New Guinea." It is a volume of ethnological observations, interspersed with personal experiences and small adventures, gathered from cannibalistic tribes which had not hitherto been studied and the existence of which was hardly known, and is remarkable for its completeness, when the circumstances of the investigator are considered. Mr. Williamson is a lawyer, of London, who had nourished for many years the desire to do something of this character, but had been repeatedly prevented from beginning. He was entirely inexperienced in travelling in savage regions or in field investigations, was alone and weak with illness most of the time, and always at the mercy of

savages who, he well knew, had less regard for human life than for that of the pig which takes so large a place in their ceremonial as well as practical affairs. Yet he brought back an amazing amount of novel and coherent information, including large collections of material objects to illustrate the cultural stage and manner of life of each tribe visited. These, and the author's account, seem to indicate that the mountain tribes of New Guinea resemble in their habits and way of looking at things the more debased Africans of the upper Congo valley more nearly than they do any other barbarians. Mr. Williamson believes them to be a remnant of an aboriginal Negrito stock. The book, which is copiously illustrated from excellent photographs, is one that no student of the ethnology of New Guinea or of the Solomon Islands can afford to neglect.

AFTER seven years' labor, the Swedish Emigration Commission has finished its investigations into the conditions, in Sweden and in America, that may have promoted the emigration of large numbers of the healthiest and most energetic of the younger generations of Swedish farmers and city laborers. In his final report (Betänkande; Stockholm: Nordiska Bokhandeln), Gustav Sundbärg, the Commissioner, gives a summary of the twenty accompanying monographs, preceded by a statistical history of Sweden, the whole making a volume of 892 pages. Professor Sundbärg's conclusions are interesting from several points of view. He sees in the presence in America of friends and relatives one of the chief attractions that cause the present large emigration to this country. But the deeper cause he discovers in economic and social conditions in Sweden, the cure for which can come only from economic enterprise and social reforms. He adds that the present large influx of immigrants to this country from Southern and Eastern Europe is not calculated to attract immigrants of Germanic race. And this is serious for America, because:

> If we consider who the men were that built up the present greatness of the United States, we find at once that it has been, in the first place, immigrant Anglo-Saxons, Germans, Scandinavians, and Hollanders, and their descendants, in the second, and a few following generations.

And, further:

> It is manifest that other times are at hand in the economic life of the United States. We have above taken the liberty to declare the crisis of 1907 as the probable turning-point. During the last years progress has not come like an avalanche, as heretofore. The degree of rapidity shows more and more a tendency to become comparable with that of, *e. g.*, Germany, which in itself is very fine, but still does not correspond to what Americans have been accustomed to regard as normal.

Professor Sundbärg also remarks the extensive method of American agriculture, the devastation of our forests, and the fast-diminishing mineral resources of the land.

Harry Thurston Peck, who shot himself on Monday at Stamford, Conn., was born on November 24, 1856, at Stamford. He received his A.B. from Columbia in 1881, his A.M. a year later, and his L.H.D. in 1884, having in the previous year received the Ph.D. from Cumberland University. Becoming a tutor in Latin at Columbia soon after his graduation, he was appointed in 1904 to the chair of Anthon professor of the Latin language and literature, a position which he resigned in 1910. Professor Peck enjoyed a wide reputation as a classical scholar and an authority on Latin philology. He was editor of the *Bookman* from 1895 to 1902, and literary editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* from 1897 to 1902. He also edited a number of important publications, including "Harper's Classical Dictionary," the "International Encyclopædia," the "New International Encyclopædia," the "Library of the World's Literature," and the Columbia University "Studies in Classical Philology." Among his other writings may be mentioned "The Semitic Theory of Creation," "Latin Pronunciation," "The Adventures of Mabel," "The Personal Equation," "What Is Good English?" a volume of poems called "Greystone and Porphyry," "Life of Prescott," "The New Baedeker," "History of Classical Philology," and a translation of Petronius's "Trimalchio's Feast."

Science

THE BODY AND SOUL.

Matter and Some of its Dimensions. By William Kearney Carr. Library of Living Thought. New York: Harper & Bros.

The criticism of this book, which attempts to link the actions of man, occurring in space of three dimensions, to his spirit, which is supposed to exist in a space having four dimensions, is a difficult task. The first part requires a knowledge of physics, but the author fortifies himself against criticism by stating that "of all the attributes of the human mind, those which characterize the average orthodox scientist . . . are the least attractive." And as the second part finds the soul entangled in the body and influenced by its weaknesses, the author disposes of the criticism of his medical facts by saying that the majority of physicians cannot shake off the early influence of official training and that they often confound hasty generalizations with facts. He lastly characterizes himself thus: "All progress is from below upward; hence we should expect to hear wisdom from the humble and the unintelligent." Then he classes St. Francis of Assisi and Jesus with himself in the category of the humble and unintelligent from whom we should expect to hear wisdom.

The author's train of thought resolves itself into this: The modern theories of physics have replaced matter by electricity, which is a moral agent, and has sublimated material substance into immaterial ether. (He should read Sir Oliver Lodge's arguments for the massive nature of the ether published in this same Library.) This ether is but one of a series of ethers, each more immaterial than the preceding of the series; he settles on five as the proper number for this series. Matter is a stress in the coarsest of these ethers, and this gigantic stress cannot be kept up, "without a personality of some kind exerting it, and hence it is literally true that in the body or mind of some great Being all things do live." By a simple sifting process these five grades of ethers separate into five rings, each of a homogeneous sort, and the electrons of matter are entangled in the grossest ether only, which, of course, is the most immoral of them all. This is true because the author prints a picture showing just how it looks. "The only shocking element in the concept is that it places man so low in the scale of existence—almost at the foot of the ladder." But he takes some comfort in the fact that, while a man's body exists in this low form of ether and must be satisfied with only three dimensions of space, his soul is at the same time living in the next ring of ether and so can have four dimensions and a much better existence.

The body and the soul have a serious time of it, as one may well imagine, and it is no wonder that men are wayward, for their two identities are continually striving against each other. The thing to do is to get out of three-dimensional space and out of our bodies. This we do when we have visions or hallucinations. The author knows how to help us, for he has done it. Being a humble man, he has got into the four-dimensional space only twice in his life, and both times only after periods of great mental distress. Unfortunately he cannot tell us what he saw, for his eyes, his tongue, and his pen only operate in three dimensional space. But he does tell us how to follow him: "That the perfectly normal, well-sustained animal, man, ever reaches a great fundamental truth by deduction is to be doubted." We must make ourselves abnormal in order to have the vision of pure truth. Any of these ways will do—"a blow on the head, a brain lesion, the delirium of fever, prolonged fasting, or a congenital perversion of the nervous system." These are all pretty severe methods, and his other recipe of eating rice is probably just as good.

After these specimens of the writer's logic, it is needless to point out that his facts, whether drawn from physics, medicine, or from psychology, are for the most part false, or are twisted to mean things which are not germane to them.

It would have served no purpose to consider this book at length if it had appeared in the form of the usual freakish production. But included, as it is, in

a collection whose preceding volumes have borne the names of distinguished men of science who, while they may have indulged in a certain amount of speculation, yet had accurate knowledge at their command and did not confuse fact and fancy, this book assumes a certain importance and authority. It is an example, too, of the perils that confront any scholar who fills his head with vague scientific phrases and formulæ and then fuses these with equally vague ethical and religious ideas. There is more of this confused sort of thinking abroad, and even in high places, than might be supposed.

The Harvard University Press will publish shortly "Readings in Scientific Management," edited by C. B. Thompson, and "Preservatives for Food: Their Use and Abuse," by Dr. Otto Folin.

John Lane Company announces for publication on Saturday "The Garden Patch," by Edward Du Bois Flint.

Drama

REACTION IN FRANCE.

PARIS, March 10.

French plays, like French novels, have sometimes their vogue abroad after they have lost it at home. A change is certainly coming over the spirit of the French dramatic dream. All the insensitive cosmopolitanism of Paris is not proof against it. For it is only part of a whole nation's movement towards its own native traditions and habits of mind, which foreign and unnatural and morbid influences have been troubling for more than one generation.

Ibsen lasted but a season, and now naturalists and *intellectuels* find they have outstayed their welcome and must be packing, with Symbolists and Decadents and all the other shadows of dreadful night. Exotic subjects and treatment, scene decoration and ballet, have not been enough to keep going the opera and theatre which American money was supposed to subsidize for the bringing of novel art to Paris. The former success of Henry Bataille, with the continued countenance of the official Comédie-Française, and all his scintillations of lyric sentiment have not been enough to keep in favor splendidly acted parts which represent abnormal, unbalanced, hysterical, improbable human beings. Bernstein's matchless command of stage art has not held the public, which was expected to follow after him.

Take out all foreigners who are desperately resolved to be Parisian according to their preconceived ideal of what is Parisian; eliminate all Parisians whose snobbishness sets them running after every new fashion; and there remains this native public which may be despised, but which is necessary to the theatre's support, material and mental and moral. If any one says the passing season has been bad for the theatre, seek the cause no further. This necessary public is simply and spontaneously showing its dislike for plays which do not please it. And, with equal heartiness, it shows its liking where a play happens to please.

For once, the French Academy seems to be in agreement with the public. It has elected Alfred Capus, popular playwright for French people, to the chair of Henri Poincaré, who was a genius and master of mathematics for the whole world. It might be too much to call Capus a genius, and not all his pieces are equally popular; but he is more than a playwright. No French writer so completely represents the average Frenchman—orderly from an old, minute, refined civilization; nourished on the old humanities, in whose routine the art emotions of the world have run ever since Greece and Rome set the example; knowing the sorrows as well as the elation of our day's society, which lives for money and the pleasure money can buy; kindly, gay even as the untainted French have always been, in his outlook on life.

"L'Institut de Beauté," the piece of Alfred Capus which has had a half-year's run at the Théâtre des Variétés, is not one of his best; but it is good and representative of many things in this new spirit which is the old. Nowadays we are all of us *bourgeois*—middle-class—seeking more or less laughably to rise. Monsieur and Madame Lagraine are prosperous wallpaper merchants in mid-Paris; but they aspire—he to literature, and she, like a dutiful French wife, to pushing her husband. They change their comfortable, well-ordered life and seek society in fashionable hotels. Like the prudent *bourgeois* they are, they soon find 100,000 francs a year of expenses cannot be made to balance with 20,000 francs of receipts. Then the rich uncle of their expectations, who has always been dying, starts up serene and whole in body and mind, dispensing with his doctor by a sort of French Christian Science. Altogether, they try to raise the wind by opening an Institute of Beauty to heal the ravages of society among its devotees. Madame keeps her head when she turns one lady's complexion too ruddy—"That's our fashion this season!" But she also keeps her eye on her husband, whose poetry amid these fine ladies is particularly dangerous—until she seizes and brings him back, for safety and affection's sake, to *bourgeois* life and wallpapers.

There is no thesis to the play; but it is a kindly satire on the social incoherence of the times. And it is very *bourgeois* in the good sense—for it has nothing to do with Philistines—just as Brieux, who is also a member of the French Academy, is *bourgeois*. To his new piece at the Odéon, Brieux has even given the name, "Le Bourgeois aux champs."

The educated, rich inhabitant of a city, with a fortune from business—for this is really all that is meant by *bourgeois*—instead of aspiring socially, dreams of revolution in society, turns Socialist, and goes to grass; that is, he goes to live in the country with his wife and daughter, to do good, as the dilettante kind of Socialists understand social good. He takes for his chauffeur a bright young fellow who is just out of prison, where he had been sent for fighting a country policeman. Then he tries to get the peasants to drink boiled water and give up alcohol. And his daughter tries to marry a young landed proprietor of the region. Of course, the peasants teach him a thing or two; the young landed proprietor will not marry his daughter, and the father gives her to wife to the chauffeur, and himself goes into politics. But he keeps his château and turns his back on peasants, who find it odd he should like the country better than riches in the city. It is all very much like Balzac's "Paysans"—and it is another revival of very native French comedy and sentiment.

Another sign of the way the wind is blowing may be seen in the return, popular and fashionable, to a very French style of opéra bouffe. The Variétés, which has been reviving Offenbach for several years, has taken for its second half-year the "Merveilleuses" of Sardou, transformed by Paul Ferrier to music of Hugo Félix. Offenbach was not a Frenchman, but he was a genuine Parisian of Empress Eugénie's time, and court emotions swayed to his strains. So Hugo Félix is an Hungarian, cradled to music by the blue Danube of Johann Strauss; but he has drunk the latest brand of Parisine, and no wonder if his sprightly sonorities tickle French nerves in this changing period of the republic. For it is still Sardou that really counts, and he is native French enough for the most exacting Nationalist.

The play is of the society that amused itself after Robespierre was guillotined and the worst of the Revolution was over—a time of reaction. It was represented for the first time in 1873—in the reaction from the Commune. And now, disguised as operetta, it comes back when French society is again swinging to reaction. Five sets of police have to dart on and off the stage and save the Republic, one and indivisible, from these elegant and gallant and earnest Muscadins and Merveilleuses.

Sardou as a bashful boy was led out to dance by the compassionate widow of Le Bas, who was Robespierre's comrade in life and death. La Montansier, who

founded the Variétés, had her own neck saved from the guillotine by their death, and she thankfully steered her theatre along genuine French lines, to which it still keeps. Beaumarchais indicated them, first writing his "Barbier de Séville" as an opéra-comique, and then rewriting it as a comédie-vaudeville. This reaction keeps time with others—patriotism; art, from ballet to furniture; literature; and, it has to be said, sports. Men and women who go in for motoring and golf, aeroplanes, and boxing matches are no more capable of sitting through Ibsen—the object of Paris curiosity twenty years since—than Louis the Fourteenth's fencing courtiers who had seen the wars would have been.

Alfred Capus, in his weekly "Courrier de Paris," has told how far, both up and down, all this reaction of which the drama is the sign may extend:

> Shall the energy this generation shows push it back to Catholic unity or, overlooking religious questions, consecrate it to Patriotic worship alone? We can hardly see that it thinks of any other than these two directions—and it still hesitates between them. I know there is also a Socialist youth, but it has suffered its banner to be shut up among financiers—and without a banner there is no making enthusiasts.

But—as Capus notes elsewhere—we have also "the neurasthenia of the cinema—all that debauch of emotions on a background of sadness, which characterizes the strenuous life." S. D.

A PLAY OF REVOLT.

The Idol Breaker. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

This is the third play in the series of seven, for seven players, of which "The Servant in the House" and "The Winter Feast" were the first two. The subject of it is Freedom, and, like the preceding works of the same author, it is marked by uncommon literary ability, vivid characterization, and intense if not always profoundly philosophical earnestness. In many ways it is a notable addition to the rapidly growing list of the modern printed drama, and it might even be successful on the stage if actors capable of interpreting it in the right spirit could be found. It has a message, and delivers it potently.

But it has the defects of its virtues. In his zeal for the cause of the proletariat and the brotherhood of man, Mr. Kennedy seems to ignore the fact that in the social economy there are productive agencies besides physical labor. There are many kinds and degrees of workmanship, and not all the workers are unrewarded. Actually, he deals with only one phase of an enormously complicated question, and it is extremely doubtful, to say the least, whether the social revolution, of the kind suggested in his allegory, with all the workers self-dependent, rid of all their real or imaginary shackles, would bring about the millennium. The weaker still would go to the wall. This is the crucial and hard fact that all socialistic and anarchical enthusiasts of Mr. Kennedy's imaginative and emotional type always fail to take into full account. Their vision is obscured by their faith and their ideals. This is why in this piece, in which he poses as a seer as well as a dissector and satirist of the body politic, he is more impressive as a dramatist than as a prophet. Nevertheless, there is a body of historical fact at the bottom of his thesis, and enough actual unrest in the world to exempt him from the charge of being a mere sensationalist.

The scene of his drama, which is wholly symbolical, is a forge, the workshop of the world, and his hero, Adam the blacksmith, typifies all the creative labor since the beginning. The place, Little Boswell, is anywhere within the confines of modern civilization, although many of the references point unmistakably to the United States. Adam, the producer, in furious revolt against the organized system which, as he sees it, dooms him to perpetual labor for the benefit of others, is in the mood to smash things. He has been cast out by the Constituted Sons of Freedom as a crazy revolutionist when he denounced them as a community of slaves. To him, in the guise of a woman of the high road, clad in red, comes the spirit of Freedom, Naomi, who revives in him the memory of previous incarnations, his successive forms of servitude, his futile insurrections and renewed abasement. She tells him of the golden cities built by the workers of bygone ages and of the joys of individual liberty in wide spaces on the uplands, and helps him, in a scene full of broad humor and satire, to discomfit utterly a committee of Little Boswellians, representing the press, the Sunday-school, the law, and capital, appointed to discipline him. He would claim Naomi as his mate, but is confronted by the Wastrel Jake—the spirit of Hate—who explains that he has been her constant associate. This Naomi admits, but adds that to him she has ever been barren, and warns Adam that he will be lost if he listens to so evil a counsellor. Jake taunts Adam with his slavery, saying that he can be no mate to Freedom, who is royal, and urges him to seek his only possible satisfaction in violence; but the Smith rejects that temptation, declaring that he will seize Freedom for his own, by virtue of his self-mastership, and start with her to build new cities in remote regions, subject only to divine law. Naomi thereupon acknowledges Adam as her true spouse, but leaves him to continue her mission on the highway, while Jake, defeated, perishes. The curtain falls upon an intimation that the theories of Adam (who is also Charles Rann Kennedy) have prevailed at last in Little Boswell, where hereafter individualism will be supreme, and paradise on earth attained.

It would be easy to deride this play as the product of an anarchical rhapsodist. The generalizations in it are violent and the philosophy visionary. But the evils which it assails, and the proposed remedy for them, the acquirement by the laboring classes of equal rights and perfect individual liberty, in an evangelical spirit of brotherly love, is, if somewhat Utopian, altogether praiseworthy and legitimate. Unfortunately for the great mass of mankind, equal opportunities for all would mean little without an accompanying equality in character and brains. But the idea is a large one, and Mr. Kennedy has illustrated it with imaginative and dramatic ability and an adroit combination of symbolism and realism. His dialogue is simple and vigorous, and his three principal figures, Adam, Naomi, and Jake, are striking studies. A sketch of the yellow journalist, Snark, is a bit of savage but truthful satire. The technical workmanship of the play, the entire action of which occurs without break in the two and a half hours of its actual representation, is exceedingly skilful.

MARGARET ANGLIN IN SHAKESPEARE.

The notable points in Margaret Anglin's revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," in the Hudson Theatre, were in the stage management rather than the acting. The "Induction" was omitted—although an admirable Sly might have been found in Fuller Mellish—and the rest of the text was treated with scant reverence. But the piece was dressed and mounted with liberality and good taste, both scenery and costumes being artistic in an uncommon degree, while the action was smooth and rapid—proving careful and prolonged rehearsal—and the grouping exceedingly effective. In the general interpretation, however, the dominant mood was one of reckless and often undignified farce, the chief aim, apparently, being to compel laughter by the sheer extravagance of the situations. There is abundant theatrical precedent, of course, for treating the play in this fashion, which doubtless offers the easiest road to popular success. "The Shrew" is not a masterpiece demanding the profoundest respect, but it does possess some of the qualities of romantic comedy, and these deserve a consideration which was not accorded them on this occasion. Miss Anglin, overlooking the supposed social condition of Katharina, depicted her as a virago of an essentially common order. Her impersonation had broad humor and vigor, but little of the manner appropriate to a daughter of a merchant prince of Padua. Katharina, in her maddest fits, ought not to be entirely

unmindful of the dignity of her class. It is this, indeed, which should distinguish her from the common herd of scolds and give her increased dramatic significance. But Miss Anglin pitched her performance in a strident key and her company followed her lead. Eric Blind's exertions as Petruchio sometimes left him breathless and inarticulate, and what might have been a capital performance was spoiled for want of a little moderation. The best bits of individual acting were the Grumio of Max Montesole and the Pedant of Fuller Mellish. As a pictorial stage frolic the whole affair was very well managed and often highly amusing, but there was not much of the Shakespearean essence about it.

And the same remark is true, with minor reservations, of Miss Anglin's revival of "Twelfth Night." In this, too, a production notably good in some respects was spoiled for the true Shakespeare lover by the buffoonery—some of it doubtless rooted in theatrical tradition—imported into the scenes of broader comedy by some of the principal performers. One would suppose that there was enough of liquorish humor in Sir Toby Belch as he appears upon the printed page to supply the needs of any comic actor. Moreover, he is, as Shakespeare drew him, not only comic, but richly and entirely human. But with the accumulations of stage "business" centring upon him, in the course of years, he has been converted into a grossly impossible figure only fit for the circus. And in recent times there has not been a more violent expositor of him than Mr. Sidney Greenstreet, who played the part with all the license of burlesque, bellowing throughout like a bull of Bashan and indulging in all the old and some new extravagances. Of course, he provoked careless laughter and applause, but he hopelessly vulgarized and denaturalized the whole character. Wallace Widdecombe was more nearly human as Aguecheek, and therefore less open to criticism, but he also sometimes forced eccentricity to the boundaries of burlesque. Max Montesole played the Clown with welcome moderation and a clear if not highly developed appreciation of the Shakespearean humor.

The delightful episode of the beguilement of Malvolio was nearly spoiled by the excessive zeal of Miss Lillian Thurgate, who converted Maria—that delightful creation, instinct with Puckish mischief—into a shrill servant girl, whose artificial cachinnations caused exasperation, not merriment. But the Malvolio of Fuller Mellish was a delightfully ripe and artistic performance, sound in conception and finished in execution. Comic, it yet had the right quality of self-respect in its fantastic dignity, with a capacity for pathos and passion. It was a fine bit of Shakspearean interpretation, if not remarkable for brilliancy or inventiveness. Miss Anglin, though not physically well qualified for Viola, played the part with evident appreciation, and succeeded admirably in the scenes with Orsino and Olivia, but she followed a bad precedent in burlesquing the duel scene, which properly, of course, should be given in the vein of comedy. A word of praise is due to the Orsino of Pedro de Cordoba and the Olivia of Ruth Holt Boucicault. The scenery and costumes were of high artistic quality. J. R. T.

"A PAIR OF SIXES."

The new play by Edward Peple, which opened at Frazee's Longacre Theatre last week, has suffered perhaps from the enthusiastic encomiums of the daily press. It is an amusing farce, but it does not arouse the side-splitting merriment that we were led to expect by some of the critiques published after its première. The play cannot, however, be held responsible if it fails to match exactly the promise held out by critics who, after a succession of disastrous failures, were perhaps inclined to be over-indulgent in the presence of an undeniable success.

Mr. Peple has conceived of an excellent idea, the innate absurdity of which only commends it for farcical purposes. The two partners of a successful pill industry, failing to agree on any subject, call in the assistance of their lawyer. The partnership cannot be dissolved, for neither one will buy out the other; so the lawyer, in order that the farce may proceed to its appointed conclusion, hits on the device of deciding by a single hand of poker which partner shall continue to conduct the business for a year, and which shall serve the winner in a menial capacity during that period. A pair of sixes in the hand of George B. Nettleton gives him the advantage, and enables the author in the second act to present to us T. Boggs John in the capacity of his partner's butler.

The possibilities of the situation are obvious, and Mr. Peple has on the whole made good use of them. The play has one conspicuous merit in that the interest increases throughout and the last act is the best of the three. There are moments of dulness, notably in those scenes in which Nettleton's wife predominates, but there are a number of laughable situations and many good lines, and the climax, in which the subtle Boggs John, under the inspiration of his astute fiancée (well played by Miss Ann Murdock), delivers himself from servitude by his attentions to his master's wife, is ingenious. The play is well cast throughout, and George Parsons and Hale Hamilton are excellent as the two partners, while an individual success is made by Miss Maude Eburne as Coddles, the English maid-of-all-work. If we are prepared to grant that the natural destiny of our native farce is to be developed through a crescendo of noise, "A Pair of Sixes" thoroughly deserves the success that it promises to enjoy. We may, however, make the mental reservation that a certain amount of subtlety is not incompatible with the true spirit of farce. S. W.

"MARRYING MONEY."

As an experiment on definite lines, "Marrying Money," by Washington Pezet and Bertram Marburgh, which opened at the Princess Theatre on Wednesday of last week, is not without interest. For it is evident that the authors have studied French domestic comedy, and have attempted to discover an American equivalent for what has long served in France to centre drama of this class—jealousy. If in developing the American's love of money—the theme hit upon—and the position which it brings, the writers have resorted to marked exaggeration, that is no great sin in itself. Even such a strong piece as "Divorçons" is the essence of the improbable. But if extravagant, a domestic comedy, to please, must have compensations, such as sheer charm or subtle satire. It is the absence of these which makes "Marrying Money" an insignificant work. There are, besides, plenty of marks of the amateur. Important confessions are repeatedly forestalled by fortuitous arrivals, and, in general, the exits and entrances are clumsy.

It is not necessary to recount the plot, which hinges on the mistake made by a girl and a young man who are marrying each other for the money which each supposes that the other possesses, though the element of fascination is not entirely lacking. The climax is reached, after an elopement abetted by the girl's mother and by the youth's chum, when the time comes to pay the hotel bill. A Wall Street broker, who is also a baseball fan, a French count who is in love with the heroine and who, as it turns out, has money of his own, add to the rough satire. As yet another product, at least indirectly, of Professor Baker's course in dramatic composition, the play indicates that instructive experiments are going on at Cambridge. F.

NOTES.

Dr. Karl Holl, of the University of Liverpool, in his little book, "Gerhart Hauptmann: His Life and His Works" (McClurg), has given a succinct and fairly readable account of the most prominent of contemporary German dramatists. Dr. Holl in his preface hints at possible traces of foreign idioms in his style, which, indeed, he has not wholly avoided. He twice uses the word "novel" when he means *Novelle*, speaks in one place of "naturalistism," and on page 32 is guilty of a sentence which is simply not English at all. The most valuable thing about the book is the information concerning the many points of contact between Hauptmann's life and his works. The author has gone carefully into this matter and has brought to light a number of facts which even students of Hauptmann may not have known before. A short summary is given of the contents of the plays, which are divided for sake of convenience into social dramas, family dramas, and fairy dramas, though the classification is not quite consistently carried out. On questions of general criticism Dr. Holl is less satisfactory. He says that plastic imagination is the essential feature of Hauptmann's mind, which is doubtless true. He also adds that he is a dramatic genius, which is certainly false. He fails to comment effectively on Hauptmann's great weakness—his lack of motive power, of true dramatic nerve. Nor does he have anything to say about Hauptmann's failure to improve upon his own early successes. It is just this failure to develop which has made him, on the whole, a disappointing figure. Most people will agree with the author in ranking "Die Weber" as the best of the social dramas and, indeed, of all the plays. Whether

"Der Biberpelz" is "the best modern comedy in German literature" is more doubtful. There are several plays of Anzengruber to be considered. The book is furnished with a very serviceable bibliography.

"The Fugitive" (Scribner), by John Galsworthy, is written, of course, with definite purpose, much literary skill, and evident sincerity; but, in spite of its cleverness and vigor, it is an unsatisfactory work. The chief object of it, apparently, is to demonstrate the iniquitous effect of the English marriage and divorce law in holding a discontented wife to an irksome contract; but the argument, in effect, if not in intention, seems to favor experimental wedlock or free love. The heroine, bred in a poor country vicarage, is the wife of a prosperous business man. She is aspiring and imaginative; he completely conventional. Soon, without having any positive cause of complaint, she comes to regard him with contempt and physical aversion. One of her friends, a Bohemian socialistic journalist, preaches liberty to her, and urges her to break her bond. Finally, she deserts her husband with the view to making her own living, refusing absolutely to accept a separate maintenance, on the ground that she will not take money for which she makes no return. Unable to support herself, she seeks out the journalist and offers to become his mistress. With him she lives until her husband sues for divorce and damages. Realizing that this means ruin to her lover, and being assured that the suit will be withdrawn if she parts from him, she again takes up the battle of life, only to meet with renewed defeat, until, in despair, she resolves to sell herself to the first comer. On the racecourse she finds ready admirers, but at the last moment she commits suicide before taking the fatal plunge. It is a sordid and painful tale, most vividly related, with many strokes of descriptive and dramatic genius, but the effect of it is unsympathetic, because the fate of the unfortunate woman is plainly not the inevitable result of law or circumstance, but of her own defective will or character. It is tolerably clear that she would have fretted under the restrictions of any form of matrimonial relationship in which the partner fell short of her fancy. As an illustration of the danger and folly of improvident marriage, and the unfitness of a girl of no specific education to fight the world single handed, it has its moral, but not one of much originality or value.

The English Elizabethan Literary Society is about to try the experiment of producing a series of classical English plays which have not been publicly presented during the present generation. The programme for the first season will consist of Greene and Lodge's "Looking Glass for London and England," Addison's "Drummer," and Dryden's "All For Love."

"The Mob," by John Galsworthy, is to be produced by Miss Horniman at the London Gaiety next month. Its hero is a "pro-Boer," who is mobbed in the closing scene by a "mafficking" crowd. The production of such a play is a remarkable sign of changed popular feeling. Not many years ago Mr. Galsworthy and Miss Horniman themselves would have been mobbed if they had attempted any such thing.

Another London playhouse, the Little Theatre, is relieving the monotony of dramatic representations by a series of lectures or *causeries*. "Olympus in London," "Arcadia in London," "Athens in London," and "Parnassus in London," are the titles of lectures by Prof. Patrick Geddes so far arranged for. Lecturers of European reputation will afterwards be invited, with the object of linking the theatre with intellectual movements on the Continent.

Marie Jansen, the operetta singer, who died on March 20, was born in Boston, and made her début there in 1881, at the Park Theatre. She was the original Iolanthe in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta in this country, and later played for several years with the McCaull Opera Company in "The Black Hussar," "The Beggar Student," and other operettas. One of her greatest successes was in "The Oolah" with Francis Wilson, and in "Erminie." Miss Jansen also created the title rôle of "Featherbrain" in London with Sir Charles Wyndham.

Music

PADEREWSKI IN AMERICA.

Paderewski's ninth American tour is nearing its end. His first appearance in New York was made on November 17, 1891. He had previously won favor in Paris and London, and while some of the New York critics qualified their first praise with ifs and buts, the public was conquered at once. After two concerts with orchestra in Carnegie Hall he began a series of recitals in the Madison Square Garden concert hall; but this was soon found to be too small, and he had to return to the largest hall in the city. In less than six months he gave 117 recitals throughout the country. The following season he returned for a shorter tour, embracing 67 recitals, which was a record-breaking financial as well as artistic success. Some have estimated that he has earned nearly a million and a half of American dollars.

These figures are of interest not only as showing that a pianist may be as great and as prosperous a popular idol as any prima donna or tenor, but as indicating that the genius of the greatest of living pianists is thoroughly appreciated here. "Paderewski audience" has long been a synonym for capacity audience, and the enthusiasm at his recitals exceeds that to be witnessed even in the opera house. There is something exciting, even thrilling, in the shouts of joy that often go up, not only from a miscellaneous audience attracted by the glamour of his name, but from a staid and dignified Boston Symphony audience, which would resent any exhibition of charlatanry or sensationalism. Of such things Paderewski shows not a trace, and that is one of the marvels of his sensational success, maintained throughout a quarter of a century.

Many professional musicians wish he would stop playing. He has established such a lofty standard that others must despair of reaching it. Joseffy once remarked to his class in the National Conservatory of New York that Paderewski differs from other pianists in being a genius. Like the only two other men who have reached his heights—Liszt and Rubinstein—he is a creator as well as an interpreter, which explains the difference—a difference not only in degree but in kind. He has composed a symphony and a number of piano pieces and songs equal to the best written by his contemporaries; also an opera which is the most inspired dramatic work composed since "Carmen," with the exception of "Parsifal." His concerto, which he has just been playing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, created everywhere a sensation—a delight mingled with astonishment that this superb work should be neglected by other pianists. Why should rivals add to his laurels? one might ask; but the rivals and colleagues of the greatest of violinists, Fritz Kreisler, often play his pieces. The eminent English pianist, Katharine Goodson, is an exception among pianists. She played the Paderewski concerto in New York a few weeks before he played it, and she did it well, though it is needless to say that she did not bring out all the details with the stereoscopic vividness he himself gave them.

Schopenhauer and Lombroso have commented on the conspiracies of mediocrity against genius. From such conspiracies Paderewski also has suffered, for musical success hath charms to rouse the savage breast. Fifteen years ago the small fry of musicians began to cry: "He has lost his grip." He did lose his grippe, fortunately, but this season he returned with neuritis, which nearly frustrated his tour. For two weeks its beginning was delayed. At his first recital of the season in Aeolian Hall, he played like one inspired from above—but not at the beginning. He was forty minutes late, had been annoyed, and showed it by hitting at the piano like an irate athlete. It did not last long, but the enemy next day raised a great clamor, crying: "Paderewski does not play any more; he pounds." It was useless to point out that Beethoven, when in a stormy mood, was accused of pounding; that Liszt sometimes broke two or three strings; that

Rubinstein, when in a tragic, leonine, orchestral mood, would fret and fume and wish he had twenty pianos to play on; that it is to these moods that we owe the sonorous pianos of our time, as they compelled the manufacturers to live up to them.

Beside this farce there was enacted a serious melodrama which might have had serious consequences. Paderewski was accused of having contributed $20,000 to a Polish newspaper which has been making war on Jews. In consequence of this, hand-bills were distributed in various cities, signed by Jewish associations, urging music lovers not to help him to send more money to aid a cause which led to the slaughter of Jews. Threats were made, also, of bodily injury or death, and in several cities the halls were watched by detectives during Paderewski's recitals. He finally put an end to this annoying situation by taking oath before a California notary public that he had never contributed any money to the paper in question. Educated Jews, it is needless to say, were not deterred by these accusations from attending his recitals any more than they were, a generation ago, from crowding to the operas of Wagner because of his two foolish anti-Semitic pamphlets. Most of them doubtless felt like the banker who had in his library a bust of Wagner with a rope round the neck—the bust to attest his devotion to the musician, the rope to indicate what he thought of his opinions.

While Paderewski has added no new pieces to his programmes, he has played the compositions he loves most—those of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt—more eloquently than ever. Already he has played six times in New York, and each performance seemed greater than its predecessors. He usually looks pale, and often suffers from the neuritis which compelled him to spend a fortnight in the baths in California. How, under the circumstances, he can add nearly an hour of extras to a two-hour programme, as he did at his fourth recital, is a mystery.

HENRY T. FINCK.

The Oxford University Musical Club recently held its one thousandth meeting. Its programme contained one unique item, the playing of a Mozart sonata, arranged as a duet for two pianofortes by Dean Strong, the present Vice-Chancellor, and Dr. Heberden, his predecessor in office.

A five days' Beethoven festival is to be held in the Queen's Hall next month, at which all the Beethoven symphonies and pianoforte concertos are to be performed. Henri Verbrugghen is to conduct.

A scheme is under way for an Arthurian festival at Glastonbury—the Avalon of tradition—in August. Three performances will be given of "The Birth of Arthur," the first of a cycle of Arthurian dramas written by Reginald R. Buckley and composed by Rutland Boughton. The Beecham orchestra will coöperate. A temporary theatre will be built, to serve for four or five years.

Art

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The eighty-ninth exhibition of the National Academy of Design shows in the main the same distinguishing features that for some years past have characterized it. There is, however, nothing surprising or disheartening in this fact, since the artists concerned are maintaining their standards and meanwhile are posing neither as revolutionists nor as prestidigitators in paint. Even the fact that a wanderer fresh from the Paris salons, taking in the Exhibition as a whole, might think it tight in handling, somewhat old-fashioned in aspect, and not exciting, need not be regarded as final or decisive, in view of the chaotic and overwrought condition of French art at the present time.

In truth—despite cramped quarters that have not grown to suit its needs, and despite the merry jests that are flung at it—we may as well acknowledge that the Academy is a conservative force of importance among artists and in the community. For the artists it signifies a sort of inner circle of their kind, in which they are glad to be included and from which they are gratified to receive recognition. For the public it means the opportunity to note the progress of artists with whom it is already familiar, and to make the acquaintance of newcomers as they appear. The intelligent visitor also realizes that by keeping in touch with this organization he now and again enjoys the pleasure of seeing the early efforts of exceptional talent. Then, too, such fortunate occasional experiences as this last have a tendency to create on the part of the observer a sort of buoyant, subconscious expectation of some day encountering on the Academy walls the great American genius who is to overshadow all past artistic efforts and thereby enlighten all those that are to come.

Apparently, as I have said, this is not the year for any such remarkable manifestation; yet there is more than one indication in this hanging that the artists are fully alive to the existence of the professional problems of the hour, and that they are independently considering them according to their best judgment. The result is good, honest work, which for a number of reasons is of varying degrees of interest and excellence.

That there may be excellence without great interest is sometimes due to the proneness of some artists to confine themselves, wholly or for the most part, to the variations of their past successes. Granted that a congenial subject, with a fortunate mode of expressing it, offers temptations, the artist with but one picture to put on his canvas speedily becomes as monotonous as the writer with but one story to tell. To cite an instance of this exhibition, there is Couse's Indian picture, The Beaded Bag. It may be called a good Couse, to be sure, but, speaking from memory, I can scarcely see that it has changed this year from the pose, the firelight, the pottery of other such pictures by him; even the shape and size of the canvas seem the same. Other examples of the kind are Richard Miller's lady pouring tea, with sunlight and foliage accompaniments, and Shurtleff's wood interiors—beautiful though they unquestionably are. On the other hand, when a painting of a certain kind makes but a minor part of the artist's equipment and is preëminently well done, then a new example of the old subject is quite welcome; for example, Chase's still-life of fish and the big copper kettle. Near by hangs his excellent portrait of Professor Taylor, to demonstrate conclusively his ability in an entirely different direction.

Probably the charm of the unexpected has helped to centre continued attention upon the work of George Bellows, who is given to seeking new fields for his art. On this occasion he has achieved a notable success and has received the Isaac N. Maynard prize for his full-length portrait of Dr. William Oxley Thompson. The doctor is of the class, now appearing often in portraiture, that is entitled to the dignity of the academic gown; but he wears his with a difference, for, thanks to Mr. Bellows's skill, the robe, despite its voluminous folds and the richness of its purple bands, is made of subordinate importance to the man who wears it. The pose is well taken to express self-confidence, which is further emphasized by the rugged strength of the ably painted head, and the grays and blacks that predominate throughout are managed with easy freedom; yet, though possessed of so much excellence, the portrait does not escape a crudity that distinguishes it from great work.

The zone of prizes, which lies chiefly in the neighborhood of this portrait, holds a number of pictures worthy of attention. The Inness prize has been given to Robert Spencer, an artist who has attracted commendation of late by his ability to give artistic interest to the native ugliness of factory buildings and their drear surroundings. The prize-winning picture is of the factory style of architecture, though called The White Tenement. Oddly enough, the tumble-down, shiftless shanties that cling about

the orderly, box-like building in the centre of the canvas, seem the least forlorn and most habitable part of the scene. The composition of the picture, its calm, decided grays and clear reflections in the water of the foreground, and, above all, the precision and shape of the paint stroke, make a style not unlike that of Sisley of early Impressionist fame.

Just next to this cool, gray-toned picture hangs Jonas Lie's Afterglow, which received the first Hallgarten prize, and on the other side the Portrait, by Cecilia Beaux, which received the Saltus medal. The first-mentioned picture is a view of the lighted city from the river just before twilight. It is beautiful in color and most interesting in pattern, with perhaps a trifle too insistent a feeling of lingering hurly-burly, bred of spots and smoke; which is to say that Mr. Lie's vigorous painting suits the rush of the morning hours rather better than evening. Miss Beaux has painted convincingly the portrait of a woman steadfast and true; there are excellent qualities in the work beyond question, but just why another medal should be added to her already long list, for a painting in which the light so distracts, is hard to understand. Sloan Bredin's Midsummer is another prize-winner—a quiet decorative, tapestry-like landscape, noticeable because of the rendering of the warm, over-cast aspect of summer heat. Near by hangs J. Alden Weir's portrait of Miss L., a fine example of his style, which puts within the limits of a narrow range of color both refinement and strength. In another room is the Odalisque, by Beatrice Whitney, to whom has been given the Shaw Memorial prize. The name of the artist is a new one to me, but she has the painter's eye and touch. There are personality and character in the rendering of her Oriental model, but going with these saving qualities is an unnecessary dinginess in the shadows of the dusky flesh.

In landscape there are several pictures that from their subjects might be regarded as a modern reincarnation of the grand style of Church and Bierstadt of the early Hudson River School. In those old days they put on canvas The Heart of the Andes, the Yosemite Valley, and the Falls of Niagara; to-day William Wendt has painted Mountain Infinity; Dewitt Parshall, the Grand Cañon; Edward Potthast, Illecilewaet Glacier, and Carl Rungius, the Canadian Rockies. The likeness, however, is but seeming; the difference between the old style and the new is evident. These later artists do not take their grand subjects with the idea that the more awe-inspiring the subject, the more noble the picture, but simply with the quite legitimate desire to express their understanding of nature's great moods by the artistic means of line and color. The result is interesting, not topographical, but, after all, touches only superficially the mysterious, forceful characteristics that make the mountains and the cañon tremendous aspects of nature. It is a curious fact that the sea, which can be in nature no less awe-inspiring than the mountains, does not hold itself so aloof from satisfactory pictorial interpretation. Paul Dougherty's Foam on the Rocks gives expression to the force and movement of the waves; Howard Butler's marine reveals the beauty of the play of sunlight; or, by way of contrast, there is the quiet, gently lapping sea about Louise Brumback's Green Boat and Hayley Lever's St. Ives Harbor, with rich, strong color in water and shore.

For restful calm Gardner Symons's Winter Evening is attractive. Here confused shadows seem unnecessary. There are simple masses of color, a wintry sky with a gleam of yellow that is cold as steel, and a stream where the water is coldly clear and moving slowly—only a few well-marked reflections; it seems simple, but with such means he has embodied the very spirit of the close of a clear, cold winter day.

This year for the first time, I believe, the Exhibition includes two cases of miniatures containing the work of members of the American Society of Miniature Painters. The catalogue list shows this Society much feminized, which fact confirms the popular belief of long standing that this branch of art is especially suited to women. And, though it may be reactionary, let it be said in passing that Miss Cockroft's over-large nudes and staring pillow arrangements in the Vanderbilt Room do not convincingly refute that old idea. Time was, however, when artists as strong and masculine as Holbein did not disdain to busy themselves with this delicate work. The miniatures shown are for the most part portraits; among the many, those by Helen Turner and Gertrude Bushnell are noticeable for the excellence of the drawing and the method of using color. Cecil Jay's more elaborate Le Billet Doux is dainty and Frenchy in style, with an air of Watteau's time, despite the stiffness of the composition.

As for sculpture, one would say the sculptors had all betaken themselves to San Francisco to work for the approaching Fair, there is so little shown to mark their existence—twenty-six pieces all told, and those small and not of unusual significance. Babyhood seems a good deal in evidence among these; Abastenia Eberle's Big Wave, with mother and child at play on the seashore; Evelyn James's Baby Faun Book Ends—too slight for their task, were it not for the joyous glee with which they undertake it; and Manship's Renaissance Baby Portrait, shown already in Philadelphia, but changed now from plaster to bronze, and rendered even more charming by the change. L. S.

The "Year-Book of Canadian Art, 1913" (Toronto: J. M. Dent & Son), reflects credit both on those who contributed its well-informed and discriminating articles, and also on the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto, which is responsible for its compilation. The "Year-Book of Canadian Art," with the annual "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada," offers a satisfactory survey of Canadian achievement in arts and letters. The latter review is, of course, confined to historical work, although history is broadly interpreted. The new year-book reviews the year's output in five sections: literature, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture. This volume contains, in addition to a number of general articles, well-considered reviews of the work of Goldwin Smith, Sir George Ross, Stephen Leacock, in literature; of Augustus Stephen Vogt in music; of A. Suzar-Coté in painting; of Walter Allward in sculpture, and of John A. Pearson in architecture. The Arts and Letters Club has been fortunate in enlisting the services as reviewers of men each of whom has a national reputation in his own field. The illustrations include not only portraits of men and women who have contributed to art and literature during the past year, but also reproductions of some of the more notable works of art, including the fine King Edward Memorial designed by Walter Allward for the national capital.

Wilton Lockwood, portrait painter, who died on March 20, was born in Wilton, Conn., September 12, 1861. After studying in New York under John La Farge, he spent ten years in Paris and a year in Munich. On his return to this country he settled in Boston. Examples of Mr. Lockwood's work hang in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; the Corcoran Gallery, Washington; the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and the Museum of Fine Arts, Worcester.

Finance

THE NEXT CHAPTER.

Briefly summed up, the existing situation, on both home and foreign financial markets, is this: Trade revival has not appeared, as had been hoped when the vigorous Stock Exchange revival came in January. On the contrary, there has occurred a slow relapse into the hesitation and uncertainty of three or four months ago. A feeling of despondency has seized upon the financial and business communities, in which every unpleasant event or possibility is magnified, while every agreeable and reassuring incident is ignored. Yet, with all this existing condition of the financial mind, the stock exchanges, having seemingly completed, for the time at any rate, their reactionary movement of the past six weeks, are cautiously advanc-

ing. The New York market has moved up, in entire absence of any definite news which should stimulate enthusiasm. At London, the price of British consols has risen nearly one full point, on the very heels of last Sunday's extraordinary developments in Ulster and the British army. All this suggests some reëxamination of the financial situation.

To this extent, the present mood of the financial markets is a psychological matter—that it follows a demonstration on the stock exchanges, last January, which at the time convinced the entire financial community that an early and positive change for the better was in store, but which was followed by what seemed to be complete dissipation of such hopes. Taken in conjunction with the present attitude of financial and business markets, the occurrences of January now assume, in the eyes of the financial community, the aspect of something like an unsolved mystery.

Not often in the experience of finance has the forecast of the stock exchanges and money markets been more positively pronounced than it was then. The meaning of the phenomena which were witnessed, on all the principal markets of the world, was unmistakable, if judged by the usual criteria. The changes for the better dealt with the fundamentals. They altered the situation in precisely those quarters of which it had been repeatedly declared, in 1913, that it was from such directions that the first trustworthy sign of return to better markets must be looked for. Furthermore, they were world-wide in their manifestation. Observers who became hopeful at that time are therefore naturally asking now, What did the events of January really mean? Or did they mean nothing at all?

It is still full early to attempt an answer to these questions. What is evident is that the influences which seem to be operating against revival in outside trade are precisely the influences which prevailed last year. The familiar arguments of last autumn are still in the forefront of all financial discussion; but that is only part of the situation. Such counter-arguments as were accepted by Wall Street in December and January—that the Administration was laboring for a peaceful adjustment of governmental disputes with Big Business; that Congress was acting in a conservative and not in a reckless way on current legislation, and that the currency bill's enactment promised much for future stability in finance—have since January been almost wholly abandoned.

Now there are three possible explanations, and only three, as to this curious sequel of events. The markets may have been drawing mistaken inferences as to those events, three months ago. The good influence of those events may have been superseded by other developments of the day. Or Wall Street may have been right at the opening of the year, but may have abandoned its inferences of that period, because their correctness had not been instantly demonstrated by the movement of prosperity. One of these three explanations will in the end be found to carry the solution of the present perplexities.

In view of the well-known principle that the financial year begins in the early spring, when the new governing influences of a period usually develop, and not with the opening of January, when the general influences of preceding months are usually continued, a further point of interesting conjecture is, what are the new influences that will arise when the new period begins, and how will they bear on the general situation? Briefly summed up, those which are certain to cut a figure in the next few months are the progress of the crops, the decision on railway rates, the arrangements for introducing the new banking system, the conclusion of the legislation of this Congressional session, and, later on, the campaign and vote for the autumn Congressional elections.

In these various and important matters, there are obviously numerous and diverse developments which may be witnessed between now and the year's later months. It is not easy to reason out, on the basis of present evidences, a series of further unfavorable influences in these directions. In the judgment of the grain trade, the present promise of the early wheat crop is exceptionally high; we shall have very definite information on it a month or six weeks hence. The Interstate Commerce Commission's action on the advance in Eastern railway rates may be taken as early as May; it is promised definitely before July. Like all such matters, its probable purport will be in doubt until the decision is handed down. In railway circles, and in a degree at Washington, the trend of opinion seems at the moment to be that part, if not all, of the advance applied for will be approved.

As for the inauguration of the new banking system, much will no doubt depend on the nature of the President's appointments, which should be made within the next few weeks. Much will also depend on the manner in which the banks take a hand in constructing the new reserve institutions. As to this, however, it is to be observed that, since practically all the national banks of the country have committed themselves to the system, and will have 6 per cent. of their capital and surplus invested in the shares of the new regional reserve banks, it will be to their vital interest to make the experiment a quick success.

There will remain, aside from the perfectly inscrutable Mexican complication, the conclusion of the session's legislation at Washington, and the autumn political campaign. The probabilities as to the one are fairly in view already; the sober and conservative action of the Congressional committees, on the hastily and imperfectly drawn-up "Trust bills," tells the story. As to the other, even the political prophets have not yet begun to conjecture. Wall Street is rarely in the habit of "discounting" matters of that sort, until the preliminary developments are in sight, and election contests in the United States are like the old-fashioned military campaigns in Europe: they do not begin until the traditionally proper moment.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, A. L. The Message of New Thought. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Anderson, F. I. Adventures of the Infallible Godahl. Crowell. $1 net.
Autobiography of Thomas Jefferson. Ed. by P. L. Ford. Putnam. $1.50.
Baker, Ernest A. Guide to Historical Fiction. London: Routledge. $6 net.
Baker, G. K. Haliefa. Neale. $1 net.
Baker, T. Yard and Garden. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50 net.
Black, M. R. and M. B. Elementary Theory of Music. Boston: Homeyer. 50 cents net.
Brooks, A. M. Architecture and the Allied Arts. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50 net.
Bruce and Wiener. The Education of Karl Witte. Crowell. $1.50 net.
Clodd, Edward. The Childhood of the World. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Cook, H. T. The Borough of the Bronx. Pub. by Author.
Cooper, E. My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Cornelius, O. S. The Persian Tassel. Neale. $1.20 net.
Dawson, Grace. How to Rest. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Dinwiddie, W. Essentials of Logic. Neale.
Doling, A. M. Brilla. Neale. $1.20 net.
Dorchester, O. The Sovereign People. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Echegaray, J. Mariana. Boni. 75 cents net.
Emerson. Autobiographie. Trans. into French by R. Michaud. Paris: Colin.
Enriquez, R. de Zayas. The Case of Mexico. Trans. by A. Tridon. Boni. $1.35 net.
Faguet, Emile. Initiation into Philosophy. Trans. by Sir Horne Gordon. Putnam. $1.25 net.
French, W. The Devil's Discharge. Neale. $1 net.
Gettell, R. G. Problems in Political Evolution. Ginn. $2 net.
Greely, A. W., Major-Gen. Handbook of Alaska. Scribner. $2 net.
Gulick, S. L. The American Japanese Problem. Scribner. $1.75 net.
Haldane of Cloan, Viscount. Higher Nationality. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Handel-Mazzetti. Stephana Schwertner. Stechert.
Harland, Marion. Looking Westward. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Hay, J. Macdougal. Gillespie. Doran. $1.40 net.
Hayward, W. B. The Commuter's Garden. Crowell. $1 net.
Hazelton, G. C. and Benrimo. The Yellow Jacket. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.
Henley, W. E. Views and Reviews. London: Nutt.
Hurd, A. Our Navy. London: Warne. 50 cents net.
Johnson, Robert W. Poems. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50 net.
Johnson, S. C. A History of Emigration from the United Kingdom to North America. Dutton. $2 net.

Kaines Smith, S. C. Greek Art and National Life. Scribner.
Keller, G. A Village Romeo and Juliet. Trans. by A. C. Bahlmann. Scribner. $1 net.
Kleene, A. C. Kirstin. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Ledoux, L. V. The Shadow of Ætna. Putnam.
Lewis, T. A Glossary of Medieval Welsh Law. Manchester: University Press, $5 net.
Locke, W. J. The Fortunate Youth. Lane. $1.35 net.
Low, Sidney. Egypt in Transition. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
MacGrath, Harold. Pidgin Island. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Maclean, J. K. Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South. Adapted from Heroes of the Polar Seas. Crowell. 50 cents net.
Manchester University Verses. Manchester: University Press. $1.50 net.
Marshal, Francis. The Battle of Gettysburg. Neale. $2 net.
Morgan, B. S. The Backward Child. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Mundy, T. Rung Ho! Scribner. $1.35 net.
Oxford French Series: François le Champi, by George Sand. Oxford University Press. 60 cents net.
Peterson, C. A., and Hanson, J. M. Pilot Knob. Neale. $2 net.
Pratt, Ambrose. The Real South Africa. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50 net.
Reed, C. B. Masters of the Wilderness. Chicago: University of Chicago. $1 net.
Robinson, Victor. Poems. Altrurian. 50 cents.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1914.

Summary of the News

The split in the ranks of the Democrats in Congress on account of the repeal of the exemption clause in the Panama Canal Tolls bill, became more pronounced on Thursday of last week, when Speaker Clark issued a statement definitely aligning himself with those opposed to the repeal. On the following day, however, the supporters of the Administration won a victory on two test votes arising out of the application of the rule to limit debate. The vote ordering the previous question was 207 to 176, and the rule to limit debate was passed by 200 to 172. President Wilson has characterized as "insulting" the *canard* that there has been anything in the nature of a bargain between this country and Great Britain, calling for British support of the Administration's policy in Mexico in return for the repeal of the exemption clause. Sir Edward Grey also issued a specific denial of the report in the House of Commons on Monday. The vote on the Sims Repeal bill was taken in the House on Tuesday evening, the result being 248 to 162 in favor of the repeal.

The most conflicting reports have come from Mexico during the past week regarding the fighting around Torreon. Gomez Palacio, which was taken by Villa on March 24, was apparently recaptured by the Federals on the following day, and again retaken by Villa on March 26. This view would seem to coincide with the account of the fighting given out from El Paso on Monday by a war correspondent, who had left the front on Saturday. According to this account, the rebels were twice defeated at Gomez Palacio, but the Federal troops failed to follow up their advantage and Villa was able to recover his position and advance to Torreon proper. Reports from rebel sources, which, on that account, must be accepted with reserve, indicated on Tuesday that the Federal forces were reduced in numbers to some 3,000 men, but were still strongly intrenched and offering a stubborn resistance. There has been desperate street fighting in Torreon, and the losses on both sides, estimates of which vary according to their source, must have been heavy. From Mexico City the statement was given out on Tuesday that the capture of Torreon by Villa was not anticipated.

The suit brought by the Government under the Anti-Trust law against the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company was settled out of court on Thursday of last week. The Bell companies are ordered to dispose of their holdings in the Northwestern and Interstate companies and are prohibited from acquiring hereafter any interest in those companies. This is the third important anti-Trust suit brought by the present Administration to be settled by agreement, the other two having been that against the American Telephone & Telegraph Company in its relations with the Western Union, and that in connection with the New Haven dissolution.

The announcement was made from Washington on Saturday that Ambassador Gerard had been instructed to make representations to the German Government on behalf of the Standard Oil interests, if in his judgment the terms of the Oil Monopoly bill now pending in Parliament seemed to render the Standard Oil Company liable to injustice in respect to the taking over of its properties in Germany, which is contemplated in the bill. President Wilson has since explained that the instructions to Mr. Gerard called for an investigation and a report only and for nothing in the nature of a protest to the German Government.

Extensive retrenchments have been made by some of the important railways of the East. The Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the New Haven, the Central of New Jersey, and the Lehigh Valley have all made reductions in their passenger and freight service, and large numbers of employees have been laid off altogether or are working on half time. The action of the railways is attributed to adverse State legislation and to uncertainty concerning the Federal Government's policy with regard to increased rates. Particular complaint is made by railway officials of the full train crew laws of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. While the Eastern railways have suffered most severely, the lines of the West are also affected. Figures published by the New York *Sun* on Saturday show that the gross earnings of twenty-seven systems for February of this year were $6,465,140 less than for February, 1913.

Announcement was made on March 26 that a settlement had been reached in the long dispute between the Eastman Kodak Company and the Ansco Company regarding the "Goodwin patent" on pliable films. The claims for infringement of the patent made by the Ansco Company involved millions of dollars. The details of the settlement have not been given out, but it is stated that it was for a "substantial amount."

Some of the appointments sent by Gov. Glynn of New York to the State Senate on Saturday bear the unmistakable stamp of Tammany influence and have served to accentuate the cleavage in the Democratic party in New York State.

The arbitration treaty with Denmark proposed by Secretary of State Bryan has failed to obtain the ratification of the Danish Senate. The treaty provided that all matters of dispute between the two Governments should be referred to an impartial commission for investigation and report, and stipulated further that in case the dispute was not settled within one year after the commission had made its report the matter should automatically be referred to arbitration.

Other events in the political crisis in England have been overshadowed by Mr. Asquith's dramatic announcement in the House of Commons on Monday that he himself would assume the portfolio of Secretary of State for War. At the same time the Prime Minister announced that Col. Seely had felt compelled to resign from the War Office, and that the members of the Army Council, Field-Marshal Sir John French, and Adjt.-Gen. Sir John Ewart, who had joined with him in signing the "guarantee" to Brig.-Gen. Gough, insisted that their resignations be accepted. Mr. Asquith's acceptance of "an office of profit under the Crown" involves his resignation of his seat in Parliament and his returning to his constituency of East Fife for reëlection. The Premier will thus be absent from the House of Commons for at any rate two weeks. On Tuesday, Sir Edward Grey, in charge of the debate on the Home Rule bill, declared that the Government was not prepared to make further concessions beyond the six years' exclusion of the Ulster counties. In case of sporadic outbreaks in the province, he added, force must be employed.

A strike which threatens to become serious was declared on Monday by the coal miners in Yorkshire, England. The strike involves 170,000 men, and the demands made are for the introduction of a minimum scale of wages. The Miners' Federation of Great Britain has given its support to the strike.

The Swedish elections for the Riksdag began on March 27 and will be concluded on April 7. Unusual interest attaches to these elections, as they are expected to turn on the position of the King as a constitutional sovereign. King Gustav's assertion of his right to address the Swedish people directly on the question of military expansion led to the resignation of the Liberal Cabinet and to an appeal being made to the country.

The political situation in Japan has remained uncertain since the resignation of the Cabinet on March 24. Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, President of the House of Peers, having declined the request of the Emperor that he undertake the formation of a Cabinet, the Elder Statesmen on Monday submitted the name of Viscount Keigo Kiyoura for the Premiership. On the same day Vice-Admiral Matsumoto, who was involved in the naval graft scandals, was committed to prison after a prolonged examination. On Tuesday it was announced that Viscount Kiyoura had accepted the Premiership.

The deaths of the week include: Frédéric Mistral, Harry Maule Crookshank, March 25; Benjamin F. Keith, March 26; Tito Mattei, George W. Hill, Dr. Egbert Le Fevre, March 30; Timothy D. Sullivan, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, March 31.

The Week

For the number of men engaged and the obstinate character of the fighting, the battle at Torreon stands out pre-eminent in the history of Mexican civil warfare. Large bodies of men have been in collision on Mexican soil, but only when Mexicans have fought against a foreign enemy. Gen. Taylor had about 4,700 men at Buena Vista, but Santa Anna's defeated army numbered some 20,000, giving a larger total of combatants than has been engaged at Torreon. Gen. Winfield Scott landed at Vera Cruz with about 12,000 men. In 1863 the French invested Puebla with 20,000 men, and the garrison that surrendered was 15,000 strong. Four years later Puebla was retaken by Porfirio Diaz in a battle engaging about 25,000 men. In all, the fortunes of the Mexican people at various times have been decided by limited bodies of troops for a nation of fifteen millions. In view of this fact, it is somewhat out of place to sneer at Villa as a common bandit. He may be that by certain traits of character; he is more than that by his talents as a soldier. To have brought together one of the largest native armies that have ever fought in Mexico and to have led it with such military skill is a notable achievement.

"Shares in the textile mills in New England," said Senator Smoot in his big speech on the tariff last summer, "have declined greatly as a result of this proposed law. . . . It is estimated that only 50 per cent. of the mill capacity in the woollen and worsted mills is now employed, and that will be reduced 25 per cent. by the time this bill takes effect." Well, the bill *has* taken effect; indeed, it has been in operation half a year; and this is what we hear now:

> Boston, March 25.—The quick recovery in the American Woollen Company's preferred stock to $79 a share is, of course, a direct reflection of the maintenance of the regular 7 per cent. dividend rate, some doubts as to the status of which, on account of last year's unsatisfactory showing, had been expressed. It is said that the company is doing twice as much business to-day as at this time last year.

Just preceding the quotation we have made from Senator Smoot's speech are some profoundly gloomy remarks on the intimate connection between free-trade and pauperism. "With less than half our population," he informed us, Great Britain has "twenty paupers to our one," and we are "moving in the same direction by this legislation." As the statement of the imminent ruin of the New England textile industry was put forward as the first—and so presumably the most terrifying—of the facts bearing out this melancholy forecast, we trust that Mr. Smoot and the rest of the high-tariff prophets will now pluck up heart and indulge the fond hope that a fair proportion of the American people will remain outside the poorhouse even under the present tariff. By the way, what has become of the great exodus of manufacturers to Canada, the prediction of which was Gov. Foss's special contribution to the enlightenment of the public?

Senator Weeks's proposal that the five fast scout cruisers of the navy should be used by the Government to carry mail, freight, and passengers via New Orleans and the Panama Canal to the west coast of South America, until such time as a private line can be established, is a novel but not a practical suggestion. A few years ago it would have been resented as extremely paternalistic; but now that the Government owns a railway in Panama, and is about to expend many millions for another in Alaska, there is not likely to be opposition on this ground. But, as Senator Weeks must know, these ships are little fitted for such traffic; the largest ones, the triple-screw cruisers Minneapolis and Columbia, are twenty years old, and have always been extremely expensive to run, and, like the other three, they would necessitate heavy outlays if they should be equipped to carry numbers of cabin passengers. They have often been used to carry troops and marines, but there is a vast difference between transport and passenger service. The Salem, Chester, and Birmingham are more modern, having been authorized in 1904, and are about the size of many of the vessels in West Indian service. But they, too, were never built for cargo-carrying. If the idea is to find more useful employment for these boats, Mr. Weeks is justified; yet the amount of money they would lose in such traffic would, we fancy, be staggering. Still we, too, sincerely trust that a fast line from New York to Valparaiso may speedily be found to be commercially profitable.

The long-awaited decision of the Oregon Supreme Court upholding the constitutionality of the minimum-wage and ten-hour law has been rendered with a positiveness that will reassure the seven other States that passed such acts in 1913. This first complete test followed the prescription by the Industrial Welfare Commission of a nine-hour day for women at a minimum weekly wage of $8.64, and was instituted by a Portland paper manufacturer. Its ground was, of course, that the law exceeded the police powers of the State; and, more specifically, that it interfered with freedom of contract, while, by giving the Welfare Commission arbitrary decision upon matters of fact, it "took the property of the employer without due process of law." Justice Eakin's decision affirms that all "provisions enacted by the State under its police power that have for their purpose the protection or betterment of the public health, morals, peace, and welfare, and reasonably tend to that end, are within the power of the State"; and rules likewise that none of the law's provisions are subject to State constitutional inhibition. The radical and highly comprehensive nature of the Oregon law makes the decision important to those other States, from California to Wisconsin, whose enactments went into force at about the same time. Massachusetts's minimum-wage law was the only one passed earlier than 1913; her 56-hour provision for women has just been upheld by the United States Supreme Court.

It has been said that the decision of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, last week, holding that the Methodist Church has no visitorial rights over Vanderbilt University, dealt a powerful blow to a "bigoted ecclesiasticism" in education. This may be, but only as a remote inference from the Court's decision. The case was decided on strictly legal grounds. It turned largely on the terms of the foundation of Vanderbilt University and on the powers of the Board of Trust. The issue was raised in consequence of successively greater claims, on the part of the authorities of the Methodist Church, to control the

affairs and shape the destinies of the university. Appeal was taken by the trustees to the Supreme Court, and the long opinion of Judge Turner, reviewing the entire history of the institution, decided merely, as we read it, that this particular ecclesiastical encroachment, in the case of this particular university, was in violation of law. In this there is nothing to prevent bigoted ecclesiastics from controlling universities, if their right to administer the property is legally clear. At the same time, the friends of Vanderbilt University are justified in congratulating the faculty and trustees upon this satisfactory outcome of the litigation.

In the consideration of such renewed complaints of the wholesale delivery of the Philippine Government to the natives as Dean C. Worcester's letter to the New York *Times* and Dr. Luther Anderson's dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News*, it is to be remembered that the public hears only one side. That of the Administration and of the Filipinos is not yet stated. And as the real question at stake is the efficiency of the service, it is significant that the whole attack is being shifted from the changes in the major departments to those in the great body of subordinate offices. It was Mr. Worcester's heated claim two months ago that the promotion of Filipinos in the Health and other departments was sending everything to the dogs. Is it possible these men are playing their rôles too well for further criticism? It is obvious that nothing can be said about the competency or incompetency of men in the hundreds of minor posts, whether retained or new; and it is therefore easy to allege that their resignation "in flocks" proves the ruination of everything. As a matter of fact, Mr. Worcester's own figures show the steady growth of Filipino officeholders: 1903, 49 per cent.; 1905, 55 per cent.; 1907, 60 per cent.; 1910, 64 per cent.; 1913, 71 per cent. This growth should be continued, if not accelerated. It has further been made plain that many recent dismissals resulted from a new and praiseworthy policy of economy. The critics will have to show definite inefficiency; and to do this more is required than evidence that the Filipino bands are playing, not the "Star Spangled Banner," but "Aguinaldo's March!"

While Congress has been discussing levee projects, the lower Mississippi Valley States are becoming more outspoken about the duties of their Northern neighbors. Their suggestions as to flood prevention look to the distant future, but receive plausibility from the closeness with which they parallel the work actually under way on the Ohio. Thus the New Orleans *Item* calls attention to an averted flood disaster high up on the Missouri, where a January deluge, reaching proportions that once would have meant wholesale loss, was checked and diffused by reservoirs. "There are locations for thousands of similar reservoirs in the Alleghanies, the Rockies, the hills of Minnesota, the Ozarks, the Appalachian foothills of Tennessee and Kentucky—some to be built at great expense, some at very small expense. many, like that of Truckee-Carson, to pay for themselves." It is precisely such reservoirs that are now being constructed along the Miami and other Ohio tributaries. Supposing the matter left to State action, it will be many years before the growth of population and public improvements over the whole watershed is likely to achieve a marked diminution in the risk of sudden floods southward. But what will some day have to be understood is that combined local action may not merely solve local flood problems, but provide the surest way out of the Mississippi flood problem as a whole.

Non-partisanship, if we apprehend the matter rightly, is little better than membership in any other party than the Progressive. This axiom of the new politics makes the change in policy of the Boston *Journal* a catastrophe, if not a crime. For more than twelve months the *Journal* has refought the battle of Armageddon, and pointed the way to a triumph that should be more satisfying than the "moral" victory of 1912. But the Chairman of the Massachusetts Progressives has now decided that he cannot work for the paper and for the party, too, as the double job takes more than twenty-four hours a day. And so he gives up the paper, allowing it, despite his financial interest in it, to become non-partisan. This seems an unnecessarily lame and impotent conclusion. If non-partisanship should lead the paper to oppose the Progressive ticket, would not Mr. Hale's investment become hopelessly tainted? We know that the course of the Progressive party is paralleling that of the Republican party in the early and noble days of its history, because we have so often been assured that it is; this makes the *Journal's* change of policy very puzzling, for in those early and noble days Republican newspapers were everywhere springing up, not retreating from the heights of Republicanism to the bog of non-partisanship.

The defeat in the Milwaukee primaries, last week, of David S. Rose, five times Mayor, leaves the decks cleared for a straight-out action between Socialists and the present régime. The former made no secret of their hope that Rose, not Bading, would win the primary. "If Seidel is to win," as the *Sentinel* summarized their position, "it must be against Rose. No non-Socialist could have the scintilla of a reason to vote against Bading; and if the Socialists win at all, it must be, as it was before, by non-Socialist votes." But if Bading's renomination strengthens the prospect of Socialist defeat, there were other reasons also why the reform element so strongly supported him. His administration has combined efficiency with economy, and put a stop to the heavy bond issues that made the public improvements of his predecessors so falsely glorious. His stand for public order was in contradistinction to Rose's promise of "the good old times," which implied, as another newspaper remarked, "a continuous carnival, bands on Grand Avenue playing 'A Hot Time,' and similar shop-worn attractions."

Representative Burke's defeat of Senator Crawford for the Republican nomination for Senator from South Dakota is a cruel thrust at the Progressive dogma that the G. O. P. is dead and buried. South Dakota was not only for Roosevelt in 1912, but so strongly for him that it gave Taft and La Follette combined far fewer votes than it cast for the Colonel, and in November there were no Taft electors at all. The Roosevelt electors pledged themselves to vote for Taft if it came to a struggle between Taft and Wilson. Now Representative Burke, a Taft supporter, carries the State, although laboring under the disadvantage of being designated on the ticket as the "minority" candidate. We

wonder how he dared run, or even face his constituents, after being on the wrong side at Armageddon. Is it possible that South Dakota voters choose their officers upon some other basis than that of allegiance to the Progressive standard? The result makes one feel that there may be something symptomatic in the California registration figures of 145,000 Republicans and only 92,000 Progressives.

If the Colonel, when he gets back, fears that the people are not ruling directly as they should, let him look at Seattle. Its Charter Commission has included a division of the city into thirty-six councilmanic wards, "each ward to have the right of recall for its particular Councilman." The possibilities thus opened should satisfy a very glutton for direct democracy and political excitement. Does one block get a sidewalk and another none? Recall the Councilman! Do you dislike the policeman who patrols your corner? Is the city growing in the wrong direction, and your property values falling? The remedy is plain. As little transient gusts of irritation blow about over the city which has just seen a recalled Mayor inducted again into office, Seattle should be treated to a fairly continuous splutter of petitions and elections. In the face of this delightful prospect, it is disheartening to find the *Post-Intelligencer* raking up city history to prove that "it is clear by this time that a hair-trigger recall law is not advisable."

It is an ancient tradition, to which Commissioner Sells has just subscribed, that "the greatest menace to the American Indian is whiskey." Yet liquor continues to reach the reservations. The Commissioner has issued a letter to the 6,000 employees in the Indian Service emphasizing the importance of each man bearing himself as a personal object-lesson:

> As a matter of good faith to our treaty relationships, to legislative enactments, to the Congress which appropriates $100,000 a year for the suppression of the liquor traffic among the Indians, we should do everything reasonably within our power to justify this appropriation, and insure the best results obtainable. This accomplished, we have laid a substantial foundation for all of our work in solving the Indian problem, and made a long step forward toward their equipment for the responsibilities of citizenship.

Not merely are the members of the service asked to refrain from the use of liquor themselves, but they are reminded that the law cannot be enforced unless they themselves obey it. The violations that have been most flagrant, as pointed out by the last report of the Indian Rights Association, have been those on the part of employees. It specifically notes one, left unpunished, as evidence that in 1912 there was a certain laxity in the Indian Bureau as regards the prosecution of members. There cannot be one law in Indian country for Indians and a different law for whites.

Oberlin College's systematic study of college efficiency, published, after four years' labor, not merely for the benefit of Oberlin, but as "a guide for a searching investigation by any other institution of its own efficiency," has brought to the surface one notable conclusion. It is that for the college to render its full service to society it must contemplate a limitation of the numbers in its main or academic department. The growth of that department has been from 405 students in 1900, through 977 in 1910, to slightly more than 1,000 today. Notwithstanding a doubling of the resources of the institution, this growth has prevented the average size of classes from falling below 26.5—manifestly too large; it has decreased the proportion of full professors to students from one to 27 in 1900 to one to 44.4 in 1910; it has resulted in a deterioration of faculty supervision of student life and work; and it has made inadequacies in equipment more painfully apparent. "Whether the enlargement . . . of the quantity of the service rendered, in view of the quality, has been an unmixed blessing," the report concludes, is very seriously to be questioned. The significance of the recommended restriction is in its novelty; of 35 institutions of a status similar to Oberlin's, only two —and they women's colleges—could report a limitation. The position of many or all, as regards endowment, may be more fortunate; and one wonders if several would not arrive at the same decision as Oberlin if they should conduct an investigation of the same character and thoroughness.

In none of the dispatches from the seat of "war" in Ulster have we seen reference to a proclamation, or "Important Notice," as he called it, issued by Sir Edward Carson. It was to the effect that the Ulster Volunteers must not think they were armed to kill "those of our fellow-countrymen in Ulster" who are Catholics. "Our quarrel is with the Government alone, and we desire that the religious and political views of our opponents should be everywhere respected." This must have fallen like a wet blanket upon the fighting Orangemen of Belfast. For a hundred years they have been throwing cobble-stones and breaking heads over religious differences; and many of them must have felt that they were about to have the chance of their lives to cry "Down with the Pope!" and to smite the Papists hip and thigh. Indeed, it is highly probable that this feeling had become so manifest and threatening that Sir Edward Carson took alarm at it, and gave out his warning, lest the "holy war" should prove to be one purely of religious hostilities.

The fall of the Japanese Cabinet was undoubtedly hastened by the recent disclosures of corruption among officials connected with the Navy Department. But, after all, the naval scandals simply furnished the democratic Opposition in the Diet with a special opportunity in its campaign for a reconstruction of parliamentary institutions on a true representative basis. The influence of the Elder Statesmen has latterly been on the wane, but clan politics have still largely dominated Government policy. Such politics have taken the form of favoring the army or the navy according as members of the Choshu or the Satsuma clan have been in power. Prince Katsura was beaten last year on the issue of large army increases. Last week the Yamamoto Cabinet fell because of the drastic cut in naval appropriations made by the upper house of Parliament. The radical faction in Parliament, opposed to clan rule, is apparently ready to join issue with the army faction or navy faction as occasion offers, with the ultimate purpose of discrediting both. Even in Japan it is apparent that Imperialism is not based entirely on lofty patriotic sentiment, but that patriotism is apt to take the form of a larger army or a larger navy, according to the interests of the men in power.

HARRYING THE RAILWAYS.

It is an unusual day that does not bring news of fresh pin-pricking of the railways. Last week a suit was filed in Liberty, Texas, against the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad to recover $1,252,000 for the crime of operating one locomotive not equipped with the brake appliances required under the laws of Texas. A few days earlier the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the Beaumont & Great Northern Railroads were sued by the same State for the modest sum of $8,400,000 for violation of the laws regarding safety appliances. Texas has evidently high hopes of replenishing her treasury at corporation expense, as well as highly fastidious tastes in the matter of railway equipment. Thus she requires *electric* headlights on all locomotives, entailing hundreds of thousands of dollars of needless expense. All this is particularly annoying to interstate lines, which often find themselves in danger of being punished in one State for conditions which merely conform to the law in another.

Lest any one think we exaggerate, we may point out that when the Kansas City Southern enters Arkansas it is compelled by law to place fly screens in the windows of its cars to protect its passengers from the malarial mosquito. When the train enters Oklahoma its crew is in duty bound to remove all these screens, since they are *forbidden* by law in that State. As the railway winds in and out of both States, the crews, if they would obey the law, find plenty to do. For all they know, State detectives may be in each passenger coach piling up evidence for a ten-million-dollar suit against the road. Now, we should be the last to defend the railways for deliberate and wilful failure to obey the laws of any State, but, as we pointed out last week, thoughtful people must sympathize with the unanswerable contention of the railways that, whatever their past sins, they are now constantly being punished by conflicting orders and laws from Legislatures and Commissions, State and national. The cost of these orders is never counted by the officials issuing them; that is not their concern, but that of the harassed managers.

In New York State, the Federal labor law prescribes eight hours as a working day, and the State nine. The State boiler inspection rules differ from the orders of the Federal inspectors. New York requires the washing out of boilers every thirty days, when everybody knows that some boilers need it every week, and others not in six weeks. Each washing must be attested before a notary, and his certificate must be framed in the cab. The Federal inspector may lay off any engine which does not please him. An interstate railway which starts from St. Louis finds its rates for hauling coal fixed by Missouri; on reaching Kansas it is compelled by State law to carry all passengers for two cents a mile; as soon as its trains arrive in Oklahoma they must stop at a station on the State boundary, whether there is even a hamlet there or not. Wherever a railway enters this State, it must maintain a State-line station. In Arkansas the law requires this same railway to carry an absolutely needless third brakeman on each freight train—only to drop him when Texas is reached and the electric headlight is turned on. This is merely a sample of what State control means, and on top of it all are the orders and regulations not only of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but sometimes of other Federal departments—the Treasury, it is reported, recently issued an order to the railways in regard to the use of drinking-water on trains.

Naturally, we repeat, the honest railway manager who is willing to recognize the changed conditions of to-day finds himself absolutely at a loss. How can he make a budget, when he may be suddenly ordered, like the Pennsylvania, to waste $850,000 under the needless full-crew law? He is between the devil of no dividends for stockholders and the very deep sea of Federal and State regulation. Is he to receive no chart and no compass by which he may steer a true course fair to all concerned?

One of the most serious aspects of it all is that regulation by commission is at stake; this, as every one knows, has been heralded as the middle road between Government ownership and the old haphazard legislative control. It is of vital interest to the country that our railway commissions should be put on the highest possible plane. Some of the questions which are now before them are of enormous importance to the general business interests of the country. Naturally, their authority is undermined if Legislatures like our own continue to meddle in matters which have been definitely allotted to a commission for control. To override it is to lower the commission in the eyes of the public and to breed contempt for it among those whom it is supposed to regulate, while leaving the railway manager utterly at a loss to know where he may obtain a ruling which shall be lasting—at least, for a few months—and shall not conflict with three or four others. It is a situation which calls for statesmanship, not for prejudice and partisanship.

THE ENGLISH ARMY MUTINY.

Publication of the official correspondence relating to the mutiny of English army officers in Ireland furnishes amazing and painful reading. That the Government was incredibly weak in facing the crisis was the first inference drawn. The great principle of civil control of the army was at hazard, yet the Ministry seemed to fumble as if it were merely a question affecting Little Peddlington. Army discipline was imperilled, but the War Office and the Crown went all lengths to soothe the mutineers. Now that all the facts are known, and prove to be even worse than the rumors that have been flying about, it is certain that there will be a blaze of indignation among English Liberals and Radicals. We should say, too, that thoughtful Conservatives, who care less for a party success than for the honor and stanchness of the army, and for the firm establishment of the doctrine of military subordination, must be staggered at the spectacle of a brigadier-general and fifty other officers impudently telling the Government what orders they would and what they would not obey. No wonder that these officers, coddled and almost apologized to, went back to the soldiers and gloried in the victory they have won over the Government. But it at once appeared that the War Office had acted without Cabinet authority. Hence the resignation of the Secretary for War.

It seemed impossible that any British Government, least of all a Liberal Government, could so have faltered and cringed. Mr. Asquith's policy has obviously been one of conciliation. For a long time he has sought in every way possible to arrive at a reasonable compromise on the Ulster question. This was entirely right, provided it was all

the time understood that no sacrifice of a fundamental principle would be permitted. It is wise to seek to come to an agreement with political opponents, but throughout the negotiations it must be made plain that a final challenge of the supremacy of Parliament will not be tolerated. For statesmen to be patient is well, but for an English statesman to permit army officers to dictate to him what policies he shall be allowed to carry out, with all the forces of the Crown if necessary, is unheard of since the days of the Long Parliament. Every one of those officers should have been instantly court-martialled and broken.

Whether one be by conviction militarist or anti-militarist, there can be no difference of opinion about the duty of an army, if we have an army at all. It must, in the first place, be implicitly and at all times subject to the civil power. The moment you begin to permit army officers to protest against the orders coming to them from the duly constituted authorities, that moment you prepare the way for the destruction of civil liberties, and for the setting up of a Pretorian Guard to decide who the authorities shall be. It is this aspect of the matter which fills English Liberals with shame and rage, and led to extraordinary demonstrations in the House of Commons. The question of Home Rule was temporarily lost sight of in the larger question of the supremacy of Parliament. It cannot be that the English democracy, which has at last got rid of the veto of the House of Lords, will lie down under the assumption of the veto power by the army. And as for the effect of the mutiny on the army itself, how can it be other than disastrous? For years the military authorities in England have been agitating schemes to make the army larger and more effective. But if soldiers will not obey orders, the more you have of them the worse you are off. The mutineers have struck a deadly blow at the army, both at home and abroad. Englishmen have been saying hard things of German military autocracy. Hereafter their mouths will be closed. Nothing that happened at Zabern is so bad as what took place at Curragh.

After all, there is small danger that Gen. Gough will succeed in the rôle of Col. Pride. Mr. Asquith has boldly met the challenge. Himself taking charge of the War Office, he will be in a position both to enforce discipline and to make the issue plain. The democratic and radical spirit has not risen in England to such heights as we have seen, to be beaten back by the waving of a brigadier's sword. The particular occasion chosen for the display of army insubordination will be seized upon, justly or otherwise, as proving that the privileged classes are ready to go to any extreme, even to tampering with the loyalty of soldiers, in order to repress the aspirations of the masses of Englishmen. If a political struggle shapes itself along those lines, there can be no doubt of its outcome. If the English Tories will not submit to the mild rule of Asquith, they may exchange for his whips the scorpions of Lloyd George. However that may be, it is certain that their readiness to throw the army into politics will return to plague them, if they come into office, and will, in any case, be used as a justification for excesses of lawlessness such as we had supposed had become forever impossible in England. It is already evident that the Unionists are waking up to the fact that they have made a great political blunder in fomenting army insubordination.

TENDENCIES IN CONTROL OF PUBLIC UTILITIES.

Upon the control of public-service corporations early centred the whole fight for cleaner and more efficient government. Chicago's contest of 1903 against Yerkes and the franchises he sought was carried through the Stewart-Harrison Mayoralty campaign, and culminated in a riot in the State Legislature that drove the Speaker from his chair. The days of Martin and Quay in Philadelphia, Folk's struggle in St. Louis, Bruce's in Pittsburgh against the Magee-Flinn spoliations, remind us how recently men began to realize that the old way of administering public utilities was outgrown. A vignette in Whitlock's "Forty Years of It" shows vividly this awakening consciousness: a mass-meeting gathering outside the City Hall, the leader reading the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech, and the crowd thundering "Let the franchise alone!" But if those were the days when public utilities corporations were guilty of excesses, they were also the days when political rascality made bad conditions inevitable. C. N. Fay tells in "Big Business and Government" how in the '80's Legislature after Legislature in Illinois drafted blackmailing measures which the leaders killed for a suitable consideration.

The flood of regulative legislation of the last three years has vested control in the State. The cities have raised the cry of "home rule" without much effect. Even the weighty Chicago delegation of last July was unable to defeat the establishment of a State Commission in Illinois with large powers, and the League of Nebraska Municipalities has proved similarly helpless. These State bodies represent development from the era when experimental State acts restricted by maximum and minimum rates, through the period when separate Commissions controlled separate public services. The Massachusetts Gas Commission of 1885 was the first of these, and was merged with its fellows only last summer. But in 1907 Wisconsin and New York had already placed all their utilities under centralized control, and before 1911 they were followed by ten other States. Last year, Missouri, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Maine, West Virginia, Illinois, Idaho, Montana, and Colorado established State Commissions. All told, twenty-four of the richest and most populous commonwealths have this definite form of regulation. Despite the protest of cities like Denver, St. Louis, Los Angeles, and Kansas City against State absorption, California alone provides for local option between municipal and State Commissions.

The obvious advantages of State control explain its easy triumph. City Commissions were too close to the seat of contention; they were open to public clamor, newspaper attacks, and private grievances. They manifested a tendency to meddle with operating details, and to become manager rather than regulator. The efficiency of commissioners depends upon continuity of term, and of subordinates upon a State-guarded merit system, while their work often requires expert service and equipment, such as is seldom at a city's command. Breadth of view is a further consideration, for the Commission should have authority to authorize or forbid the entrance of a new or the expansion of an old utility corporation. One of the most salient recommendations of State regu-

lation is the complete control afforded over the issuing of securities. That the large cities may render indispensable aid to the State Commission, especially in keeping watch over the quality of the "output" of any public service company, goes without saying. Peculiar local conditions, calling for peculiar service, are also to be emphasized by local officials. In Chicago the Board of Supervising Engineers has received certain of the functions of a municipal Commission, and New York's division of her Commission into two branches was a desirable step.

Credit for the fair temper of most of the regulation must be given to the Commissioners, who, as a rule, have been men of training, intelligence, and character. *Public Service* has charged them, in the main, with nothing worse than practical inexperience. An engineering journal recently showed that 48 per cent. of the appointees of the last two years were lawyers not in politics, and 24 per cent. engineers, with economists and journalists represented among the others. The chief count is that too few of the laws have been framed to give the Commission the same power to protect the corporation as to protect the public. Whereas such a body should be a court of the utilities as well as the people, in most States complaints and hearings are exclusively on one side. It was the complaint of the Illinois public utilities that the recent law "surrounded the power of control with protective measures which made regulation easy, and objection to the acts of the inexperienced commissioners hard." Only two or three States have followed Wisconsin in giving their Commissions power over municipally-owned utilities. It is unjust for the private plant to face comparison with those which may have transferred accounts, forgotten bond issues, with no allowance made for overhead charges or depreciation.

The sharpest injustices have been those wrought by varying and uncertain standards of valuation and rate-fixing. Sometimes the rates allowed have left a profit of 8 or 10 per cent.; often they have been cut to a barely non-confiscatory basis. When investors look to the immediate past, in some sections they have a certain ground for fear lest money spent now may in the future be legislated out of existence. The problem of valuation is a vexed one, and a thousand plans have been suggested. But there have been circumstances in which undervaluation of property is traceable either to plain stupidity or to a deliberate overlooking of the fact that public services are commonly built up at great risk, through many changes of administration and method. If they are to continue their amazing development, they must be made fruitful fields for enterprise. But it must be admitted that the future of State regulation seems bright.

SENATOR HOLLIS AND HARVARD.

Senator Hollis is the latest radical to fall foul of Harvard conservatism. In an address before the Harvard Union last week he voiced an old plaint in extreme language. He is quite sure that his alma mater "is not representative of the United States, nor of New England. She is too conservative, too hidebound. She lags behind the times. She does not lead; she follows." He believed, he said, that he was the first Harvard man of radical ideas to occupy a seat in the Senate; he was graduated a snob, from which unhappy condition he was saved in 1900 when he first heard William Jennings Bryan, to become at once his "ardent admirer and disciple." And then he polished off the entire American university world in these words, Harvard being, of course, the horrible example:

> The result is that our colleges represent a very thin upper crust of our great American life. They are always respectable, always conservative, always reactionary. That is why rich men, who find things rigged about right for their money-making operations, are glad to contribute to the colleges. The colleges are the greatest dead-weight the capitalists can fasten upon the necks of the American people. The standpatter is conservative, wealth is conservative, the college is conservative. They are all in the same boat.

Mr. Hollis is particularly angry because the bond between Harvard and our political life is not closer. He contrasts it with Western State universities, like Wisconsin, to whose faculty the Legislature submits important questions. He asks: "Imagine, if you please, the Legislature of Massachusetts requesting an opinion from the faculty of Harvard College. Imagine the reception it would get on Beacon Hill if it should find its way there." And then the money side! He finds the belief prevalent among public men in Washington that "every Eastern college is eating from the hand that has robbed the pockets of the people. Until this belief is dissipated, Congress will have little faith in our colleges or in college men." As for our students themselves, he thinks they should have their pocket-money limited, be compelled to use the Australian ballot in choosing class officers, who should be men of highest scholarship only—athletes barred—and be forbidden to use automobiles. Finally, and "most important of all":

> College men should be taught what is wrong with the world, and the way to set it right; what poverty is, and where it exists, what makes it, and what will prevent it; what injustice is, its causes and its remedies; the reasons for high cost of living, and the way to bring it down; the problems of immigration, and how to make country life worth living. They should be taught human interest, the brotherhood of man, the glory of self-sacrifice, the passion of service to mankind.

Now, it would be very easy to poke fun at all this, and to point out how wrong Mr. Hollis is in some utterances and how inconsistent in numerous places. He utters, perhaps, no worse indictment of Harvard than is warranted by the fact that he, a graduate, apparently has never heard of Charles Sumner, also a radical, a graduate, and a Senator, who cut quite a dash in the political world and ruffled it not a little about the time that Mr. Hollis was born, and for a long time before. He has not heard that President Lowell was summoned before a committee of the Legislature on Beacon Hill a week or so ago, as President Eliot often was; that Harvard has placed much of its machinery at the service of Cambridge and freely loaned its professors to aid it and the State wherever possible; that about the most useful State official for years past has been a Harvard Fellow. He has not heard the vigorous protests arising in the West because the State universities, notably Wisconsin, are too much in politics for their own good. It would be cruel to ask him whether *he* knows what is really wrong with the world and just what the remedy is; or if he knows how college professors regard Senators given to worshipping men who advocate national financial dishonesty, and Congressmen who speak with such looseness of statement as his.

We prefer to-day to pass over this unhappy side of Senator Hollis's speech in order to recognize it as the utterance of a man who is honestly striving for genuine democracy, both in the college and in the political world, and to point out that it has a considerable basis of truth. The agitation for greater undergraduate democracy at Harvard, Princeton, and Yale speaks for him; Harvard was and is divided into two camps, so far as its undergraduate life is concerned. It has always been too slow in taking part in reforms and forward movements—witness the Abolition agitation; Wendell Phillips obtained virtually no hearing at Harvard, and laid many of his Harvard friendships as a sacrifice on the altar of human liberty. Harvard needs in many ways to influence its students to live the simple and democratic life—as it seeks to through the new freshman dormitories; and it should do more than it has done to keep the undergraduates in touch with modern social and political conditions, and to promote the feeling of human brotherhood.

But to dwell on this aspect alone, to condemn Harvard and other Eastern colleges solely on Mr. Hollis's statement of the case, is a gross injustice. There *is* self-sacrifice in them, there *is* passion for human brotherhood; in a hundred classrooms and laboratories there is a selfless searching for the absolute, the scientific, truth, that finds little or no parallel in House or Senate. This devotion to the supreme scholastic aim may lead teacher and student far afield from political life, yet it is a search for that which, above all else, sets men free. To say, moreover, that this great body of teachers is palsied by the dead hand of gifts from men of great wealth is to shut one's eyes to facts; certainly it is to ignore the fact that the malefactors of great wealth who made it by statutory favoritism owed these statutes not to the colleges, but to the Senate and House of the United States during a long series of years. Mr. Hollis was in Harvard during the days of some great and free and noble spirits—such as Charles Eliot Norton, Nathaniel Shaler, Adams S. Hill, William James. What a pity he did not know them and profit by their liberty of speech, their intellectual freedom, their shining patriotism, their devotion to our democratic ideals! What a pity he is so out of touch with Harvard as not to know what public service his college renders in a hundred ways, and that it is graduating radicals, of all types, in abundance! To criticise usefully—as we know Mr. Hollis desires to—one must paint the whole picture, and not a part, and be one's self fair and just.

THE LESSER LITERATURES.

Frédéric Mistral was an excellent illustration of the truth that in the field of literature the spirit of modern imperialism is far from carrying everything before it. The future by no means belongs to the great nations. A people need not be powerful in a political or military or economic sense in order to produce great writers. The list of Nobel prize winners in literature is conclusive on this point. Of the fourteen men who have been honored since the institution of the prize in 1901, we may exclude two winners, Mommsen and Professor Eucken, on the ground that their work does not lie in the field of pure literature. Of the dozen survivors just half are the representatives of minor nationalities. The Scandinavian countries have contributed two in the persons of Björnson and Selma Lagerlöf. Belgium claims Maeterlinck by nativity and the spirit of his work. Mistral for Provence, Sienkiewicz for Poland, and Tagore for Bengal are the representatives of an historical past, and possibly of an historical future, but surely not of a present of first-rate political significance. It should be possible to develop a tenable argument against the prevalent contention which connects national greatness in a general sense with national preëminence in literature. It may be that the triumph of the Greeks over the Persians would account for the splendid outburst of Athenian genius, and that Sir Francis Drake and the Armada were one form of national expression of which Shakespeare was the other. But one can cite instances to the contrary from Isaiah to Goethe.

About such national revivals as Mistral represents there is a curious compound of the artificial and the natural. When an individual or a group of individuals set themselves consciously to recreate a language and a literature, we cannot help being reminded of what the philologians teach regarding the complex and hidden forces that condition the rise and fall of languages, irrespective of the will of man. Even when the organized attempt is successful, as it was in the case of Mistral and the Provençal tongue, the result still impresses one as something of a *tour de force*. The movement initiated by Roumanille, and carried on by the "seven" poets of the Félibrige, produced, after all, only one outstanding figure. Mistral leaves no successor of anything like his stature (even allowing for Félix Gras of the charming "Reds of the Midi"), and it may be that his death is the beginning of the end of the new Provençal movement. To that extent revivals of this sort are artificial. But they are natural to the extent that they do send their roots down into the soil. They are not movements made out of whole cloth. They are a return to a past that was real and splendid. Behind Mistral was the language and literature of the troubadours. Behind a Tagore is a literary and national tradition that stretches back through the centuries. Behind a Sienkiewicz is a tradition that ended but the other day in a political sense and is still vividly alive in the hearts of a conquered people.

One can understand how the hackneyed phrase, "literature and life," has a very real meaning to the nations that have fallen from a great estate or to nations whose dreams of greatness lie in the future. The philologian and the writer, upon whom the soldier and the man of action are accustomed to look down as at best a rather desirable national ornament, become in a very real sense the architects of a nation's repute among the nations. In the great competition of numbers and brute force, what chance do a mere ten million Scandinavians stand against the forward march of the great empires? But a people that has produced an Ibsen, a Björnson, and a Brandes need not bow the head before any one. To most of us, Scandinavia is precisely the native land of Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, Brandes. Their value to their countrymen might be almost translated into commercial terms. Their value in prestige of a more enduring nature cannot be calculated. This must be one of the reasons that explain the passionate struggle of Europe's minor and submerged nationalities for the preservation of their historic tongues. There is no people, however small, which does not cher-

ish dreams of conquest and empire. But until these dreams come true the little peoples know that their safety depends largely on the maintenance of their historic speech and traditions, and that their present prestige can be enhanced by the output of men of literature whose appearance is not dependent on mere strength of numbers.

THE COMPLETE ANTHROPOLOGIST.

As usual the last word on the subject has come from Germany. In his epoch-making book on "Modern Woman and Marriage by Capture," Professor Junker of the University of Zabern has demonstrated in masterly fashion how every physical and mental trait of the woman of to-day may be traced back to the time when the primitive male, whenever he wanted a wife, went out and caught one.

Why, for example, is long hair common among women and not among men? The explanation is simple enough. The primitive wife-hunter would naturally seize his victim and future wife by the hair, especially if he were on horseback and going at full speed. The short-haired women escaped capture and died unmated. The long-haired women perpetuated their kind. Thus, says Professor Junker, although in the course of time women have got out of the habit of looking upon their long-streaming locks (*langwallende Locken*) as a badge of servitude and have even learned to take pride in them, ladies will occasionally speak quite sharply to their maids who are engaged in brushing their hair for the theatre. This is undoubtedly an atavistic remembrance of primitive times.

Incidentally, Professor Junker points out that the same explanation will account for the evolution of a short-haired male race. Primitive woman, taken captive and thrown over the male's shoulder, would naturally struggle to escape. Burying her fingers in the man's hair, she would pull with all her might, tearing out large handfuls. This is why men, as a rule, are short-haired, with a tendency to baldness; the only exception being poets and musicians, who knew how to win women without capturing them and so were seldom in danger of depilation.

The age-old habit of struggling to get away from her future husband and of looking back with tears to the paternal home from which she was being abducted, undoubtedly, according to Professor Junker, accounts for woman's present habit of facing backwards when she is getting off a street-car. The writer does not allude to a second peculiarity closely connected with the first, from which in fact it seems to have been derived. We refer to woman's difficulty in finding the proper change when paying her fare to the conductor, or, better still, when she is purchasing her ticket at the ticket-seller's window with fifteen men in a line behind her and the train just pulling in. Under marriage by capture, woman never travelled of her own accord, but was always hauled or carried. Hence the queer survivals of inexperience in the matter of rapid transit.

As between a primitive maiden who went in for tight sandals and one who wore loose footgear or, better still, went barefoot, which would be most likely to escape the clutches of the wife-hunter? Obviously the free-shod maiden, says Professor Junker (*die freifüssige Jungfrau*), would go free, whereas her frivolous companion could only hobble and so fall a victim to marriage. This is why women of to-day still habitually suffer from tight footgear. And again, the primitive maiden who sought the refuge of the family tent with nightfall remained safe, but the girl addicted to loitering outside after dark was inevitably captured and married, and passed on to her descendants the faculty for getting to the theatre fifteen minutes late.

Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE'S FOREIGN POLICIES—M. DOUMERGUE'S STATEMENT.

PARIS, March 14.

A brief analysis of the text of M. Doumergue's statement before the Chamber on French foreign relations and policy should be interesting in these troublous days. The Prime Minister followed, in his discourse, the order dictated by the interests of the French Parliament. It is better here to take out the different items in the order which should seem most interesting to Americans generally—and to Congress in particular.

After the usual overture of "undying memories connected with the epoch of the liberation of the United States and, for us, mingled with the dawn of our own revolution," M. Doumergue noted: "At the request of the President of the American Federation, the Government of the republic has studied—with the care such a proposition merits—a treaty project to prevent conflicts of every kind between the two countries. I have just sent instructions on this point to our Ambassador at Washington, and I have no doubt that shortly a new treaty will cement the relations of confiding friendship between the two republics.

"On the occasion of the coming opening of the Panama Canal—an undertaking marked by the stamp of French genius and brought to a good end by stubborn American effort—such relations of confiding friendship cannot but be strengthened further."

It is already known in America that the Government's proposition of a Parliamentary appropriation for the official participation of France in the Panama Exhibition at San Francisco is held up, pending the previous settling of certain customs difficulties which have arisen between the two Governments. These chiefly concern certain conflicts of the Tariff law—and of local laws of separate States—with existing treaties between France and the United States. Of the new Tariff law in general, M. Doumergue said:

"A new American customs tariff is in force. In the course of its preparation, French diplomacy often intervened to throw light on the interests of our national commerce and to have clauses of a nature to harm it eliminated. It should be acknowledged that, on the whole, this new tariff brings with it a reduction of customs duties, by which our exporters will certainly be able to profit."

The Prime Minister explained the damage done by the civil war in Mexico to "the numerous and laborious French colony established there for so many years," and to "French capital so largely invested there in great business undertakings of textile factories, mines, railways and banks." He recounted measures already taken, and once more proclaimed French policy: "Like other European Powers, the Government of the French republic has refrained from all intervention in the domestic affairs of Mexico—thus giving credit to the policy of the Cabinet of Washington, which is more particularly interested in the re-establishment of order on its southern frontier. It will not, however, fail when the favorable moment comes to demand for French interests, which have been compromised or lost, equitable satisfaction."

The Balkan wars, which have left so many and complicated dangers for the Governments of Europe and for the finances of all the world, were taken up by M. Doumergue, in the order of French policy. Its general principle on which President Poincaré acted so efficiently when he was Foreign Minister, at the beginning of the troubles, was repeated with emphasis: "As in all the incidents of this long crisis, the Government of the republic will do its utmost to keep all the Powers in touch with one another and to secure, by permanent and trustful coöperation with the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and London, continuity of European action in the sense of peace."

It is significant of the present foreign relations of France that the Prime Minister should have given an entire paragraph to praise of Rumania, "whose intervention prevented the struggle [the second Balkan War] going on endlessly," while "she remains an important factor of peace—a powerful element of stability in the Balkan peninsula."

Perhaps more significant still was the tribute to the aged Emperor of Austria; for it is Austria that the new, sudden, and portentous campaign of the German press against Russia is supposed to aim at chiefly—to enforce an increase of armaments there also.

Turkey, while settling down to its new estate, is universally considered a storm breeder between Triple Alliance and Triple Entente. Three times the Prime Minister of France must have weighed his words before speaking here; and what he left unsaid was as noteworthy as what he said. Regarding the universally recognized predominance of French financial interests already engaged in the Ottoman Empire, he contented himself with announcing the near reunion in Paris of the International Commission whose work was interrupted by the second Balkan War. Its business is "to seek the solutions which are to be given

to financial and economic problems raised by the war."

As between Germany and France, the signature of their agreement for a division of labor in opening up Turkey in Asia has been announced as immediate. This relieves possible tension in that quarter, but M. Doumergue passed it over without explicit mention: "Points of friction have been removed in the equal desire of coming to an understanding and with care to do no harm either to the integrity or the necessary independence of the Ottoman Government."

With a like allusion, he passed over the solution of the never-ending question of Armenia, which, ever since the Prime Minister spoke, has been thought to be setting Germany and Russia by the ears. "We have constantly supported, in strict accord with England, the efforts made by the Russian Government. . . . The Government of the republic will continue this support for the good completion of the work, being assured that the coöperation of all the Powers has been obtained for it."

Italy was reminded of the helpful attitude of France during her conquest of Tripoli: "I doubt not, Italy will show a like spirit of frank friendship in the questions which this new neighborhood may start up." For here, too, between French Tunis, rich and with a large number of Italian colonists, and Italian Tripoli, sterile and undeveloped, there is a danger-point in storms sure to come.

With the obligato hymn to the Triple Entente, this important declaration—in the name of the French republic, no matter what Government is uppermost—concluded:

"France is resolved to keep in the world the place to which her past, her culture, and the labor of her citizens give her a right—and which her military and naval power guarantees—with menace to none."

S. D.

THE WEALTH OF GERMANY.

BERLIN, March 19.

Germany ten years ago was among the three foremost industrial and commercial nations of the world. The United States and Great Britain, the other two members of the triumvirate, have done exceedingly well during the prosperous decade that is past, but probably neither of them would assert that the national fortune has doubled in that time. The claim is made for Germany, however, and made with plausibility.

In 1904, Gustav Schmoller, the great economist of the Berlin University, estimated the wealth of the German people at fifty billions of dollars. The estimate, which was based on study of the returns of taxation, erred probably on the side of conservatism. The national income Schmoller put at six and a quarter billions, over two-thirds of which represented wages to workers. The next few years brought huge increases of taxation, which the people bore with such ease that Professor Schmoller's figures clearly required revision. Imperial taxation has been increased since 1904 by $172,000,000. State and local taxation, especially the latter, has kept pace with the increase in the demands of the empire. Yet the spending capacities of the people expand from year to year in a way that makes the tax-gatherer's mouth water.

Germany must be a great deal richer than Schmoller calculated. According to Arnold Steinmann-Bucher, the German fortune should be placed at between $94,000,000,000 and $99,000,000,000, or about $1,478 per head of the population. This amount is increasing annually by between $2,375,000,000 and $3,000,000,000. The national income in the estimates of the economists has likewise been increasing rapidly for years. Dr. Helfferich, of the Deutsche Bank, the last authority to speak positively, puts it at $10,000,000,000 and Steinmann-Bucher rates it higher. Helfferich's figure would give an annual income per head of the 67,000,000 of Germans of about $148. These figures, according to Steinmann-Bucher, in his newly published work, "Das reiche Deutschland," make Germany the richest country in Europe.

France, with a national fortune of fifty-six and a quarter billions and an average fortune of about $1,406 per capita, is behind Germany in the absolute amount as well as in the amount per head, although, as the French population does not increase and its income does, there is always more money in France than in Germany. To England this patriotic economist allows a fortune of seventy-five billions, which would make the average Briton, with $1,622, slightly richer than his German cousin; but the difference will be wiped out in a few years if German wealth is really expanding at the rate asserted by Steinmann-Bucher. The United States he leaves alone, partly because the huge statistical apparatus of the European tax collector does not exist there, and partly because the American figures would not help his main thesis, which seems to be that there is no country so good to live in and so easy to get rich in as Germany.

The totals for Germany are arrived at in the following way. The value of private property insured against fire in 1912 was fifty billion dollars. It increases at the rate of over two billions a year, and is now reckoned by Steinmann-Bucher at fifty-five billions. The argument that there is a great deal of over-insurance is met by the argument that there is a great deal of under-insurance and much insurable property that is not insured at all. So that the gross amount insured is as likely to be too little as to be too large. Municipal ground values without buildings account for twelve and one-half billions. Berlin alone accounts for over $1,250,000,000, more than 200 times as much as was officially calculated in 1830. In 1850 the value of the ground on which Berlin stands was $20,000,000. It swelled to $1,250,000,000 in sixty years. Nor are these figures exceptional. Berlin has trebled her population since 1871, but many of the large cities have done the same. Hamburg has quadrupled, and Leipzig quintupled hers; Düsseldorf has grown from 69,000 inhabitants to 558,000.

What the development of industry has done for the towns, the high tariff on foodstuffs has done for the country. The country population, it is true, has drifted into towns at an alarming rate, but it has been replaced by imported labor from Russia and Austria (which is not allowed to settle in the country), and the owners of rural land have as yet no cause to complain. Here the yield of the Prussian crown lands furnishes a clue which enables Steinmann to calculate the value of the 150,000,000 acres of German arable and forest land at twelve and one-half billion dollars. This was the figure which, when first published some years ago, led to the attack on the agrarian land-owners as tax-dodgers by Prof. Hans Delbrück, and inspired the movement for wringing death duties out of the Junkers, which only last year found indirect realization in the imposition of the increment value tax.

Fully a tenth of the national fortune belongs to the state. The state railways are valued at over six billions; state-owned mines, buildings, factories, canals, etc., at four and three-quarter billions; private capital invested abroad at over six billions; privately owned mines at between one and one and one-half billions; goods in transit on ships and railroads, and money in circulation make together one and one-half billions, and bring the total up to the amount mentioned at the beginning of this article. Steinmann-Bucher is an optimist in figures, and there are critics who accuse him of adding 10 per cent. out of pure patriotism to all his totals. But it is not easy to catch him tripping. If he rounds his figures upwards, he is justified by the trend of the times. A sign thereof is the way in which Germany is bearing the billion war levy, for which the taxpayers are now preparing, and the increase of forty million dollars of taxation with which they have to reckon in perpetuity. The people seem to have more money to spend than ever, and there are well-founded rumors that the billion levy will yield considerably more than that amount. It is characteristic, too, of the trend of things in Germany at this moment that Steinmann-Bucher is an enthusiastic friend of all war taxes. "Be of good cheer," he calls to his countrymen, "you can afford it. The more we develop our means of war through scientific taxation and finance, the stronger guarantees of peace we create. The deeper we look into the factors of power within our own economic life, the greater becomes our obligation not only to insure peace for ourselves, but to force it upon the nations among which we have so great a preponderance."

Certain it is that Germany is destined to become with every decade a more formidable opponent in war and peace. At present all that hampers her is lack of capital. She has no savings. In a recent case, France obtained huge orders for her industries from Servia by lending her the money with which to pay for them at a safe rate of interest. At the moment, France is the only country in Europe which can do business in this way, but Germany in less than another generation will have savings, too, provided they are not spent on wars.

L. T. H. L.

Books and Men

"FIRST BOOKS."

"The Passionate Friends," by H. G. Wells, brings the number of his complete novels to a point somewhere between twenty and twenty-five. I do not intend to comment upon the newest one, for the simple reason that I have not read it. But if there were the slightest chance that it is as good a tale as his first, everything else should wait until I had finished it.

"The Time Machine," only preceded by "Select Conversations With an Uncle," appeared in 1895. Mr. Wells became famous through "The War of the Worlds," published three years later. With the appearance of "Tono Bungay" in 1909 he seems to have deserted the Jules Verne type of romance for the sociological novels, which, in the eyes of the critics to whom fiction is a mighty serious affair, give him a dignified place in contemporary English literature, and one worthy of their most learned reviews.

Even for those who prefer their novels undiluted with sociology, there is a great amount of entertainment in "Tono Bungay," in "Ann Veronica," in "The New Machiavelli," and in "Marriage." The uncle in "Tono Bungay," the love affair with the Hon. Beatrice Normanby in the same book, the Labrador experience in "Marriage"—these are examples of the humor, the romance, and the spirit of adventure which constantly interrupt Mr. Wells's more serious purposes.

But "The Time Machine" is almost pure narrative. A "lesson" or a "moral," or an allegory, or whatever you may choose to call it, underlies the tale, to be sure. It is a fanciful picture of the world when warfare, preventable diseases, noxious animals and insects, and hardships of every kind have been abolished. A great quiet has ensued—and with distressing results. The allegory is well hidden, however—the story, on the face of it, is merely one of strange adventure. It promises thrills to any reader at all susceptible to them. Mr. Wells is a master of the horrible—witness certain passages in this book, and in "The Island of Dr. Moreau." Only by producing the long and wearisome novel of psychology, of political economy, of sociology, could he expect to be recognized by the reviewers of this decade as really "significant."

Its author thinks ill of "The Time Machine." In recording a conversation he had with Mr. Roosevelt, he refers to the book as immature and trifling. Certainly, he might have continued to write such books all his life, and the usual critic would have dismissed him as a new kind of Jules Verne.

One of his readers, at any rate, enjoys the first books the most. He will read "Tono Bungay," "Marriage," "The Passionate Friends," and the rest, with enjoyment—once. But he returns to read, and re-read, "The Time Machine," "The Island of Doctor Moreau," "The War of the Worlds," "The First Men in the Moon," and "The War in the Air." The last of these, by the way, contains some of the most quietly humorous and delightful chapters Mr. Wells ever wrote—the incident of the forcible abduction of Bert Smallways by the runaway balloon.

The first book of an author forms an interesting topic. Many readers of fiction will recall a volume called "My First Book," which appeared twenty years ago. The papers composing it had been printed earlier in the *Idler*. Mr. J. K. Jerome edited it, as he did the *Idler* at that time, and there were contributions by twenty-one English novelists, and one American—Bret Harte. The English included Walter Besant, James Payn, Clark Russell, Hall Caine, Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, "Q," and R. L. Stevenson.

Stevenson thought it no end of fun. He wrote, only a month or two before his death, to Conan Doyle: "It is a rattling good series; even people whom you would not expect came in quite the proper tone—Miss Braddon, for instance, who was really one of the best where all are good—or all but one! . . . In short, I fell in love with the 'First Book' series, and determined that it should be all our first books, and that I could not hold back where the white plume of Conan Doyle waved gallantly in the front."

But—in Stevenson's account of his first book, as it appeared in the *Idler*, there were two pictures. One was a full-length portrait of the author; the other was called "Stevenson Telling 'Yarns.'"

"I hope they will republish them," he continues in his letter to Doyle, referring not to the pictures, but to the articles, "though it's a grievous thought to me that that effigy in the German cap—likewise the other effigy of the noisome old man with the long hair, telling indelicate stories to a couple of deformed negresses in a rancid shanty full of wreckage—should be perpetuated. I may seem to speak in pleasantry—it is only a seeming—that German cap, sir, would be found, when I come to die, imprinted on my heart. Enough—my heart is too full. Adieu—Yours very truly,

"Robert Louis Stevenson
(in a German cap, damn 'em!)"

Of the other "first books" mentioned therein, how many would be chosen, as I have ventured to choose Mr. Wells's first, as the favorites with any reader? How many would be named as the writer's "best," or as one of his best? "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor,'" by Clark Russell? Without doubt that would be named by many persons. The "Departmental Ditties" of Kipling? Hardly. "Treasure Island"? Probably. Many of the others are almost unknown titles. Exceptions may be made for "A Shadow of a Crime" by Hall Caine, "A Romance of Two Worlds" by Miss Corelli—which, as the most characteristic thing she ever did, ought to please her admirers best—and "Dead Man's Rock," by Quiller-Couch—a crude but "rattling good" story.

Many of the leading writers of to-day do not appear, naturally enough, in that collection of the early 1890's. Messrs. Shaw, Chesterton, Bennett, Galsworthy—these are all absent. Mr. Chesterton was then a youth of twenty. A few years later he published, not his first, but what seems to have been his second book, the volume of essays called "The Defendant." It is little read to-day, and seldom is any reference made to it. The Chestertonian form of humor, the paradox, and the grave assumption of the absurd, appear in it in all their glory, fresh and amusing. He has played many a different tune since then, but usually on the same fiddle.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Poetry

THE ACESTIAN.

The weak and the weary, and all who are fearful of peril, these set apart and let them have their walls in this land. They shall call their city after the name of the hero Acestes.—Aeneid, Book V, lines 716-718.

Safety is mine, and comfort, and the peace
Of broad, still streets, and the trim countryside
About the city walls, and docile-eyed
Respect of prosperous fellow-citizens, release
From straining toward the morrow and surcease
Alike of generous shame and generous pride—
One day but as another, multiplied
Still on and on while the dull years increase.

Only in blessed dreams my eyes are met
By far horizons of fair morning sky;
Only in dreams I hear the pleading voice
Of that great friend who led my youth, ere yet
He braved the last seas of his faith, and I
Entered the mean ways of my recreant choice.

AUGUSTUS MENDON LORD.

News for Bibliophiles

WORDSWORTH'S REVISIONS.

A set of proof-sheets in my possession, withdrawn from Wordsworth's (probably) next-to-final review of his "An Evening Walk" for the six-volume Moxon 1836 Edition, yields many variants for lines of this poem. That at least one further revision must be understood to intercept the definitive form of the poem for this Edition will be seen from a comparison of texts; *cf.* also a note in Wordsworth's hand on the back of p. 63 (63 as well in the Edition—finis of the piece): "Please to send a Revise. Mr. W. hopes this will be last revise required."

First is a completely excised couplet. Line 13 of the poem as finished was preceded in proof by

Fair scenes, with other eyes, than once, I gaze
Upon the varied charm your round displays,

"Fair scenes" being retained to preface it. The participle of line 20 has been shifted from the preceding line in the page, "Was heard, or woodcocks" displacing "Or the first woodcocks."

For then, even then, the little heart would beat

becomes

For then, the inexperienced heart would beat (line 23);

while "Impatience, pointing upward" (line 25) has been evolved from "Impatience, *panting* upward"—perhaps a less happy change. The next line is wholly recast:

Through passes yet unreached, a brighter road

taking the place of

Where, tipped with gold, the mountain summits glowed.

A quotation in three states emerges from comparative study of lines 41-4, which run in the published text:

When crowding cattle, checked by rails that make
A fence far stretched into the shallow lake,
Lashed the cool water with their restless tails,
Or from high points of rock looked out for fanning gales.

The proof-page before corrections:

When, at the barren wall's unsheltered end,
Where long rails far into the lake extend,
Crowded the shortened herds, and beat the tides
With their quick tails, and lashed their speckled sides.

The quotation with Wordsworth's (first) corrections:

When, checkt and baffled at the bare wall's end,
By rails that far into the lake extend,
The cattle lashed the water with quick tails
Or from high points of rock looked out for cooling gales.

The evolution of the Alexandrine is interesting here; also the dubious judgment involved in sacrificing "quick."

"Humming elm" gives way to "broad-spread oak" in line 47, and

In the brown park, in herds, the troubled deer

to

In the rough fern-clad park, the herded deer

for line 48. "Where the huddling rill" for "up the huddling rill" in line 54, and "Brightens" for the present participle of the verb in line 55 are minor changes.

Line 161 shows the next correction:

Some (hear you not their chisels' clinking sound?)

for

Some (hardly heard their chisels' clinking sound)

and line 166 has

In airy baskets hanging, work and sing

for the proof-page original

Glad from their airy baskets hang and sing.

One feels that a third phase of this line, whether synthetic or not, might have been devised with advantage.

Beginning the next stanza (line 167) the poet supplants

Hung o'er a cloud, above the steep that rears

with

Just where a cloud above the mountain rears

and towards its end (line 187)

The druid-stones their lighted fane unfold

with (first)

. . . a perfect ring . . .

and (in the final text)

. . . a burnished ring . . .*

"Gazer's sight" in line 194 has become "shepherd's sight" and

Anon, in order mounts a gorgeous show (line 199),
Anon, appears a brave a gorgeous show

while "Shadows winding to and fro" in the next line is dismissed for "shadows moving." The concluding verses of this stanza are a very pother of inkish impatience. As they run in final form (lines 204-10):

While silent stands the admiring crowd below,
Silent the visionary warriors go,
Winding in ordered pomp their upward way
Till the last banner of the † long array
Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendour—save the beacon's spiry head
Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red.

And on the proof-page:

Lost gradual, o'er the heights in pomp they go
While silent stands the admiring vale below;
Till the last banner of the† long array
That tips with eve's last gleam his spiry head.

No mere extra foot here as a concession to the poet's cumulative rage, but three full lines—grist for the autograph hunter's mill, if not grist.

"Slowly-waving pinions" supersedes "red slow-waving pinions" in line 212; and then the poet fairly bursts upon his earlier muse (line 215 et seq.). Lines are quite lost in this skelter; clauses dodge about quaintly; "swan" and "road" wind interchangeably. The final text:

'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where, winding on along some secret bay,
The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings:
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
How graceful, pride can he, and how majestic, ease.

The proof-page:

How pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where winds the road along a secret bay
[Where the swan winds along some secret bay]
By rills that tumble down the woody steeps,
And run in transport to the dimpling deeps;
Along the 'wild meandering shore' to view
Obsequious grace the winding swan pursue.
He swells his lifted chest, and backward flings
His bridling neck between his towering wings
[His neck a varying arch between his towering wings]
In all the majesty of ease divides
And, glorying, looks around the silent tides;
On as he floats the silvered waters glow
Proud of the varying arch and moveless form of snow.

Note the craftsman's reluctance to lose so good a phrase as "varying arch," also how compact the revamped picture.

"These floods" in line 233 becomes "this flood" in the final text, "whose leafy shades" (line 235) "Where leafy shades," "Where breathes" (line 236) "And breathes," "cottage bower" (line 239) "hutlike bower." Line 240, originally

Fresh water rushes strew the verdant floor

reads

Green water-rushes overspread the floor.

Line 244

With broad black feet they crush their flowery walk

transposes subject-verb and the first clause.

The while upon some sultry summer's day
She dragged [bore] her babes along this weary way

(lines 253-4) is changed to

When with her infants, from some shady seat
By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the noontide heat.

A hyphen is required of "mountain steeps" in line 323; "steaming" in line 333 shrinks to "steamy" and "boding note" (line 335) becomes "gladsome note."

Frosting with hoary light the pearly ground

(line 336) is corrected to read

While with a hoary light she frosts the ground,

"pouring" (line 337) to read "pours a," and "And pleased her solemn pomp" (line 339) to read "Pleased as she moves her pomp." "Mountain streams" in line 374 is hyphenated; "timid hare" replaces "feeding hare" in line 383:

The tremulous soh of the complaiuing owl

(line 384) becomes

The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;

and—"Mr. W. hopes this will be last revise required."

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

*Knight, 1896 Edition: "a brightened ring."

†Knight, 1896 Edition: "their" *cf.* 1849.

Correspondence

THE NEW "NATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one who has followed the successive changes in the editorial management of the *Nation* with the keenest interest, and has frequent occasion to consult the early volumes, I am glad to confess that the first two numbers of the "new" *Nation* have allayed the apprehensions which the announcement of your recent programme aroused in me. Together with many of your readers, I felt that the *Nation* of Godkin and Garrison, of Lamont and More, was good enough for me, and that the new editor could have no higher aim than to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors. Like so many others to whom the traditions of the *Nation* are precious, I feared that there was some risk of sacrificing quality to quantity in the effort to broaden its scope, but it is evident that you are merely endeavoring to revert to certain features of the *Nation*, which, in the course of time, have either been obliterated or grown somewhat dimmer. To one who remembers the essays and reviews of Jeffries Wyman, Asa Gray, and Simon Newcomb, it is pleasant to see science restored to a more prominent place in the *Nation*, and if you can succeed in having weighty

scientific matters discussed by great authorities, you will doubtless attract many new readers. Similarly, it is a laudable purpose to devote more space to important foreign correspondence. It will doubtless be your aim to obtain letters that will compare in subject-matter and treatment with those which, in a former day, James Bryce, Auguste Laugel, Friedrich Kapp, Karl Hillebrand, Gryzanowski, and many other writers of similar rank sent to the *Nation*. Your able summary of the weekly news and the subject of your poem are also pleasantly suggestive of the older days.

A journal like the *Nation* can never, do what it will, appeal to the enormous audiences of our popular monthlies, but it can attract thousands of intelligent men and women throughout the country, who believe that nothing is needed so much at the present day as a periodical that stands for learned and philosophic treatment of the important matters in literature, science, and political life. Fortunately, with all the changes in taste and standards there are still enough readers in the land to give a new *Nation* that shall be old in the best features the warm support to which it is entitled.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

New York, March 30.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow an old reader (since Godkin's time) to say that he likes the new *Nation*. The enlargements are, I think, all for the better—news summary and all. This last I was sorry to have discontinued years ago. The newspapers in general are bad. The newspaper habit is bad. The more ground you cover, the more you do to tell people what they want to know (or what they ought to know), or what is being thought and done in the world, other things being equal, the better. It is a good change. You can make yourself more popular without popularizing, why not? Make yourself simply as cleanly and as soundly humane as possible—reach as many as you can of those who have a good interest in good things. Reach the very highest; of course, abate no jot anywhere of strictest principle; but see to it that the blood is not allowed to run too thin, too pale, too blue. You will pardon the freedom of an old friend, but I had lost a little of my faith in the oracle of so many years, a little of my old-time hearty liking for everything provided.

I. KENDRICK KINNEY.

East Andover, N. H., March 24.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the cordial approval of many members of the bar, the St. Louis *Republic* has recently begun a campaign of education on the subject of reforming judicial procedure in Missouri. This campaign is remarkable in two respects. In the first place, the *Republic* recognizes, what so few newspapers heretofore have recognized, that the question of judicial reform is not a matter simply of professional interest, but is a social and national problem in the broadest possible sense. In the second place, the *Republic* is emphasizing a factor in the problem which—so far as I am aware—has never been emphasized or even mentioned by any other American newspaper.

What is the most important class of lawsuits from the standpoint of the average citizen? It is the class typified by the ordinary suit to collect money. Putting aside criminal cases and divorce suits, one will find that the average lawsuit is simply an effort on the part of a person who claims to be a creditor to collect money from an alleged debtor. In probably 90 per cent. of the suits of this nature, the person claiming to be the creditor is really a creditor and ought to win the suit. This does not mean that in 90 per cent. of the suits that are actually tried the alleged creditor ought to win, because the majority of suits filed are never tried, but are disposed of in other ways—sometimes by default, sometimes by settlement, sometimes by dismissal because the creditor becomes convinced that the debtor is judgment proof. Most lawsuits are brought by creditors. Delay of justice operates to the disadvantage of creditors and to the advantage of debtors. In England they recognize these facts of human experience, and in England every lawsuit starts with what in effect is simply an order on the defendant to show cause why judgment should not go against him. An elastic system of penal costs (very different from our American court costs) discourages and for practical purposes prevents the assertion of frivolous claims or dilatory defences.

Why do we have delay of justice in America? Who are responsible? The judges? Partly. The legislators? Partly. The lawyers? Partly. The American people? Partly, and also chiefly. As a nation we Americans love debtors. We worship them. We adjust our laws and conduct our courts to suit their convenience. An Irishman once said to me: "In my country it is a disgrace for a man not to pay his debts, but in your country it is a sign of honor and distinction." We have delay of justice in this country because debtors want delay of justice. Debtors are the spoiled children of America. They get whatever they desire. We lawyers are perfectly willing that debtors should enjoy exemption laws and bankruptcy laws. But as a class we lawyers are unwilling that debtors should enjoy delay of justice. We are trying to take delay of justice away from them. We cannot succeed unless we have the support of the general public.

The apotheosis of debtors in America began about a hundred years ago and has continued to the present time. In its origin the movement was humanitarian and praiseworthy. Imprisonment for debt was a reality in those days. But has not the movement gone too far and become ridiculous? The traditional debtor is a hard-working farmer or mechanic struggling to keep the wolf from the door. Is that a true picture of the twentieth-century debtor who glories in delay of justice? Most certainly not. The typical debtor of the twentieth century is a corporation organized along the lines that were so popular in New Jersey before Woodrow Wilson was elected Governor. The transportation and other public-service corporations are the champion debtors of America. They have been very clever. They have capitalized the ordinary American's sentimental affection for debtors. These corporate debtors are the chief beneficiaries of delay of justice in America, and they know it. That is why directly and indirectly they oppose all serious efforts to reform judicial procedure, and why they employ attorneys who are experts at "filling the record full of error." Their attorneys know which side their bread is buttered on. With my own ears I have heard two of the most prominent railway attorneys of Missouri make public speeches against judicial reform. Another one of them opposed judicial reform at Jefferson City in 1911. These were direct and honorable methods of opposing judicial reform.

Business men engaged in competitive trades and vocations do not ordinarily resort to delay of justice. It would hurt their business. It would be a bad advertisement. It is different with monopolized institutions such as the railways and public-service corporations. These latter institutions cannot be hurt, at least to the same extent, by the psychic attitude of their customers. They resort to delay of justice when it pays, or when the men in charge think that it pays. It does not pay a railway to ignore, or fight desperately, the meritorious claim of a large shipper who employs a traffic manager. It does pay a railway to ignore, or fight desperately, the meritorious claim of a small and occasional shipper; and, as a rule, all railways will ignore or fight such a claim. This conduct tends to discourage the assertion of such claims.

The most dramatic examples of capitalizing delay of justice exist in connection with reorganization schemes. No lawyer in St. Louis will deny this statement. Delay of justice, when combined with the tripartite agreement of 1904, has been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the United Railways Company of St. Louis. The tripartite agreement is explained in Barrie vs. United Railways Company, 138 Mo. App., 557, and in Johnson vs. United Railways Company, 247 Mo., 326. In form the tripartite agreement was a legitimate contract among a corporation lessor, a corporate lessee, and a syndicate of stockholders. In effect it was a trick to cast a doubt upon the validity of judgments and claims for personal injuries aggregating an enormous sum. Without delay of justice the trick would not have been worth very much. With delay of justice the trick was worth—nobody knows how much, but certainly a considerable amount of money. The claim agents were able to compromise meritorious claims and judgments for ten or twenty cents on the dollar.

Until many of our fellow-citizens are constrained to abandon the alchemy of making gold out of the law's delay—until that time comes, we lawyers are going to have difficulty in reforming judicial procedure. Reformers who attack property are always at a disadvantage.

TYRRELL WILLIAMS.

Washington University Law School, St. Louis, March 15.

FREDERIC MISTRAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The death of Mistral, at the age of eighty-three, removes from Provence its most significant and picturesque figure. As a poet and leader of the Félibrige movement, as personality and host, he was to all comers as well as all readers the embodiment of his country.

The unity of his endeavor, the secret of his force, is that he remained faithful to Maillane, his Provençal Abbotsford. During three generations, he resisted the lure of Paris and labored at home for his one mission: the establishment of a modern Provençal literary speech, the development of local patriotism and traditions among the Southrons, and the writing of poems that should artistically further and crown these ends.

How he and the other Félibres have worked and written in this cause is now a matter of history. The semi-centennial of the society was celebrated in 1904. During that period the chiefs of the new Pléiade—Aubanel, Roumanille, who was Mistral's teacher and inspirer, Félix Gras, known here as author of "The Reds of the Midi"—had sealed and delivered their work. For forty years the *Armana prouvençau*, organ of the movement, had incorporated everything pertaining to the region, from cooking recipes to masterly lyrics. Repeated festivals of the band emphasized the gayety of their *savoir*, and their invasion of Catalonia was followed by renewed alliances with France—for they did not lose the larger patriotism. Mistral himself contributed to the cause his monumental Provençal dictionary. And from the publication of his truly epoch-making "Mireille," in 1859, until his latter-day Memoirs, he never ceased to glorify the South in song and story.

The beauty and appeal of "Mireille" are gained chiefly through the intimate feeling with which Mistral presents the life and labors of his home-people. The characters are not studied with penetration, though they are drawn with strong, simple strokes. The story is of the slightest—merely a tale of young love thwarted. But it is told in an epic setting and for the most part with epic force. Especially is this true of the earlier cantos. When the situation is once posed, the author takes less interest in his protagonists than in the scenes through which they move and the legends connected with these scenes. That is indeed characteristic of Mistral's whole method, and is less of a blemish in "Mireille" than elsewhere. Here the descriptions are generally interfused with the very life and being of the people. The loves of Mirèio and Vincen pass naturally from the farm and the gathering of mulberry-leaves, through the scenes with the herders, even to the waste of the Crau. The homely picturesqueness of the many similes, the lilt of the pretty stanzas, are in harmony and proportion.

Not so the episodes, however well told. A particular discrepancy, in the midst of very human affairs, is the introduction of the supernatural. The fantastic side of Mistral's genius is evinced here, as well as his folkloristic desire to dwell on his compatriots' superstition. I refer to the Walpurgis-Nacht with the sorceress and the final mystic death of little Mirèio—a nun-like exit for the simple farmer's daughter, as a German critic indignantly declares.

"Mireille" is Provence. One can easily imagine that, as Daudet says, Mistral composed his poems singing beneath the evergreens. The varying rudeness and softness of the landscape is reflected in his language. We see again the dusty olive-trees, the hard-baked soil, and the red hillside; we feel his stinging ancestral wind over Avignon, together with the blinding sun that struck the girl; we hear the cool ripple of the Rhone, and then shift suddenly to the fields "clothed in universal harvest." The Doric strain is persistent; Lamartine, whose "Jocelyn" may have partly inspired the poem, compared its author to Homer, and the real Mistral is surely Greek. He is autochthonous, objective, plastic, simple. Add to that a verve and enthusiasm, an eloquence peculiar to his own soil. He sings of fields and the man, but most of the fields.

None of his other poems has such a wide appeal and excellence. If "Calendau" (1867) seems from one point of view an epic of a vaster and sterner inspiration, if it speaks even more directly to the heart of the Félibres, the fact remains that it has scarcely touched the world's imagination. The landscape here has shifted to the mountains and the Mediterranean. The story is that of an eighteenth-century princess, who is somehow identified with a fairy seeking refuge in the Estérel mountains. Calendau is her knight-errant, and the book largely recounts his exploits. These are not without their glamour, but so many episodes and descriptions, apart from the main action, are finally wearying. Much of it takes the form of an Apologia for Provence. The characters are scarcely realized and embodied. Many passages are nevertheless of a forceful beauty.

If "Calendau" is a *chanson de geste*, "Nerto" (1884) is a romance of chivalry. In jingling octosyllabic couplets we are told a fantastic tale of a fleeing maiden and an amorous prince, the last Pope of Avignon and a not very diabolical devil. The sprightliness and sweetness of this poem are again incrusted with Provençal antiquities and traditions. These have a better, because a separate, setting in "Les Iles d'Or ("Lis Isclo d'Or," 1875), a volume of lyrics which seem to constitute Mistral's best title to fame after "Mireille." A great variety of pieces, occasional, hymnal, romantic, are arrayed in an almost equal variety of rhythms. There are indubitable masterpieces here, among the best of which, for a foreign taste, are the ballads. Finally, brief mention only can be given to the "Poème du Rhône" (1897) and the "tragedy" called "La Reine Jeanne" (1890). The latter is by no means dramatic; Dr. Downer, in his really readable thesis on Mistral, styles it a pageant rather than a play. It is inappropriately written in Alexandrines, and except for its resuscitation of the Provençal queen *par excellence*, it has no great interest. The "Poème du Rhône" is more realistic and modern than anything else by Mistral, and yet he has mingled with this picture of river-side life a singular sprite-like little maid who gives the desired touch of *diablerie*. All these fantastic creations seem quite his own.

His Memoirs ("Mes Origines," 1906) tell in buoyant, gossiping fashion the early important years of his life. That life has reached its honored close just ten years after he shared the Nobel prize with Echegaray and two years after the final jubilee held in his praise. Throughout he has maintained that directness and simplicity of existence so striking in these bewildered days.

E. Preston Dargan.

University of Chicago, March 27.

SOURCES OF "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Here is another grain of dust to be cast into the balance which, according to the editor of the Globe Coleridge, weighs the influences that went to round out "The Ancient Mariner." Even more convincing than any passage in Shelvocke's "Voyages," which Wordsworth had been reading; even more attractive to a poet's eye (if it ever saw it) than any entry in the log of Capt. Thomas James's "Strange and Dangerous Voyage," is the following sea-description out of the "Travels of Sir Richard Hawkins Knight," printed now in the Publications of the Hakluyt Society:

> All the sea became so replenished with forms of serpents, adders, and snakes, as seemed wonderful: some greene, some blacke, some yellow, some white, some of divers colours; and many of them had life.

This recalls irresistibly the stanzas:

> Beyond the shadow of the ship,
> I watched the water-snakes:
> They moved in tracks of shining white,
> And when they reared, the elfish light
> Fell off in hoary flakes.
>
> Within the shadow of the ship
> I watched their green attire:
> Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
> They coiled and swam; and every track
> Was a flash of golden fire.

The verse, one is tempted to believe, is only the prose glamoured by Coleridge's high instinct in matters of omission and amplification. Might not the poet have seen the Hawkins, as well as the James, in the City Library at Bristol?

One is emboldened on this evidence to pound out one more link with which to connect "the glorious old romanticism of Elizabeth" (to use the words of your reviewer of Mr. Noyes's poems) with "that of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and even Shelley," which last, as your reviewer says, seems, beside the older rebellion, "tame and refrigerated."

If such a link is incapable of establishment, the incorrigible romanticist must yet be content to reflect that even the ship captains of that "great age of romantic barbarism," when the geographical imagination of Europe was awakening, and men seemed born to discover, were a poetic lot.

O.

Urbana, Ill., March 15.

Fish and Fishers.

THE HUMANE ANGLER.

The misguided moralist may disapprove, the majority may remain blankly indifferent, but there is still a goodly remnant to whom the chirp of the robin and the flash of the bluebird's wing tell no cheerier tale than that the streams are again ready for the rod and the fly. The fish made its appeal to the palate of primitive man before the dawn of recorded history. The flint "gorge" with which he jerked his prey from the water in lieu of the far later hook is among the most ingenious tools of the early stone age, and thus has its place in the very foundation of that career of mechanical invention which has given mankind his hold upon the forces of nature. The art had gone much further when Homer could picture the monster Scylla, plucking the hapless comrades of Ulysses from the deck of his ship, under the simile of a fisherman dangling his bait into the sea from the end of a long rod and tossing the gasping fish out upon the shore.

Homer's simile does not suggest the gentler side, however, and whether the ancients ever made the transition from the attitude of the mere fisherman to that of the angler has been questioned. The angler is perforce a lover of nature, and there is a certain unwillingness to admit that the present-day feeling for nature had any close counterpart in the mental make-up of antiquity. But here we may call as witness the spade of the archæologist. A bit of early art has been unearthed at Kuyúnjik which depicts a man floating down stream astride an inflated skin, dangling a very modern-looking hook into the water with his right hand, while swinging behind his left shoulder is a wide-meshed net containing two or three two-pounders already taken. He has no reel or rod and his bait is but the humble worm, but the artist has put into his kindly face the unmistakable imprint of the real angler. His little net speaks of his own frying-pan and not of the market. He will handle tenderly all that comes to his hook; nor is he a man who could witness without instinctive aversion the loading of haddock into carts with pitchforks along the wharves of Atlantic Avenue in Boston.

"Can the fish love the fisherman?" the Roman epigrammatist asked. Perhaps not, if the query be restricted to the individual fish and its captor. Some reed-patch philosopher, however, wont to endow the lower forms of life with a human psychological outfit, might readily imagine a conference of game fishes seriously arriving at the conclusion that in spite of the hook and the frying-pan there is no better friend to their race after all than the angler.

And yet the genuinely humane spirit in angling, remote though its origin may be, has been only too rare an exception until within very recent times. The kindly spirit that breathes in every paragraph of Izaak Walton is notably absent from many a book which tosses out a few quotations from his pages as a lure for the reader's favor. The day is not far gone when the literature of angling, as of fowling and hunting, reeked with boastful records of the number and size of the catch. Many a man can recall the time when he would proudly have stood for his photograph with a catch of trout or bass which, because of the very number in which he then exulted, he would be ashamed to have any one see in his possession to-day. "Conservation" is now the watchword with every genuine angler, and a promising plan for improving the food supply of the fish, exterminating their parasitic enemies, or preserving the streams from contamination, will attract his attention even more than a new improvement in the bearings of a reel or the bend of a hook. But little has been said of large catches in respectable angling literature of recent date, and there will be still less in the future. Against those who refused to fall into step with the new movement effective appeal has been made to legislative restraint, and in many States a rigid limit is now placed upon the number of game fish that a single sportsman may take within a given time.

We might feel prouder of this protective movement if it had had its origin in high ethical motives rather than in the stern realization that angling as a sport was about to come to an end through the reckless extinction of all the most attractive game fishes. But the ethical motive has now been effectively enlisted, and nowhere more actively than among anglers themselves. As the present season opens, then, one may rub up his tackle with the comfortable feeling that he belongs to a fraternity which has taken the proper steps to clear itself of the charge of careless cruelty alleged against it in the past with too much plausibility. Whatever may have been true in Martial's day, if the fish does not love the fisherman now, the reason is simply its limited power to appreciate legitimate grounds for gratitude.

The old story of the lunatic, peering over the wall of his asylum and inviting the angler who had fished for four hours and caught nothing to come inside, is a good enough jest, as newspaper wit goes, and yet the number of anglers is increasing with whom the actual making of a catch is no absolute prerequisite to the success of a day by the stream. It is, of course, true that a stroll in the fields without bait or tackle, summer or winter, is always a delightful possibility to one who can find the time. Yet to many a man worn by the friction of business or professional life there is nothing like the appeal of the rod and stream to rouse the courage to break away for a day and seek renewed strength where it is to be found. Walton and his forerunners and successors have followed no false scent. To one rightly attuned there is no finer form of recreation imaginable. I can readily believe with Sir Izaak that Dean Nowel, who died at ninety-five with senses all alert and no mental faculty weak or useless, owed his healthy longevity in no slight measure to his persistent exercise with the rod. And, thanks to the spread of intelligent ideas of conservation, we need no longer fear the extinction of so commendable a sport. For, after all, whether the fish be actually caught in any given case or no, the feeling that it is really there is essential.

W. H. Johnson.

Literature

THE PROBLEM OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The Philippines, Past and Present. By Dean C. Worcester. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6 net.

While still a college student, Mr. Worcester went to the Philippines in 1886, with an expedition headed by the professor of zoölogy of his college, and spent a year there in zoölogical research. The scientific results were, on the whole, so satisfactory that in 1890 another similar expedition in the islands was started, which lasted for two years and a half, Mr. Worcester on this occasion being the leader. The party penetrated into regions still more remote than those attained on the first expedition and accumulated much valuable information concerning the fauna and flora of parts inhabited by primitive tribes which had never seen, or been seen by, a Spaniard.

Returning in 1892 to his work as an instructor of zoölogy at his *alma mater*, Mr. Worcester finally got out a book on "The Philippine Islands and Their People"; it appeared about the time of the outbreak of the Spanish War. An American who had visited the Philippines was then a very exceptional individual, and Mr. Worcester, being not only the author of the book mentioned, but otherwise a man of high scientific attainments, President McKinley sent him to Manila early in 1899 as a member of what has since been known as the First Philippine Commission, in the earnest hope that diplomatic intervention might avert bloodshed between the American forces under Gen. Otis and the Filipino forces under Aguinaldo.

But this Commission did not reach Manila until March 4, 1899, and hostilities between the American troops and tho Filipinos had already broken out on February 4.

The First Philippine Commission was succeeded in the spring of 1900 by the Taft Philippine Commission, Mr. Worcester being the only member of the first Commission retained on the second. There was no break in the continuity of his service. On July 4, 1901, civil government was organized in the Philippines, with Mr. Taft as the first Civil Governor, while the four other members of the Taft Philippine Commission constituted a sort of cabinet. There was a portfolio of Commerce and Police, another of Finance and Justice, another of Public Instruction, and another of the Interior. Mr. Worcester was appointed Secretary of the Interior, and he served continuously in that office from July 4, 1901, until September 15, 1913, when he resigned and came home.

It goes without saying that what he has to tell about the Philippines is highly interesting; also that he is entirely in sympathy with the policy which has been pursued in the islands during his long service there, and entirely out of sympathy with the policy of the present Administration. His work is partly historical and partly descriptive and informative. On this latter scientific side the author is perhaps better qualified to speak than any other living man.

After the battle of Manila Bay of May 1, 1898, while waiting for the American troops to arrive, Admiral Dewey had been prevailed upon to bring Aguinaldo and some of his followers down from Hongkong to Manila, with a view of letting him start an insurrection against the Spaniards ashore, the function of such insurrection to be, presumably, identical with the one Garcia was maintaining contemporaneously in Cuba, under the friendly auspices of the blockading squadron under Admiral Sampson. Dewey probably supposed that the United States was going to do with the Philippines what we had announced in the declaration of war against Spain we were going to do with Cuba, and Aguinaldo probably supposed so, too. But Dewey made Aguinaldo no promises other than such as may have been implied in bringing him down from Hongkong to Manila, landing him at Cavité, May 17, 1898, supplying him with guns and ammunition to begin the work which our soldiers were on the way out to complete, turning over to him from time to time as they surrendered Spanish troops whom the navy had no way to keep, etc. Aguinaldo constantly conferred with the Admiral also—"was most obedient," the Admiral is quoted as saying.

Before our troops arrived Aguinaldo had proclaimed himself head of a Provisional Government and, in its name, had issued a declaration that the Filipino people desired and intended to be free and independent. Also he had sent copies of all these documents to Admiral Dewey. On June 30, 1898, General Anderson, commanding the first batch of arrivals, told Admiral Dewey, to the latter's surprise, that when he left San Francisco, there was already much talk in the United States about retaining the Philippines, though the Senate resolution of April 21, 1898, declaring war against Spain in order to free Cuba had concluded: "The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control, over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the Government and control of the island to its people."

Mr. Worcester quotes at length from many official documents and records to prove that neither Mr. Pratt, then Consul at Singapore, nor Mr. Wildman, ur Consul at Hongkong, nor Mr. Williams, our Consul at Manila, nor Admiral Dewey, nor General Anderson, nor any one else connected with the American Government in the Far East at that time, either said or did anything to give Aguinaldo the least ground for expecting independence at our hands. Yet Mr. Worcester's presentation of the case wholly ignores the causes of our war against Spain. Cuba is not even mentioned in his book. Naturally, the Filipinos were justified in confidently trusting that if they helped us drive out Spain, as the Cubans were doing, we would not give them a mere change of masters. Aguinaldo knew as well as any American Consul that what such consul might say to him was merely the expression of personal opinion, hopes, and good will. Mr. Worcester devotes too much space to what Pratt, Williams, and Wildman may have said, and too little to what our Admiral in fact did, and what our generals subsequently did in confirmation of Dewey's policy.

We are persuaded that the final verdict of history will be something like this: When the Spanish war broke out, all our representatives then in he Far East, consular, military, naval, etc., as well as all American citizens out there, took it for granted that our policy in the Philippines would agree with that proposed for Cuba. A little later the McKinley Administration began to think that it would pay to keep the Philippines, and as soon as our representatives in the East became aware of this, they had to trim their sails accordingly. Mr. Worcester devotes more than 100 pages of his book to proving that nobody connected with our Government ever held out false hopes to Aguinaldo. What he proves for us is merely his hatred of every Filipino who desires to see the independence of his country. All such persons he denounces as "politicos"—meaning demagogues. He resigned his connection with the Government of the Philippines last autumn, undoubtedly because he was not in sympathy with the Philippine policy of the Wilson Administration. That he had also become *persona non grata* to the Filipino people is not open to doubt. The present work breathes a spirit of animosity not often equalled in a work intended to be a permanent contribution to the annals of men's struggles for free institutions. In one place, for instance, in referring to one of his subordinates who died in the discharge of his duty during a cholera epidemic which the Health Department was trying to suppress, he speaks quite bitterly of this man's having laid down his life while endeavoring to do good to "an alien and hostile people." For the peons and the wild mountain tribes alone, Mr. Worcester seems to entertain a genuinely kindly regard. If the author is correct, no American official in the Philippines in the critical early days did anything he ought not to have done. Mr. Worcester is at great pains to prove that the Filipinos, and not the Americans, were the aggressors in the war. To us it does not seem necessary to determine who fired the first shot in order to decide who were the aggressors in that war. We coveted their country, and the Filipinos did not wish us to have it. It makes no difference that we really desired to make them happy. They did not care for our brand of happiness, preferring to undertake "the pursuit of happiness" in their own way. Here was an issue, and the issue was finally submitted to the arbitrament of war.

There are several chapters relating to the state of public order in the islands between the date of the battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898, and the outbreak of February 4, 1899. These chapters culminate in one entitled, Did We Destroy a Republic? All of them are by way of negative reply to that question. Two young naval officers made a trip through the interior of Luzon by authority of Admiral Dewey in the latter part of 1898, and on their return reported quite favorably as to the state of public order under the Aguinaldo Government. Professor Worcester says these young gentlemen were mistaken. He quotes copiously from captured insurgent documents to support his view. These show more or less abnormal conditions, brigandage, etc., in some of the provinces, but they also show two other things, viz.: (1) that every signer of every insurgent document making any

reference to Aguinaldo at all, recognized him quite loyally as the head of the Government; (2) the state of public order in each province depended largely upon the personal equation of the military commander representing the Aguinaldo Government in that province. For instance, in order to prove the existence of turmoil, he cites a communication from Gen. Juan Cailles to Aguinaldo in which the former says that conditions were much disturbed in the province to which he was assigned before he took hold. Then he goes on to tell how he promptly captured and forthwith shot a few of the principal brigands who were terrorizing the province, and took other steps dictated by common-sense, and that since then things have been reasonably tranquil.

In dealing with conditions in the Cagayan Valley under the Aguinaldo Government, the author grows angry with Judge James H. Blount, author of "The American Occupation of the Philippines, 1898-1912," for having said that the cruelties practiced upon the Spanish friars in that valley at that time were "ebullitions of revenge for three centuries of tyranny, and do not disprove capacity for self-government." In order to make these cruelties rival, in horror, those of the Spanish Inquisition, Mr. Worcester accepts at face value descriptions subsequently made in writing by various of the friars who escaped. Of course, when the Filipinos turned the tables on the friars in 1898, they put into practice some of the lessons in cruelty which they had learned from their Spanish masters, but when you subtract from the friars' testimony all but first-hand knowledge, the residuum appears just about as Judge Blount summed it up. Judge Blount made the additional point that many of our officers during the Philippine insurrection winked at torture practiced to extract information from insurgents as to the whereabouts of the enemy and of hidden guns. Mr. Worcester frantically denounces all these statements, in the face of the numerous courts-martial of officials for such offences, as not only, according to his belief, untrue, but also, in his opinion, "despicable" attacks upon the fair name of the army. This criticism of an officer who served honorably in the Philippine War is also interesting when we notice that in the second edition of Blount's volume there is printed a letter wherein Gen. Funston characterizes this book as "a remarkably accurate and fair history of the Philippine adventure to date."

The difference between the attitude of the two men is clear. Judge Blount's book was a brief for what may now be called the Wilson-Bryan Philippine policy; Mr. Worcester's book is a brief for the McKinley-Taft Philippine policy. Judge Blount took Mr. Worcester to task on the ground that his activities with, and wide advertisement of, the wild tribes of the remote interior tended to make the American people suppose that the Filipinos were mostly wild tribes instead of, as they are, a substantially homogeneous Christian people, whose distinguishing characteristics are respect for authority, love of family, home, and country, and consideration for one another, and that he dwelt upon the bitter hatred between Mr. Worcester and the people whose taxes for so many years paid his salary.

We are quite clear that valuable and striking as Mr. Worcester's book is, it will never stand as the final word about our occupation of the islands any more than will Mr. Blount's. Both are partisan, but, to our minds, Mr. Blount has the nobler and juster point of view, and we are the more reinforced in this by Mr. Worcester's present activities. He has allied himself with a company for the commercial exploitation of the Philippines which seeks money from the public in a sanctimonious, philanthropic-religious garb for the purpose of exploiting the Philippines—of course, entirely in their interests. Similar benevolent intentions have marked the history of all exploitation of the world's subject races, and a similar disregard of what the natives themselves would prefer or what is best for them, has made a sorry chapter in the world's commercial history.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Honey-Star. By Ticknor Edwardes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Critics nowadays are likely to do less than justice to this idyl type of romance. Our training, under Hardy and the realists, is in danger of making us forget that in "As You Like It" and "The Winter's Tale" the setting is merely decorative and the peasant characters furnish a picturesque background for the delightfully impossible central figures. The right question to ask is, "Does the author invest this setting and his characters with the imaginative charm which makes us accept them in spite of our sense of fact?"

On the whole, Mr. Edwardes succeeds in doing this. We do not care whether Elisabel March, the bee-master's daughter, who has gained her education in a draper's shop, could have developed in her surroundings or not; there she is, a charming and gracious princess in disguise. When Claud Laughton first sees her he is on his way to propose to a rich and beautiful girl for whom he cares little. Instantly he falls in love with Elisabel; what else could he do? And it would not be easy to find in recent fiction a better account of a man's falling in love at first sight. Laughton, too, is a bee-master, who has succeeded through modern methods where her father has failed; this fact, and the other girl and Claud's own past life, are barriers between them. But to summarize the plot would be an injustice to the story. Much of its attractiveness is due to the delicate finish and suggestiveness of the style; take that away, and the unreality of plot and character at once become overemphasized.

The Lodger. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"In the long history of crime it has very, very seldom happened that a woman has betrayed one who has taken refuge with her." This is the text which Mrs. Lowndes has chosen to illustrate. Mr. and Mrs. Bunting are highly respectable people, formerly servants, who take lodgers. Their house is empty and they are in pecuniary straits, when the lodger appears, without luggage except for a small handbag, and takes their four rooms. He is a quiet, eccentric gentleman, with a fondness for reading the Bible aloud to himself and a habit of walking out at night. A series of terrible murders throws London into a panic. Gradually Mrs. Bunting comes to suspect, finally to be almost certain, that the lodger is the murderer. Her one instinct is to protect him. The nerves of wife and husband are kept on edge by the murders recurring every ten days, and by the frequent visits of Joe Chandler, a young detective, who is in love with Daisy Bunting. The book is not a detective story: the reader from the first recognizes the criminal. Mrs. Lowndes is interested merely in studying the mental contortions of poor Ellen Bunting, suffering under her terrible secret. She writes in the spirit of impartial curiosity, without a trace of sympathy. The book is a clever monograph in the form of fiction, a job hardly worth while, and well done.

Shallow Soil. By Knut Hamsun. Authorized Translation from the Norwegian by Carl Christian Hyllested. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of this story has been famous in Norway for a quarter of a century, and well-known throughout Europe for many years. "In Russia," says the translator, "his popularity exceeds that of many of its own inimitable writers." German criticism has dealt seriously with him. Yet he is now first introduced to the English-reading public. Out of his thirty volumes—novels, plays, book of travel, essays, poems—"Shallow Soil" seems to have been chosen with some care as an entering wedge, being "in some respects the most contained of Hamsun's works."

The author has a special claim upon the interest of American readers because he underwent an important part of his

apprenticeship in this country. He was brought up on one of the Lofoten Islands, became a cobbler's apprentice, and while still in his 'teens wrote a long poem and a novel, and contrived somehow to get them printed. They attracted no attention. He worked his way to Christiania and into the university, but his independence and improvidence soon disqualified him as a student, and he sailed for America as a steerage passenger. "He had intended to become a Unitarian minister. Instead of doing so he had to work as a farm-hand on the prairie, street-car conductor in Chicago, dairyman in Dakota; and he varied these pursuits by giving a series of lectures on French literature in Minneapolis." He returned to Christiania and made another luckless attempt to gain recognition as a writer; but it was after three years on a Newfoundland fishing smack that he made his third and successful effort to reach an audience.

"Shallow Soil" gives a picture of Christiania towards the end of the century: a community lacking in political or social force; commercially strong but despising its "peddlers" and "hucksters," and strangely adoring a group of pretentious young poets. One of these contemptible fellows, Irgens, is the villain of the story. Into his nerveless hands fall the two women, Hanka and Aagot, who are so much alive in these pages. Hanka is the rebellious young wife painted by Ibsen, Aagot the innocent, characterless maiden whose sweetness and charm are at the service of any sufficiently insistent male. Hanka's eyes are opened, and she becomes a woman; Aagot we must believe lost beyond hope. But it is Aagot whom the strong man of the story, Coldevin, the poor tutor, is doomed to worship. He stands for what is sturdiest and most loyal, as well as most intelligent, in the Norwegian character. His presence redeems the book from mere satire, with a touch of true creative imagination. But it is clear that, more or less dimly, he identifies Aagot with his beloved Norway, and we leave him, convinced of the girl's shame, in the act of destroying the little bow of Norwegian colors she has given him.

The Hour of Conflict. By Hamilton Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This is a story of happiness temporarily frustrated by social prejudice and maleducation. Everard Leyden is expelled from Oxford after sowing a full measure of wild oats. He meets Toinette Guerchard, an unsophisticated French village maiden. The eternal passion engulfs the pair, and the usual momentary indiscretion follows. Everard, who sought the affair merely as a pleasant diversion, finds himself changed from "a mere philanderer to a passionate lover." All might yet go well, could he but marry the girl. But his parents, to whom the young aristocrat is beholden for his support, could not be expected to consent. Toinette, ignorant of the ways of the world, insists on accompanying young Everard to his home. His repeated objections rouse her suspicion, and she flings herself into the sea. Everard returns to England, but the thought that he has murdered Toinette eats into his mind. He even attempts suicide. Finally, half-crazed, he returns to the little French village to join his Toinette at the bottom of the sea. He is saved from drowning, however, and learns that Toinette is not dead. The two are reunited, to live—we are left to infer—happily ever after.

Despite this decidedly romantic ending, the story is quite convincing, and has a number of intensely dramatic situations. The characters are well drawn. Especially noteworthy are the corpulent Hippolyte Guerchard, Toinette's father; the venerable abbé, her uncle; and Ruddy Laleham, the Bohemian artist, perhaps the most original character in the book. Indeed, the episode in which the last one figures makes a delightful little story in itself.

WILFRID WARD'S VIVID PORTRAITURE.

Men and Matters. By Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Ward's biographical writings need not be told what kind of style and what range of ideas to expect in this book of essays. If anything, his work gains in precision and persuasiveness from the greater condensation of the essay form, and it is possible to say of the present volume that no one can afford to miss it who is interested in vivid portraiture and in the more solid thought of the day. The reader's pleasure in the papers on Cardinals Vaughan and Newman, on Thomas Aquinas and other more frankly Catholic topics, will naturally depend somewhat on his own religious position; but to no great extent, for Mr. Ward is never bigoted or blind, and in general he brings to the questions of the Church the same judicious temper and broad outlook as to the problems of secular philosophy and government.

One of the religious essays, that on "The Conservative Genius of the Church," is devoted to a logical analysis of what he regards as the true office of conservatism in progress, and gives the key to his position throughout the book. "The first process, of resistance," he says, "is the work of authority, of Rome itself; the second, of assimilation, is the work of individuals, authority only tolerating and not necessarily helping it, until it is so far tested that authority can more or less ratify what individuals have initiated." As an example of this double process he cites the complete adaptation of theology to Aristotelian philosophy by St. Thomas Aquinas. A century earlier St. Bernard, as the champion of orthodoxy, had bitterly opposed Abelard's attempt to introduce the Aristotelian method which had recently been brought into notice by the Arabs—and rightly, from the Catholic point of view, for its acceptance then, before it had been properly digested, would have meant the disruption of the church. The feat of orthodox acceptance remained for a saintly theologian, who was impregnated by both the new dialectic and the tradition of the fathers. His work was thus "a gigantic scheme of conservative reform, a signal protest against the 'fossilism,' which calls itself conservative, the lines of the new system being mainly determined by the intellectual conditions of the time." Such a conservatism implies, of course, that the central structure, or tradition, is essentially sound and should not be swept away, but should be allowed to develop by the natural means of inclusion and assimilation; it can be imposed on those of radical temperament only by showing in each case that the slow process of growth is actually more progressive than a complete uprooting and new planting, and Mr. Ward's presentation of modern religious conditions is largely directed to just this end.

Probably most of Mr. Ward's readers will find more to interest them in his application of this rational conservatism to the problems of politics and secular life than in his specifically religious studies, though it must be a very unthoughtful man who is not made to pause by the discussion of "Reduced Christianity," in which the "Orthodoxy" of G. K. Chesterton and "The Gospel and Human Needs" of Dr. Neville Figgis are thrown into contrast with the sentimental maunderings of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Richard Meynell." The first two essays of the book, dealing with Disraeli, are based on the new biography and on Lord Cromer's severe arraignment of the man; they form together a notable piece of political analysis and psychological portraiture. In the inevitable contrast between Disraeli and Gladstone our essayist naturally takes the side of the former and quotes with secret satisfaction his description of his rival as a "sophisticated rhetorician inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity." He thinks that the common opinion of Disraeli as an alien to the British aristocracy to the end is not correct, and in support of his view quotes the words of Lord Emly: "In 1878 the impossible had happened. He had won not only power, but general reverence. Our aristocracy not

only accepted him, but treated him with the utmost respect." In the famous matter of Disraeli's denial that he had ever asked Peel for office, Mr. Monypenny, we know, does not venture to acquit him of sheer untruthfulness. Mr. Ward leans rather to mercy in his view. He argues that it may have been a mere lapse of memory on Disraeli's part, and cites a curiously parallel case in which Cardinal Newman, whose word could not be doubted, fell into the same sort of error. His apology is minute and specious, but we fear that most readers will stand with Mr. Monypenny. Mr. Ward is, however, by no means a thick-and-thin admirer of Disraeli, nor does he attempt to slur over the shallow and fantastic aspects of his character. "Disraeli's sincerity then was real, but with a touch of underlying cynicism, and this undoubtedly told against scrupulous conscientiousness. There were certain great ideals which he meant to realize. If anything was worth while, they were worth while, and, to some extent, the end justified the means."

Even better on the whole is Mr. Ward's study of John Stuart Mill—a masterly piece of writing. He takes as texts Gladstone's characterization of Mill as the "saint of Rationalism," and Disreali's opinion, expressed with a shrug of the shoulders, "a political finishing governess." Between this Scylla and Charybdis, he sails with marvellous dexterity, and it is not often that one will find a character more touched to the quick or a philosophy more finely dissected. He does not deny the "thin lucidity" which Mr. Balfour disliked in Mill, but he has two points of sympathetic contact with him. In politics Mill grew towards the "speculative Toryism" of Wordsworth and Coleridge (Mr. Ward would no doubt add Disraeli's name), which he called "*tout bonnement* a reverence for government in the abstract"; and in his "Essays on Religion," published posthumously in 1874, he gave the shrewdest blow to atheistical rationalism which it had received in the century. The effect of this half-recantation Mr. Ward describes vividly:

Many of us still remember the shock which this essay created. Mr. Leslie Stephen was reported to have paced the room in indignation which could not be contained, while his wife yet further angered him by the poor consolation of "I told you so. I always said John Mill was orthodox." Mr. John Morley, in the *Fortnightly*, did not disguise his profound disappointment. This was not the Mill whose henchman he had been, and whose praises he had sung so enthusiastically only a year earlier, on the occasion of his death. Mr. W. L. Courtney testifies to the "consternation" caused "among those of Mill's disciples who had fed themselves on his earlier work" by an essay which seemed to recommend the renunciation of reason in favor of the twilight of faith. The religious press was, of course, jubilant. And the religious party scored heavily in a long-standing combat.

That is the very atmosphere of an age we are already beginning to forget; and always Mr. Ward has this apt and human way of illustrating the philosophical point he is discussing. He carries one along with him whether one agrees with him or not—and your reviewer heartily disagrees with him in at least one of his principal tenets. Others of his essays, as for instance those on Tennyson and George Wyndham, are purely literary and biographical; all are notably good.

PHILOSOPHIES OF THE ORIENT.

The Religion of the Samurai: A Study of Zen Philosophy and Discipline in China and Japan. By Kaiten Nukariya. London: Luzac & Co.

If the title of this interesting treatise implies that the Zen form of Buddhism was in an exclusive sense the faith of the Japanese Samurai, it is misleading, for the bulk of the warrior class belonged to other Buddhist sects or were Shintoists. Indeed, the Restoration of 1868 was accomplished by men who dreamed of the reëstablishment of pure Shinto, a difficult task, inasmuch as the deeper-rooted faith from India had so modified the native cult as to alter its whole complexion. But these dreamers certainly did not call themselves adherents of Zenshu, and were cold or hostile to the Buddhist faith. If, however, the title signifies merely that among Buddhist sects, which numbered as many as seventy, the three forms which Zenshu took were the most characteristic of Samurai ideals, the objection is partly or wholly met. One of the most exquisite and typical of Japanese landscape gardens, the Kinkakuji, or "Golden Pavilion," in Kyoto, belongs to a monastery of the Zen sect, whither one of the Ashikaga rulers retired and built himself a palace as a nominal retreat from the cares of the world. Indeed, when the Ashikaga shoguns were ruling Japan from Kamakura, most of the Samurai at their court were followers of Zenshu. And after the bitter struggle with Christianity three centuries ago, when the warring Buddhist sects banded together to oust the dangerous intruding faith, Zenshu was the only one which had vitality enough to send forth another branch, the Obaku, although its teacher, Ingen, founder of the temple of Obaku-san, near Lake Biwa, was a Chinese. At all times Japanese Buddhism has reverted to China or India for fresh inspiration, for in religion, as in other intellectual fields, the Japanese mind modifies rather than originates.

The history of Zen has been an honorable one. The typical hero of mediæval Japan, Kusunoki Masashige, who died gloriously near Kobe after his army had been crushed by a superior foe, was a follower of Zen. What is lacking in this admirable study by Professor Nukariya is any adequate historic setting. From the first page to the last everything is from the Zenshu priest's standpoint, with an evident and laudable desire to present a dignified and up-to-date confession of faith. Much, however, is read into Zenshu that is recent and belongs to the post-Samurai period of Meiji. The book, unfortunately, has no index, a lack that is not compensated for by the careful table of contents and the clear paragraph headings. The Keiogijiku, where the author is professor, was founded a quarter of a century ago by Fukuzawa, one of the great thinkers and leaders of modern Japan, and was at the outset officered in part by American teachers from Harvard, Unitarians. The faith that the author expounds recalls in many of its particulars creeds that have come recently from under the shadow of Harvard University.

The treatise is of interest as showing the intellectual activity that has begun to characterize Japanese Buddhists since the triumphant close of the Russo-Japanese War ten years ago. Under the long Tokugawa shogunate, when they enjoyed state favor, their church sank into moral lethargy and intellectual torpor. At the Restoration her clergy were ignored and despised, and they met the keen attacks of Christian missionaries with sullen silence or virulent abuse. Now they meet argument with argument, and dogma with dogma. Zenshu was a contemplative form of Buddhism, and its adherents rejected spells, prayers, incantations, or any elaborate ritual. The strongest of the three sects, the Soto, was always honorably distinguished by learning and poverty. Its teaching emphasized traditions of conduct and mental attitude handed down from master to pupil, from senior to junior, far above written doctrine or stereotyped lesson. Its practice of abstraction, of cultivating superiority to petty distractions, produced a mood that was scholarly and heroic. Zen inculcated austere discipline without asceticism. Later it was associated with culture and refinement, as in the tea ceremonial and the landscape garden. It was in the latter half of the seventeenth century, says the author, that Zen began to interest itself in the composition of the Japanese miniature ode, or *uta*, largely through the influence of Basho, one of the cult and a man of genius. "Again, it was made use of by the teachers of popular ethics, who did a great deal in the education of the lower classes. In this way Zen and its peculiar taste gradually found its way into the arts of peace, such as literature, fine art, tea-ceremony, cookery, gardening,

architecture, and at last it has permeated through every fibre of Japanese life."

While the author quotes familiar passages from Shakespeare, Milton, Whittier, and Longfellow when germane to his argument, we miss Tennyson's "Flower in the Crannied Wall," where it might come in very appositely. But as he argues keenly against individual immortality, a belief that is at the core of Tennyson's creed and message, the lack of sympathy is explained. The English poet had no liking for the "vague, unsweet" faith that teaches a general Soul, into which separate souls are fused. Zen, on the other hand, "gives no countenance to the superstition of Immortality, nor does it hold that the world is the best of all possible worlds, nor conceive life simply as blessing. It is in this world, imperfect, changing, and moving, that Zen finds the divine light it worships." To the follower of Zenshu, Nirvana "means the extinction of pain and the annihilation of sin."

The volume is to be welcomed as a distinct contribution to thought in a field of mental activity which needs ploughing just at present. If the followers of Jodo and Shinshu, both of which sects are represented by missions under the American flag, could give us like expositions of their creeds, they would meet a genuine want.

A NEW ENGLAND PIONEER.

Licutenant Joshua Hewes: A New England Pioneer and Some of His Descendants. With Materials for a Genealogical History of Other Families of the Same Name; and a sketch of Joseph Hewes, the Signer. Edited and chiefly compiled by Eben Putnam. Privately printed. New York: J. F. Tapley Co.

The pioneer ancestor of the Hewes family was Joshua Hewes, who was born in Royston, Herts, and came to New England in 1633. Settling in Roxbury, Mass., and soon becoming a freeman, he married the next year Mary Goldstone, of Watertown. He was a member and sergeant of the "Military Company of the Massachusetts," a deputy to the General Court, selectman and constable of Roxbury, and feoffee of the grammar school. Generally speaking, he was a merchant whose consignments between 1646 and 1650 seem to have been the largest in New England. He was also interested in the early Undertaking of the Iron Works, the failure of which brought trouble on the ironmonger, Joshua Foote, the uncle for whom Hewes was named, and ultimately contributed to the misfortune of Hewes himself. In 1656-7 he married again, this time Alice, widow of John Crabtree. On the death of Foote he had considerable difficulty in disentangling himself from the confusion into which his uncle's death had brought both their estates, and the closing years of his life did not fulfil the promise of his earlier activities. He was, however, a good citizen, and on his return from a more or less unsuccessful venture in Rhode Island did not lose the respect of his former associates.

In telling this modest story of a man of the first generation, Mr. Putnam has introduced a not inconsiderable portion of New England history of that period. The poor lieutenant is quite concealed in a maze of circumstantial detail, and his personality, for doubtless he had one, is lost sight of. Then follow the descendants of this Joshua Hewes, John Hewes, of Lynnfield; Joseph Hewes, the North Carolina "Signer"; George Hewes, of Salisbury, Mass., and Abel Huse, of Newbury. Other families named Hewes, Huse, and Hughes in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama, and Georgia are also described. Brief genealogies of the Tapley, Putnam, Norden-Copp, Johnson, Smith, Wellman, and Cogswell families, and a sturdy list of the Hewes pensioners of the War of 1812, find a place here. But most important of all is a sketch of David Hewes, a genuine '49er, still living, a graduate of Phillips Andover, of Yale, in 1852, "the most distinguished of any class graduated at Yale." While in college he invested $3,000 in

Peter Naylor's Iron Houses, obtained leave of absence from college, went to San Francisco by way of the Isthmus, erected his buildings profitably in Sacramento, and built a Congregational church, to which he gave a library brought with him. Later he went back to San Francisco and began the business of grading with a plant of one shovel, one wheelbarrow, and a Chinaman. In 1858 he bought out his partner for $42,-500, and graded Market and other streets and removed sandhills. Through these extensive operations he came to be called the "Maker of San Francisco."

In 1873 he sold his cars, engines, and other machinery to Henry Villard. He kept on buying city lots, and meanwhile constructed the first home-built locomotive in California. After the disaster of 1906 he put up at once a fourteen-story building, which was voted by the Trades Union to be the best erected since the earthquake. "Destroyed to-day, build to-morrow" was his laconic order. In 1869 he gave the golden spike and laurel tie that connected the Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railways.

He was the father-in-law of the late Leland Stanford, and a man of numerous activities which knew no bounds. Even on a wedding trip with his second wife his enthusiasm led him to purchase three mummies. On the whole, it is a brisk, American story, this life of a man who was part of an era in which the Central Pacific, towards the end of its long task, laid ten miles of track between sunrise and sunset, at the rate of 144 feet a minute. The record of such a family, of no exalted eminence, of no depth of poverty, illustrates well the essential stuff out of which the best of this country is made. The early strength of family character gave promise of continuous growth and not decline.

The first pioneer and the latest, Joshua and David, were not the only worthies bearing the name of Hewes. From George Hewes came George Robert Twelve Hewes, who was one of the Boston Tea Party, and his son of even stranger name, George Robert Twelve Fifteen Hewes. A manuscript diary of James Hewes, of Lynnfield, Mass., another '49er, here printed for the first time (pp. 166-179), describes a journey overland to the west coast of Mexico, then up to Sacramento. There seems to have been a scarcity of food, but of señoritas "very plenty." Possibly it was this Hewes who founded the first library at Lynnfield by inducing the newly chosen selectmen on election day to start a library fund with the money customarily spent in treating the free and enlightened voters at Deacon Parsons's bar.

Although Mr. Putnam put the book together and built it, rather too lavishly, as we have said, in parts, it is worthy of note that Mr. David Hewes spent thirty years in collecting the materials. Conjectural genealogy is never satisfactory, and for this reason it must be said that the words "possibly" and "probably" occur far too often. The plates are good, and the portraits show an uncommonly vigorous breed of wholesome men and women.

Notes

The Century Company will publish this month: "Idle Wives," by James Oppenheim; "Bedesman 4," by Mary Skrine; "The Rise of the American People," by Rowland G. Usher.

Henry Holt & Company announce that they will publish towards the end of April "The Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists," by the late "Sister Nivedita" (Miss Noble), completed by Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy.

Little Brown & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of: "Ariadne of Allan Water," by Sidney McCall; "North of Fifty-three," by Bertrand W. Sinclair; "The Lone Wolf," by Louis Joseph Vance; "Felicidad," by Rowland Thomas.

McBride, Nast & Co. announce that they have in preparation for early publication Strindberg's "The Growth of a Soul."

A Pageant of English Literature is to be given in Oxford from April 28 to 30. The scenes will represent episodes in the history of English literature from Cædmon to Addison and Steele. Dr. T. H. Warren, the professor of poetry, has written Cædmon's ode for the first episode.

E. P. Dutton announces for publication at the beginning of May the following additional volumes of Everyman's Library: Biography: "The Oxford Reformers," by Frederic Seebohm; "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield," by James Anthony Froude; "Pioneer Work for Women," by Elizabeth Blackwell; "Colley Cibber: An Apology for His Life," with an appreciation by William Hazlitt.—Classical: "Livy's History of Rome," Vols. II and III, translated by Canon W. L. Roberts; "The Muses' Pageant," Vol. III, by W. M. L. Hutchinson.—Essays and criticism: "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs," by Countess Martinengo-Cæsaresco; "Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple," edited by Judge Parry; "An Anthology of English Prose," edited by S. L. Edwards.—Fiction: "Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians," by Herbert Paltock; Turgeniev's "Lisa," translated by W. R. S. Ralston; George MacDonald's "Sir Gibbie"; Morier's "Hajji Baba"; Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South"; Dostoievsky's "The Idiot"; "Pamela," by Samuel Richardson.

The Selden Society announces that the volume of its publications for the current year will be the "Bills in Eyre," edited by Mr. William C. Bolland, and that it has also in preparation for publication a volume of the Year Books of Edward II., edited by Mr. Turner and Professor Geldart. Volume 26 for 1911, the sixth volume of the Year Book series, edited by Mr. G. J. Turner, is still delayed, but is expected soon. Owing to the death of Mr. I. S. Leadam, who was engaged on a volume of Select Cases before the King's Council, the completion of that volume will be entrusted to Professor James T. Baldwin, of Vassar College.

AMBASSADOR PAGE was prevented by throat troubles, following an attack of influenza, from addressing the annual meeting of the Booksellers' Provident Institution the other day. John Murray expressed special regrets at this misfortune, as he had hoped to welcome in Mr. Page the first member of the publishing craft to rise to the position of Ambassador to England. A similar institution for the benefit of authors is to have Mr. Page's assistance on May 5, for he has promised to preside on that date at the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. During the last year the fund has made grants, reaching a total of $20,600, to 52 applicants; three for archæology and topography, nine for history and biography, three for art, five for poetry and the drama, sixteen for novels and tales, three for education and scientific work, and thirteen miscellaneous.

LITTLE by little English universities are coming into closer touch with the State. There was a stiff fight at Cambridge recently over a proposal to apply for a Government grant for the Medical School. It was argued against it that the acceptance of Government money must in the long run mean some measure of Government control, and that, however necessary such subventions might be for the new universities which have no large body of alumni on whom to depend for help, they were not really needed for Oxford and Cambridge, and would, indeed, tend to discourage the generosity of private donors. On the other side, it was pointed out that the principle had already been conceded, as both the School of Agriculture and the Department of Astrophysics were in receipt of State assistance. The proposal was carried in the University Senate by 268 votes to 235.

IN pursuance of the action taken at the conference of professors, held at Baltimore last November, the chairman, Professor Bloomfield, was authorized to appoint a committee representing the principal subjects of study and the principal universities. After some unavoidable delays, the chairman of the conference has announced the composition of the committee as follows: Astronomy, George C. Comstock (Wisconsin); biological science, E. G. Conklin (Princeton), R. G. Harrison (Yale), and Theodore Hough (Virginia); classical philology, E. Capps (Princeton); chemistry, Julius Stieglitz (Chicago); economics, M. A. Aldrich (Tulane) and Alvin S. Johnson (Cornell); education and psychology, John Dewey (Columbia); engineering, Guido H. Marx (Stanford); English, J. W. Bright (Johns Hopkins) and C. M. Gayley (California); geology, W. H. Hobbs (Michigan); Germanic philology, M. D. Learned (Pennsylvania); history, W. E. Dodd (Chicago); law, Roscoe Pound (Harvard); mathematics, C. J. Keyser (Columbia) and Henry Taber (Clark); medicine, C. S. Minot (Harvard); Oriental languages, Morris Jastrow (Pennsylvania); philosophy, A. O. Lovejoy (Johns Hopkins) and Frank Thilly (Cornell); physics, C. E. Mendenhall (Wisconsin); political science, Isidor Loeb (Missouri); romance philology, F. M. Warren (Yale). Professor Dewey has consented to act as chairman. The committee may be expected to begin at once the consideration of the questions submitted to it; and it will doubtless be able to announce the date of the contemplated meeting, and its general proposals with respect to the association, within a few months.

NO more interesting American autobiography has appeared in a good while than Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years of It" (Appleton). It is not merely that he has the knack of telling a story—he has an unusually intersting story to tell. He strikes the keynote at the very beginning in the episode of the surreptitious release of a negro prisoner, restrained by ball and chain, and paying the penalty for some misdemeanor by aimlessly wielding a broom on the hot and deserted main street of the town of Urbana, O. Whitlock's grandfather was the Mayor of Urbana, and, calling the negro into his office, he unlocked his fetters and told him to get away without arousing attention. This putting of the human side first is the centre of Brand Whitlock's philosophy. It leads him into folly now and then, as when he decides never to prosecute another person, and leaves one to infer that we should be better off without courts than with them. But in general he is so sane as well as sympathetic that one can forgive him even this great error. He is a hater as well as a dreamer, and the objects of his hatred are two: reformers and Puritanism. Perhaps these are really but one. At all events, he hates them as fiercely as if he had been anything but the very advanced Mayor whose ambition was to follow in the footsteps of "Golden Rule" Jones. What distinguishes him, and distinguished Jones, from the kind of reformer that he scorns is his utter skepticism of panaceas. "The great emancipation will not come," he writes, "through the formulæ of Independents, Socialists, or single-taxers, nor through Law and Order Leagues, nor Civic Associations." This does not prevent him from being a single-taxer or from fighting his utmost for a three-cent fare. His lack of faith in these devices as final does not keep him from laying hold on such weapons as the times provide.

IT is necessary to speak of Mr. Whitlock's philosophy at some length because it more and more becomes his story, submerging incident in reflection. Yet he relates many events of fascinating interest. It was he who at Gov. Altgeld's direction drew up the famous pardon for the Chicago anarchists who had escaped the gallows and were serving sentences in the penitentiary. His work as a reporter in Chicago brought him into association with such different personages as James G. Blaine and Eugene V. Debs. But his heroes are "Golden Rule" Jones and Tom Johnson, and he makes them live again in his pages. No picture of this man, who was Jones's successor as Mayor of Toledo, serving four successive terms, would be complete that omitted his estimate of the relative values of politics and literature. He may be best known to the country as one of the new type of municipal executive, but his aspirations are all literary. Emerson and Whitman bulk larger in his eyes than a host of even honest and capable men in the troubled field of politics. These seem to him to be merely going through the motions of doing something, while one who writes works for eternity. Here again he will appear to many readers too sweeping, but this also is part of the man who has so well revealed himself and his time in this book.

THOSE whose appetite for the delicate lyric of India has already been whetted by the translations by Mr. Paul Elmer More and Mr. Arthur Ryder will be glad to know that the whole collection of the three centuries of Bhartrihari ("The Satakas of Bhartrihari," with an Introduction, by J. M. Kennedy) has now appeared in handy form in the Oriental Philosophy series (Boston: John W. Luce & Co.). The reason why Bhartrihari is thus linked with philosophy is that one century of his verses is of philosophical or at least of religious content. Mr. Kennedy is well known as a competent scholar, but we confess that we prefer his translations to his history. It is not at all certain that the first philosophers of India were martial aristocrats; nor is it even probable that the priests almost annihilated the warrior caste. Nor again is the Gita in the epic as strange as would be the Gospel of St. John in the Iliad. Finally, although it is said that some scholars assign Bhartrihari to the

second century, Mr. Kennedy strangely sets his date as "about the eighth or ninth century." Surely, 650 A.D. is a much more probable *terminus ad*, if only because Itsing mentions Bhartrihari, and that pilgrim died in 703.

WE are enabled by Volumes IV and V of "The German Classics" (The German Publication Society, New York) to recognize the aim of the editors more clearly than was hitherto possible. There is a far larger proportion of original translations, the introductions, by uniformly competent American hands, tell something like a consecutive story of the development of the various epochs of German literature, and the authors selected are thoroughly representative. We have in the volumes before us extracts from Jean Paul, Wilhelm von Humboldt, the two Schlegels, Novalis, Hölderlin, Tieck, Heinrich von Kleist, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Schelling, Achim von Arnim, and Clemens Brentano, the Grimms, Arndt, Körner, Schenkendorf, Uhland, Eichendorff, Chamisso, E. T. A Hoffmann, Fouqué, Hauff, Rückert, and Platen. The poetic translations, on the whole, are spirited and give more of the atmosphere of the original than do the prose renderings. These sometimes, as in the case of Frances H. King's excerpt from Wilhelm von Humboldt's essay on Schiller, intensify the original heaviness. The same translator, however, is inspired by "The Opening of the Will," from Jean Paul's "Flegeljahre" and by Kleist's classic story of "Michael Kohlhaas," to a far more graceful and idiomatic treatment. A conspicuously successful piece of translation is Professor Coleman's version of Rückert's "Parable." It is a literal rendering, which preserves, with the metre, all the ease and impressiveness of the original. Among the other translators of verse, who have grappled, not unsuccessfully, with difficult themes, Margaret Münsterberg holds first place. But none can compare with older translators (whom it is not always easy to distinguish from the actual contributors to these volumes) like Longfellow and Leland. The poets among the living who appear here as translators do not show to the greatest advantage. Hermann Hagedorn's rendering of Kleist's "Prinz von Homburg" has not a few harsh lines and doubtful colloquialisms, such as (p. 488, Vol. IV):

> You whimsical old gentleman, with you
> I get nowhere! You bribe me with your tongue—
> Me, with your craftily framed sophistries.
> . . . . . .
> Well, now, by heaven,
> I call that nerve!

NEITHER has Percy MacKaye achieved great success in dealing with his German fellow-craftsmen. As was, perhaps, inevitable in volumes so largely concerned with the period of German Romanticism, there broods over what is offered here to the American reader a strange air of unreality, which occasionally makes one wish for things more robust, and not so far removed from what remains eternally young and appeals to universal taste. The editors have certainly dipped into a long-forgotten past in resuscitating Friedrich Schlegel's "Lucinde," that lascivious production of his turbulent youth, of which the author himself grew to be so ashamed that he never wanted it included in the complete edition of his works. The illustrations are, in part, intended to run "parallel to the literary development" of which these volumes treat, but the charm of Schwind's romantic fancy has wholly vanished in most of the reproductions.

WILLARD GROSVENOR BLEYER'S "Newspaper Writing and Editing" (Houghton Mifflin) is distinguished from previous books on the same subject by its free use of facsimile newspaper headlines, its emphasis upon the importance of the "lead," the abundance of exercises for practice, and its attractive physical qualities of convenient size, thinner paper than is often used, and beautiful typography. The text is also better written than that of most of its rivals. The volume contains little that is new, but it carries the analysis of various kinds of "stories" further than is usual, and does this in a way to illustrate rather than to make more obscure the mysteries with which it deals. It does not make the common mistake of furnishing a "Don't" list.

THE latest addition to American Nietzsche literature is a book of 150 pages by Dr. Paul Carus, entitled "Nietzsche and Other Exponents of Individualism" (Open Court Publishing Co.). The author assures us many times that Nietzsche is not to be taken seriously as a philosopher, yet he has given a painstaking if somewhat unsystematic refutation of his theories. Dr. Carus believes that the old nominalistic school is the parent of Nietzsche's philosophy, and that unwisdom is justified of her child. The logical outcome of nominalism is philosophic anarchism. The book may be read with profit as a sort of corrective to the writings of Mencken and of other recent Nietzsche enthusiasts. On page 14 the date 1907 is given instead of 1887 for the visit of Deussen to Nietzsche. There are several interesting illustrations of statues and portraits of the German philosopher.

THE other exponents of individualism discussed in the book are Max Stirner and Mr. George Moore. The latter's "Confessions of a Young Man" is shown to contain many interesting parallels to Nietzsche's ideas, though Dr. Carus adds that Mr. Moore is "scarcely familiar with the writings of his German double." That may have been true in 1888, when the "Confessions" appeared, but it is assuredly not the case now. At the conclusion of his "Memoirs of My Dead Self," for example, there is an eloquent statement of the doctrine of Eternal Recurrence, as if it were a personal conviction.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT'S "England Since Waterloo" (Putnam) completes the excellent seven-volume "History of England" which has been appearing under the editorship of Charles Oman. The earlier volumes by Oman, H. W. C. Davis, Vickers, Innes, Trevelyan, and Grant Robertson have already passed beyond the first edition and won a deserved recognition from scholars and general readers. Mr. Marriott had a more difficult task than his predecessors. To treat adequately the domestic as well as the foreign affairs of England during the last century is no easy task. Though the multiplicity of unconnected facts which he compresses within 500 pages sometimes smacks of the "Annual Register," he has made, on the whole, a readable, trustworthy, and unprejudiced statement of the most important facts of England's development since the Napoleonic period. While his volume does not have the sustained interest and the personal atmosphere which gives such charm to the histories of Justin McCarthy, Spencer Walpole, and Herbert Paul, it is, nevertheless, more satisfactory to the student in being more compact with fact, more free from partisanship, and drawn with a better perspective. The author frequently gives vivacity to his narrative by quoting brief characteristic phrases which sum up a movement or a man. He gives almost as much attention to England's foreign affairs as he gives to her development at home, threading his way with a sure foot through the intricacies of European diplomatic affairs. His account of Palmerston, though brief, is a good example of his excellent way of characterizing the leading statesmen; it is fair both to the Queen and to Palmerston. Palmerston's foreign policy was so energetic that he was thoroughly hated on the Continent, and Germans used to declare,

> Hat der Teufel einen Sohn,
> So ist er sicher Palmerston.

Mr. Marriott has a good brief bibliography at the close of his volume, but his maps are altogether inferior to the text, being neither artistic nor accurate, nor as clear as one has a right to expect when so much detail has been omitted.

"POEMS by Sir John Salusbury and Robert Chester" (Bryn Mawr Monographs: Monograph Series, XIV), with an introduction by Carleton Brown, is interesting mainly on account of its connection with the problem of "The Phœnix and the Turtle," the least known and the most enigmatical of all the productions of Shakespeare's pen. The pieces contained in the volume are now edited for the first time from Christ Church MS. 184 and from the unique copy of poems dedicated to Sir John Salusbury by a certain Robert Parry and printed in 1597, which is preserved in the library of S. R. Christie-Miller at Britwell Court. The above-mentioned poem of Shakespeare's first appeared in a sort of appendix to Robert Chester's "Love's Martyr; or, Rosalin's Complaint, allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle" (1601). In the excessively long title-page the poem is said to be a translation from the Italian of "Torquato Caeliano." Professor Brown does not mention this circumstance, and his whole discussion is evidently based on the assumption that Chester's allegory is entirely of his own invention. This is probably true, but the Elizabethans did not hesitate to plunder the Italian poets even for occasional poems, for instance, elegies on the death of a friend or a patron, so that the state-

ment of the title-page, though it looks like a mystification, deserves some consideration. The appendix to "Love's Martyr," or "Poeticall Essaies," as the title-page calls it, contains, besides Shakespeare's poem, still other contributions on this allegorical theme of the Phœnix and the Turtle from Marston, Chapman, Jonson, and "Ignoto."

THE poems which Professor Brown now publishes for the first time have little intrinsic value, but they throw light on the literary tendencies of Salusbury and Chester and on their relations with one another. They were both devotees to acrostic verse, and the number and warmth of the pieces of this kind which Sir John addresses to his sister-in-law, Dorothy Halsall, arouse unpleasant suspicions. From the biographical sketch of Salusbury, which Professor Brown has worked out with great diligence on the basis of unpublished records at Hatfield House and elsewhere, it seems that in 1595 he was appointed one of the esquires of the body to the Queen and that he was knighted by her in 1601. It was on his visits to London during the intervening years, no doubt, that he was drawn into an intimacy with the great Elizabethan poets who contributed to the above-mentioned "Poeticall Essaies" in his honor. Professor Brown's researches in regard to Robert Chester have not been quite so conclusive, but he has proved at least that Dr. Grosart erred in identifying him with Robert Chester of Royston, and he has made it clear that the author of "Love's Martyr" and the poems here printed must have been closely connected with Sir John Salusbury's household—very likely as chaplain. His interpretation of the allegory in "Love's Martyr" is that the Turtle-dove represents Salusbury and the Phœnix his wife, Ursula Stanley, who was an illegitimate daughter of the Earl of Derby, and, furthermore, that the poem was written in commemoration of their marriage (1586) and a short time after the event. It could not have been very long after, for the Phœnix concerned was soon giving to the world a numerous offspring, instead of the traditional *one* which the legend required. The choice of allegory, it must be confessed, was not a very happy one for the celebration of a marriage, but Professor Brown's solution seems to us, after all, the most plausible that has been offered, and it explains satisfactorily also the "Poeticall Essaies," with the all-important exception of Shakespeare's poem. That remains as much of an enigma as ever. In this poem stress is laid on the childlessness of the couple. What business has such a poem in a volume which was manifestly compiled in honor of Sir John Salusbury?

IN conclusion, two details recorded here are worth mentioning. First, Sir John Salusbury was the lineal ancestor of Mrs. Thrale. This constitutes really his greatest service to the world. Secondly, the Christ Church MS. includes a holograph copy of a poem by Ben Jonson. The manuscript originated in the Salusbury family, and the above item furnishes additional evidence of the close ties that united Sir John to the giants of the Elizabethan age.

MRS. FRANCES BOARDMAN SQUIRE POTTER, professor of English literature at the University of Minnesota, died at Minneapolis on March 25. Mrs. Potter was born at Elmira, N. Y., in 1867. She was graduated from Elmira College in 1887, and took an A.M. degree there in 1889. She became a member of the Minnesota faculty in 1900. Mrs. Potter was well known as a lecturer on woman's suffrage, and wrote a number of stories and articles for magazine publication, a novel, and two plays.

Science

PSYCHIC ACTIVITY.

The Unconscious. By Morton Prince. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Dr. Prince is well known to many who care little for neurology or psychology as the talented author of "The Dissociation of a Personality," in which he pictured in so fascinating a manner what he looks upon as the multiple individualities of Miss Beauchamp. In the volume before us we miss as little of the vivacity and charm of this earlier work as one could expect in consideration of the fact that the several chapters consist of lectures, which of necessity lose much in transcription; in this case mainly because of numerous repetitions which, while valuable in the classroom, tend to obscure the course of the writer's thought. Notwithstanding this, the book is a contribution to the subject considered that is valuable alike to the physician and to the psychologist: to the physician for its suggestiveness of method in treating those unfortunates who are troubled with what are roughly classified as nervous diseases; and to the psychologist for the accumulation, and more or less orderly consideration, of a great mass of facts that are significant for him as well as for neurologists.

This accumulation of facts emphasizes again the importance of the study of that realm of our mental life that is beyond the field of awareness, and which is usually called the sub-conscious; a term which our author quite properly uses as little as possible because of its vague meaning. Thus he divides (p. 352) the whole psychic field into A, attention, and the focus of awareness; B, fringe of awareness; C, co-conscious states (sub-conscious); beyond which he holds that there are D, unconscious processes, into which states C shade off, and which may develop any one of the states described under classes A, B, or C. In terms of these three classes he would explain a broad array of phenomena, and whether or not one agrees that these distinctions have the validity he claims for them, it must be acknowledged that they serve well to marshal the facts presented to us.

After a brief chapter on the Theory of Memory as a process, and three chapters devoted to the study of the extent to which life's experiences are conserved, he turns to the question (p. 109), "How, and in what form, manner, or way, are they conserved? In other words, what is the nature of the residuum? Is it psychical or physical?" and in a chapter entitled Neurograms he attempts the explanation of the puzzling problem as to the *modus operandi* of the retentive process which leads us to ask where the ideas that are recovered remain in the interval between their original existence and their recall. He concludes that they cannot be supposed to lie dormant as psychic existences, but that their corresponding "neurograms" may be conceived to remain dormant, and upon occasion to be aroused to such renewed activity as is necessary to the production of the recovered idea.

This conception, which is novel only in its mode of presentation, has to meet the difficulty that it assumes that the neural activity under certain conditions, and only under certain conditions, *produces* the idea; a view which contradicts the hypothesis of psycho-physical parallelism which he upholds. Furthermore, the notion of a dormant neurogram itself is far from satisfactory. Indeed, our author practically resuscitates the "store-house" theory of retentiveness, the inadequacy of which is now so generally appreciated. Nevertheless, as has been noted, he himself acknowledges (p. 352) that the "co-conscious" states *shade off* into the "unconscious processes," and beyond that holds (p. 534) that these latter ". . . may undergo sub-conscious *incubation* and *elaboration*"; and the facts which lead to these statements certainly indicate that we are unwarranted in holding that the experiences of life are filed away, as it were, for future possible use, lying "dormant" until called for. If we carry out consistently so thoroughgoing a parallelism between neural activities and conscious states as he would defend, it would seem to be but logical to hold that there must exist some "psychological dispositions" to correspond with the "physiological dispositions" which he calls neurograms. In truth, one of the most cogent arguments in favor of the hypothesis of the thoroughgoing correspondence between changes of neural activity and changes in consciousness lies in the fact that it enables us to express the phenomena of retentiveness in terms of readjustments of efficiencies, both physiological and mental; which are not entities that are dead or dormant when not evidenced, but which, being given in one moment, are permanent readjustments, which in a future moment may appear in familiar form, or as subjected to subsequent readjustments, according as the neural patterns

and their corresponding mental patterns of the future moment do, or do not, emphasize these efficiencies.

The remaining eleven chapters of the book are given mainly to the illustration of the thesis just referred to, and to the explanation of the varied ways in which the sub-attentive conscious processes affect the life of clear awareness. And here it may be noted that it will be a great relief to those who have of late been steeped in the Freudian literature to find an author whose grasp of the facts is so complete, and who employs the method of "psycho-analysis" without stint, making little of Freud's imaginative hypotheses, and rejecting his far-fetched erotic interpretations; and writing without such dogmatism or special pleading as Freud's works display. In fact, Dr. Prince goes far to refute the claims of the Freudians by showing that the facts presented by them in support of their theses are equally well explicable on other grounds.

The book is so admirable in many ways that it is a thankless task to dwell upon its shortcomings; but it is impossible to overlook them if for no other reason than that the author is so important a leader. Such a task is the less distasteful, however, because these weaknesses may all be summed up in one indictment, which is aimed, not so much at the author, or even at neurologists in general, but at psychologists as a class. For these latter in the past have practically closed their eyes to the facts relative to the "unconscious" upon which Dr. Prince fixes our attention; with the result that these facts have been brought into the light of day largely by neurologists who in the beginning have not been students of psychology, and who, when they have turned to the works of psychological experts, have found little reference to the subjects of their special interest. The neurologists have thus been led to think that they must work out a new psychology of their own; and this in a measure they actually have done, but not unnaturally without a mastery of the work of their predecessors in the psychological field taken as a whole. Under such conditions it is not surprising to find evidences of narrowness of reading, of crudities of thought, and of impatience with fundamental considerations which have become commonplaces among the psychologists of the older schools. Thus our author (p. 446) evidently thinks that McDougall was the first to maintain that our emotions are instinctive phenomena; overlooking the fact that Darwin in his "Expression of the Emotions," and James in his Psychology, emphasized this view; and that it has long since been generally conceded that the emotions are merely a special type of "instinct feelings." Thus, again, we find him casting aside almost with contempt (p. 312) what he calls "the conventional conception of perception as usually expounded in the text-books"; and again giving vent (p. 538) to somewhat violent denunciation in describing, in ignorance of the real import of the conception, the "unity of consciousness . . . as a cant expression uttered by some unsophisticated ancient philosopher and repeated like an article of faith by each successive generation without stopping to think of its meaning or to test it by reference to facts."

We must also lay upon the psychologists a large part of the blame for our author's unfortunate application of the term memory to facts of retentiveness; for not a few of those who lean towards the "new psychology" have been guilty of this iniquity. Nevertheless, we cannot acquit Dr. Prince altogether, for he need not have read farther than James Ward's article on Psychology in the Encyclopædia Britannica to have seen that it is retentiveness and not memory that is a common characteristic of our physiological and psychic life. Memory is, of course, based upon retentiveness; but memory involves the recognition of attachment to the individual's experience, and is the coördinate of expectation, as is not the case with retentiveness. The failure to distinguish the one from the other is a matter of importance in such investigations as our author is conducting.

But as has been already remarked, the philosophers and psychologists of the past have themselves to blame for all this. They have persistently overlooked what are now seen to be some of the most significant facts in relation to our mental life, and they must not be surprised if those who have had these facts forced upon them in therapeutic practice build a new psychological science, which is crude and incomplete in some directions, and in others inconsistent with the formulations of that long array of masters who have devoted themselves to the study of our mental life.

Dr. Egbert Le Fevre, dean of the New York University Medical School, who died on March 29, was born in Raritan, N. J., October 29, 1858. He graduated from Rutgers College in 1880, took his A.M. degree from the same institution in 1884, his M.D. from the New York University Medical College in 1883, and was an interne at Bellevue Hospital from 1883 until 1885. He received the honorary degree of Sc.D. from Rutgers in 1910, and the degree of LL.D. from New York University in the same year. Dr. Le Fevre was clinical lecturer on the practice of medicine at New York University 1888-1890, professor of clinical medicine 1890-1895, adjutant professor of medicine, 1895-1898, associate professor of therapeutics, professor of clinical medicine, and dean of New York University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College since 1898. He was a fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, and a member of various other medical associations, and was the author of "Physical Diagnosis," published in 1902.

Drama

RECENT GERMAN PLAYS.

The plays published or performed in Germany during the year just ended suggest some reflections on the curiosities of individual development. The "Festspiel in deutschen Reimen," by Gerhart Hauptmann (S. Fischer, Berlin), predestined by the name of the author, as well as by the time, place, and occasion of its production to be the event of the season, became by its suppression at least the greatest sensation. An unusually interesting work it is, for the recent reading of which New York owes gratitude to Rudolf Christians, the director of the German Theatre. For the poet who had the courage of his convictions at a time when a rather archaic note of patriotism was forced upon the literary production of the year and gave rise to plays, novels, and lyrics celebrating the military glory of 1813, must have endeared himself even to those indifferent to his works by the dignified manner in which he avoided joining the choir of singers. The removal of the actors of his drama into the "Welt des Scheins" was a stroke of real genius. To whatever cause his recent dramatic failures are due, if one surveys his work from "Vor Sonnenaufgang" to the "Festspiel," this dramatic poem means a high-water mark in his development.

The same cannot be said of Hermann Sudermann's "Der gute Ruf" (J. C. Cotta, Stuttgart). It is a society play of Berlin W., with the apparently inevitable theme of marital infidelity, wives neglected by husbands absorbed in business, and consoling themselves by illicit attachments, yet zealously guarding appearances. There is a subordinate theme: a man at the head of a great industrial enterprise has been cornered by rivals and forced to take a position in the rivals' establishment. Here is an economic motive which might have given the play a wider meaning; but Sudermann employs it only to complicate the personal relations between the two families whose good name is jeopardized by the love game of the ladies. So in the end the play is nothing but a new variation upon his old and cherished honor motive.

From Frank Wedekind one must always expect the unexpected. After sorely trying the patience even of his admirers by his "Franziska," which he chose to call a "Mysterium," he has come out with a drama in verse, "Sim-

son" (Georg Müller, Munich), firmly and logically built upon the theme of jealousy. Delilah plays with Samson while the princes of the Philistines are courting her. To make him harmless, she has his hair shorn, and in a fit of jealousy orders him to be blinded. But when he is forced to work the treadmill, she visits him in his sordid exile and, in a streak of perversity which seems inseparable from the heroines of Wedekind, makes the Philistines witness the caresses she bestows upon Samson. When she finally chooses Og to become her royal spouse, the prisoner is summoned to dance before the royal party at dinner. Samson implores God to give him strength for his task, and dances. Og sees the eyes of Delilah fascinated by the spectacle, and cuts her throat. Then Samson throws the weight of his body against the columns supporting the dais; as they break, tearing down the balustrade of the gallery, the whole building seems to collapse, and the curtain descends upon a scene of ruin. Violent as the action appears, there is nothing forced or objectionable about it, the characters are well defined, the Oriental atmosphere admirably suggested, and the whole work is singularly free from the touch of burlesque which the author is wont to give his most serious works.

Max Halbe, who with Georg Hirschfeld has experienced nothing but failures on the stage of late, has paid tribute to the centenary of 1813 by a play, the scene of which is laid in Danzig and its environs, and the plot whereof deals with the fluctuating fortunes and wavering convictions of the people under the sway of the Corsican's magnetic power. "Freiheit" (Albert Langen, Munich) is a play that reads well, palpably conveying the turbulent spirit of the times and reflecting the unsettled condition of the country, political and social. There is plenty of thrilling action, but the main interest centres in the influence brought to bear by the rapidly following events upon the characters of two young men who have been drifting with the current of popular sentiment.

Herbert Eulenberg is untiring in his efforts to court dramatic success. He has had three or four premières within the year, and his latest play, "Zeitwende" (Kurt Wolff, Leipzig), has also had its initial production. The work has many elements of strong dramatic interest, with an array of striking characters and a well constructed plot. There is an old manufacturer who represents the social and business ideals of the past; his two sons, one of them a hopeless invalid, the other a fanciful dreamer; a daughter who is married to a slave of duty likely to be the old man's efficient successor, and an unmarried one who is courted by an unscrupulous adventurer who has been the sweetheart of the older sister and is determined by fair means or foul to get the old man's money. The most fascinating figure in the play is Sebald, the romantic, who goes through it in the way of a fool of mediæval drama or the chorus of antique tragedy, commenting in his erratic way upon the actions of the others. That the girl heroine, who has given her love to the villain, should come to a tragic end, seems a foregone conclusion. Otherwise, there is not a commonplace feature or line in the work, and though some years have passed since the author made his début as dramatist, there is hope that he will in the end produce a drama which will play as well as his work usually reads.

Ludwig Thoma has in his latest work, "Die Sippe" (Albert Langen, Munich), left the Bavarian village *milieu* which is so dear to him and has chosen for his scene a small town in North Germany, and for his theme the irreconcilable conflict between the narrowness of the old patrician stock and the broader conception of life which an artistic career gives. The heroine is an artist whose father has gone to America and has not been heard from for years. She has married the scion of a wealthy old family, and is contented as long as her husband stands by her against his fault-finding, prejudiced family. Then the long lost father suddenly turns up, a man who has knocked about the world without getting any wealthier or wiser, and, imprudent and unpractical as ever, shocks the staid and prosperous relatives by his unconventional frankness.

Otto Soyka's "Geldzauber" (Albert Langen, Munich) is based upon the popular conception of "Americanism" as identical with a commercialism which makes of everything—pleasure, charity, love—a business proposition and a marketable commodity. The play is meant to demonstrate the omnipotence of money. The hero is a young American millionaire, who has founded public libraries, had intended to serve mankind by becoming a physician, but found that the founding of hospitals would be more effective; wanted to devote his life to science, but established a fund which enabled twelve exceptionally gifted and efficient scholars to engage in that work, and is upheld in the growing conviction that he can obtain anything by money by the fact that he finds a young man willing to be his friend for five hundred dollars a month. They have argued the subject of woman's love and come to the conclusion that, though it may not be had for cold cash, it can be bought by gifts and favors. The plot of the play deals with the hero's efforts at storming the heart of a high-spirited young woman, an artist and daughter of an old pianist. Everything else failing, he engages the services of an agency, which procures for the heroine a purchaser for her pictures and arranges for the father a concert, fostering their illusion that they are independent of the American's money. In the end he wins her, because the girl has loved him before she knew that he was a millionaire.

Lily Braun, who has given us her confession of creed in the "Memoiren einer Sozialistin," and a year ago entered upon a new field of literary endeavor with her delightful "Liebesbriefe der Marquise," makes her début as dramatist in "Mutter Maria" (Albert Langen, Munich). The scene of her play is Florence and its environs in 1513. The heroine is a woman who in her girlhood had been loved by Julian the Medicean, and after the fall of the Medici had been married by Giuseppe the carpenter, who gave her and her boy his name and protection. Angelo is vowed by her to the church, and she is worried by the evidences of his talent for art, for during the time of her trouble she had been among those that were profoundly stirred by the words of Savonarola. The return of Julian with his mistress Lucrezia, who was one of Maria's girlhood friends, brings a revival of the pagan spirit. Julian discovers Angelo before the statue of the Medicean Venus, and learns that he is his son. He wishes to acknowledge him as such, and distinguishes him by marks of favor at a feast during which the statue is crowned and made the object of worship. A fanatical priest rushes at it with a hatchet, but Angelo lashes him across the face with a whip. Since he is under the jurisdiction of the convent, church and state clash over him, and when Julian's real character is revealed to him, Angelo secedes from both and stirs the populace by a sermon, for which he is seized and condemned to die at the stake. The mother appears at the critical moments of the story, exhorting, entreating, and consoling her son, whom she pities as a victim to the evil charm of the statue. The play is avowedly inspired by Botticelli's Magnificat, and contains a scene which conveys the very sentiment of Michelangelo's Pietà.

Oskar Kokoschka, the poet-painter of Vienna, is the subject of as much violent controversy as Arnold Schönberg, the composer. He had previously published a work illustrated by himself, "Die träumenden Knaben," but the volume of dramatic scenes, supplemented by reproductions of his paintings, and published under the title, "Dramen und Bilder" (Kurt Wolff, Leipzig), contains recent products of his pen. Barely twenty-eight, Kokoschka has years of material hardships and mental tortures behind him which in a large measure influence his vision and reading of life. There is in his writings, as in his paintings, something of the savage chafing

against the restraint of civilization, defying conventions, and a primitive simplicity which is touching. Personally quiet and modest, Kokoschka must have deeply resented the honor bestowed upon him by the press, which some months ago made copy of the fact that he had broken his engagement to the widow of Gustav Mahler because she enjoyed an income from her late husband's works. The biographer of Mahler, Dr. Paul Stefan, has written an introduction to the book, which furnishes a sympathetic interpretation of the author's puzzling personality.

A. von Ende.

"PANTHEA."

It is difficult not to compare "Panthea," a play in four acts, by Monckton Hoffe, which was produced by the Shuberts on Saturday evening at the Booth Theatre, with certain stronger plays which the combination of its title and theme inevitably suggests. It has in common with "Zaza" and "Camille" a dominating female character, whom consuming love leads to great deeds of self-sacrifice. There, however, the comparison ends. The play has not the compelling intensity of the other two. Lacking this, if it had presented a varied psychological study, or had beautified by sheer imaginative force the world in which its lovers move, it might still have appeared justified. But such analysis and imagination as it possesses are of an obvious order. The talk, to be sure, is of high ideals throughout, and for these the lovers are prepared to fight. Yet there are no sidelights which reveal great souls at work. The characters rise to the height which they reach by the lifting power of the rough situations; one never feels that the situations grow out of the characters. This is a very different work from Mr. Hoffe's slight but pretty play, "The Little Damozel."

Gerald Mordaunt, a young composer, has been living a conventional, shut-in existence with his wife and her people in Northumberland. The break between husband and wife has almost come, when there arrives through a shipwreck on the shore (note the symbolism which seems to declare that the long arm of coincidence is glorified when it is a case of the chance meeting of two perfectly congenial souls) the one being who can bring out Gerald's genius. Panthea, a felon escaped from Russia, requires but one glance at the assembled company to realize Gerald's present state and his supreme need of her. When it is learned that the Russian police are on her track, Gerald not only helps her to escape, but runs off in the night with her. In this scene the author betrays his slight grasp of characterization, which is responsible for that shallowness in the later scenes already referred to. Differences in minor personages are brought out by the elaborate sort of humor which over-patriotic Americans are apt to term "typically English"; and in the case of the central characters too much is left by the author to the individual acting.

In the second act, after a lapse of two blissful years, the two are seen living together in a European capital. Out of his great happiness Gerald has created an opera, successful in every respect save only this, that he cannot get it produced. At the moment despair has brought him to the verge of a breakdown, and he has been ordered by his physician to take a month off in the country. Here is Panthea's chance, and she accepts it with complete self-effacement. In order to obtain a hearing for the piece, she agrees to give herself for that month to the director of the Royal Opera, Baron de Duisitort. The third act pictures a setting not unlike the reception in "Camille," a dinner at the Baron's, at which Gerald is toasted as hero. Panthea, though present, is, of course, in no mood to participate in the jollity. It is evident that a revelation of her deed is approaching. Gerald, hearing all, smashes dishes, renounces his love, and leaves. Panthea continues the breaking, and kills, or apparently kills, the Baron, though later the old device of apoplexy is lugged in to save her from murder. In the final act Panthea extracts forgiveness from her lover by a rather bald statement of the motive of her offence. Here enter the Russian police to drag the lady off to Siberia, whereupon Gerald insists upon marrying her, that he may thus gain the privilege of accompanying her.

A story of violence assuredly is this, though its kernel possesses supreme possibilities. As the play stands, even great actors could not quite have redeemed it, and the acting on the opening night was not great. Olga Petrova, who hitherto had been seen in vaudeville, showed moments of real power as Panthea, especially in the scene of bartering with the Baron, and in the busy third act she was clever, if not profound. But in the main her work seemed imitative of at least two other actresses. She might better be content to develop her own striking personality. George Nash, as the old, profligate Baron, gave a competent performance, and Milton Sills was effective as Gerald, though his voice lacked that varied modulation by which great scenes can often be rendered without explosiveness and violent gesture.

F.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

"Lady Windermere's Fan," which Miss Margaret Anglin revived in the Hudson Theatre on Monday evening, is perhaps the best of Oscar Wilde's comedies. In spite of the improbability and artificiality of its plot—with its long array of coincidence and convenient suppressions—it tells a good story and offers a series of situations which are exceedingly ingenious, if not particularly convincing, and of indisputable theatrical value. The dialogue, of course, although savoring very strongly of the lamp, is almost constantly amusing, being closely packed with epigram and paradox, in which much cheap and easy humor is illumined by frequent flashes of genuine wit.

The outstanding feature of the representation was the Mrs. Erlynne of Miss Anglin, who won a triumph in the third act, where the adventuress, by the sacrifice of herself, enables her imperilled daughter to escape from the rooms of the seductive Lord Darlington. Her performance in this critical scene—as, indeed, throughout the play—was notable for its complete comprehension of the assumed character, its artistic restraint, and its admirable finish. Miss Anglin, upon proper occasion, can be an emotional actress of great eloquence. But here, rightly mindful of the character of Mrs. Erlynne—a woman tried in the furnace of experience—she kept her emotions under strict control—suggesting by many subtle signs the inner anguish caused by the cruel taunts of her daughter—all ignorant of the relationship—but preserving an undaunted front, and prevailing in the end by force of dominant will. She was especially impressive in the passionate appeal which she made to the maternal instinct of the impulsive young wife, filling it with a fine sincerity. Her whole impersonation was a notable artistic achievement and fully justified a revival which in other respects was not brilliant.

Miss Margery Maude played Lady Windermere with intelligence and refinement and Pedro de Cordoba was an excellent Windermere, playing with distinction and spirit. Mrs. Le Moyne was curiously inefficient as the Duchess, and Arthur Byron was an exceedingly prosaic Darlington. It was distinction of diction and manner that the representation chiefly lacked.

J. R. T.

"CHANGE."

The Drama League of America could not have illustrated better its possibilities of usefulness than by lending its support to another New York production of "Change" at the Park Theatre at popular prices. "Change" is the drama by J. O. Francis which gained Lord Howard de Walden's prize offered for a Welsh play. It was produced some weeks ago with an admirable cast at the Booth Theatre, and by its premature decease at the end of two weeks illustrated the fact that the first-night critic still retains his power, if not to make, then to mar a production. For some reason a certain number of the critics decided that "Change" was not calculated to please the Broadway taste, and proceeded to cover it with ridicule. Had the play been able to survive the unfavorable impression created by some of the criticisms published in the daily press on the day succeeding its première it would very possibly have had a successful run, but by the time the more serious and responsible critics had published their appreciations of the strength and sincerity of the play the damage had been done.

The theme of the piece, the antagonism between the ideals of two generations, as reflected in the attitude of a family in a Welsh mining village towards the principles of syndicalism, is developed with great power and rare dramatic skill. Galsworthy has never done better work. The production and the acting, which were the points particularly seized upon for adverse comment, are in point of fact far superior to what is usually seen on Broadway. The cast lacks a high-salaried "star" and the play a star part, and possibly

for this very reason the general level of the acting reaches a high standard.

S. W.

SHAW'S "PYGMALION" IN GERMAN.

On Tuesday, March 23, the German Theatre of New York presented for the first time in America Shaw's "Pygmalion," and now has made it a regular part of the repertory. This play had its first performance last October at the Burgtheater in Vienna. The translation used is that of Siegfried Trebitsch, a well-known Viennese journalist, who has translated several other plays by Shaw.

"Pygmalion" describes the experiment which an ambitious professor of phonetics performs with a loud-mouthed flower-girl whom he happens to encounter one stormy night in front of a theatre. A chance remark to an acquaintance upon Liza's coarse speech, which his art could surely transform into language worthy of a duchess, had he only the opportunity to teach her, is overheard by the girl. She comes to him the next day, begs him to accept her as a pupil, and offers to pay him with the money he himself has thrown to her. The enthusiast is aroused; Professor Higgins pledges himself to make a lady of her, and thereupon enters into a wager with his friend and fellow worker, Major Pickering, that he will be able to introduce Eliza at an Ambassador's reception as a countess within six months. He takes the girl into his house, making her half slavey, half doll. Unconsciously he allows himself to become entirely absorbed in this new live plaything. Eliza's first venture into middle-class society is unsuccessful; the native color of her Dover dialect peeps out beneath the thin veneer of small talk which she has been taught to repeat. But the final test is a triumph for the master. However, what shall become of her now? Eliza's social conscience has been aroused, she does not wish to fall back into the lower world, nor is there any place for her in the new surroundings for which she has been artificially prepared. In terms no less strong, though perhaps a bit less colorful, than those which she employed before her metamorphosis, she expresses her indignation to her indifferent teacher. The confirmed bachelor must acknowledge that her society has become a habit which he would not miss, and the final scene implies a solution not unlike that of the Greek story which gives the comedy its name. There is little room for the exposition of social doctrines in this plot. But two scenes with Eliza's father, "the unworthy poor," supply this opportunity. The audience seemed to enjoy the humor of situation and of dialogue in Teutonic dress.

B.

NOTES.

In response to the suggestion of a newspaper correspondent that busy men would find from 5:30 P. M. to 8 a more convenient time for theatrical performances than the usual hours, the experiment is to be tried by Gaston Mayer at the Queen's Theatre, London, with "The Melting Pot." Mr. Mayer, however, confesses himself at a loss to know what title to give to such a performance, as he cannot call it either a matinée or a soirée. Among the suggestions offered him are "five-o'clock," "cheminée" (as indicating the fireside hour), and "apéritif."

M. Charles Truffier, the distinguished comedian, has retired from the Théâtre Français. A Paris letter in a London journal says of him: "I thought him better than Coquelin in non-sensational plays. There never was a better Mascarille, Scaramouche, or Arlequin. Yet 'low' comedy, as he appeared in these characters, never touched them. He played the eighteenth-century valet to perfection, and his personation of Figaro has entered into the Français tradition. Maître Patelin was also one of his best impersonations. He was not fond of Augier's comical bourgeois, yet he did marvellously well as Giboyer, a stupidly self-satisfied and upstart bourgeois. Of all the actors of his time Truffiier did best in De Musset's plays as a light comedian. As Mercadet, a half-dunce when gauged by high thoughts and standards, and a whole knave, he had no match. With all his culture and refinement he was fondest of Scarron—a cousin in mind of the author of 'Hudibras'—of Molière, and of Diderot."

A memorial to Richard Burbage, James Burbage, and other players of the Elizabethan period, who were buried in Shoreditch Church, was recently unveiled in London by Sir George Alexander. The memorial consists of a mural tablet within St. Leonard's Church, and a seat in the church garden, which is now used as a public open space. The tablet, which was designed by W. H. Ansell, bears the following inscription:

This stone is placed here to the Glory of God and in acknowledgment of the work done for English Drama by the players, musicians, and other men of the theatre who are buried within the precincts of this Church, and in particular to the memory of those who are named below.

James Burbage (d. 1597), a joiner by trade and the head of Lord Leicester's players, who, in 1576, built in Shoreditch the first English playhouse. Cuthbert Burbage (d. 1636), his son, who, in 1599, built in Southwark the famous Globe playhouse. Richard Burbage (d. 1619), also his son, the great tragedian, and the first actor to play the parts of Richard III and Hamlet. William Somers (d. 1560), Court Jester to Henry VIII. Richard Tarlton (d. 1588), one of Queen Elizabeth's players, and the foremost comic actor of his time. Gabriel Spencer (d. 1598), a player at the Rose Theatre. William Sly (d. 1608), and Richard Cowley (d. 1619), players at the Globe Theatre. Erected by subscription in 1914. Stewart D. Headlam, Chairman of Committee, London Shakespeare League.

Benjamin Franklin Keith, founder and owner of the string of vaudeville theatres under his name, who died on March 26, at the age of sixty-seven, was born at Hillsboro, N. H. His first enterprise was a miniature dime museum in Boston in 1882, with a single attraction, a midget. In 1885 he became part owner of the Gaiety Theatre, Boston, and there initiated the characteristically American idea of the "continuous performance." He gradually acquired more theatres, the Gaiety Museum in Providence, the Bijou Theatre in Philadelphia, the Union Square Theatre in New York, until in 1906 he formed the Keith & Proctor Amusement Company, controlling a number of theatres throughout the country.

Music

WOLF-FERRARI'S NEW OPERA.

Operatic managers are usually most generous in their promises of novelties, but it is not often that these are entirely fulfilled. This year the manager of the Metropolitan has redeemed all his pledges. Five operas were promised; five have been produced. The cosmopolitanism of that great institution is indicated by the fact that of these operas two were sung in Italian, one in German, one in English, one in French. The first of the novelties, Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," has proved more of a success than its reception by the public and the press at the outset promised; yet the number of performances it has received falls short by about fifty of the number called for in Berlin the first season of its existence. Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei tre Re" also has made a considerable appeal to the opera goers, thanks largely, if not chiefly, to the revelation it made of Lucrezia Bori's winsome art as an actress as well as a singer. Victor Herbert's "Madeleine," though also well received, can hardly be placed on a level with his "Natoma," because in it he subordinated his rare gift of creating melodies to the *parlando* or conversational style which has come into vogue since Verdi's "Falstaff." The least successful of the new productions was Charpentier's "Julien," which even the combined art and popularity of Geraldine Farrar and Caruso could not save.

The last of the new operas to discuss is "L'Amore Medico." Its composer, Wolf-Ferrari, is the most conspicuous victim of the "Falstaff" delusion. When Verdi wrote that opera he was nearly eighty—too old to create new melodies. To atone for that senile shortcoming, he lavished on his opera an amazing skill in part-writing, in adapting the music to the words, in weaving an orchestral score with rare contrapuntal ingenuity. These things naturally interested trained musicians, but the public lusted for the melodic fleshpots of the Egyptian "Aïda," and after tasting "Falstaff" would have no more of it.

While the style of Wolf-Ferrari's first two operas, "La Sulamita" and "Cenerentola," is not known here, they were followed by two operas, "Le Donne Curiose" and "Il Segreto di Susanna," which pursue the "Falstaff" method of hiding poverty of melodic invention beneath a veil of technical ingenuity and refinement. For this ingenuity and subtlety of craftsmanship he received from the critics a great deal of praise, but the public, because of the dearth of melodies, kept aloof. Now, a composer cannot live on critical praise, so Wolf-Ferrari wrote his next work, "The Jewels of the Madonna," in the style of the neo-

Italian blood-and-thunder operas, the result being that, while the critics abused him, the public became interested, because, with all its vulgarity, the "Jewels" is, at any rate, not anæmic; there are real melodies in it. Immediately there was a demand for another opera from his pen, the result being "L'Amore Medico."

Everybody who knew the story of his career wondered whether the new work would be in the style of "I Gioielli della Madonna" or in that of "Le Donne Curiose." The choice of a libretto indicated that it would be the latter, for "L'Amore Medico" is based on Molière's "L'Amour Médecin," a comedietta in which the French playwright satirized the medical men of his time. Five of them (in the operatic version four) are called in to cure Lucinda, the daughter of Arnolfo, the owner of a villa near Paris. He has selfishly made up his mind to keep her always, and has shut his doors to suitors; yet she is pale and melancholy, the victim of love-sickness. Her maid, Lisetta, brings on a crisis by crying that Lucinda is dying, whereupon the four doctors are sent for. While they are quarrelling as to the diagnosis of the girl's malady, Lisetta brings in Lucinda's lover, Clitandro, disguised as a doctor. After talking with the girl he informs the father that her illness is purely mental, a foolish notion that she must get married. To cure this malady—which may become fatal if not attended to—he advises a sham marriage by a sham notary, he himself posing as the bridegroom. Arnolfo is pleased with the plan; the ceremony is performed, but by a real notary, and the selfish father discovers too late that he has been duped.

A play like this, to be effective, must be acted with lightning speed. Music inevitably retards the action, and unless it has great charm of its own it can only harm a play. Wolf-Ferrari's music has considerable charm, but not enough to counteract the disadvantage of unduly expanding a joke. In "Le Donne Curiose" a similar trifle is tiresomely spread out over three hours. "L'Amore Medico" is shorter by an hour, but still one feels the retarding action of the music unpleasantly; all the more so because Wolf-Ferrari really lacks the gift of musical humor. Most disappointing in this respect is the altercation of the four doctors, which might have been made most amusing. In the opera it is tame and tiresome—a great opportunity wasted.

On listening to the overture one gets the impression that the "Meistersinger," to which there are some distinct allusions, would play an important part in the opera; but this is not the case. Having paid his respects to Wagner, Wolf-Ferrari calls up memories of Rossini, Mozart, Charpentier, and others. His own contributions are not important from the point of view of invention. His workmanship is even more ingenious than in his other operas, and the orchestration is rich and varied; but these things do not suffice to make an opera successful. The reception of "L'Amore Medico" was not enthusiastic.

HENRY T. FINCK.

The new season of grand opera at Covent Garden will extend from April 20 to July 27. The programme will contain only two items hitherto unknown in London—Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei tre Re" and Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini."

Art

THE NEW AGITATION FOR A MINISTER OF FINE ARTS.

LONDON, March 20.

From time to time an outcry is heard in England—mainly in London—that art is in a sad way, and that nothing can relieve it save the immediate appointment of a Minister of Fine Arts. Perhaps it is because of the present tendency in English politics to create for every new evil a new department, until the multiplication of officials is looked upon as the universal panacea, that the periodical demand for the new Minister is now louder and more persistent than it has ever been before, and that the artists who are making it have got so far as to appoint a committee, call meetings, draw up a scheme, and go through the inevitable British formula of agitation. Altogether, there has been a good deal of talk, if less thought, though the subject is one that, if raised at all, calls for careful thinking in England, and in America, too, for that matter, since America has begun to turn its fancy in the same direction.

As usual, when the question is discussed, France is pointed to as an example and a precedent. It does not seem to occur to anybody to ask if a measure that may serve the French is as well adapted to English needs. The French have had their Ministry of Fine Arts, or its equivalent, for a period to be reckoned in centuries. It has become an established and essential institution of the country like the Académie or the Théâtre Français. One feels it would be as shocking a piece of vandalism to do away with it as to pull down the Louvre or Notre Dame. That it has proved an unmixed blessing is open to doubt. Those who know the cathedrals and churches and castles of France, and have seen in them the traces of the passing of Viollet-le-Duc and Abadie, may well wonder if the gain has compensated for the loss, since they were turned into historical monuments under the charge of the Government. To go the rounds of the year's several salons is to wish the Government a trifle less liberal in its provision of galleries for current exhibitions. Nor is the Luxembourg collection a convincing proof of the Government's wisdom in its purchase of the works of living artists. The Ministry of Fine Arts has done and still does much good, but it is not infallible, and as a rule it is for its least admirable features that it is most admired by the Englishman who would have his country imitate it.

This is evident in the English scheme now proposed, and in the discussions, both public and private, that have followed in its support. For the constitution of the Ministry it is proposed that there should be a Minister, with a permanent secretary and a standing advisory council of about eighteen, its members to serve in rotation and to be chosen from "recognized authorities" in architecture, painting, sculpture, industrial art, and museums, while, curiously, one literary man, antiquary, dramatist, and musician are also to be included. For duties, the Ministry would have the care of all æsthetic matters of public interest, of the national museums and galleries, of town-designing and public monuments and "amenities," and of the acquisition and preservation of national art treasures. It is an admirable scheme on paper, but it is not difficult to foresee what it would be in practice. Indeed, it might seem as if the members of the preparatory committee had been selected with a view to making this quite clear, for they are mostly the Academicians and representatives of the other most conservative bodies in the country who already have a finger in every artistic pie, and who recognize none but official art. London, in its street sculptures, in the decoration of many of its public buildings, in its approved architectural plans, already groans under their tyranny. The British section of almost every international exhibition is in their hands. The Chantrey collection at the Tate Gallery sets their standard of modern art.

There is no special reason to believe that Academicians would advise a Minister of Fine Arts to better purpose than their president, or that they would be more disinterested in conducting the affairs of a State Department than those of their own Academy. It is amusing to see how large a part the future Minister's purchase of modern works of art plays in the public discussion and private gossip on the subject. At an official function the other evening applause was lavished upon the French Government for buying and exhibiting the works of young artists, who were thus enabled to obtain commissions, a form of encouragement, it was decided, much needed in England—though I have an idea that the French Minister of Fine

Arts would be more astonished than anybody to hear that his high office was used as an advertising and employment agency for the unemployed artist. Privately, I have been assured more than once of the advantage to the beginner could his work be bought by the state, for no matter how small a price, that the wolf might be kept from his door while he struggled to produce his masterpiece—though, if this sort of argument were carried out logically, the state might as reasonably be expected to print the unsalable MSS. of the literary novice, or give a concert for the unrecognized musical prodigy. But logic is not the strong point of many supporters of a scheme in which they see little beyond the prospect of public grants for modern art and the chance of their coming in for a share of the spoils.

In this vision of a Time of Plenty to be inaugurated by a brand-new Government department, two important, if simple, facts are forgotten. One is that all the officials in the world cannot create art; the other, that art patronage is more munificent in countries like England and America, where there is no Minister of Fine Arts, than in France, where there is. The French artist, who is offered by his Government the lowest price possible for his work, would gasp with astonishment at the sums often received by the English or American artist from national or municipal or other public authorities. I do not have to be told that the price paid for it has nothing to do with art, but it is made so much of in the present discussion that I should like to point out just what it amounts to in France, which is accepted as a model in these matters. There, the honor of being represented in the national or municipal collection is supposed to be the highest rate of payment the artist could desire; and the artist himself is of the same opinion. In England, where there is no Minister to confer the honor, the artist can still estimate his work by pounds, shillings, and pence, and for a place in the Tate Gallery, sometimes called the English Luxembourg, he has been paid prices by the Chantrey bequest that at times have become a public scandal. Nor has he to complain when his work is purchased for the large municipal collections. The galleries of towns like Liverpool and Manchester, Birmingham and Bradford, show that he has not languished for want of art patronage while waiting for the art patron of his ambition. As for the United States, there is no country in Europe where the artist rejoices in such important public commissions, where he is so liberally patronized by national and State and municipal authorities.

In other ways art in England is cared for, even if as yet there is no appointed Minister to give the initiative. Machinery in the Board of Works can be set going when it is a question of that preservation of ancient buildings which is one of the special duties of the Minister of Fine Arts in France. If the machinery sometimes bungles, who can say that the Minister so much vaunted does not make mistakes? America has not the same machinery, but manages nevertheless to extend a protecting hand to its historical sites and monuments. When, in England, it is a question of international exhibitions, the Board of Trade is no less well equipped, providing in its Exhibitions Branch the necessary office and the necessary officials, who, if slow and narrow, probably are no slower and narrower than they would be if the department to which they consecrate their services was called by another name. Criticise the Board of Trade as you may, here really is a branch of its work that might advantageously be copied, but on broader lines, at Washington, where neither our American Federation of Arts nor our National Commission of Fine Arts has, as well as I can make out, got so far as to insist that American art shall be worthily represented abroad, and to invent the methods by which this can be accomplished: the explanation, no doubt, of the cheerfulness of American artists in resigning their representations, when nothing better offers, to the care of the American millionaire. It is not to be wondered that American art is scarcely known in England or on the Continent.

If there is to be a Department of Fine Arts in England, or America, it would be unwise to drift into it blindfold. Its advocates naturally dwell upon the good it could achieve, and to this good I admit there would be no limit were it certain that a Minister with the intelligence of the great patrons of art—of Charles I in England, Philip IV in Spain, the Medici in Florence—could always be found for the office. If it were certain, then art could be left without fear to his splendid tyranny. But the true patron of art has ever been in the minority, which is why the evil that may come from a Minister of mediocre intelligence and taste should likewise be considered. Art suffers from officialism in France, where a Ministry of Fine Arts is in sympathy with the genius of a people who respect order above all the virtues. It can easily be imagined what might happen in England or America, where such a Ministry would be, at the best, a borrowed institution. To every question there are two sides, and the possible evil should be faced as well as the possible good, or, with the establishment of the new department, art might be more hidebound by convention and fixed by tradition than ever.

A few days ago, London was shocked by the news of the outrage at the National Gallery—the attack upon the Rokeby Venus by a suffragette. Before the Government begins to consider the question of a Ministry of Fine Arts, it might devote some of its attention to the proper protection of the art treasures it already possesses, or eventually there may be little for the new Minister to care for. The possibility of such an outrage makes it a reason for gratitude that so many of England's paintings and other works of art are passing to America. Had it occurred abroad, all England would have been virtuously incensed at the incompetence of the foreign official. But, since it happened in the heart of London, under the very eyes of the British Government and the British police, it is only an unfortunate accident. How inadequate the law is to meet such a crime is explained by the magistrate's regret, in passing sentence, that six months was the maximum he could give for damaging works of art, though for smashing a window he might have made it eighteen—a curious comment upon the country's appreciation of art. N. N.

Finance

LONDON'S MARKETS AND THE "ARMY CRISIS."

Nothing about the extraordinary complications between the British Ministry and the British army has been more remarkable than the absence of any visible sign of apprehension on the markets. The plain facts of the situation seemed to be that the officers of the army regiments in Ireland had refused to obey orders to move their troops into Ulster, unless they were assured as to what they would be required to do there. The ultimatum, it is true, was framed in the alternative of resignation of such officers from the army; but the number of those who took this action amounted to serving notice that the army was laying down conditions before obeying orders, and was doing so, in advance of having been ordered to do anything at all, except to guard the Government's military stores.

In any other country than England, this would have meant such insubordination as would have undermined the power of the state. Occurring in France or Germany, the incident would almost certainly have caused a convulsion in the financial markets. At London last week's successive announcements in the army imbroglio were greeted by a rise of half a point in consols, Monday (after a day of terrifying rumors, Sunday), by a further advance of ⅜ on Tuesday, with reaction of less than ¼ point in the next three days, and sharp recovery at

this week's opening. Meantime, the general London market, on the whole, held firm, and on some days was distinctly strong.

There have been several explanations of this somewhat singular reception of the news. One, which is obvious enough, is that last week's markets had been led to expect an actual outbreak of civil war in Ulster, and showed their relief when that did not take place. But last month's London markets were only mildly unsettled, and that unsettlement was chiefly ascribed to other matters than Ulster. Since the London market, despite its reaction from the high February prices, still retains a great part of the vigorous forward movement of January and February, the more obvious explanation of last week's recovery would seem to be that Lombard Street thinks that both the civil commotion in Ulster, which it feared, and the coercive Home Rule legislation, which it detested, have been averted or blockaded by the action of the army.

Whether this is a short-sighted view or not, it remains for events to show. Outside observers have certainly drawn the inference that no situation could be much more obscure and dangerous than that which has suddenly arisen; the point being made that, even if the whole question is now thrown before the people in a general election, the campaign issues will not only be Home Rule, but the subverting of army discipline and the question, always effective on the hustings, of privilege versus democracy. Furthermore, it would seem that nothing could alter the fact of military insubordination.

Why, then, should the London Stock Exchange have retained such unmistakable composure? Perhaps the most satisfactory answer is that such an occurrence in the army causes less apprehension in England than it would cause in any other country. The loyalty of the army to the civil power is not questioned at all, in its general functions. Not only so; but England has heretofore been confronted with a much more alarming crisis of the sort, which it surmounted with unexpected success. This happened more than a century ago, but it still remains as an instructive object-lesson. The circumstances then were of the most formidable sort; they apparently threatened the safety of the country; yet even that episode ended in character with English traditions.

It was in 1797, when, with Napoleon victorious over England s ally, Austria, with a French fleet threatening Ireland, and with the English Channel fleet blockading Holland, the sailors mutinied. At Spithead they seized the ships; at Sheerness they captured and imprisoned their officers, and the mutiny actually spread to English vessels in such remote quarters of the world as Porto Rico and Cape Colony. At one time, the admiral who was conducting operations against Holland had only two ships obeying orders, and was able to deceive the enemy only by pretending to signal from those ships to the mutinous members of the fleet. London's financial markets took a very different view of the situation from what they took last week; at the crisis of the mutiny consols fell to 47½, as against 70¾ the year before, and for a time the Bank of England suspended specie payments.

Yet the sequel was as remarkable and unusual as the episode itself. The spirit of mutiny was quickly exhausted. Sailors of one squadron, who had mutinied against hard treatment, sent bitter denunciations to sailors of another squadron, who had been tampered with by revolutionists. There had been real abuses; the Government promised to remove them. It went so far as to promise pardon to all except the ringleaders in the mutiny. It offered increased pay, recaptured the ships, and brought them into action. Under the admiral who had sent the signals from his fleet of two ships, the united fleet attacked the Dutch flotilla and annihilated it. Only a few years later, the same English navy, fighting under Nelson, won the great victory of Trafalgar.

The case of the fleet in 1797 and of the army in 1914 presents few points of actual analogy; the only clear resemblance lies in the fact that the civil power lost control. There is one curious parallel, however, in the fact that on each occasion the episode occurred at a time when established ideas of things in general were being subverted by new and unusual propaganda. The theories of the French Revolution pervaded the whole political, social, and military world in 1797. What sort of theories are pervading the world today and upsetting old conceptions of precedent, authority, and conduct, is manifest to everybody.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Ayscough, J. Monksbridge. Longmans, Green. $1.35 net.

Bohn's Popular Library: The Small House at Arlington, by Anthony Trollope. London: Bell. 35 cents net.

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Brush, Frederic. Songs of the Susquehanna. Portland: Mosher.

Carnegie Institution of Washington. Year Book No. 12, 1913.

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de Abreu, C. A Lingua dos Caxinauas. Rio de Janeiro: Leuzinger.

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Lemmon, R. S. Training the Dog. McBride, Nast. 75 cents net.

Leltoy, J. A. The Americans in the Philippines. Houghton Mifflin. $10 net.

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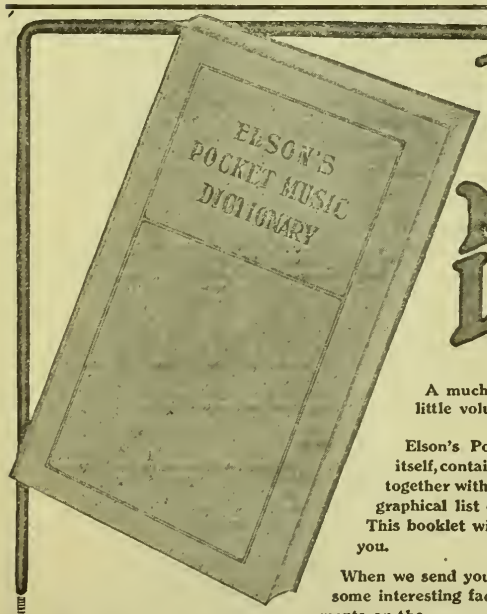

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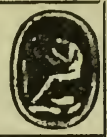

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1914.

Summary of the News

The outstanding feature of the struggle in Mexico last week was the capture of Torreon by the rebels. Gen. Villa and his army entered the city on the night of April 2, after a battle which had lasted almost without interruption for six days. Gen. Velasco and the remains of the Federal army retreated to the South, pursued by Villa. The exact extent and effect of the rebel victory even now is difficult to gauge. If it was as complete as Villa and Carranza protest, it gives the Constitutionalists control over the whole of the states of Northern Mexico. On the other hand, Huerta has continued to issue denials of the rebel victory, and on Tuesday it was reported that Gen. Velasco had an army of 5,000 men with him when he evacuated Torreon, and was calculating on effecting a junction with 4,000 Federal troops who were dispatched as reinforcements from San Pedro de Las Colonias on Saturday. The two armies, it was said, would then combine in attempting the recapture of Torreon. Gen. Carranza's official explanation of the murder of Benton was made public on Monday. According to this explanation, Benton was not killed by Villa, but by a rebel major in whose charge he had been remanded as a prisoner, and the tale of the court-martial was a pure fabrication. The Mexican Congress, which had been adjourned since December 9, last year, reconvened on April 1. Gen. Huerta read a long and optimistic message, in which he alluded to "the strange attitude of a certain Power towards Mexico."

The Sims bill to repeal the exemption clause in the Panama Canal Tolls bill went to the Senate on April 1. It is impossible to prophesy when the bill will come to a vote, and a closely contested fight is expected. President Wilson, however, declares his confidence that the repeal will be passed.

Secretary Daniels issued an order on Monday, to become effective on July 1, prohibiting the use or introduction of alcoholic liquor upon any vessel of the navy or within the confines of any navy yard or shore station. Commanding officers are made personally responsible for the enforcement of the order, and its practical effect will be to impose total abstinence on officers of the navy.

The appointment of Major-Gen. Wotherspoon to be Chief of Staff of the Army, succeeding Major-Gen. Leonard Wood, whose term expires on April 21, was announced on April 1.

Congressman Oscar W. Underwood was nominated on Tuesday for the long-term United States Senatorship in the Alabama State primaries. As the nomination at the primaries is tantamount to election, Mr. Underwood will commence his term as United States Senator on March 4, 1915. Indications are that Mr. Underwood's place as leader of the Democratic party in the House will be taken by Representative Kitchin, of North Carolina.

Senator Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, announced on Monday that he should not seek reëlection to the United States Senate after the expiration of his term next March. Among the reasons that he gave for his decision was the possible embarrassment of his candidature to the Republican party in Ohio, on account of his support of the repeal of the free tolls provision in the Panama Canal Tolls act.

The selection of the twelve Federal reserve cities, in accordance with the terms of the Banking and Currency law, enacted last December, was announced on April 2. A list of the cities named and comment on the selection will be found in our editorial pages.

News came on April 1 of a disaster to the crew of the sealing ship Newfoundland. On March 31, 160 of her crew had been sent on the ice floes, in search of seals, and were prevented by a blizzard which lasted for forty-eight hours from reaching their ship again. Other ships in the neighborhood sent rescue parties on the floes as soon as the blizzard ceased, and took off the dead and the survivors. On Saturday the Bellaventure reached St. John's, N. F., bringing seventy-seven bodies and 112 survivors. Another sealing-ship, the Southern Cross, with a crew of 173, has also been missing since the blizzard, and hope that she may have survived has almost been abandoned. It is understood that the Newfoundland herself is safe.

Mr. Asquith's vigorous action in assuming charge of the War Office and offering himself for reëlection from his constituency of East Fife seems to have had a marked effect in restoring the prestige of the Government and the unity of the coalition. The suggestion of a federal system for the entire United Kingdom, outlined last week by Sir Edward Grey, has been on the whole received favorably, although it can, of course, offer no solution of the immediate problem of Irish Home Rule. On April 1 Mr. McKenna made a statement in the House of Commons showing that Gen. Paget was instructed only to find out from commanding officers in Ireland whether they were prepared to perform their duties, and that there was no intention that subordinate officers should be consulted. On the same day the appointment of Gen. Sir Charles Douglas as Chief of Staff, in succession to Field-Marshal Sir John French, was announced. On Monday the second reading of the Home Rule bill was passed for the third time in the House of Commons by a majority of eighty. In the course of the debate Mr. Bonar Law reiterated the Unionist request for a general election, guaranteeing that, if the Home Rule bill was approved by the country, the House of Lords would pass it without amendment.

The Parliamentary commission appointed after the murder of M. Calmette to investigate the circumstances attending the postponement of the trial of Henri Rochette issued its report on April 1. The commission holds that pressure brought to bear by M. Monis, who was Premier at the time, at the request of M. Caillaux, was responsible for the postponement of the trial, and, while acquitting both M. Monis and M. Caillaux of any charge of corruption, adds the comment that "their actions constitute a deplorable abuse of influence." The report was adopted in the Chamber on April 3, with a declaration of regret that finances as well as politics should be intermingled with the administration of justice.

The legislative programme announced last week by Signor Salandra, the new Italian Premier, was approved on Saturday in the Chamber of Deputies, notwithstanding the combined opposition of Socialists and Radicals, by a vote of 302 to 122. The Chamber then adjourned until May 6. Signor Salandra's programme includes the introduction of financial measures to meet the expenses of the recent war in Tripoli, and calls for a further amount of $40,000,000 necessitated by raising the peace footing of the Italian army to 275,000 men, in addition to colonial troops. Italy's foreign policy, the Premier announced, would remain unchanged.

Early in his reign, King William of Albania is faced with trouble in his kingdom. Greek irregulars last week attacked the town of Koritza, in Epirus, and there has been severe fighting. The official explanation given out from Athens is that the trouble is due to the "insurgent" Greeks of Epirus, who are revolting against the decision of the Powers to include Koritza in the Albanian kingdom. A levy has been ordered in Albania for the suppression of the revolt.

Viscount Kiyoura, who accepted the Japanese Premiership last week, has found the task of forming a Cabinet impossible. On account of the naval scandals which brought about the fall of the Yamamoto Ministry, disinclination was exhibited to accept the portfolio of Minister of Marine, and the question was complicated by the demand that the new Minister should be a sailor. Vice-Admiral Kato was offered the portfolio, but declined it. The Premier was also in difficulties on account of the failure of the last Ministry to pass the naval budget, and the consequent demand that he authorize the advance of credits for the construction of warships, relying on Parliament to endorse them later. The failure of Viscount Kiyoura has produced an acute crisis.

The deaths of the week include: Paul Heyse, Robert Hirschfeld, Commodore George L. Dyer, April 2; Susanna Ibsen, April 3; Frederick Weyerhaeuser, April 4; Thomas Ryan, April 5; Cy Warman, April 7.

The Week

If President Wilson, in this matter of Panama tolls, has scuttled the Monroe Doctrine and sold out to a foreign Power, he is not the only contemporary American statesman of high rank who has laid himself open to the charge of high treason. Here, for instance, is a book by no less a personage than the President of the Argentine Republic, in which the Monroe Doctrine is described as absurd and capricious and sneered at as the "guttapercha Doctrine." The Argentine President is welcome, of course, to his opinion, but can we overlook the fact that about the time the book was probably written Col. Roosevelt was in Buenos Ayres openly lending aid and comfort to the idea that the Monroe Doctrine is not all that it is cracked up to be? When the degree of doctor of laws was conferred on Col. Roosevelt at Buenos Ayres last November, an ex-Foreign Minister of Argentina delivered an address, in the course of which he asserted that Argentina did not accept the protection of the Monroe Doctrine, and Col. Roosevelt in his reply admitted that Argentina did not need it. Doesn't that come pretty close to high treason, as Mr. Champ Clark sees it? And will Mr. Hearst, when he moves the impeachment of Mr. Wilson, include the Colonel as an accessory of some kind or other?

Friends of the President who are incensed by the cheap criticism to which he has been subjected in Congress are making a mistake in talking hastily about rules and procedures for safeguarding Mr. Wilson against insult. There are presiding officers in both Houses of Congress to keep debate within the bounds of decency. No set rule will prevent a Congressman who is driven by the irresistible impulse of his own nature to make an ass of himself, from satisfying that longing. Such exhibitions defeat themselves. Between the manly opposition of an Underwood and the wild-eyed accusations of a Knowland, the average citizen is quite able to draw the distinction. Irritating it may be for the President's friends, and possibly for Mr. Wilson himself, to have his personal motives aspersed by lurid orators, but they do little harm. Usually, such rough-and-tumble exhibitions deserve no notice. When a reply is called for, we feel sure that Mr. Wilson is fully able to supply it. We are not sure but that something worth while would have gone from our political life if the time-honored war-dance on the floor of Congress were to be suppressed.

A drop of eleven million dollars in the expenditure for war pensions is no small saving, and it might be supposed that it would be highly appreciated; and yet we fail to see any marked expression of satisfaction with it on the part of those who are in the habit of complaining of the swollen pension figures. But the reason is that, as the New York *World* puts it, "so far as Congress can prevent it, the country need expect little relief." The Spanish War list is getting ready to fill the gap made by the dying off of the Civil War veterans, so far as possible; the process of progressive loosening of the purse-strings in that direction has already begun. But the story of our war pensions is interesting nowadays as a "pointer" in a wider field. Some thirty-five years ago, when the Civil War pensions footed up about $30,000,000, Gen. Garfield stated that they might from that time forth be expected to go down; as a matter of fact, they have kept steadily swelling, almost without interruption, and have for years been at about five times the figure which Gen. Garfield thought was the apex from which there was bound to be a steady descent. Now, the question that naturally suggests itself is this: if the war veterans and their friends have been able to impose this sort of policy upon Congress, what would be the probable course of events under a general system of old-age pensions, in the magnifying of which a large part of the whole population would have a keen pecuniary interest?

Mr. Underwood's success in the Alabama Senatorial primary on Monday is to be hailed for more than personal or party reasons. It is a welcome sign of the times. It carries with it a certain reassurance in regard to the whole experiment of electing Senators directly by popular vote, to which this country is now committed. Of course, Senatorial primaries have for some time been the rule in most of the Southern States. There have been some notable contests, not all of which—as, for example, the one in which Vardaman triumphed in Mississippi—have given unmixed comfort to those who like to believe that the people never make mistakes. But no previous struggle of the sort has so filled and fixed the gaze of the nation as this one between Underwood and Hobson. If Hobson had won, every wordy and empty demagogue in the land would have thanked God and taken courage; while those who have been apprehensive lest the direct election of Senators degrade the Senate would have seen their worst fears verified.

And no one should think that Hobson's defeat was foregone. He has been making a dead set at the Senatorship for full two years. From his duties in the House he has almost constantly absented himself in order to nurse the Alabama voters. In campaigning he has been indefatigable, and was really a formidable opponent for Mr. Underwood to face. He had a large personal following, many qualities that take with the crowd, and a glittering programme. But Mr. Underwood never stooped to meet Hobson on his own ground. He went before the people simply for what he was—a Representative who had made a national reputation for himself as a steady and sagacious leader of his party in the House; not a showy man; not a clamorous speaker; but a man of tried character and solid qualities. And the people preferred him to his reckless and flighty opponent. It is a result heartening all round.

Those who would charge Congress with extravagance will have to look elsewhere than to the legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill just reported to the House. The sacred pension office is made a target for the economists: 175 employees are dropped, including 10 principal and 45 special examiners, and a reorganization of certain departments of the office recommended with a view to eliminating useless work. Other offices suffer a less drastic pruning, so that, even with a proposed addition of 77 employees to the new Washington post office and 22 to the Department of Labor, there is a net saving of 141 salaries. Republican attack upon a few positions created by the bill, such as four messengers for the Committee on Post Offices, is encouraged by the reappearance of the provision

substituting actual travelling expenses for the historic twenty cents a mile, which Congressmen now enjoy. There is no telling what may happen to the bill in its course through the House, but what stands out is evidence of a new kind of care in preparing an appropriation bill, so that it shall be comprehensive and self-explanatory.

The number of Congressmen put into the same box of self-contradiction as Senator O'Gorman on the question of party platform integrity was greatly increased by the vote on Saturday on the "mileage grab." The proposal of the Committee on Appropriations to economize was defeated 2 to 1. What was more, the united parties added insult to injury, from the standpoint of those who hoped for retrenchment, by voting themselves an extra provision of $132,000 a year for secretarial salaries. Is it possible that a Congress which has grown so heated in discussion of the binding nature of a party pledge could forget the Republican pledge last June "to secure greater economy and increased efficiency in the conduct of Government business"; the Democratic demand for "a return to that simplicity and economy which befits a Democratic Government," and the Progressive promise of a "readjustment of the business methods of the national Government . . . which will increase the economy and efficiency of the Government service"? Many would have had party planks override every consideration of conscience. Yet the high question of conscience here pertained to the maintenance of the 20-cent mileage rate which dates from the outworn days of the stage-coach, and constitutes a virtual inequality in the salaries of near and distant members.

Comments on Mr. Rockefeller's gift of $1,000,000 for the war against animal disease have properly emphasized its humanitarian aspect, but on the economic side it is no less significant as the first great private contribution to such a work. Congress has of necessity paid annual attention to the subject, and it is only a few weeks since $500,000 was appropriated for the eradication of hog cholera, with lesser sums for other diseases. In view of the outcry over the decrease in food production, the figures of the Agricultural Department on the loss from animal diseases should interest students of the cost of living. They include items of $75,000,000 from hog cholera, $85,000,000 from Texas fever, tuberculosis, and contagious abortion in cattle; nearly $10,000,000 from diseases of sheep, and $8,750,000 from poultry disease; and reach a total of $212,850,000. The total loss is obviously not represented by these figures, inasmuch as the various epidemics have plainly discouraged farmers and stockmen from prosecuting so precarious a business. The fund should not merely help the administration of known specifics and preventives, but in the case of diseases not fully understood command a more expert and thoroughly scientific investigation than agricultural officials and the State universities can carry on.

A magnificent prospect is opened up to the vision of New Yorkers by the announcement of a plan for the erection in that city of a group of museums devoted to the various arts of peace. An Association for that purpose has been incorporated, and the list of the directors and incorporators includes a number of leading citizens. Their purpose appears to be twofold. One object is to furnish opportunities for direct acquaintance with the various developments of the industrial, commercial, and other useful arts, to those specifically interested in one or another of them. The other is to stimulate popular interest and enlightenment in all these fields and also to supply a great and attractive centre of public resort. From this last standpoint the idea that has been put forward, of grouping the buildings around one centre, "preferably around a stadium that will include a great enclosure for public meetings," is of the utmost interest. Over and above all the special benefits that might flow from the use of the particular museums, a score of dignified public buildings, grouped around a space of this kind, would exercise an immeasurable elevating influence on the civic spirit of the community. The scheme is an ambitious one, and we do not know what the probabilities are of the raising of the requisite funds; but it is one which, if properly carried out, would abundantly justify the cost, and which must make a peculiar appeal to those men of wealth who have also civic imagination and high public spirit.

Another theatrical manager has come out against indecent plays, and the whole mess of sexual sensationalism on the stage, against which, he declares, a reaction is already in full swing. This is merely confirmatory of other similar signs of the wholesome change of view. The thing was certain to provoke revolt, if only through sheer satiety. It is all very well, as a curiosity, to take a theatre-full of people on a trip through the sewers, but to ask them to stay there indefinitely! It is an experiment which has been tried over and over again, in literature and in the drama, but has always failed. The public appears to want many strange things for a time, but one thing which it will insist upon getting, in the end, is a breath of pure air. To look for an immediate reformation or elevation of the American stage would be foolish, but it is at least a satisfaction to know that we are in a fair way to get rid, as the Elizabethan stage did, of "foul and unwashed bawdry."

The women's clubs of Arkansas are to be called upon to take a leading part in obtaining, by means of the initiative, an advanced child-labor law for that State. The bill is based upon the uniform child-labor law which was drafted four years ago by the American Bar Association, and its adoption will, according to H. H. Jones, special agent of the National Child Labor Committee, put Arkansas "in high rank with the States in the Union having the best child-labor laws." If we may judge from the tone of an article on the subject in the *Arkansas Gazette*, the prospects of the legislation ought to be good. "The present child-law in Arkansas is nothing," says the writer of this article. "Every bit of vitality in it is destroyed by exemptions. For all practical purposes it is as bad as the laws in Carolina, Georgia, or Alabama, which are a disgrace to the nation." Nor is this by any means an unwonted expression; we are continually encountering just such language on the subject in the newspapers of the States that are backward in the matter of child-labor laws and their enforcement. The progress actually made in the past few years, and the signs of genuine awakening which forecast progress in the near future, are alike encouraging. Certainly no such condition exists as would justify a great extension

of Federal power, of a sort full of the menace of indefinite extension in other directions, in order to cope with it.

A marked increase in Canadian crime during several years past rouses the Dominion press to comments, both puzzled and indignant. In 1912, out of every 100,000 Canadians, 208 were convicted of indictable offences; and the total convictions for all offences, indictable or petty, rose from 113,260 in 1911 to 146,527, an increase of 29 per cent. Yet it is denied that laws are more strict, while to the Montreal *Gazette* "it does not seem that the greater activity of the police can be given as a reason." It concludes that "the general result has to be ascribed to a falling away from rectitude by so considerable a part of the population that the standard is in danger of being lowered." The great increase in arrests for drunkenness, from 41,000 to 53,000, is to be noted both in itself and as helping explain the total of 15,567 found guilty of really serious offences. But the whole showing is not so damaging but that it is explicable by immigration and the ill-developed character of the country. The alien-born figure to an undue extent, as do the newly settled regions, east and west. "Many of the newcomers," the *Gazette* remarks, "come to do rough work in rough places, and under rough treatment develop rough ways. This is to be remembered, both for the sake of the foreigner and of the native-born." But to trace crime to rough conditions is only to push the problem one step back.

At the Ottawa Social Service Congress the other day appeared the founder of a system of rural credit societies which now numbers 120 organizations in Quebec and 19 in Ontario. They are, of course, coöperative, and, like the Raiffeisen and Schulze-Delitzsch credit unions of Europe, provide short-time loans on personal credit. Each branch "is an association of individuals who put their savings in a common fund, and who can borrow from that fund, with the approval of the officers, upon reliable securities, material and moral. The vote is by member, not by share; the area of operation must be small, a township or parish, so that the members are mutually known; and the capital must be withdrawable, for the individual cannot afford to immobilize his small savings." The parent society, typical of all, has assets of $270,000, of which $240,000 are on loan, and completely cares for the financial needs of its own community. Though it has made 6,650 loans in its fourteen years' history, it has not lost a cent. Despite beginnings in Wisconsin and the Northwest, America can show nothing like this; although, as the *Yale Review* has just remarked, the student cannot cease to wonder at our tardiness.

Though the Unionists in the House of Commons cheered on Monday when the majority on the second reading of the Home Rule bill fell to 80, it is evident that they were as men thankful for small mercies. The drop in the vote is explicable, and the coalition Government stands in virtually its full strength. And it is plain, too, that the events of the past few days, with the steady march of the Home Rule bill towards the statute book, have taken a good deal of hope and fight out of the Conservatives. Their speeches on Monday—even that of Sir Edward Carson—were much less bellicose. Bonar Law went so far as to say that he should be glad to reopen negotiations with Mr. Asquith for a settlement of the Irish question by consent. All this is in a very different tone from the one held by the Unionists two weeks ago. Then they were triumphantly talking of having wrecked the Home Rule bill and the Government at one stroke. The Tory *Morning Post* was so indiscreet as to say: "The Army has killed the Home Rule bill." It was Mr. Asquith's prompt meeting of that issue, together with the signs of immense popular revolt against the assumption of the Unionists that the Army was their private property, which brought about the revulsion of feeling and the present dispirited condition of the Conservative party.

The French general elections which take place next month can hardly fail to be affected by the disclosures attendant upon the murder of the editor of *Figaro*. Thus we have the report of the parliamentary commission which has been investigating the question of Ministerial responsibility for the delay of justice in the Rochette case. The report asserts that M. Monis, head of the Cabinet at the time the case against Rochette was prosecuted, was mainly responsible for the suspension of proceedings against the notorious swindler. M. Monis is supposed to have acted under pressure from M. Caillaux, making two former Prime Ministers under suspicion, and a third ex-Prime Minister, Briand, is now censured for his reluctance to further justice in an earlier investigation of the Rochette affair. The most that the investigating commission can say in defence of these statesmen is that their intervention did not bring about an absolute quashing of the case against Rochette; but inasmuch as the latter is now a fugitive, this is small consolation. "A deplorable abuse of influence"—in these terms the report characterizes the action of the Ministers involved. What the motives were, the country is left to decide for itself. In next month's elections these motives are pretty sure to be brought to the fore by anti-Governmental candidates.

Within South Africa there is intense resentment at the high-handed measures of the Government during the recent strike, culminating in the deportation of the labor leaders. Anti-Government sentiment in the Transvaal spoke out during the recent elections of members of the Provincial Council, when the Labor party swept the Rand by extraordinary majorities. Out of twenty-five seats in the Johannesburg and Pretoria districts the Laborites carried twenty-three, thus obtaining an absolute majority in the Provincial Council with control of the provincial executive. Under the Commonwealth Constitution the local legislatures in the former colonies have been abolished, but the Provincial Councils set up in their place exercise considerable powers in the field of local finance, education, agriculture, municipal government, and public works. Thus the Labor party in the Transvaal is now in a position to retaliate upon the Federal Ministry and the rural population, whose intervention in behalf of the Government brought about the speedy collapse of the railway strike. Should the Transvaal Government come into sharp conflict with the Commonwealth authorities, the abolition of the Provincial Councils, already discussed, may become a live issue.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE DISTRICTS

When Congress, in enacting the new Banking and Currency law last September, provided that "as soon as practicable, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Controller of the Currency, acting as the Reserve Bank Organization Committee, shall designate not less than eight nor more than twelve cities to be known as Federal reserve cities"—each to contain the regional central bank for its own allotted district—it was recognized that probabilities favored selection of the larger number. When the bill was first discussed, an even more numerous body of independent institutions of the sort was contemplated. The House bill, as proposed and passed, named twelve. The Democratic report of the Senate Banking Committee cut the number down to eight; the Republican report to four; but as the bill passed the Senate, it provided for a maximum of twelve and a minimum of eight, and in that form passed the Conference Committee.

The plan for the more numerous districts seemed to be favored, mainly on the ground that predominance of any single district would thereby be avoided. The rather obvious fallacy in this argument lay in the fact that the smaller the average area and banking resources of the districts as a whole, the greater would inevitably be the predominance of such districts as included in their territory the great business cities. This has apparently been felt by the organization committee, and has led to some arbitrary division of territory on lines hardly warranted by actual financial and commercial affiliations. This will inevitably subject their arrangements to much criticism.

The twelve reserve cities, announced last week by the organization committee, are Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas (Texas), and San Francisco. The committee say that their choice was based on the ability of banks in a given district to subscribe the necessary capital for their regional central bank; on the "mercantile, industrial, and financial connections existing in each district"; on the probable usefulness of a regional bank to serve such district; on the "fair and equitable division" of the banking capital available in the several districts; on their "general geographical situation," and on the "population, area, and prevalent business activities of the district." To such a programme there can be little theoretical objection. The danger was that the various purposes thus assigned might be found to be mutually incompatible, and this difficulty, it seems to us, the organization board has failed rather signally to avert.

The selection of Richmond, for example, as a reserve bank centre, is difficult to explain on any of the grounds of selection set forth by the organizers; in order to make sure of the requisite banking resources, it has been necessary to include in its district such parts of the adjacent territory as Maryland and South Carolina, which will scarcely be described as normally in the Virginian capital's sphere of influence. The designation of Cleveland as the financial centre of Ohio, western Pennsylvania, and eastern Kentucky is perplexing in view of the commercial affiliations of Cincinnati. There were forcible arguments in behalf of regional banks at Boston and Philadelphia, and it was generally expected that the district to be served by the New York Federal reserve bank would not include all of what is now this city's actual field of commercial affiliations, since that would have given a quite overshadowing power of banking resources to the district. But that cities so intimately bound up with New York banking connections as Jersey City and Newark should have been placed in another district certainly does not conform to the committee's rule for recognition of "mercantile, industrial, and financial connections existing in each district and the relations between the various portions of the district and the city selected for the location of the Federal reserve bank." There may be good reason why Dallas, Texas, was selected in place of Galveston or New Orleans as the banking centre of the Southwestern cotton belt, but it is difficult to discover it at a glance.

We shall await some more definite explanation by the committee of these particular policies; merely expressing, for the present, our regret that the selections should not have been such as to bring out the cordial approval of the business community as the best that could have been done, under the assumption that twelve districts were to be the basis of the system. Meantime, it should always be remembered that, even when an arrangement of this sort is not what practical experience would have suggested, it does not follow that it will threaten the usefulness of the system itself. That the machinery for rediscount will not work as effectively under the proposed plan of districts as might have been expected if the natural business affiliations of all the cities of the United States had been considered, cannot well be doubted. There will nevertheless remain the fact that the banks and the banking resources of each district will still be combined for cooperation and mutual protection. So long as this end is cordially and disinterestedly pursued by all banks of a district, the regional bank should be able to do its service, irrespective of location. Nor, on the other hand, must it be forgotten that the new banking system, while it supplements the existing relations of banks in one city or section with the business of another, does not either abolish or supersede those relations.

COASTWISE-TRAFFIC INSINCERITIES.

Opponents of the repeal of the tolls-exemption clause of the Panama act have several arrows in their quiver. Their main argument is simplicity itself. The Canal is American and Americans can do with it whatever they please. If you don't agree to that you are a traitor. Thus the eminent Bourke Cockran asserted in Boston the other night that President Wilson had "approached the domain of treason." If you timidly ask these shouting patriots about the agreement we made in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, they will tell you, first, that they have their own interpretation of that, and that, anyhow, it was a bad bargain and is therefore "voidable." Besides, the treaty does not apply to American coastwise vessels. This is their main tower of strength, in which they make their stand when driven from other positions. And they have two chief contentions—they are presented so clamorously that it is hard to call them arguments.

The first is that the exemption of coastwise traffic from tolls at Panama was designed to be a blow at the railways, and that, consequently, anybody who seeks to repeal it must be in the

pay of the railways. Dire pictures are drawn of the transcontinental roads, with oppressive freight charges, seeing the threat of a formidable competition from free ships via the Canal, and plotting to undo the work of Congress. So the cry is that every dollar you compel coastwise vessels to pay in tolls is, in effect, handed over to the railways. Apparently, none of these excited gentlemen stop to ask who owns the coastwise vessels. What will they say when informed that most of these ships are owned and operated by railways? The facts are of record. A report recently made by Congressman Alexander, Chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, said that 94 per cent. of all our coastwise shipping, on the Atlantic and in the Gulf, is owned by railways or by combinations in alliance with railways. How it is on the Pacific, we do not know, but everybody knows that the Southern Pacific has a fleet there. And other striking evidence was brought forward in the debate last week. Under the Panama act, railways owning ships are required to make a return to the Interstate Commerce Commission showing what boats they have and whether these compete with their transportation on land. Congressman Sims obtained the whole docket and had it printed in the *Congressional Record*. The exhibit was such as to warrant him in asserting that the chief "beneficiaries" of the coastwise traffic exemption would be "largely the railroads on both coasts." The other side did not challenge these figures. So much for the outcry about President Wilson and all who favor repeal being secretly in the pay of the railways!

In addition to this clap-trap, those opposed to repeal have one argument, as bearing on coastwise traffic, of really serious tenor. It consists of the statement that Great Britain has yielded the point. Senator O'Gorman has several times referred to the fact that the British Embassy at Washington admitted to the Department of State that the exemption of our coastwise traffic from tolls would not be a violation of the treaty. Let us ask what the facts are. It is true that in the British protest made in 1912 it was stated that there might not be objection to exempting coastwise traffic, provided—and this was the point—that it was bona-fide. Now, the slightest examination of what it is proposed to do, and what would infallibly be done, under the tolls-exemption clause, shows that the coastwise traffic would be converted into what is, for all intents and purposes, foreign traffic. President Wilson's antagonists concede that we have not the right, under the treaty, to exempt our ships engaged in foreign commerce. Yet they are ready to exempt nominally coastwise vessels that would actually be engaged in foreign commerce.

How this would be is shown in the April *North American Review* by the chief expert on Canal transportation, Prof. Emory R. Johnson. He sets forth the case with great directness and concreteness. Our coastwise ships would take from New York to San Francisco goods destined for the Oriental market. They would pay no tolls at Panama. A ship bringing similar goods from Liverpool or Bremen or Havre, with a similar destination, would have to pay tolls. Is this not a plain case of that "discrimination" which the nation solemnly bound itself never to permit? The reverse sailing is just as significant. Vessels from Seattle, laden with goods brought from the Orient, could carry to New York free of tolls goods brought from the Orient, though ships carrying such goods direct from the Orient or Australia would have to pay for transit through the Canal. The discrimination is glaring, and serves to show what the British note meant when it spoke of "bona-fide" coastwise traffic. Professor Johnson proves that much of ours through the Canal would not be of this character. His general conclusion is:

> The coastwise tolls-exemption clause of the Panama Canal act grants an unjustifiable subsidy. The taxpayers of the country who have paid for the Panama Canal are entitled to receive reasonable tolls from the individuals and corporations who use the canal and derive profit therefrom. When the general public clearly understands what is involved in exempting the owners and charterers of coastwise ships from toll payments, it seems certain that the Canal act of August 24, 1912, must be amended by striking out the tolls-exemption clause.

There is, happily, evidence that the general understanding of which Professor Johnson speaks is being brought to bear upon the controversy. Washington dispatches report a marked rallying of public opinion in support of the position which the President has taken.

MR. ASQUITH.

The rapidly shifting events of the past two weeks in England have thrust Mr. Asquith to the front of the stage. He has shown a somewhat unexpected ability to cope with an appalling political crisis, displaying both adroitness and high courage. It was with a good sense for the dramatic, too, as well as with great boldness, that he announced his decision to grasp the nettle firmly. There had been vacillation and weakness in the administration of the War Office. He would take it over himself. But as this step required him, under the statute of Anne, having accepted an office of profit under the Crown, to seek reëlection to Parliament, he would absent himself until his constituents in Fife had passed upon his conduct. The Prime Minister would not take advantage, as Mr. Gladstone did in 1873, of the legal doubt whether he was compelled to resign. He would make a clean job of it. Not one taunt would he leave within the reach of his opponents. Cutting through the Cabinet difficulty with one masterly stroke, Mr. Asquith walked out of the House amid the frantic applause of his own party and the visible consternation of the other. It was a crowded hour of glorious life for him. He seemed to have risen to a more heroic stature than ever before in his career.

Whether this be drawing to a close or not, Mr. Asquith is to-day not only officially, but by actual political power, the most influential man in England. It is a position to which he has risen slowly. His talents have never been of the showy kind. Nor is his an emotional nature. He has been thought a cold man, if not a trifle selfish; a formidable debater, a very instrument of precision in logic, but not a statesman of popular qualities. Sometimes, however, your slow and cool man breaks out in a kind of volcanic passion and glow. Mr. Asquith has done something of the kind more than once before. His opponents have found out that there was such a thing as goading the reserved and patient man too far. But never until he rose to meet the present crisis had Mr. Asquith flamed before the country as a man in whom parliamentary skill was united with daring resolution.

His earliest successes were won at the bar. After taking a first-class at

Oxford, he applied himself to the law, and rapidly rose to eminence. Before he was forty, he was associated with Sir Charles Russell in defence of Mr. Parnell. This recalls the opinion of him which Parnell expressed to Barry O'Brien in 1891. They were discussing various English statesmen as possible successors to Gladstone, with particular reference to Home Rule. The following dialogue took place:

I said: "Well, there is Asquith. He is a coming man. Some people say he may be the Liberal leader of the future."

Parnell: "Yes, Mr. Asquith is a coming man, a very clever man; but [looking me straight in the face] do you think Mr. Asquith is very keen about Home Rule? Do you think that he will risk anything for Home Rule? Mr. Asquith won't trouble about Home Rule, take my word for that."

This may sound laughable, in view of the length to which Mr. Asquith has since gone in behalf of Ireland, but there was some truth in Parnell's judgment of him. He was not heart-whole with Mr. Gladstone on Home Rule. Similarly, during the Boer War, he was not willing to follow the Liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It was this detached and somewhat fastidious air which the Irish leader accurately noted in the Asquith of those days, and which made it seem impossible that he could long maintain himself at the head of the Liberal party, after Bannerman's death. But Mr. Asquith has now been Prime Minister for six years. There have been many grumblings against his leadership, but no one has risen within the party to contest it. To have held together a coalition Government so long is no mean feat. And while Mr. Asquith has not been a man to stir up excitement unnecessarily, and prefers to go along with the humdrum work of government unemotionally, he has shown a latent capacity to rise high at critical hours. He did so when the Lords threw out the budget, and also in the stress of passing the Parliament Act to clip the veto power of the House of Lords, meeting defiance with cool demonstration, and opposing to threats the firm exercise of constitutional power. If it be said that he rose on the monumental blunders and follies of the Conservatives, the reply is that to seize the skirts of circumstance in that way is the mark of genius in politics as well as in war.

One of Mr. Asquith's titles to distinction is that, in an age of verbosity, he is sparing of speech. He is a master of lucid condensation. He seldom speaks over half an hour. Recently he made a speech on the land question, of which Lloyd George said that the Prime Minister had said more in three-quarters of an hour than he himself had been able to say in three speeches of two hours each. But it is with grim realities that Mr. Asquith now has to deal. It is a singular coincidence that in his case the circle has swung full, inasmuch as his first notable act as a member of the Cabinet, when Home Secretary under Mr. Gladstone in 1892, was to order the troops to fire on riotous strikers. This was said at the time, so opposed was it to English ideas of the use of the army, to make it impossible that he should ever be Prime Minister. Now that he is, and is confronted with disaffection in the army, as well as open defiance of the law in Ulster, it is to be expected that he will stand firmly for the supremacy of the civil power over the military, as well as for the use of all the resources of the Government in putting down disorder.

THE NAVY AND DRINKING.

If it were possible to add to Secretary Daniels's unpopularity in the navy, his amendment of the regulations so as to prohibit the use or introduction of alcoholic liquors upon any naval vessel or reservation would do the work. But in this instance the unpopularity would not be deserved, in our opinion. Mr. Daniels's action is taken on the advice of the Surgeon-General; more than that, we have never been able to see why, if it is proper to forbid the use of intoxicants by the enlisted men of the service, the officers, supposed to be their exemplars, should be a privileged class. It is far more important from the point of view of navigating battleships that the officers should be sober than the men; and if railways and other large corporations are justified in dismissing men responsible for other people's lives because they use liquor, even though they do not abuse it, the Government certainly has the right to insist that its officers shall be abstainers when serving on ships or at navy yards. Elsewhere they may, of course, do as they please, provided they do not disgrace themselves and cause scandal.

How far we have progressed from the earliest days of our own navy, and the period of which Marryat wrote, a casual retrospect will show. Once it was deemed absolutely essential for the British or American naval officer to become drunk, and this he was encouraged to do, provided he got drunk in a "genteel" manner. As late as the fifties—indeed, down to the Civil War—grog was not only served to all the sailors, but all hands were expected to get drunk whenever shore leave was granted. In foreign ports, in the early part of the last century, immorality was also encouraged by the custom of the service; gradually, however, dissolute women were banished from our ships, and when, on September 1, 1862, the spirit ration was discontinued by Secretary Welles, there was little complaint, particularly as the navy was then at war. Many a promising naval officer's career was ruined by his turning to drink when on lonely stations. The late Commodore George H. Perkins made a three-year cruise to the West Coast of Africa, which ended with the outbreak of the Rebellion. Of his three commanding officers, one died of delirium tremens, and one was court-martialled for being drunk all the time and sent home in disgrace. Rear-Admiral Franklin thus told in his memoirs of taking a ship to sea in 1860:

The crew was hustled on board, and we were obliged to take care of them as best we could. Of course, Jackie was drunk—he always gets drunk on such occasions, or, I should rather say, he did in those days—and as we had no organization whatever, Lieut. Somerville Nicholson and I were obliged to organize ourselves into a police force. We were compelled to rush in amongst a crowd of drunken sailors and drag out until we succeeded finally in restoring order.

It is impossible to conceive of a ship's putting to sea nowadays with so much as a fraction of her crew in this condition. Yet such designation was not confined to the sailors. On receiving a startling bill from a contractor for one of his monitors when the Civil War was half over, John Ericsson's secretary made the following inquiry:

Capt Ericsson directs me to ask you to inform him if, of your own knowledge, 156 bottles of spirituous liquors were consumed by the guests invited to be present during said trial trip. If the above quantity of liquor was really consumed, the occasion looks more like a bacchanalian feast than a trial trip of a small gunboat. Capt. Ericsson desires to be informed if the trial of the vessel

was really made the occasion of such a disgraceful feast before settling the bill.

Even when it was the custom to use liquors to excess, there were always some officers who attempted with more or less zeal to set an example of temperance. The late Rear-Admiral Ammen was fond of humorously describing the downfall of a temperance society on board the Vandalia in 1838, which finally succumbed to the temptations of bread pudding and whiskey sauce. But there were fine officers, like Commodore Matthew C. Perry, who did achieve some success. Thanks largely to him, the serving of the spirit ration to minors was abolished August 29, 1842. He hated the flogging of the men—a custom the navy gave up as reluctantly as the wine messes of to-day will surrender to Secretary Daniels—because he found that in nearly every case it was due originally to the abuse of liquor by the poor wretch who was flogged. Because of his personal influence, many of the sailors and officers of the Concord voluntarily gave up the grog ration when he commanded her in the Mediterranean in 1832.

In the navy to-day, it will, we think, hardly be alleged that there is much intemperance. Dismissals for intoxication do occur, one such is impending now—not only for personal misconduct, but for serving intoxicants to enlisted men as well; yet there is widespread belief that the reins of discipline could well be tighter in this respect. The trouble is that the navy officers are expected to entertain freely, wherever they may be, particularly if in company with foreign men-of-war. It may hereafter be embarrassing to our officers when entertaining those of other services to be able to offer no wine. To our minds, this is far less vital than the removal from our young officers of the temptation to excess. Moreover, foreigners, when they are told that the absence of wine is due to a governmental order, will not only understand, but will respect a nation that can take so bold a stand. If the German Emperor can deny himself all spirits and encourage his officers to abstain totally in a beer-drinking country like his, our Government can take the position it has. Twenty years hence, if upheld by succeeding Secretaries, the wineless man-of-war will seem as much a matter of course as does the man-of-war without grog and the cat-o'-nine-tails.

THE YACHTING OUTLOOK.

The launching on Thursday of last week of Mr. Robert E. Tod's racing schooner, Katoura, is soon to be followed by that of the three America's Cup defenders—and we shall then be at the beginning of what bids fair to be a memorable yacht-racing season. There are to be no less than twenty-five races between the defenders, exclusive of those in connection with the New York Yacht Club's cruise, the first races taking place on June 2, 3, and 4, while the actual trials will occur in the middle of August. This will make royal sport in itself, aside from the international contests, for not since 1893 have there been as many as three designers represented in the trials. Mr. Gardner, who has planned Vanitie—a charming name for what should be a powerful boat—and Mr. Herreshoff, with his Resolute, are to measure their known powers against a newcomer in the field of large boats—Mr. George Owen, whose Defiance is his first big craft. Mr. Gardner's success with Atlantic, the champion ocean-racing schooner, and with such sloops as Medora, Gardenia, and smaller boats like Windward and Irondequoit, makes him a natural competitor of Mr. Herreshoff. The phenomenal achievements of two small boats from Mr. Owen's board would seem to prophesy a fine racer in Defiance.

In one respect, Mr. Herreshoff will be at a disadvantage this year. Charles Barr will not be at the helm of his boat. Indeed, there are those who believe that it was owing to Barr's rare skill alone that the older Columbia defeated the Constitution for the honor of meeting Lipton's boat in 1901. This year an amateur, Charles Francis Adams, 2d, whose yachting standing is of the highest, will sail the Herreshoff boat, with Barr's veteran mate, Christiansen, at his elbow. Mr. Cochran has selected a skilled American schooner-sailor, Dennie, to handle Vanitie, with Harry Haff as his assistant; and the captain of Defiance is also an experienced American, William Howell. The old charge that America has to import a Scotchman to retain the Cup will not hold if a Yankee boat goes to the front this year. But what is still more significant is that these new racers are, unlike their predecessors, something else than racing machines. Owing to the so-called uniform rule under which all racing boats of the Eastern seaboard have been constructed since 1905, they will be substantial craft, capable of being raced at comparatively small expense long after this coming season is over. It is true, of course, that their crews will not live on board of them; that they must have tenders to act as houseboats for the men, and that they are without bulkheads, doors, galley-fittings, or water-tanks. None the less, as compared with the Reliance and Independence type of craft, they are to be a remarkably sane and wholesome trio.

This is what makes the promise of the coming season so great for the whole sport. Everybody knows that the Columbia, Reliance, and Constitution were responsible for a multitude of freakish small vessels, from catboats up. A whole generation of yachtsmen sailed round in craft of a kind to make a real sailorman weep. It was only gradually that there was a recovery from this in the direction of solidly and soundly built boats that could be caught out and stay out in half a gale and survive without giving their crews heart disease. Last year there was a notable reaction from the auxiliary type towards purely sail-driven boats—there were actually more new sailing boats under construction twelve months ago than to-day. This tendency will be still further stimulated by the big racers of 1914, for the uniform rule favors displacement while penalizing excessive sail area, which means better boats and better sailors. In other words, this year's defenders have sharp ends and deeper and fuller under-water bodies, as opposed to freakish fin keels and long overhangs. It is a healthy development for which the true yachtsman is devoutly thankful.

Aside from the defenders, there should be good sport if there are to be brushes between Atlantic and the new Katoura. The indefatigable Mr. Cochran, not content with Vanitie and a steam yacht, is also building a three-masted schooner, which suggests an ocean race for this class before long. That the regular Sound regattas will be even more crowded than last year is obvious, while the proposed revival of the Mackinac race indicates that the Lake yachtsmen will not be behind their Eastern friends in

making this a memorable year. What better proof could there be than all this, that, however useful the internal-combustion engine, the real "windjammer" is with us to stay? Or that there are regular cycles of enthusiasm for wind-driven boats, with almost fixed periods of waning and waxing?

In the motor-boat world, also, it is interesting to note, there is a reaction against mere speed machines and an increase in popularity of stanch craft. Here, too, the desire is for a reliable and safe cruiser, one that does not roll itself almost over whenever there is a little sea, and compel the skipper to run for port at the beginning of a real storm.

SPRING GOLF PHILOSOPHY.

Golfers are well known to be among the most incurable philosophers, whether of the laughing or the weeping genus depends upon temperament—or the way the game has gone that day. Jaundiced critics, to be sure, allege that the endless golf discussions which go on in the clubhouse, and which make some enthusiasts a terror to their families and friends, are merely the drivel of vacant minds. But this is to do wrong to a deserving if not always appreciated class of men. They will tell you sincerely that they value golf almost less as a pleasure and beneficial recreation, than as a tonic to the moral nature and a stimulus to the reasoning faculties. No need to ask the inveterate golfer, "Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?" He is full of it. No event of the round, no mischance, no lucky accident, no dazzling success or overwhelming failure, but he can extract from it the sweet milk of philosophy. In doing what he wants he will see deep meaning; but a significance even more profound will he detect in not being able to do it.

This is what most strikes one about what may be called the spring philosophy of golf. In this latitude, the great majority of golfers are compelled to give up their game during two or three months of winter. A few struggle dauntlessly over the bleak links, but even they have had to put their clubs away, hereabouts, since the middle of February. A foot of snow and no greens made the attempt to play mere bravado. But does anybody imagine that this period of enforced rest makes the true golfing mind less active? Quite otherwise; it has furnished a new topic for debate. Is such a rest good for your game? High debate on this question has been held wherever golfers most do congregate. Abstract theory, experience, the inner consciousness, all have been searched in order to discover weighty reasons for and against.

There are two great schools of thought on this important matter. One holds that it is an excellent thing to give up golf for three months in the year. Then you emerge in the spring with fresh zest and briskness. The game will never have seemed so enjoyable. With eye glued to the ball and muscles working easily, you play better than ever, and come to understand for the first time what the political economists mean by "the reward of abstinence." Thinkers of this school urge the powerful argument from nature. She comes out all the brighter and more inspiring after the winter rest; why not the golfer? Moreover, there are wise saws and modern instances to be cited. Some fine players make a point of resting on their clubs, so to speak, even when they are not compelled to by winter and bad weather. In England, one can usually play the entire year through, if so minded. Yet the two men who have most often won the amateur championship, Mr. John Ball and Mr. Harold Hilton, seldom play in the winter. If they find that they come out in the spring fit and eager for the fray, why should not Topper and Slicer do the same?

The rival school of severe golf philosophers will tell you why. In the first place, the game is an exacting mistress, really demanding all of your time. When you cannot hope to reach your ideal of play without giving undivided attention, week in and week out, to every one of its minute details, why keep up the miserable pretence that a period of hibernation will do you good? As a matter of fact, you know what happens to you in the first few rounds of spring. You are either muscle-bound or flabby as a rag. You can't keep your head down to save your life. All the faults which you had toiled painfully through the summer to eradicate come rushing back, with a lot of new ones in their train, to make your game one to fill even your caddie with despair. The truth is, according to the doctrine of this school of philosophy, that golf demands as many laborious days as can possibly be applied to it. Every one lost is as hopelessly gone as the snowflake in the burn. Of course, the deprivation must be borne with as manful a spirit as may be summoned to meet this or any other calamity in life, but, for goodness sake, do not try to make people believe that you like it, or that it can possibly do you any good. Thus do these golf philosophers refuse to distil out the soul of goodness in those things evil, the three months of enforced absence from the links.

With the doctors of the game thus disagreeing, it would be rash for a mere writer to attempt to decide. If the whole dispute is left in the twilight zone, no great harm will be done; for then the golfing ratiocinators will only discuss it the longer, in wandering mazes lost. And it is certain that, whatever their premises, and whatever their reasoning, they will make the praise and glory of golf come out in the conclusion. We note only one point. The controversy seems to be largely between the Intuitionists and the Pragmatists. But it will be observed that Mr. Rockefeller, our greatest Pragmatist in golf as in some other things, promptly left the snow-submerged links at Pocantico and took a special train to Florida. *O, si sic omnes!*

Foreign Correspondence

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN ENGLAND—THE KING AND THE ARMY.

LONDON, March 29.

"This is a wonderful Government," says the sarcastic Mr. Bonar Law. Indeed it is. At three o'clock on the afternoon of March 25 it appeared sick unto death, and its best friends gave it only a few hours to live. By six o'clock the same evening it had regained a more robust health than it had known for years. The Prime Minister's repudiation of Cabinet responsibility for any bargaining with the Curragh mutineers revolutionized the whole situation. It saved his Ministry from immediate extinction, and the democratic cause from a long period of internal discord and resultant helplessness.

The blunders and confusions of the last few days can be traced in large measure to two or three causes. One is the lack of clear thinking on the Unionist side—in Parliament and the press as well as in the army—as to what is meant by "the coercion of Ulster." There has been no coherent idea as to the nature of any possible coercion, or as to the means by which it would or could be brought about. The Ulster Volunteers have been organized to fight—against whom? Sir Edward Carson himself does not know. It has surely not been contemplated that, as soon as the Home Rule bill received the royal assent, a body of these volunteers should attack the Nationalist quarter of Belfast or lay military siege to Dublin. At the very earliest, the new act could not come into operation until the summer of next year. In the meantime, the Government of Ireland would continue, in every detail, precisely as at present. What would the volunteers be doing all this time? Nothing could occur that would call for the exercise of physical force on either side.

The Ulstermen and many of their supporters on this side of St. George's Channel seem really to entertain the mad idea that, as soon as the Home Rule bill was passed, the Government would send a large military force into Ulster to compel every dissentient to change his mind! Every house, they suppose, would be visited by a detachment of soldiers and the householder would be required to sign a document declaring his assent to Home Rule. If that is not what the Carsonites fear, what is it? They have been talking freely about "the invasion of Ulster" and "the conquest of Ulster." What ideas do they attach to the words?

The two final paragraphs of the so-called "Gough treaty" represent precisely the position of the Government and of the Liberal party. "His Majesty's Government must retain their right to use all the forces of the Crown in Ireland, or elsewhere, to maintain law and order and to support the civil power in the ordinary execution of its duty. But they have no intention whatever of taking advantage of this right to crush political opposition to the policy or principles of the Home Rule bill." These two sentences have

been cancelled by the Prime Minister because no Government can consent to bargain with troops as to the conditions of their obedience to orders in hypothetical circumstances. But, as a declaration of the Government's intentions, this statement is absolutely unexceptionable—so much so as to amount almost to a platitude. Nobody, either in Ireland or in England, who had given a moment's thought to the question, could expect the policy of a Government to be anything else. But Gen. Gough and his brother officers seem to have been obsessed by the idea of some sort of imminent attempt to use the forces of the Crown to "invade Ulster" or "conquer Ulster." No wonder that the conference at the War Office led to the discovery that there had been a "misunderstanding."

Another thing that has helped to complicate the situation has been the unfortunate fact that the Minister for War is himself a military man. It was a blunder of Mr. Asquith's to appoint a colonel as the Cabinet Minister in charge of the War Office. The usual practice has been to place this responsibility on a civilian. Col. Seely has the reputation of many high qualities, but his long association with the army has inevitably colored his views of the relation of the army to the civil government. Evidently, he had not the least conception of how the country would regard any suggestion of such compacts with officers as he has been trying to arrange. A civilian War Minister would not have looked at the question through "service" spectacles, nor would he have committed the blunder of letting Buckingham Palace play so active a part in the proceedings.

And what of the King himself? It appears evident that the Unionists have hoped to use him, together with the army, as their tool in bringing the Government to the ground. At the moment when their plot seemed to have succeeded, they openly boasted in the party press of the effect of his intervention. Then came John Ward's protest in Parliament against "interference from King or army," and the response to his speech made it clear that the country did not approve of his Majesty's being an "active agent" in such matters. Now, of course, it is the cue of the Unionist press to be highly indignant with the "infamous" conduct of those Liberals who have "bandied about" the name of the King.

The carefully worded disclaimers by Mr. Asquith and Col. Seely have not weakened in the least the widespread conviction that the King has been doing things that he had better have left undone. For months past some unseen but powerful influences have been at work, and if popular opinion associates them with Buckingham Palace, it is simply because no other hypothesis will fit the facts. Liberals especially resent his Majesty's frequent conferences with the Opposition leaders and with Lord Roberts. Technically, these consultations may be defended as perfectly correct, for one of the privileges of Privy Councillors is the right of audience with the King. But it is by the advice of his Ministers that a constitutional King is expected to govern. As to Lord Roberts, his visits to Buckingham Palace are certainly to be deprecated when one remembers that his was the first name appended to a covenant whose signatories declared that they should consider themselves justified "in taking or supporting any action" to prevent the Home Rule bill from being put into operation if passed under the Parliament act. Lord Roberts is an old man, and the memory of his distinguished services makes the supporters of law and order unwilling to regard his recent course as they would regard the same weakness in others. But he is emphatically not the sort of man who is a safe adviser for Buckingham Palace in matters affecting the relation of the army to the Parliament. H. W. H.

THE ELECTIONS IN SPAIN—PROBLEMS FOR THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

MADRID, March 28.

The recent elections for the new Cortes, as was foreseen, resulted in a very large majority for the present Government. The general system of choosing representatives has nothing in common with our own, since it is purely a question of following a particular political leader. No platforms are proclaimed, no principles of economic reform are announced, no promises are made. A candidate for office justifies his claims by showing that he is ready for a wider field in which to display his oratorical talents. If he is fortunate in his relatives and friends, some unsuspecting precinct may find his name posted in the public squares on the eve of an election; and if his party has control of the local machinery, he is certain to be elected by the unanimous choice of his constituents.

The campaign was lifeless. In Madrid the streets were deserted, and although there was some shooting and stabbing in provincial towns, in most places the day was much like other days. The followers of Señor Maura were the only ones who attempted to stir up an interest in the cause of their deposed leader. They issued a little booklet called "Catechism on the Doctrine of Maura," consisting of a series of questions and answers proving that Maura is the only person to save Spain from impending ruin, and that all of his opponents are enemies of the country and of the King.

The Mauristas also held several meetings at various theatres, at which there was little or no disturbance, which always goes to prove, here, that no one is interested in the cause; that is, sufficiently to break up the meeting. As there generally are entertaining sights at these gatherings, I went to one to get some information at first hand. The house was crowded, while the stage was occupied by about a score of men, party managers, speakers, and a few noted guests. Although many speakers displayed real oratorical power, not one presented any principles or platform, or proposed any particular legislation. It was all a question of personalities, every speaker making it as clear as he could that there was but one man in Spain whose patriotism, justice, and loyalty made him fit to govern the country. The speakers were frequently interrupted by cries of "*Viva Maura!*" and in every case, after closing his speech, the orator was effusively embraced and patted on the back by all who were on the stage. He then withdrew to some rear seat in order to recover from his emotions and to rest his arms, which he had waved incessantly for half an hour.

The result of the election has at least made clear one thing: Maura will not support Dato in the next Congress, and although the latter appears to have a very large majority over all of his opponents, it must be remembered that, by a peculiar election law, any candidate who presents himself in a specific precinct without any opposing candidate to contest the election with him becomes a Deputy to Congress without any struggle whatsoever. Thus about one-fourth of the membership of the New Chamber will consist of representatives whose real affiliations have never been publicly declared, and who cannot be counted on for a definite time to come. There seems to be some justification, therefore, in the frequently expressed view that the new Government, in spite of its seemingly large majority, cannot survive many sessions of the Cortes.

The chief parties have never been so broken up, there have never been so many petty leaders, and no election has ever brought out more bitter expressions of personal hostility, than the one just held. One result of the elections is, however, that the Republicans have decidedly lost ground in their chief strongholds, except in Madrid, where they elected five out of eight candidates. Nor can there be any doubt that the King is gaining in popularity. The great mass of the people seems to remain indifferent, for on them has fallen the bitter effect of centuries of misrule, and they see no hope of improvement. But there is less hostile criticism uttered, and friendly manifestations when the King passes through the streets are far more common than they were a few years ago. This may be ascribed first to the personality of the King, who in recent years has gone through some trying ordeals with admirable courage. In the second place, the continual unrest in Portugal has brought home to many Spaniards more than any local inefficiency the fact that Spain is not yet ripe for a republic.

The chief question for the new Cortes, one not once discussed during the last campaign, will be the budget. There have been many indications of increased national wealth in the last few years; economically Spain has improved. The revenues from customs receipts, for example, as well as the earnings of the railways, show a substantial increase. The latter item is particularly significant in the case of a nation the mass of whose people has been averse to travelling or moving about. But, owing to unusual expenses, such as the unfortunate Moroccan war, the balance sheet for the fiscal year of 1913 shows an unusually large deficit. The first grave problem will therefore be the increase of the revenue, with the possible reduction of the army in Morocco. R. S.

Books and Men

ANOTHER "EDWIN DROOD" TRIAL.

John Jasper, whose neck was saved from the English hangman through Mr. Bernard Shaw's desire to make an epigram, is again to be put in jeopardy of his life. This time it is in Philadelphia, where a mock-trial of the alleged murderer of Edwin Drood will be held on April 29.

It is a wonder they did not hang him in London. Foreman Shaw of the jury had his little joke about finding him guilty of manslaughter "in the spirit of compromise." But it is possible that all the jurymen would have voted for a verdict of murder in the first degree if it had not been for the prosecuting attorney. Mr. Cuming Walters, who "led for the Crown," arose at eleven o'clock in the evening and delivered a long, very earnest, and rather dull address. In short, he bored the jury, the Court, and the audience, "full of holes." Mr. Walters has written one book, compiled another, and published any number of letters, articles, and addresses to prove that Jasper's plot against Edwin Drood really succeeded. So he not only refused to be frivolous about the case, but he almost declined to be interesting. A discussion about the make-believe characters in a novel had no room in it, he thought, for lightness. And so the jury revolted and Jasper got off with his life.

The cards were stacked against Jasper from the start. The choir-master walked into court a half-doomed man. The defence seems to have taken a rather academic interest in an acquittal. But Mr. Walters's thirst for a conviction was very real. For nine or ten years (since his publication of "Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood") he has pursued Jasper as relentlessly as fate. And the defence virtually gave their case away before the trial began. They agreed not to produce Edwin in court, and then tried to clear his uncle of the charge of murdering him. This was an egregious blunder. Jasper's lawyers should have insisted upon producing in court a person—Datchery, or another—who would insist that he was Edwin Drood. Then the jury could have decided the question of identity.

If a writer who has recently described the approaching Philadelphia trial, in the Boston *Transcript*, is correctly informed, then the defence is going to make a worse blunder than that made in London. "It was proposed by the defence," he writes, "to call Drood himself to the stand by proxy, but the prosecution, rather than be handicapped by such a proceeding, agreed to admit that Drood was dead."

That was good of them! It gives them their case half-won. In London, Helena Landless was permitted to go on the witness stand and testify that *she* was Mr. Datchery; that she, the Oriental tragedy queen, already in love with that properest of persons, the Rev. Dr. Crisparkle, had been careering about Cloisterham in trousers and wig, eating fried sole, veal cutlet, and a pint of sherry for her dinner!

It is true that she said she did not drink the sherry, but poured it away. This is an invention of the exponents of the Helena-Datchery theory—Dickens says nothing about it. It is also true that the defence called Bazzard, who, in turn, testified that *he* was Datchery. Mr. Walters, in cross-examination, was far less successful in destroying his evidence than Mr. Cecil Chesterton, for the defence, had been in shaking Helena's story.

The identity of Datchery is, of course, a separate problem from the question of Jasper's guilt. It is, unless Datchery was Edwin Drood himself. And if the defence be not permitted to make this contention any argument about Datchery merely prolongs the trial—though it may add some humor to it. At the English trial Mr. "Justice" Gilbert K. Chesterton had to remind the prosecutor that his lengthy cross-examination of Bazzard was dragging a little. They must get on, for "we are all in high hopes of hanging somebody."

They say that the Philadelphia trial will be eminently fair because of the lawyers who are to take part in it. A Justice of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court will be on the bench, and the prosecution will be conducted by Attorney-General Bell and Judge Patterson, of the Court of Common Pleas.

Really, nothing could look worse for Jasper. Legally, the evidence against him is tremendous. It is because Mr. Walters and Sir Robertson Nicoll have looked at the problem in such a cold, legal light that they are sure of Jasper's legal as well as moral guilt. But imagine the choir-master's attorneys trying to present it as an artistic problem, as a study of the human equation! Those judges and lawyers would simply dance on the idea.

There is one ray of hope for Jasper. Among the talesmen are George Ade and "Mr. Dooley." The lawyers for the defence ought to see to it that these two humorists get into the box. They may find a way out for the prisoner.

The "legal" case for Jasper's guilt is very strong. Certainly, Dickens told Forster that his story was to concern an uncle who should murder his nephew. Certainly, the novelist's son and daughter believed that their father died still intending the murder to succeed. Certainly, Dickens told Fildes, the illustrator, that Jasper must have a black scarf—for with that "Jasper strangles Edwin Drood." Certainly, eighteen out of the thirty-two principal commentators on the problem have believed that the plot did not miscarry, and that Edwin's dead body was actually placed in the quick-lime after that sinister Christmas Eve dinner.

But—it is not a legal problem, in the narrow sense. It is a human problem—a question of the workings of a novelist's mind. Another novelist or literary man is a better judge in the case than any lawyer who looks at it in a purely professional light. That Jasper *tried* to murder Edwin is denied by no one; the question is whether he is legally as well as morally guilty. The list of literary folk, especially imaginative writers, who believe that Edwin escaped is rather impressive: "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Gillan Vase," Andrew Lang, William Archer, Comyns Carr, M. R. James, Clement Shorter, and Cecil Chesterton.

Forster and the Dickenses heard from the novelist that Edwin was murdered, but there is no proof that the plan was not changed afterwards. Charles Dickens was apparently in trouble with his plot towards the last days of his life. The statement to Fildes about the black scarf is not conclusive—an unsuccessful attempt might have been made with the scarf. (Fildes never seems to have drawn it, by the way.) Finally, and it is a point seldom emphasized, the machinery of the opium, Jasper's drugged trances, seem utterly unnecessary unless they were to prevent the murder. They would explain how the attempt failed, and do it beautifully. What other purpose have they?

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Poetry

ON TWO POEMS IN THE "NATION."

Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares et respondere parati.

Two shepherds on their oaten reeds
  Took up the pastoral song
(Poor Tityrus the while proceeds
  To drive their flocks along).

Menalcas wished it were his lot
  Beneath the beechen tree,
The turmoil of the town forgot,
  To whistle quietly.

Damœtas loudlier swept the string,
  "How dull is life," sang he,
"When every day it fails to bring
  Perils by land and sea."

Just then Palæmon chanced along;
  Requested, he decides:
"The Muses love alternate song,
  They like to hear both sides."

H. M. A.

News for Bibliophiles

ORIGIN OF THE CLOSED COUPLET IN ENGLISH.

Who first cultivated the closed ten-syllable couplet in series, the chief vehicle of English poetry from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth? Who first, not by occasional chance, but by frequent design, achieved its self-contained unity and those traits of style which favor unity—restraint, neatness, balance, antithesis? Mr. Saintsbury, in his "History of English Prosody," thinks it was Sir John Beaumont, or George Sandys, during the reign of James I; Mr. Schelling, in the thirteenth volume of the Modern Language Publications, that it was Ben Jonson. If any one deserves to be called the father of English "classicism" in general, one must agree with Mr. Schelling that it was Jonson. But as to versification, Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, anticipated both him and the others, in the skilful translations of Epistles XVI and XVII of Ovid's "Heroides" which form 1,100 lines of his "Britaines Troy." This long narrative poem, mostly in the *ottava rima,* was published in 1609, probably antedating Beaumont's and Sandys's significant work, and certainly most of Jonson's. But, further, Heywood esteemed these translations so highly that he had woven many extracts from them into acts i and ii of his "Iron Age," Part I, which on good grounds is to be dated about 1596, though not published till 1632. Therefore, the translations date almost certainly from the sixteenth century, and probably from the early 1590's. As to technique, Heywood uses the "run-on" couplet only half as often as Ben Jonson does, somewhat oftener than Sir John Beaumont, much less often than Sandys, Denham, and even Waller, other pioneers. We do not find in him, or in them, the finish and austerity of Pope, or even Dryden, as to rhymes and as to pauses within or after the couplet; yet he clearly strove, especially in the second of the translations, for the terse effect given by the final pause and by parallelism and antithesis, of which we find many cases not in his original. The epistles abound in such passages as these:

> Fulnesse of wealth in all my Fleete I see,
> I am rich in all things, save in wanting thee.
> . . . . . .
> *Theseus* repented, so should *Paris* doe,
> Succede in Love, and in repentance, to.
> . . . . . .
> You are more earnest to pursue your game,
> I yeeld you not more knowledge, but lesse shame.

Heywood's originality has been the less recognized, perhaps, because these translations are not well known or easily accessible; the only copy of "Britaines Troy" known to me came from George III's library to the British Museum. But by a curious fortune they are to be found elsewhere. Jaggard, the unscrupulous printer of that poem, in 1612 put them in the third edition of "The Passionate Pilgrime," attributing them to Shakespeare. In spite of Shakespeare's and Heywood's indignation, expressed in the same year at the end of the latter's "Apologie for Actors," they remained among Shakespeare's poems in the first collected edition, 1640 (as well as in such later editions as those of 1710—Gildon's, 1725—Sewell's, 1775 and 1804). As a result of this dissemination and of Shakespeare's name, they may even have helped a little to promote a taste for the stricter sort of verse.

If we were only shifting a rather dusty laurel from one head to another, the matter would be of little interest. But there is a plain indication here from what this verse-form originated. Mr. Saintsbury suggests the influence of the succinct couplet-close of the English sonnet and *ottava rima;* and later, no doubt, the example of Malherbe and his followers helped, as did also the deep and wide trend towards a more severe poetic manner. But what started and doubtless always nourished the taste is suggested by the title and versification of another work, which appeared in 1597, probably some years after Heywood's poems were composed. "England's Heroical Epistles," by Drayton, Mr. Schelling rejects on no very clear ground as a forerunner of Jonson's closed couplets; yet they show a far higher proportion of such couplets than either Jonson or Heywood does, as well as much use of antithesis and the like. The title of the poem, as well as its contents, a feigned verse-correspondence between various romantic lovers in history, clearly shows that Drayton was imitating what Heywood was translating, Ovid's "Heroides," as Pope did in "Eloisa to Abelard" over a century later. The elegiac distich, in which the "Heroides" are written, is kept as strictly complete in itself as the couplet of Pope, and is as neat and antithetical in style; of all naturalized English metres, its unequal hexameter and pentameter go best into the ten-syllable couplet. In the Latin elegiac distich, more than anywhere else, we find the origin of our most "classic" style of verse.

JOHN S. P. TATLOCK.

University of Michigan.

Correspondence

THE NEW "NATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have studied your recent prospectus and read the succeeding numbers of the *Nation* pretty carefully, and so far I see no reason to fear that you are headed for any dangerous reefs. I am no less anxious than Professor Reeves, or any other, that the *Nation* shall stand in the future for the same ideals as have characterized it in the past, but in entering a broader field it need leave no valuable trait behind, nor take up anything inconsistent with its record.

Born and brought up on the farm, I received my first knowledge of the *Nation* and the *Evening Post* from the college reading-room. I do not hesitate to say that this was the most important single event of my undergraduate life. I have acquired in the years following a fairly wide acquaintance with periodical literature, and know that I am within bounds in saying that through no other agency could I have been brought into contact with so many of the really important men and ideas of this and other ages as through the pages of the *Nation* and the *Evening Post.* It is rarely that I read any book which is not more easily understood, which does not mean more to me and suggest more to me, because of what I have gleaned from your pages since the beginning of my college days.

The stronghold of the *Nation* with those who know it is their conviction that its pages record the sincere opinions of its writers, and that there are certain fundamental principles for which it can be depended upon to stand in the future as in the past and present. Hold it rigidly to that standard, and you can enlarge its range of interest with entire safety. Whenever that is forsaken, the *Nation* will be dead, even though it may "have a name to live," as certain other periodicals of once high standing which have gone after strange gods. I have faith to believe that the thought of its apostasy from the ideals of Godkin and Garrison could be more repugnant to no one than to those by whom it is owned and edited. W. H. JOHNSON.

Denison University, Granville, O., April 3.

'CONSTITUTIONAL" GOVERNMENT IN MEXICO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The prevailing amount of misconception in this country regarding Mexico, in spite of the countless books and articles which have recently been devoted to that unhappy land, is proof that words and phrases which sound alike may be capable of the most widely divergent shades of interpretation under different conditions.

What we understand by "constitutional" government is one thing; what Mexicans mean by it is another. We have a constitutional government to-day and have had one since the foundation of our republic. Mexico has none now, and has never had one in the whole course of her turbulent and disorderly career as a separate nation. The average American when thinking and talking about Mexico usually has in mind a picture of a country with ideals and a political existence like our own, although, it may be, somewhat more imperfect. He says regretfully how sad it is that our neighbor is now so distracted by civil warfare and how much it is to be hoped that "normal" conditions will soon be restored. As a matter of fact, conditions in Mexico to-day are perfectly normal and are merely reproducing the ordinary state of existence there, if we except the really abnormal years of outward calm under the dictatorship (it is absurd to call it a presidency) of Porfirio Diaz.

Nothing more is needed to prove this contention than a casual perusal of the history of Mexico since its separation from Spain. The long list of Presidents and revolutionary uprisings becomes monotonous; administrations have changed almost daily. And, in fact, nothing else is to be expected of Mexico in this regard. It was colonized by a worthless set of pirates, criminals, and soldiers. In con-

trast with the Anglo-Saxon settlements in the United States, where the colonists came for the most part from worthy motives and under the influence of centuries of development tending towards self-control and political freedom, accompanied in many cases by their wives and families, the Spaniards descended upon the beautiful but unhealthy tropics of our continent, not from worthy motives, but almost solely as adventurers desirous of making a speedy fortune in the mines or by Indian slavery and of returning at the earliest moment to enjoy their wealth in Europe. They did not bring women with them, the result being the mixture of European, negro, and Indian blood which now comprises at least 95 per cent. of the Mexican population, exclusive of the purely indigenous race still surviving in Mexico, like the Mayas in Yucatan, the Yaquis in the northern states, and others who have never yet acknowledged the authority of the Government of Mexico. Ask an inhabitant of Yucatan if he is a Mexican and you will always hear: "No, I am a Yucatecan." Perhaps 5 per cent. of the total population of the country to-day has a smattering of education; all the rest are plunged in an ignorance and superstition as dense as any of the Middle Ages.

The great need of Mexico to-day is agrarian reform—a system of revised land tenure enabling the "peon," the backbone of the country, worthless, ignorant, cruel, and innately lazy as he is, to obtain and hold agricultural lands to cultivate for himself and his family, in order that the feudal holdings of the great landed proprietors may be broken up and forced into immediate and much-needed cultivation by peasant proprietors. Such a system would displace the conditions of peonage, or slavery, which really, although secretly, exist all over the country. Although illegal, the peonage is in many respects the counterpart of the slavery of our South before the Civil War.

Elections have always been the veriest farces in Mexico, the idea of an honest or "untrammelled" election being a highly humorous conception to any Mexican. The candidate to be elected is decided upon in advance, and orders are issued to declare so and so elected to such and such an office. Not three men in a hundred, even of those entitled to a vote, will venture to go near a polling place, and those who do are bold, indeed, if they should venture to oppose the chosen candidate.

The natural result of centuries of misgovernment, both colonial and republican, has been that patriotism, respect for the Constitution, and political honor, as we understand the terms, do not exist in Mexico. The Federal Government is expected to do everything; individual initiative is frowned upon and scarcely exists. The theory sometimes held that Mexicans would unite against a foreign invasion is another misconception in American minds. The Mexican can and does fight like a wildcat when cornered, as he expects torture and death to follow surrender; but to expect any volunteer resistance to invasion would be to ask too much in a land where criminals at the point of a bayonet are forced into the ranks of the army to fight for the Government against revolutionaries.

To understand the situation in Mexico as it confronts us, we must abandon all our own ideas of a government by the people, for the people, and once for all realize that although in theory Mexico is a sovereign state with an advanced republican form of self-government, in reality it is and has always been governed by a system of despotism which, however repugnant to our feelings of the rights of a people, is, unfortunately, the only form of control which can hope to succeed in that country now for generations to come. Until the moment to which Madero looked forward, years in advance of his countrymen, shall come when education and practice in political freedom shall have made the Mexican people capable of self-government by law and order, until that time must Mexico be ruled by a strong hand, a despotic military autocracy. Constitutional government in that land is a theory never yet realized; anarchy and revolution, supposedly in behalf of some principle, in reality to act as a cloak for deeds of shameless brigandage, are the realities which confront the Mexican people and, what is worse, confront the American people. MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER, JR.

New York, April 3.

THE DUTCH NAVY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The pessimistic letter of your Dutch correspondent about the sad condition of Holland's fleet is perfectly correct. But suppose that we should pay fifty guilders for every man, woman, and child in the country to build one or two dreadnoughts, what, in the name of common-sense, are we going to do with them?

England has twenty-nine, France seventeen, Germany nineteen of those big ships. Our one dreadnought might be gloriously blown to kingdom-come, but from a military point of view it would mean an absolute waste of men and money. The truth of the matter is that the small countries cannot possibly compete under a system which threatens to ruin the largest and most opulent nations. Building a modern fleet is not a question of patriotism, self-sacrifice, or courage. It depends entirely upon the size of the respective national bank accounts.

But here is another side of the matter to which I wish to draw your attention: From a legal and ethical point of view, ought the kingdom of the Netherlands to be allowed to enter the modern rivalry for big ships, and by so doing run the risk of war?

It has pleased the civilized world to make our national residence the centre of the movement for international peace. The edifice of the highest tribunal is situated a mile from the shore. Any respectable dreadnought, sailing peacefully in the North Sea, can shoot the Peace Palace into pieces in less than ten minutes. With our few ships and our necessarily limited means, we cannot possibly hope to defend the coast of the country, which in the general interest of the cause of peace ought to stay neutral during all future wars.

The only sensible solution of the difficulty seems to be this—let all nations agree to declare this territory an international sanctuary. H. W. VAN LOON.

Washington, D. C., March 29.

PAUL HEYSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Paul Heyse, who died on April 2, was born in Berlin in 1830. From his father, the celebrated philologist, Prof. Karl Heyse, he early learned to know thoroughly and love deeply his native tongue. No German poet, not even Goethe, has had a more perfect command of language. From his mother, a Jewess, came his artistic nature. At the age of seventeen when entering the University at Berlin, he was introduced by the poet Geibel into the house of the art-historian Kugler. Here the later so-called Munich school of poetry really arose. Heyse began his literary career with a volume of fairy-tales, "Jungbrunnen" (1849), in the style of the romanticists Brentano and Eichendorff; this was soon followed by a tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini," which shows unmistakably the influence of Shakespeare. After making a thorough study of Romance languages under the renowned Prof. Diez in Bonn, the young poet went to Italy to study Italian renaissance literature, and while there made fine translations of Leopardi and Giusti. On his return to Berlin in 1854 he married a daughter of Kugler, and went to Munich to live, having been called there by König Max at the suggestion of Geibel. In the meantime, he had published another tragedy, "Meleager," and several epic poems with the collective title, "Hermen." In Munich, where he became the King's constant companion and the acknowledged ruler of German letters, Heyse entered upon a period of very prolific production. He wrote a number of short epic poems, two of which, at least, "Die Braut von Cypern" and "Thekla," are excellent, and several dramas, one of which, "Die Sabinerinnen," took the Munich prize in 1858, but was not well received on the stage. Heyse has never been highly esteemed as a dramatist in Germany; he is by nature and preference an epic, not a dramatic, poet, and it is just in those dramas where broad epic rather than intense dramatic treatment is required that he is most successful. Of his twenty or more dramas the best are "Alcibiades," "Die schlimmen Brüder," "Ludwig der Bayer," and "Hans Lange." His essays in the modern realistic drama were signal failures.

Heyse found his true forte in the prose Novelle, of which he published several hundred. It was one of the first, "L'Arrabiata" (1855), which established his fame, and which still remains his best, as it is perhaps the most perfect short story ever written. Among his other Novellen the best are, by popular consent, "Zwei Gefangene," "Unvergessliche Worte," "Das Mädchen von Treppl," "Andrea Delfin," "Die Stickerin von Treviso," "Der Weinhüter von Meran," "Die

Dichterin von Carcassone," and "Grenzen der Menschheit."

Heyse has drawn his stories from nearly every nation and class of continental Europe and from almost all epochs. Never, however, has he written as so many Germans have, simply to depict a class or epoch for its value in the history of culture; with him class or epoch is always merely the background for a vital problem. He alone of all German story-writers is never pedantic or tedious. Just on account of his wide range of scene and intentional suppression of descriptive detail he has been accused of superficial observation and characterization. The accusation is utterly unjust. Heyse really gives by a few deft lines a picture of epoch and people more vivid than the average German writer does in as many pages. Only in his very latest stories, where most unfortunately he has been unable to escape the almost universal influence of so-called naturalism, has Heyse sacrificed eternal truth for ephemeral and fortuitous reality. He has been throughout a romanticist in his philosophy of life and art, but with a classic calm and restraint. He has held himself somewhat aloof, has thought perhaps too much of art and too little of life, has laid too much stress upon elegance of form and expression, but he has never degraded himself or his work by mere actuality.

About 1870 Heyse unfortunately turned from the Novelle, of which he was master, to the novel, in which he has done but mediocre work. "Die Kinder der Welt" (1873) is an attempt at a long novel of the revolution of German thought in the early '70's. It is a strange mixture of the philosophy of atheism and art, of Strauss and Schopenhauer. The main story, the struggle of Dr. Edwin between wife and mistress, is well enough done, but there is no unity to the book. Like all of Heyse's long novels it is a mere string of loosely connected stories with little or no development of plot and character. "Im Paradies" is a tale of Munich art-life, in which the doctrine of free love is openly preached. The only good feature of the book is the fine character of the artist Jansen, evidently drawn directly from life. In "Der neue Merlin" (1892) Heyse has sought to portray the fate of an idealistic poet in our realistic times. There can be no doubt as to who the poet is. Unhappily the author enters into long tirades against the new school of literature growing up in Germany and its adherents. It is regrettable that he attempted in a work of art to answer their scurrilous attacks upon him and his conservative attitude. Heyse's last novel, "Ueber allen Gipfeln," is another most unfortunate attack upon modern thought, upon Nietzsche and his Uebermensch idea. Here the author loses all control of himself—whatever Nietzsche's and his followers' philosophy may be, it certainly is not "the hideous nocturnal caterwauling of drunken, maudlin students."

As a lyric poet Heyse also attained eminence. His lyrics are always finished in form, often deep in thought and beautiful in sentiment; but they lack the spontaneity of Goethe's songs and have but seldom been set to music. Consequently he has never been a favorite with the German people in general. Forty years ago, among the literati, Heyse bore the proud and undisputed title of "Goethe's heir." Fifteen years later, when the great wave of naturalism had almost submerged German literature, he was ignored—even ridiculed as an "antiquated stylist." The naturalistic critics and propagandists had dethroned him, had, in fact, driven him from his native land. He went to live a retired life in his lovely villa near Gardone, on the beautiful Lago di Garda. Here I had the privilege of visiting him several years ago.

EDWARD STOCKTON MEYER.

Cleveland, April 4.

THE ROMAN LIBERALS TO LINCOLN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To my letter in the *Nation* of March 5 I have received interesting replies from Mr. Hugh McLellan, of New York, and from Mr. E. S. Johnson, curator of the Lincoln Monument at Springfield, Ill. It is certain that the stone from the wall of Servius Tullius with an inscription in honor of Lincoln has been since 1870 in Springfield, and since 1871 in the eastern interior wall of Memorial Hall. Mr. McLellan has sent me the "History and Description of the Lincoln Monument," by J. C. Power (Springfield, 1872), which contains a photographic reproduction of the stone and what is known of its history in America. The stone was found in the basement of the White House in 1866; thence it was transferred to the crypt of the Capitol. In the *Congressional Globe* of April 11, 1870, I find a motion of Congressman Peters, of Maine, to warrant its transference to the Botanical Gardens in Washington. It was on June 17 that Congressman Cullom, of Illinois, amended this resolution, requesting its delivery to the Lincoln Monument Association, which was done the following month. Cullom's speech on that occasion appears in the *Globe* under that date.

Between the documents that Gerardi unearthed in Rome and those cited by Power there is considerable discrepancy. The *Address* published in Rome in 1865 (July) specifically states that the stone was sent in commemoration of Lincoln's death. In this case, the theory of shipment on the unfortunate Uhla sounds plausible enough. It is clear in any case that the stone must have been addressed to the President of the United States, which fact explains its presence in the White House. It is quite incredible that the stone could have so been delivered to the private residence of President Johnson, entirely without his knowledge, or that his efforts, as described by Power, to find out something about the stone in 1866 should have been wholly in vain. The inscription on the stone reads: *Abrahamo Lincolnio Region. Foederat. Americ. Praesidi. II,* etc.: "To Abraham Lincoln President of the United States *for the second time.* . . ." In view of this, it would seem that the stone must have arrived during April or May in Washington addressed to Lincoln, and during the confusion attendant in the White House on his assassination and the subsequent illness of Mrs. Lincoln, was overlooked for the moment and then finally forgotten. The Roman *Address* must simply have utilized the emotion aroused by Lincoln's death to give an actual news value to the announcement of the earlier action of the Liberals, really taken on a different occasion. The essential point, in any event, is that even if the stone was aboard the Uhla, it was ultimately able to record its message of affection and esteem from the Roman patriots above the tomb of Abraham Lincoln.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

Columbia University, April 1.

CATALOGUES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with amazement (*Nation*, March 12, p. 277): "It is only in Germany that one has the right to assume the existence of well-made catalogues." Now, confining my appreciation to the catalogues of picture galleries only, I venture to assert that no German gallery possesses a catalogue as complete and thorough as those of Turin (Bandi di Vesme), Nantes (Nicole), and Louvre (Italian and Spanish schools, by Seymour de Ricci). The two latter catalogues are hitherto, as far as I know, the only ones which give the *whole* bibliography of every work described. I will add that I know several catalogues of minor galleries in England (Glasgow, for instance), which are superior to the catalogues you may get of Darmstadt, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, etc.

SALOMON REINACH.

Paris, March 26.

[Our reviewer somewhat exaggerated the primacy of Germany in art cataloguing, yet M. Reinach misconceives the intent of the phrase to which he objects. The question is not what are the best gallery catalogues, and where; but where are good gallery handbooks common enough to be the rule? The review itself was based on what is hardly more than a good gallery guide. M. Reinach's letter justly points out the notable progress made of recent years by England, France, and Italy. Germany holds her supremacy by a narrow and diminishing tenure.—ED. THE NATION.]

PUBLISHING JUVENILIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the spirit of your editorial in the *Nation* of March 5 on the *fureur de l'inédit* I am quite in accord. Yet I submit that the publication of youthful productions is often of real service to the literary historian, if not always to the great reading public. The publication by Louis Conard in 1910 of the *Œuvres de jeunesse inédites* of Flaubert is a case in point. Two of the three volumes contain some real literature besides furnishing valuable material to the student of the author's artistic development. The third, containing "his lucubrations from his thirteenth to the end of his seventeenth year" also makes accessible the first rude sketch of what became the

"Tentation de Saint Antoine," a subject that haunted Flaubert for forty years. This is certainly of interest. Furthermore, although few of these tales are of value in themselves, they prove as almost nothing else could do the intensely romantic nature of their author and what a long road he had to travel to attain the method of "Madame Bovary."

A. COLEMAN.

Chicago, Ill., March 25.

History in Australasia.

SYDNEY, March 1.

Australia has completed the first quarter of the second century of its existence as a community. In that comparatively brief space of a nation's growth, in accordance with the law that a colony repeats the development of the motherland, it has retraversed a large portion of the history of England. Its settlement, with some differences, was the settlement of Britain over again. It witnessed the Heptarchy and its "battles of kites and crows," though in a bloodless form. Its political evolution and the acquisition of responsible government curiously reiterate the political development of England. Its struggles with the aborigines were not unlike the Teutonic conquest of the British natives. Its industrial progress, beginning with the pastoral stage, its primitive and tardy agriculture, and its late manufacture recapitulate the industrial progress of the mother-country. Its literature, science, and art have had like origins. We shall better understand the annals of the motherland, if we are thoroughly acquainted with the story of the daughter-colony.

Dr. W. H. Fitchett* is therefore right in saying that the history of Australia is the evolution of a nation, seen under a lens. But he does not trace the parallelism between the two histories—he does not even imply it, and still less does he describe the unconscious nisus of the immigrants towards the pastoral occupation of the country and the formation of a free community, in opposition to the submerging conviction of the settlement and its governmental Socialism. These are the two keys to the history of Australia, but the author virtually confines himself to its more picturesque aspects.

He brilliantly narrates the strange story of the old maps, which show that Australia was discovered in the dreams of geographers centuries before the first ship touched its shores. These and a long line of literary allusions, running back almost to Aristotle, reveal a ghostly continent that stretched up to the Equator or shrank down to the South Pole, while a succession of mythical discoveries kept up an intermittent dance all around it.

The real discoverer of Australia, Dr. Fitchett holds, was not Torres or Dalrymple, but Capt. James Cook, and his portrait of the great navigator, originally published in a magazine, is already a classic which figures in the new anthology of Australian prose. Is it partly imaginary, as when he finds that Cook's eyes "seem to be searching some far-off sea-horizon"? He naturally misses the fighting quality in Cook's face, and he is disappointed. A Methodist minister who has a true vocation for letters, and perhaps a more imperious vocation for battle, expects something more in history than the works of peace. The doctor's best books, where his diction rises to its highest point, are tales of the battlefield, and the present volume doubtless suffers by its having no "drums" and very few "tramplings" to record. It has, indeed, the dispossession of the blacks, and that he relates briefly, justly condemning it as "the tragedy of a vanished race"—a sacrifice to "human stupidity," he thinks it, when it was really a sacrifice to lust, folly, and greed. With equal brilliancy he tells the story of the early exploration of Australia, and there he leaves it. The as yet untold remainder will rise to the heroic. Evidently, though published as an independent work, the book is but the first of a series of volumes on the history of Australia. They will have high literary and ethical value.

Clearing a century at a bound, we pass from the beginnings of New South Wales to the beginnings of the young Australian Commonwealth. That could have had no more fitting historian than the eminent counsel, of Australian origin, but an English barrister, who has told the story of its embryonic life and its birth with a personal authority and a native distinction that few could rival and no other surpass.* As the loyal follower of the first great Federationist in New South Wales, the eloquent statesman, Sir Henry Parkes, he was behind all the scenes that accompanied the inception and early stages of the movement, and, when Parkes passed away, Mr. Wise became himself one of the leaders. Henceforth he took part in all its battles, and he is therefore fitted to describe "the policy and the passions of contending parties." He was in daily intercourse with its public men, and he sketches "the personalities of the rival leaders." He, a democrat by acquired conviction, not by training, who startled the Oxford Union of his time by his advanced liberalism, and who became the author of the industrial arbitration system of New South Wales, dramatically portrays "the ebb and flow of popular sentiment," recognizing that this was the decisive factor.

Mr. Wise puzzles over the attitude of a leader for whom the famous phrase, "Yes—No," was coined, without ever observing that, such was the overwhelming force of the movement, federation was brought about by one who did not believe in the wisdom of it. It is one of the ironies of history. It is another of those ironies that the results of federation have been diametrically the opposite of those expected by both its friends and its foes.

We desire a fuller account of the influence of the United States on the formation of the Constitution of the Commonwealth, but are grateful for what we receive in its place. Mr. Wise tells of Mr. Justice Inglis Clark, then Attorney-General of Tasmania, who was "more American than the Americans," and had a large acquaintance with the Constitutional history of the United States. In his speech at the Melbourne Conference of 1890 he deposited the germs of the ideas that afterwards dominated the convention which framed the Constitution. As one of the two draftsmen of the Constitution his influence was great, and it was exerted in favor of the United States Constitution, which he avowedly preferred to that of Canada.

The book is not, as it has been absurdly styled, an "ideal history" of the Federal movement in Australia; it is, as it professes to be, "a record by an eyewitness," and as such it has great value and authority.

A third volume* carries us back to the discovery of New Zealand. Mr. Robert McNab, once Minister of Lands there, worthily consoles himself for the repeated loss of his seat and consequent exclusion from political office by dedicating his energies to the pre-history of his colony. Like the discoverers of the Accadians and the Hittites, he has had the rare good-fortune to strike an absolutely virgin tract in its annals. Who, before him, knew that in older days than the earliest colonists dreamed of ships had come thither from north and south, east and west, to carry on the once-important sealing and whaling industries? It is the southern parallel to the early fisheries that led the way to the settlement of North America. Two previous treatises had broken ground where no foot had trodden, and since they were published Mr. McNab has made another tour of the globe, visiting old and tapping fresh sources of information. After the old newspapers, where interviews with the sea captains were reported, the best were the logs of the American whalers preserved in the libraries of the historical societies on the east coast, from Salem to Washing-

*_The New World of the South; or, Australia in the Making._ By W. H. Fitchett, LL.D. London: G. Bell and Sons.

*_The Making of the Commonwealth._ By B. R. Wise. Longmans.

*_Old Whaling Days._ Melbourne: Whitcombe & Tombs.

ton. Unique among these is the log of the Mary Mitchell, which he found at Nantucket, and this he prints in full. He visited the descendants of the old whalers of New Bedford and other Eastern ports, and found them proud of their ancestors, as also communicative of old documents. He ransacked the MS. reports sent to England by the Governors of New South Wales, French official reports, custom-house entries, and still other materials.

He aimed always at producing "absolutely the earliest attainable version of the incidents chronicled." His method is that of the strictest historian, and he ignores all statements where the authorities are not named. This is admirable; but with what results? What is the outcome of so prodigal an expenditure of time, labor, and money? He professes to cover the history of New Zealand from its discovery by Tasman in 1642 till it was ceded to Great Britain in 1840, but between these two dates no British community existed. A chapter on American Whalers and Scientists sounds promising, and the information it contains is new; but it belongs rather to the history of marine industry and exploration than to the history of New Zealand. J. C.

Personality of Species.

THE DOMESTICATION OF WILD BIRDS.

The squat dâk bungalow fades into the dusk as I leave it at early dawn and walk quietly into the heart of the Burmese jungle. The sounds of the night are dying away and the morning chorus has not yet begun. It is the first of the only two intervals of stillness which the tropical wilderness ever knows; the second being the breathless heat-silence of blistering high noon. A sombre, sluggish stream slips noiselessly through the ferns and I wait by its edge for what the wilderness may offer. The first sound of diurnal life points my paragraph; a sudden, shrill crow—broken but unmistakable. Junglefowl are afoot and drinking. The bird crows again, the sound cutting through the silent dawn. A distant band of monkeys, already warmed by the sunlight in the tree-tops, bursts into Zoroastrian chorus. Close at hand comes a sharp *tuk-tuk-tuk-tuk-tukáuk!* and I know that a junglehen is watching me and is suspicious, not yet alarmed.

There is no more startling sound than the sudden crowing or clucking of these birds in the heart of the jungle. It is as if one of the flock of parrakeets swinging past should scream down "Hello, Polly!" It seems wholly out of tune with all the wilderness sounds, and unconsciously one looks for native houses where one knows no man has ever lived. No wilder bird exists than the red junglefowl which has not come into contact with mankind. Yet no living organism ever becomes so completely human-ordered, such a commercially reproductive machine, as this same jungle bird after a few generations of captivity.

Around the native villages there is constant crossing with the red junglefowl, but far from mankind, along the back reaches of Burmese and Malayan rivers, we find these forest fowl as wild as any pheasant. Trap them, and for a time they beat against their cage. Then quiet settles over them. They feed and crow and fight and court and breed. But their congeners, the other junglefowl, are altogether feral. They half-heartedly consent at times to lay eggs, but their offspring are always true to their savage inheritance. The chicks of the captured red junglefowl represent a considerable advance towards the inmates of the barnyard, and in the ensuing generations white feathers may appear and the high caste of courtship and normal nesting begin to break down. They soon show signs of that marvellous unnatural fecundity which renders them of such untold value to man.

The rock pigeon—ancestor of all our squabs and cote inmates—goes even farther in voluntary association with man. Of its own accord it will take up its abode in villages and cities, and I have seen scores roosting amid the noise and smoke of a Punjab railway station. We know how thoroughly domestic are the ordinary breeds of pigeons. The nearest related species of wild birds suffer death before they admit such intimacy.

It has escaped general notice that there are some phases of mental phenomena which can be carried up from the individual to the species. These are not dependent on physical environment or similarity of habits, but are inherent qualities. They are as rare as they are striking, and as yet we find no point of attack for explanation. This species personality presents an outlook upon life, an acceptance of changed conditions, which is like the spirit of the flock, of the herd, or common to widely scattered, wholly isolated individuals.

Take, for example, a pair of wild mallard ducks and a pair of teal. Feeding together on the water of the bay, they present no mental distinctions. Both are equally on the alert, both ready to take to flight when still beyond the range of gunshot. They ask nothing of man but to be let alone. They nest as far as possible from his presence. On migration they approach his haunts as little as need be. Their lives are virile, competent, independent. If every mortal should be swept from the earth tomorrow, the races of mallards and teal would suffer no change. Thousands of years before tree-men let themselves gingerly down from the lowest branches and began unsteadily to stagger about upright on firm ground, mallards and teal fed together on the waters of the bay, no different in form, in feather, in alertness.

But once in captivity, the teal and the mallards show an extraordinary difference of behavior. Years pass and the teal will still scurry away like frightened mice at our approach. If the teal have a pond and plenty of companions, they tolerate captivity. They are content so long as they are undisturbed, but they never cease to suspect, to be on the lookout for sudden attack. Their life in captivity is filled almost as constantly with apprehension as is their wild existence. As a species, they live and they die untamed.

The wild mallard for a short time resents confinement, but abundant food soon absorbs his interest. He ceases to look for danger when day after day the appearance of man coincides with a shower of manna. In a month he has accepted captivity and lives his new life to the full. Having tried his clipped wings and found them useless, he turns at once to the other joys of duck life, of sleeping, of swimming, of up-ending in the water, and dining on the essence of pond mud. Memory claims him only for a day or two at migrations when, compass-like, he wanders restlessly to north or south. His offspring are in very truth puddle ducks, overplump to do more than fly heavily around their natal landscape. The females of this generation hatch their own ducklings, but often leave them to the care of one bird, who vainly tries to cover forty or fifty at once. The ducks then make other nests and rear other broods. This is against all avian law and order as found in the wilderness, and reflects the degenerating influence of domestication. Whether from excessive appreciation of the advantages of the new régime, or from some mental state akin to fatalistic acceptance of kismet, or from sheer stupidity, we cannot say, but at all events, in the brain of the mallard there are latent possibilities which do not exist in his nearest of kin. Physically, the black duck differs in the case of the drake, which has retained somewhat of the plumage of the females of both species. Mentally, the two are as wide apart as the poles.

We are only just beginning to learn something about the strange birds of South America, but already we recognize in some of them still another phase of mentality—super-specific, almost continental. The screamers, the seriamas, the trumpeters, the curassows, and guans, all are mentally related. All submit gracefully to captivity and become so tame that even with liberty and full

wings they refuse to return to the jungle. But they also refuse to breed, and with a few isolated exceptions we may say almost that they never reproduce in captivity.

Between the two groups in point of mentality comes the peacock. He is neither a barnyard fixture nor a commercial servant of mankind. He keeps his caste. His courtship, breeding, plumage, remain undefiled. He walks alone, he condescends, he allows no feeling of complete possession.

William Beebe.

Joseph Conrad.

Conrad's place among current English writers is peculiar. It is detached, and a little aloof. It represents a literary career virtually contemporary with that of the group of brilliant irresponsibles which, during the past decade, has so joyously and consciously dominated the scene. Shaw is not Chesterton, and Chesterton is not Bennett; but they and their comrades in brilliancy are confessedly all of a piece in their attitude towards the public. Amuse the brute: if it wants a variety show, see that it gets its shilling's worth. Why be a homely slighted shepherd when one knows how to be a head-liner? Never mind dignity, never mind reserves—watch 'em sit up! Thus, to the amazement and consternation of a responsible America, has frivolous Britain conducted her recent experiments in what we have been bred to revere as English literature. The method has its penalties. "Have you seen Chesterton's latest?" or "Oh, Bernard Shaw, of course!" Contrast these social casualties, and the smile of easy patronage appertaining, with the expressions, verbal and other, of respect and esteem greeting the name Conrad.

"Esteem" is an old-fashioned word, but there is none which, after reaching middle age, an artist in any sort is likely to hold in higher regard. It means something solid, something stable and well-rounded in his make-up and achievement; something human, too, in a quieter and less spectacular sense, of that patient old word. People who have not read Conrad have this sort of feeling for him. It is in the air. Fame, indeed, is determined neither by a special constituency nor by a vast comprehensive public. It is less a matter of consensus than of general impression. And Joseph Conrad is a name which, by the general impression, stands for fine and strong work, and for an uncommonly interesting personality. Mention him in any company and you find him cheerfully conceded a place at or near "the head" in contemporary literature. Even persons who do not greatly relish his quality admit that it is there to be relished. There is a kind of glamour about him.

I.

This is due in part, no doubt, to the touch of exoticism in the man and in his work. His personal genesis has something to do with it. It is even more gratifying than surprising to English readers that a foreigner should have chosen our tongue for his loftiest uses, and have become a master of it. But such mastery could hardly be achieved of sheer deliberation. The slow and (for him) sure means by which Conrad made his way towards it involve an experience which is a romance in itself. The substance and meaning of this experience he has set forth in "Some Reminiscences," a volume that, by one of those unaccountable mischances which overtake English books on their way to America, came to us under the more pretentious title, "A Personal Record."

Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski was born in 1857, of a distinguished Polish family. A grand-uncle was a Chevalier of Napoleon's Legion of Honor, and took part in the disastrous Russian campaign. A family legend to the effect that in the course of the retreat from Moscow he ate dog—*a* dog—long obsessed the fancy of a young grand-nephew. Conrad's father was a man of uncommon ability, an accomplished writer of prose and verse; and translated a number of English books into Polish. For his part in the luckless revolt of '63 he was condemned to exile. His wife had been seriously ill, but the Russian authorities gave her no time for recovery, and she left Poland only to die. In this instance exile did not mean destitution; Conrad was carefully educated, with a view to such a career as might still be fit and possible for a Polish gentleman. But his boyish ambition led in a very different direction. It was common enough in itself; multitudes of land-bound infants have dreamed of the sea. But with most of them the dream is brief or easily broken. The phantom of the sea-hero passes of itself, with those kindred ghosts of cowboy and detective, or is dissipated rudely enough by a taste of real salt water. With this boy neither thing happened; the dream persisted in making itself a reality, and the reality justified the dream.

Conrad's family could not foresee this, of course. Not only was it improbable in a general sense—there was no ghost of family precedent for the impulse. The boy himself could only assert it, not justify it: "Why should I, the son of a land which such men have turned up with their ploughshares and bedewed with their blood, undertake the pursuit of fantastic meals of salt junk and hardtack upon the wide seas?" There was no more explaining the impulse than gainsaying it; and the gallinaceous uncle who was then his guardian could only cluck remonstrably as, in due season, he put forth upon his strange element. He became a British seaman, and a British master mariner.

II.

If the sea had been his only passion, or if it had been able to absorb all his energies, we should have had no "Almayer," no "Lord Jim." But the faithful and able seaman had a spark of genius as well as a taste for books. During his later years in the merchant service—perhaps it would be more just to say during all of them—he was serving quietly and even secretly his apprenticeship in craft more difficult than that of the sea. It is amusing (if idle) to speculate upon what certain of his contemporaries might have achieved in similar conditions. Most of them have come into literature by way of the hard drudgery of journalism—and boast of it. What sort of first book should we have had from Mr. Shaw or Mr. Bennett as the result of twenty years' silence and self-discipline in a lonely cabin, on the high seas or elsewhere? A different world of "Truth About an Author" here!

It was the right way for Conrad, who has never sufficiently grasped the modern English fashion, to profess contempt for his art. By what slow and laborious degrees the dim figure of Almayer took on form and color in his imagination, and at last found expression in printed words, his creator has described in "A Personal Record." "Almayer's Folly" was indeed the focal object of those reminiscences. It is a book for which, as his first-born, the author has a particular fondness; and for the reader no later book is more typical of him. It was a product of experience and of sore labor. Conrad's human figures are drawn, not from life, but out of life. Almayer had a real prototype whom Conrad had once glimpsed, dingy and stranded, in a Bornean backwater. The figure had its haunting significance for him, and came by degrees to embody in his fancy a type too familiar in the tropics, that of the decadent European, struggling vainly against the stifling and enervating influences of his unnatural environment. Kipling has recognized it, but unwillingly, and only as a disgraceful antitype of his conquering White Man—a squalid supernumerary in his drama of a triumpnant (and British) civilization. It could not have occurred to Conrad, for his part, to attempt the rôle of spokesman for any race or set of conditions. He has seen much of the world, but he has mused and brooded upon the mystery of it instead of trying to reduce it to a formula. The doctrinaire is as strong in Kipling as the artist: in Conrad he does not exist.

Mr. Galsworthy has asserted that Conrad is singular among novelists in possessing the "cosmic spirit," in realizing that "the little part called man is always smaller than the whole," that "nature is first, man is second." To this generalization an American commentator, Mr. F. T. Cooper, has rightly taken exception. The power of Conrad's stories lies, he says, in "their vital and tremendous human interest. It is quite true that he deals with titanic forces. . . . But everywhere and always his unit of measurement is man: man measuring his puny strength against the universe, and foredoomed to defeat; yet in his defeat remaining always the focal point of interest." This is excellent as far as it goes. The conquering hero of domestic or imperial romance plays a small part upon Conrad's stage, and plays it with indifferent success. It is the hapless struggle of man with the universe which lifts his imagination—lifts it clear of the mere unpleasantness of pathos, fairly to the plane of tragedy.

III.

But it is not a merely physical universe with which he sees man haplessly and tragically at odds. He does not choose to belittle nature with a capital letter. No one has more wonderfully painted the ruthlessness of seas and winds; for there he has seen nature at her tragic task. But these perils are not for the mass of men; to the deeper imagination they are graphic symbols of infinitely varied forces of destruction. On land also Nature in her tragic mood works towards her ends of pity and terror, by slow pressure of inescapable circumstance, by trivial turns of chance, by searching out the minute and hidden flaws in the hearts of men.

A little examination of Conrad's work as a whole shows how small a part in the essential action of the stories is played by physical nature. In "Typhoon," to be sure, the storm has something like a malignant personality, against which no human strength or skill is of avail. The vessel crowded with its helpless mortals is of no more significance than a chip covered with ants in a spring freshet. In "Amy Foster" the sea plays a crueller trick upon the sole survivor of its latest wreck than casting him upon a desert island. He is tossed up on the English coast—a young Slav with no speech but his own, unable to find out where he is, or to explain whence he has come, terrified, hunted, and finally starved: the sea is responsible for this. But in the greater number of these stories actual sea-disaster is of little account. To "Lord Jim" the bitter irony of his case lies in the fact that there has been no disaster, but only the fear of it.

Here is a situation so typical, a theme so characteristic, as to be worth rehearsing, despite its familiarity to many readers who know little else of Conrad's work. Here, at the outset, is a young Briton such as Kipling is fond of portraying, a healthy, charming, apparently normal boy. He is secretly of romantic temper, and has fed his youth on dreams of heroism. He is fond of imagining perilous crises, with himself at the fore, leaping into the gap, rescuing the helpless, going down with the ship. "He confronted savages on tropical shores, quelled mutinies on the high seas, and in a small boat on the ocean kept up the hearts of despairing men—always an example of devotion to duty, and as unflinching as a hero in a book." His first years at sea were a disenchantment, for after many voyages he had found much routine, and no openings for heroic achievement. Then a minor chance landed him in the post of mate in a decrepit old steamer in Eastern waters, laden with hundreds of Arab pilgrims. One night they scrape along a submerged derelict, there is a breach forward, and only a rotten bulkhead keeps the old ship afloat. Only the officers know what has happened. It seems a question of minutes; there are only boats enough to hold a handful of the passengers: Lord Jim finds himself, he hardly knows how, in a boat with the other recreants, leaving the doomed ship, with its sleeping freight. He is a ruined man. That the ship does not go down, so that his shame is brought home to him, is not the main fact. He has been false to his ideals; and the punishment which follows him relentlessly through the years is rooted in his own breast. So is that of Falk, who cannot win back to peace from the memory of a revolting crime. Akin, too, is the tale of "Nostromo," the adventurer who in a strange land makes himself honored and trusted, whose whole satisfaction in life lies in his sense that he is worthy to be trusted, and who is finally warped by circumstance and the single temptation to which he is liable, into a thief.

In another series of tales the tragedy lies in man's unequal struggle with unnatural conditions of climate and environment. "Lord Jim" itself belongs in a sense to this class, since the man was not really fit for the sea, never loved it for its own sake. So Almayer, by no means a weakling, is doomed to degeneracy under the influences of his Malay life. The poignant element in his tragedy lies in the failure of his stubborn attempts to marry his half-caste daughter to a white man, and so, in some dim but to him essential fashion, to make terms with fate. Again, in "The Heart of Darkness" we find, with the depths of an African jungle as the scene of his mortal struggle, a white man losing, one by one, the qualities which make life worth living for him.

IV.

If there is one element in human life upon which, more than upon any other, Mr. Conrad's fancy habitually plays, it is the element of pure chance. His own career, he tells us, was assured at the start by a bit of chance. His tutor had been at him for two years to give up his hopes of the sea, and had almost prevailed, during a memorable argument on top of the Furca Pass; when the grin of a passing Englishman brought sudden and decisive reinforcement to the weaker side: "His glance, his smile, the unextinguishable and comic ardor of his striving forward appearance, helped me to pull myself together." The argument went on, but the cause was lost forever. In the novels, chance—seldom coincidence in the vulgar sense, but pure casual occurrence—is continually asserting its power. If the weak heart of the Patna's donkey-man had not given out at a particular moment, Lord Jim would never have taken the fatal jump to ruin. If the bomb-thrower in "Under Western Eyes" had not chanced to possess a keen eye for the "easiness" of a fellow-student, he would have sought another asylum—and there would have been no story. It is not surprising that we should now find "Chance" taken as the title of his latest story.

It is decidedly the best of the Conrad stories which are not exclusively stories of the sea. But though part of the action takes place on land, and on English land, the whole performance has the right sea-flavor. One fact, to begin with, will endear it to a multitude of readers: it is told for the most part by the inimitable Marlow, the well-remembered chronicler of "Lord Jim." He winds into his subject with all his old subtlety and exhaustiveness, his gruff pretences of cynicism and his underlying passion of sympathy. Nowhere has Conrad achieved finer character-study than in this portraiture of the good and solemn "little Fyne," his excellent and ridiculous wife, and their unhappy "girl-friend," Flora de Barral. Young Flora is daughter of a swindler whose huge and complacent frauds have finally left him behind bars. The shock of his exposure, and other shocks which follow, are almost too much for the girl's mind; and she is rescued just in time by a Captain Anthony, who marries her and takes her off to sea. A misunderstanding keeps them for a long time "married in name only." Its ending is a happy one in all senses. For if, on a certain dark night, Anthony's mate, young Powell, had not happened to stoop for a rope three inches from the skylight of the captain's cabin—if that skylight had not chanced to be patched with a bit of clear glass—he would never have seen—what he did see; and

the lives of a number of people would have been different.

V.

Winding into his subject, building his story as if at haphazard out of scenes and incidents rarely presented in consecutive order, is, of course, Conrad's method before it is Marlow's. Persons who insist on "a straight story," and who do not respond to subtleties of feeling or atmosphere, will make very little out of such a tale as "Lord Jim" or "Chance." But it is surprising what a large range of readers, some of whom would presumably be impatient of this writer's methods, yield to his charm. One may be impatient, but it is hard to put down such a story, once begun. The story-teller somehow manages to keep an even strain upon the slender line at the end of which the reader's attention may be straining or sulking. And in the upshot one feels how inevitable it has all been, how naturally, for this practitioner, the thing has been done. The subject, whatever its nature, appears then to have been not so much exhausted as illuminated from every angle. We feel always the dignity and restraint of the operator—his wise instinct to keep, even at the end, something up his sleeve.

But it is impossible to judge the substance of his work as apart from its style. Conrad was in his twentieth year before he knew a word of English. Less than twenty years later, he published his first book, and it was hailed at once as a masterpiece, in English. He has always been an artist, he has never put forth work representing less than a maximum of effort. Some seventeen years ago he expressed what has remained his creed as an artist, an utterance worth quoting for those who wish to understand the man and his work:

> It is only through complete, unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting, never discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences, that an approach can be made to plasticity, to color, and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words; of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage. The sincere endeavour to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering, weariness, or reproach, is the only valid justification for the worker in prose. . . . My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is before all, to make you see. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there, according to your deserts, encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand; and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.

H. W. Boynton.

Literature

VILLON AND OTHER FRENCH POETS

"François Villon—sa Vie et son Temps" (H. Champion), by Pierre Champion, is a book about a poet much loved for his few verses that have survived and known scarcely at all as a person save for a few very human actions and passions.

Thanks to the stubborn effort of erudite contemporaries of our own, we know of François Villon's life as much as might be held entire in one page. His work is made up of one scholar's poem, the "Lays," and the "Testament," which counts only for 2,032 lines. . . . How can we help agreeing with Clément Marot's wise policy of ignorance in so uncertain and parlous a matter: "As to the industry of *lays* which he makes in his *testament*, to know it sufficiently and understand we should need to have been of his time in Paris and have known the places and things and men of which he speaks." . . . In spite of the seeming paradox, we who are four centuries away know more of him than Clément Marot did, though he came scarce two generations later. . . . And so I have tried to walk with the reader through the Paris where Villon wandered, and point out the houses and particulars of streets and life which the poet mentions—that which a scholar of his own time would have seen in the great town. A journey of the imagination, if you will, but justified in whole and in part by documents.

The Preface details scrupulously the names and "effort" of students of archives like Gaston Paris, and Longnon, and Marcel Schwob, who labored to bring Villon out of the past so that "the only (French) poet of the Middle Ages read nowadays" might live for us as something more than a voice. Pierre Champion has already exercised his own hand at bringing back Charles of Orleans, whose singing is known to readers of Longfellow, and, of course, to all that cultivate the *rondeau* or the *ballade*, by his book, published in 1911, that received the Prix Gobert from the French Academy. For a dozen years, ever since the preparation of his thesis at the Ecole des Chartes, our author has thus lived in the time which he reconstitutes for us here.

The first chapter goes back to the uncle who was chaplain in the very Parisian church, dependent on Notre Dame, of Saint-Benoît le Bétourné (St. Benedict-awry, or ill oriented); and in its cloister, where he had a house, he brought up by hand his graceless but not ungrateful nephew François, who wrote his thanks long after:

> *Item*, et à mon plus que père
> Maître Guillaume de Villon.

Childhood passes round these churches with their illuminating symbolism, with Bible and saints' legends and moralities. Next come the schools for his university degrees, what he studied being known from traces in his verses; university troubles, in which he was sure to bear his part; taverns, and games, and night-walkers; serenades, and wrangles, and the watch in chase; clerics, and men seeking filthy lucre, and prisons—roundabout the greater Paris, with all it had for a poet to see, and do, and suffer. This is matter for the first volume.

The second volume goes on to Villon in loves and murders, in the singing of *lays* and robberies, leading straight to a life of forced wandering far away amid brigand bands of Coquillards—spurious pilgrim "companions of the Cockle Shell." All ends with the "Testament" of the last years and repentance, if only there were time for respectable living—and, after death, the inevitable legend. Besides continual footnotes and references, there are 110 pages of multiple appendix with genealogies and documents; and the fine inset plates are themselves documentary. Each volume has its analytical table of contents; and, at the end of the second, there are forty-three triple-column pages of alphabetical index of names and things and old French words—a complete apparatus for the modern student who wishes to go deeper than the mere reader of delightful text:

> Though he was no "Master of Theology," Villon felt need to tell us he should be saved. A preacher of those other days like Michel Menot (a page from this Cordelier's simple sermon on the Prodigal Son closes the last chapter) would have thought so too. Without sharing their faith, it is impossible to appraise our poet's upsoaring and downfalling—our judgment is too rigid, our heart too dry. For us Villon remains an enigma.

Better, perhaps, than the author knows, his book establishes a canon of criticism for those, of other days and our own days, who, like Villon, "laugh in tears" and buy *remords de conscience*.

"La Poésie Française du Moyen Age" (Mercure de France), by Charles Oulmont, is a collection of original texts, with modern version and competent notices, of Old French poems from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, and thirty pages of literary introduction. It forms the opening volume, complete in itself, of an "anthology of French poetry from its beginnings to our day." It stops short before the coming of Charles of Orleans and François Villon, who will be taken up in the next volume on the poets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—from the ending of the Middle Ages to the French Renaissance. The passages chosen for the text have an interest of their own. Each is prefaced by a list of manuscript sources—for we are not yet at the age of printing—and

the successive printed editions and commentaries. The first is "La Cantilène de Sainte Eulalie," the most ancient monument of the French language, and properly a *sequence*, that is, a short rhythmic poem sung at mass before the Gospel, between Gradual and Alleluia:

> Buona pulcella fut Eulalia,
> Bel avret corps, bellezour anima.

Narrative poetry has 100 pages, with twenty-five instances, such as the known "Chanson de Roland," the "Roman de Brut" of Wace, the "Death of Tristan and Yseult," "Aucassin and Nicolette," the "Roman de Renart," "Roman de la Rose," and several Fabliaux. Lyric poetry, apparently developing later, has also nearly 100 pages of Romances and Pastourelles, Bertrand de Born, Rutebeuf's "Complainte," and even Froissart, loved for his prose. There are twenty-five pages of dramatic poetry, with a Mystery of Adam and a Miracle of Notre Dame.

Sarcey poked fun at French examination papers in English schools demanding the feminine of the participle *resous*, which, he said, no Frenchman knows or would use if he did know—he himself did not know that it has still a technical use in pharmacy; but this rather adds point to his criticism. Our author frankly presents archaic French, but in morsels of good poetry which is always new; and it shows, moreover, how a people's life grows with its language and literature:

> Main se leva la bien faite Aeliz;
> Bel se para et plus bel se vesti:
> Si prist de l'aigue en un doré bacin,
> Lave sa bouche et ses oex et son vis;
> Si s'en entra la bele en un gardin.

(Early in the morning, buxom Alice rises; Fair her looks and fairer still her dress: Pours out water in a gilded basin, Washes mouth and eyes and face; So the belle into the garden goes.)

"Comment il faut lire les Auteurs Classiques Français' (A. Colin), by Antoine Albalat, is a useful work for the methodical reader of French literature; and its methods might profitably be applied to English authors. It is not a book of extracts, but the work of a practical critic who has published books on "the formation of style by the assimilation of authors," on "the enemies of the art of writing," and another, one crowned by the French Academy, on "the labor of style taught by manuscript corrections of great writers." His present motto is from Montesquieu's "Persian Letters" and runs counter to anti-Humanist pretensions of our day: "It seems to me that till a man has read the old books he has no reason to prefer the new."

This book is neither a History nor a Manual of Literature. . . . I have tried, most of all, to study the workmanship and processes and originality of classic authors . . . I have avoided as much as possible the discussion of general ideas and philosophic considerations. . . . I try to explain in what the great talent of writers consists and how we can come to love those who have the reputation of being somewhat hard reading. Another thing is too neglected and I have thought it my duty to insist on it—the filiation, origin, and descendance of authors. . . . I wish to teach the love of literature—no ordinary thing. . . . Classic authors will always be the basis of all solid instruction, because they are the basis of all observation and human truth, and because it is they who reveal to us our own originality and teach us even to do that which is contemporary and modern.

The work reaches from Villon to Victor Hugo, taking those authors whose writings, in a language cultivated like the French, are literally "classic" because used in the classes.

"En lisant Corneille" (Hachette), by Emile Faguet, is a typical book of that full and exact and ready Academician:

I purpose, while reading the author chosen for the day along with my reader, to situate him in his time and in the particular world in which he lived; to make acquaintance with his temper and character, especially with what he has said about himself or let clearly appear; to grasp the particular nature of his genius and do this from the text itself; to avoid as much as possible general ideas and arrive at intimacy with the author and live, as far as may be, with him.

Intrepid M. Faguet announces eleven other authors, down to Victor Hugo, for future application of the same process—which gives pause for thought, remembering the immensely longer list of books, all readable and many important, already produced by this relentless reader and teacher and writer. Corneille should have a particular good word, for he has always been esteemed more conformable to English thought, and present currents seem setting back towards him.

"Alfred de Vigny" (Mercure de France), by Léon Séché, is a characteristic book of this indefatigable writer of anecdotal studies, from unpublished documents, of the history of the Romantics. This is his sixteenth work of the kind, all revolving round Sainte-Beuve, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Victor Hugo, and the Cénacles, with many side-lights—and now this revived half-favorite of our capricious generation, Alfred de Vigny. The first volume deals with his literary, political, and religious life; and the second with what is labelled "la vie amoureuse," but including chapters on his mother and friendships as well. It is really a greatly enlarged rewriting of the first of all this author's researches in contemporary letters and gossip of the Romantic period; and he may well recall that, at the time, it was predicted historians would cut wood in his forest. Even so, he has had to reserve quantities of historical and critical notes on the separate works of Alfred de Vigny for the complete edition of them which he is now publishing:

How often, while writing this or that chapter, have I not said to myself: If Sainte-Beuve had known this letter and this document, what use he would have made of it! Surely, there was only he to understand how to uncover people and show their soul nâked!

Those who seek understanding in such historical remains will find great value in the fifteen two-column pages of index of proper names.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Masks of Love. By Margarita Spalding Gerry. New York: Harper & Bros.

The lady-errant was to have been expected in this age of feminism. Why should not Dulcinea, as well as her lover, set forth in quest of adventure? But, of course, it is not romance that she seeks. Dulcinea is a college graduate, serious-minded, and thirsts for a knowledge of "real life." Be it life or death, as Thoreau says, we crave only reality. Marjorie Spofford is an orphan; her fiancé is studying abroad; she has a small income and can do as she likes. Without consulting her fiancé, or even notifying him, she decides to spend the year before her marriage in a search for real experience; and, of course, she seeks it on the stage. It is clear that such a story is intended chiefly for young persons who have an ambition like Marjorie's, but who are not so fortunately placed as to be able to realize it. In other words, here is what purports to be a slice of that ancient yet tempting apple which made so much trouble in the Garden.

It must be admitted in favor of the Serpent that he "delivered the goods." Not so much can be said for the author of "The Masks of Love." The story has about as much relation to reality as the old-fashioned Sunday-school book had. It is, however, readable, and calculated to give the young person the illusion that she is being enlightened. As usual, the method is a somewhat discreet exposure of the physical side of love. With what satisfaction will the ingenuous reader peruse such sapient absurdity as this:

Dimly she remembered words that some modern woman writer had written. . . . The idea was that love was a road lying between physical passion and spiritual emotion. A woman entered it by the gate of her spirit, and only sometimes travelled the whole road. With a man, it was passion which he knew first—and he did not always complete the journey. To-day this occurred

to her as lying at the heart of her ridicule.

"How true that is!" the gentle reader will say to herself.

Anthony the Absolute. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Co.

When the musical scientist whose phenomenally delicate ear can distinguish eighty-one tonal intervals to an octave meets the woman gifted with a corresponding nicety of vocal pitch, there would seem to be a sufficiently novel story ready-made. Mr. Merwin, with whom the presentation of familiar American types against Oriental backgrounds is something of a specialty, has sent his pedant on a search for specimens of primitive Japanese and Chinese music with which to prove his theory, and for good measure has likewise set a bibulous and bloodthirsty husband to scour the China coast for the truant singer. He has even added, by way of an up-to-date garnish, a feminist problem and its solution. For Anthony, whose moral perceptions are no less refined than his aural sense, is the most enlightened feminist imaginable. To his ultra-sensitive conscience "to stop a woman's growth" by limiting her to the usual wife's sphere, is fully as abhorrent as a caveman's wooing would be to the average citizen. Is this the chivalry of the future wherewith shall be won the heart of the New Woman that Mr. Merwin, in the diary of his accurate, self-observant Anthony, has undertaken to declare unto us, slyly appending that the question of curtailing women's liberties can with perfect safety be left to the women themselves? Not that theories matter much in a bit of comedy lightly spiced with melodrama.

The Business of a Gentleman. By H. N. Dickinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A thoroughgoing British detestation of all the new-fangled notions that make the England of to-day so discouragingly unlike the good old England of several centuries ago speaks eloquently from these pages. Conflicting points of view on the social problem are shrewdly personified and made to serve as *dramatis personæ*. Right triumphs in the person of Bobby Wilton, Baronet, who summarily settles a strike, as he does all other questions of his life, by the fearless application of feudal principles. With Bobby's help the author demonstrates that what the malcontent workingman really feels the need of is the hand of a genuine, true-blue aristocrat to feed him and make him work and give him a beating on occasion. Consider the passionate servility of which the laboring class is capable. It is the point for which his race has been bred. Does not the presence of this quality postulate a ruling class—by natural law if not by divine right? Shall so-called labor leaders and crack-brained theorists deprive the helpless masses of their natural protectors? Shall female agitators and organizers and meddling supervisors of private morals and public affairs be permitted to achieve celebrity at the expense of the defenceless poor? Not while there are energetic gods in Olympus — like Bobby — and sweet, imperturbable goddesses like his lady wife, and mercurial imps of good family like his young friend, Eddie Durwold.

That part of the reading public that still thinks it worth while to regard G. B. S. as a menace to society will find in this book a rare treat, for, common as this kind of dogged prejudice is, it does not often find a spokesman who has the gift of wit and skilful persuasion. Most amusing to an American is the display of anti-feminist ardor. Mr. Dickinson includes a masterly study of one of the "deadly females"—a creature of really Satanic bloom. She is altogether the most significant contemporary specimen he has succeeded in catching, and he is far too clever a student of humankind not to make the most of her.

A GALLANT NAVAL OFFICER.

George Hamilton Perkins, Commodore U. S. N.: His Life and Letters. By Carroll Storrs Alden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Commodore Perkins was without doubt one of the most gallant and efficient of the younger officers of the navy who suddenly found themselves called by the outbreak of the rebellion in 1861 to positions of danger and of importance. One of the early graduates of Annapolis—at the foot of his class—he was a striking illustration of the ability of that school to take a raw country boy, who had never even seen the ocean, and to turn him out as capable a naval officer as any afloat. In many respects Perkins's early career was a close parallel to George Dewey's, but Perkins was the more distinguished when hostilities ceased. Both came of simple but sturdy New England stock, both were home-loving and of the stuff that yielded not at all to the temptations which wrecked so many capable men in the days of long and lonely cruises off the coasts of Africa, of Central America, or of other remote regions.

Thanks to his initiative and daring and partly owing to deserved luck, Perkins took a prominent part in three notable happenings of the war. As executive and pilot of the Cayuga he led Farragut's fleet past Forts Jackson and St. Philip and up to New Orleans, capturing at one time three of the enemy's gunboats and being the first target of the entire hostile flotilla. Next it fell to Perkins's lot to be one of the two officers who were the first Federals to land and demand the surrender of New Orleans, Capt. Theodorus Bailey being the other. There is no more thrilling episode in the history of the navy than the story of the appearance of these two unarmed men in the captured city. It has been often told, but never better than by an eye-witness, George W. Cable:

> About one or two o'clock in the afternoon (as I remember) I being again in the store with but one door ajar, there came a roar of shoutings and imprecations and crowding feet down Commons Street. "Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Shoot them! Kill them! Hang them!" I locked the door on the outside and ran to the front of the mob, calling with the rest, "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" About every third man had a weapon out. Two officers of the United States navy were walking abreast, unguarded and alone, looking not to right or left, never frowning, never flinching, while the mob screamed in their ears, shook cocked pistols in their faces, cursed and crowded, and gnashed upon them. So through the gates of death those two men walked to the City Hall to demand the town's surrender.

After a long and weary service on the blockade of Texas, where three weeks might pass without the sighting of a sail—"it seemed," Perkins wrote, "like a living death to be on the blockade"—there came again a glorious opportunity, for the young commander, then but twenty-eight, was chosen by Farragut himself to captain the Chickasaw, one of the large double-turreted monitors, in the attack on Mobile. Here he acquitted himself with great gallantry to the entire satisfaction of his heroic chieftain. It was the Chickasaw, her captain fighting his ship from the top of the turret, which compelled the surrender of Fort Morgan and of the Confederate ram Tennessee, as attested by Farragut himself in these words: "Perkins was young and handsome, and . . . no braver man ever trod a ship's deck; . . . his work in the Chickasaw did more to capture the Tennessee than all the guns of the fleet put together."

After the war Commodore Perkins's career was as uninteresting as it had been eventful during the great conflict, and he was compelled to retire in 1891 because of failing health. Dr. Alden has drawn for his volume largely upon Commodore Perkins's home letters, of which most are excellent reading, direct and clear of style, and giving a pleasant picture of an honest and gallant gentleman. The author has on the whole done well with this memoir, but the last two chapters, bearing plain evidence of having been written to order, mar the book and should, if printed at all, have been

preserved for family consumption only. A pleasing picture of Commodore Perkins as a twenty-three-year-old officer serves as frontispiece.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

The King's Council in England During the Middle Ages. By J. F. Baldwin. New York: The Oxford University Press. $5.75 net.

It is now just forty years since the first appearance of Bishop Stubbs's "Constitutional History of England during the Middle Ages." This still is, and probably will long remain, the best general account for the whole period; but the accumulation of printed sources in recent years and the increased and more easily accessible mass of manuscript material in the Public Record Office and in the British Museum have made possible, if not indeed necessary, a recasting of large portions of this monumental work. The present volume by Professor Baldwin, of Vassar College, is a distinct contribution to the history of the English Constitution in its formative period. While not departing in the main from the broad general outlines of the growth of the King's Council given by Stubbs, the author has presented a more detailed and intelligible account of that institution, and has shown in a clearer manner its relation to the entire system. He has corrected many misleading statements made by Stubbs and other writers and has elucidated many obscure points. The work supersedes the earlier treatises by Hale, Palgrave, and Dicey.

Mr. Baldwin dismisses the theory of origin during the reign of Henry III by the assertion that the King's Council "never had a point of beginning or initial organization. Its origin is found in the prevailing theory and practice of the feudal world, according to which the king, like any other lord, was accustomed to receive the aid and counsel of his vassals." The King's Council was not an offshoot, but the direct continuation, of the Norman Curia Regis, the vague, undefined, shifting body of counsellors, now contracting to a mere handful of household officials, now expanding into a general assembly of several hundred tenants-in-chief; a single, undifferentiated body, which, together with the king, exercised all the functions of the central government. This parent stem of the modern highly organized state was the product of the spirit of the Middle Ages, "its lack of confidence in individual initiative, and its distrust of individual authority." Much of the confusion and perplexity which characterize modern accounts of the origin of the English Constitution is due, in the author's opinion, not to the records themselves, but to a certain rigidity of modern thought concerning political institutions and a failure to appreciate fully the fact that the organization and functions of mediæval governmental bodies were in their very nature vague and undefined. Other writers have, indeed, observed these characteristics, but none have borne them in mind more consistently in their treatment of mediæval institutions.

Beginning with the single organ of the Norman state, the Curia Regis, Mr. Baldwin traces in an admirable and suggestive manner the gradual modifications of that body under the persistent assertion of royal prerogative against the disruptive tendencies of feudalism, in which it threw off department after department, and yet remained itself the formless, unrestrained King's Council. He abandons the well-known theory that these modifications were occasioned by classification of business, and advocates the theory that the changes were brought about by the introduction of new methods of transacting business. Thus the Exchequer was for a long time merely the Curia Regis, or King's Council, dealing with royal revenue according to a fixed routine; the Common Pleas was the same body trying certain classes of cases under the formulary system of the common law. In the course of time those portions of the Council, dealing with certain matters according to fixed rules, separated from the older unrestrained body, which might still and, in fact, often did attend to these affairs in its discretionary manner.

From the first there were two divergent elements in the King's Council: an inner, more or less permanent, group of royal officials, trained experts; and a larger, constantly shifting body of magnates, prelates, and feudal barons. The one tended towards bureaucracy and absolutism, the other towards limited monarchy. During the reign of Henry III the struggle was primarily between these two classes, rather than between Englishmen and foreigners. The struggle continued through the Middle Ages and resulted in a tendency to make more definite the organization of the Council and its functions. The barons were prevented, however, from realizing their purpose by their inability to provide a permanent body of magnates who were willing to sacrifice their personal interests and remain with the king or at Westminster.

A particularly good chapter is the one in which the author discusses the large variety of adjectives applied to the Council in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He rejects the theory that those terms point to a series of concentric Councils with distinct powers, and concludes that they were employed by the writers of the age to express varying phases and to emphasize different qualities of the same body. He holds that the only vital distinction that had been drawn at the close of the Middle Ages was the one between Parliament and the King's Council; that the "great," the "wise," the "continual," the "full," and the "secret" Council were one and the same body, contracting and expanding as accident and the nature of business occasioned.

Under Edward I, Parliament was merely the Council increased by members of the three estates. Much of the constructive legislation of that reign was the work of the inner group of officials, approved by the estates whenever greater sanction was deemed advisable. The remark of a justice in a case in 1305, in which the interpretation of the Statute of Westminster II was involved, is significant: "Do not gloss the statute: we understand it better than you, for we made it." In the fourteenth century, when Parliament, the occasional meeting of the estates, had become a distinct branch of the government, the barons saw in the Council the chief menace to the limited monarchy, and made strenuous but only partially successful efforts to control the personnel and functions of that body. After the War of the Roses, the old barons were displaced by a new nobility, an aristocracy of service, willing to hold office and remain in attendance upon the king or at Westminster. The rehabilitated King's Council then became in a large measure an instrument of the royal will.

Mr. Baldwin has advanced many new views. While some of them will no doubt challenge criticism, it must be acknowledged that they are well supported, for the text, the footnotes, and a long appendix contain a large amount of source material, which for the most part has never before appeared in print. He sees in the Coram Rege of the thirteenth century the old shifting Curia Regis, or King's Council, acting with discretionary powers, and holds that it became the separate Court of King's Bench only at the close of the century, when it adopted the formulary system of the Common Law. He rejects the view of Madox, which has been generally accepted, that the Chancellor became the second man in the state during the reign of Henry III upon the disappearance of the Justiciar. He shows that under Edward I the Treasurer as frequently as the Chancellor was the acting head of the Council. It was only in the fourteenth century, through a struggle between the Chancellor and his clerks and the Treasurer and barons of the Exchequer, that the Exchequer became a separate body, one of the Common Law courts, with limited jurisdiction and fixed procedure. Many of the forms later employed by the Court of Chancery were used by the Exchequer while it was still in essence the old Curia Regis. The assumption that the early records of the King's Council be-

gan during the reign of Richard II is, he maintains, due to a misunderstanding of the nature of the Council and the character of the early sources. But he minimizes what has long been considered an irreparable loss to the historian, the supposed destruction of the Council records, 1460 to 1540. While admitting that some were lost, he shows that there are many still extant, and attributes the dearth of records at the time of Edward IV to a pronounced decline in the importance of the Council during those years. Mr. Baldwin finds nothing new in the Court of Star Chamber under Henry VII except vigor and purpose. With its summary procedure and wide scope of authority it was the institutional continuation of the old Curia Regis, which ceased to exist except in its offshoots after the abolition of that court in 1641. The volume closes with the reorganization of the Council in 1540, when, according to Mr. Baldwin, the King's Council as a single institution properly came to an end.

AN OCTOGENARIAN IN HIS STUDY.

Goldwin Smith: His Life and Opinions. By Arnold Haultain. New York: Duffield & Co. $3.75 net.

This volume by Goldwin Smith's literary executor is supplementary to "Goldwin Smith's Correspondence" which Mr. Haultain published a few months ago. The "Correspondence" reached over the whole period of Goldwin Smith's life from his student days at Oxford until his death at Toronto; it supplies the best possible account, from his own careful hand, of his public life as professor, author, and journalist, and it also reveals the extraordinary vigor and keenness of his private opinions at a period when he was at the height of his powers, battling for unpopular causes which he ardently championed. The present volume depicts the octogenarian in his study at "The Grange" at Toronto. We see him reading, dictating, revising proof, and revising revisions with a meticulous care for commas which was the despair of his assistants. We hear his reminiscences before the fireside and the comments which his faithful Boswell, Mr. Haultain, jotted down from day to day between the years 1898 and 1910. There is the same downrightness of opinion and the same vigor of expression as in the "Correspondence"; but there is also an added note of bitterness. The policies which he advocated did not prevail. He did not devote himself to any one field of history long enough to write the greatest work on the subject. His largest success was as a journalist—a Bystander as he called himself—but even as a journalist his influence was too often ephemeral. The mention of Disraeli always roused a stream of bitter thoughts; for in "Lothair" Disraeli had made a thinly veiled sneer at Goldwin Smith as a "social parasite," "an Oxford professor who was clever and extremely well-informed so far as books can make a man knowing, but unable to profit even by that limited experience of life from a restless vanity and overflowing conceit, which prevented him from ever observing or thinking of anything but himself." This unfair slander Goldwin Smith never forgave, but it was not, as has often been imagined, in any way the cause of his leaving Oxford and England. Mr. Haultain shows clearly enough that Goldwin Smith resigned his Oxford professorship simply because he felt it his duty to care for his father, who had met with an accident which resulted in insanity. After his father's death, when his Oxford professorship was gone and he had no immediate occupation, he quite naturally accepted President White's invitation to come and assist in the building up of a new university at Ithaca.

Boswell did not always endorse the opinions of his chief. When Goldwin Smith reiterated his diatribes against the Boer War, popular democracy, or old-fashioned religion, Mr. Haultain jotted in his diary: "It is with difficulty that I maintain a frigid silence." Mr. Haultain is often given to moralizing in his diary himself when we would fain have heard more from Goldwin Smith. Nor is he always quite accurate. The eminent German theologian appears half a dozen times as "Harnac." But these are petty matters which should not obscure the devotion with which the secretary served his chief for years.

In addition to the jottings from his own diary which comprise the greater part of the present volume, Mr. Haultain has printed a few of Goldwin Smith's letters to C. E. Norton, and also a series of "U. S. Notes," which he found in Goldwin Smith's own handwriting among the papers after his death. They are the brief notes of a tour which he made in the United States in the latter part of 1864, and are full of interesting observations like the following:

[Boston] Mr. Norton came. Went with him to Shady Hill. Mr. Lowell joined us in the evening. Long talk about American and English politics, American manners, etc.

American servants, restless desire to better themselves. Compare the English. Ladies inclined to complain. Mr. N. not.

The effect of climate on the race. Mr. Lowell thought the race did not deteriorate. Large men in New Hampshire and Vermont, as well as in the West.

[New York] Want of highly trained statesmen. There are a thousand men as fit to be Governors of a State as the man who has the post.

No Sansculottes except the Irish in New York.

[Washington] Saw the President. His stories—The three pigeons. The manufacturing population. They would annex Hell as a market for their cottons.

BACONIAN CONTROVERSIES.

Studies in the Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon. By Gertrude Horsford Fiske. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

This book is one more attempt to find Bacon's name as author in the Folios of Shakespeare's plays. The cipher which the author pretends to trace in those volumes was actually understood by Bacon, and is explained by him in his "De Augmentis." When the real Bacon wrote a genuine bi-literal cipher message, he used in his writing (or printing) two alphabets, the letters of the first being distinct from the corresponding letters of the second. In a printed message the characters of the first alphabet may be conveniently named those of the a-font, the letters of the second alphabet those of the b-font. The decipherer of Bacon's genuine message wrote an *a* under each a-font letter, a *b* under each b-font letter, and divided the long succession of *a*'s and *b*'s thus formed into groups of five. For instance, *aabba* stood for G; *abaab* for K. The letters thus derived spelled the hidden message. If the a-font were Roman and the b-font italic, an example of Bacon's method would be the following, line (1) being what the sender wrote, line (2) what the decipherer wrote, and line (3) the hidden message:

(1)..... I a*m* tire*d* o*f* al*l* this *w*ar
(2)..... a ab ababa ba aab aaaa baa
(3)..... F L E E

In certain parts of the Shakespearean First and Second Folios, the author discovers differences in the printer's letters (no surprising phenomenon in those days of crude printing machinery); and pretending to decipher by the above method, reads statements from Bacon and his friends. We find four sharp distinctions between Bacon's genuine cipher in the "De Augmentis" and the author's, which in our opinion render the latter worthless.

To begin with, the a-font letters in Bacon's "De Augmentis" are so clearly differentiated from the corresponding b-font ones that a child can distinguish between them. In the examples of our Baconian friend these differences are seldom striking, and frequently, in our opinion, do not exist. The author herself says: "Were it not that the slight differences are consistent whenever the letter is used in the text, one might be tempted to say that they were imaginary." We are tempted to say that a difference which is imaginary in one case can be consistent in a dozen cases only by being consistently imaginary.

The peculiar nature of the bi-literal cipher renders it untrustworthy unless the difference between the two fonts is clear in all cases. Since there are five letters in the document for every letter in the hidden message, a change of one of the five letters in the first will completely change the one character in the second. If the first four letters are clearly of the a-font, and the fifth is doubtful, the "decipherer" can begin his supposed hidden message either with A (*aaaaa*) or with B (*aaaab*). In other words, if one-fifth of the printed letters are doubtful, virtually every letter in the "concealed statement" can be changed at the decipherer's wish. If one-tenth of the letters are doubtful, the decipherer can arbitrarily change, on an average, every second letter in his deciphered sentence. If one letter among thirty in the text can be assigned to either font at will, the decipherer may be able in his derived statement to change a nonsense combination like *prknce* into such a significant monosyllable as *prince* (I being *abaaa*, and K being *abaab*). Yet our present author admits that in occasional cases the font is doubtful and is decided in the light of the context, and admits that many letters seem doubtful to all eyes except those of a Baconian.

In the second place, the writer's deciphered revelations, unlike the Latin of Bacon's real cipher, exhibit a great latitude in the matter of orthography. This may be in accordance with Elizabethan usage; but it enormously increases the possibility of finding English words as the mere result of chance. If we cannot make our cipher work with one spelling, we can always try another. In a single deciphered message (pp. 31-32) seven words appear in two different forms (sowe, sow; onely, only; penn, pen; be, bee; far, farre; gybe, gibe; Amy, Amie); and nearly thirty more which in modern English would end in *y* close at will with *y*, *ie*, or *ye*. Almost half of the words in the passage would allow of two or more spellings.

In the third place, the author gets around uncounted snags by a most astounding use of apostrophes. *Upo'* for *upon*, *inve'tion* for *invention*, *sla'drous* for *slanderous*, *answeri'g* for *answering*, *writi'gs* for *writings*—such are a few specimens. Then we have repeated abbreviations, such as *F.* or *Fr.* for Francis, *L.* or *Lo.* for Lord, *Qu.* for Queen, which are legitimate linguistically, but which, like the wide freedom of Elizabethan spelling, help one inestimably in making sense where no cipher was intended. We must remember that the apostrophes, periods, and capitals in the above are put in arbitrarily by the decipherer and represent nothing in the original.

Lastly, Bacon would certainly have given us clear and succinct English, not such grammatical anarchy as the following, which is a fair sample of the revelations throughout the book: "many old poems o' Sp. an' Sh. at a due time shew, mayhap, w'ch MSS. F. hid. But such nere won great praise—look'd, men now say, so faire, a subverti'g surrende' vainely should intrude. More pens did shine I find upon a veritable——," etc. Stripped of the capitals, periods, and abbreviations supplied by the modern Baconian, the first sentence of the above would read: "many old poems osp ansh at a due time shew, mayhap, wchmssf hid."

The tireless industry of so many Baconians has pointed out phenomena which seem to us merely chance combinations ingeniously juggled.

ESSAYS EX CATHEDRA.

The Lawyer in Literature. By John Marshall Gest. The Boston Book Co. $2.50 net.

The addresses and essays reprinted in this volume possess interest enough to warrant their reproduction in book form without the voucher of a third person, however distinguished. The Introduction, however, in which Dean Wigmore expresses his good opinion of the author, and discourses learnedly of the advantages to the practicing lawyer of a wide acquaintance with "the literature of the novelists," does the book no harm, and may win for it some readers who might otherwise pass it by. At any rate, we rejoice that neither author nor introducer has called the voucher a "Foreword."

Of course, the law and lawyers of Charles Dickens receive much attention. Judge Gest takes genuine delight in recounting the great novelist's experiences as a law student, and his many thrusts at the legal profession. At the same time, he is careful to call attention to the fact that Dickens was above all a caricaturist; and that his pictures of courts and lawyers are in the main sheer burlesques. He also points out that many of the evils of chancery, which were held up to a nation's scorn in Bleak House, had been abolished by Act of Parliament, before the novel was published. "Dickens, therefore," declares Judge Gest, "did not kill the chancery snake but only jumped on it after it was dead." Sir Walter Scott and Balzac fare much better at the hands of our author than does Dickens. Both, he says, were well-read lawyers and were impartial in their treatment of the profession. They could separate the evil from the good, and could contrast the upright and learned judge and lawyer with the trickster and the incompetent. The methods of Scott and of Dickens are contrasted in the following passage:

There is a vast difference between Dickens's treatment of law and lawyers and Sir Walter's. Dickens saw nothing good in either, and caricatured both. Scott, on the other hand, was an artist; he knew a thousand times as much about the subject as Dickens, and in his fair-minded manner, endeavored to give a just picture of it. But, naturally, the scamps of the law play a larger part in literature than their betters, for a good, well-behaved lawyer is in sooth a very prosaic individual. But a bad lawyer is such a picturesque villain that he is the stock character of every novelist and playwright.

Balzac is described as a "stand-patter" in law and politics, who believed in a constitutional monarchy and an intellectual aristocracy as the only fit lawmakers. He derided the *Code Napoléon*, for he deemed it the leveller of all class distinctions. Although his father was a lawyer and he studied law for a time, the dry details of practice were revolting to him, and he declined to follow his father's profession. However, he put his legal knowledge to frequent use in his novels, as Judge Gest takes great pains to establish in his instructive paper on this subject. The author reserves his highest praise for Sir Edward Coke, whom he acclaims not only as a great lawyer, but as a learned classical scholar, and as a writer of rare literary taste. No one can dispute Coke's marvellous mastery of the common law, though the use to which he put his knowledge was not always above criticism. Nevertheless, many readers of this volume will rise from its perusal unconvinced, we feel sure, of Coke's right to a seat among literary immortals. They will readily admit that his "writings abound with quaint, axiomatic, idiomatic, and pithy expressions." But they will not hesitate to question both the literary merit and the legal soundness of some of the quaint sayings selected by Judge Gest—for example, the following about a hogsty as a nuisance: "One ought not to have so delicate a nose that he cannot bear the smell of a hog."

EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

More About King Edward. By Edward Legge. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4 net.

When Edward VII ascended the throne he was so intent upon pleasing in every imaginable way the beautiful woman who had shared his joys and sorrows for nearly half a century that, much to her satisfaction, he placed her in the position of an actual Queen-Regnant instead of a mere Queen-Consort. It was a charming manner of atoning for any *péchés mignons* which he may or may not have perpetrated during their long and happy married life. Queen Alexandra is endowed with such a beautiful, loving, and forgiving character that it took, and still takes, a great deal to ruffle it, and it is conceivable, to employ a homely phrase, that she has had more to put up with since her beloved consort's untimely death than

during his life. This is the opinion of some who are not altogether ignorant of existence within royal palaces.

The above passage, taken almost at random, will serve to suggest the quality of this book. It is a sort of rider to the "King Edward in His True Colours" which was reviewed in the *Nation* about a year ago (April 17, 1913). That was bad enough. It gained a little dignity from its inclusion of extended tributes to the late King by men like M. Poincaré, Comte d'Haussonville, and the scholarly Vámbéry. In itself, as the original work of Mr. Legge, it was an absurd performance. Its chief source was in a pious wrath at the handling of King Edward by Sir Sidney Lee in the Dictionary of National Biography. Sir Sidney did not tell the truth to begin with (cried our champion), and in the second place, if it had been the truth he ought to have been ashamed of telling it. King Edward was not only a dead man, but a dead King, and "the legends woven by the people round their sovereigns ought not to be destroyed."

We supposed that Mr. Legge had, in his own opinion, polished off poor Sir Sidney pretty thoroughly, but he here returns to his bone. We will say bone. He acknowledges that, in spite of his disapproval, the Dictionary which has lent itself to the malicious purposes of the ignorant Lee may still be read—"continue to be patronized by club fossils and dipped into by the privileged persons who pass their lives in the British Museum." But "a museum is a fitting receptacle for it." One of the Lee canards which particularly enrages Mr. Legge is that Edward "was no reader of books," and "could not concentrate his mind upon them." Mr. Legge's refutation of this consists in the statements that the King was proud of his library at Windsor and would have visited it oftener if it had not been a mile away from his apartments; and that he was anxious to make his library at Sandringham "a feature of the house." To a very recent assertion in the *Times* that "it is well known that King Edward was no very devoted student of poetry," counsel for the defence devotes a chapter full of counter-assertions. The King—"Edward the Great" between these covers—"greatly admired and fully appreciated certain classes of verse." Mr. Legge is sure that he must have heard "We Are Seven" in the nursery; and obligingly offers to eat his hat if any one will prove that King Edward "had never read and re-read the 'Idyls,' 'Enoch Arden,' the 'Ode on the Death of Wellington,' 'The Brook,' 'The Princess,' 'Maud,' 'Crossing the Bar,' and many other Tennysonian gems." No doubt some venturesome spirit may be found to undertake the same feat if Mr. Legge can prove that the King *did* anything of the sort. The advocate's summary of evidence is too good not to quote:

It would be a reflection on his memory and his capacity for enjoying the deathless imagery of the great poets to suppose that he had not a fair acquaintance with the poems of Goldsmith, Cowper, Thomson, Pope, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Burns, Moore, Macaulay, Swinburne, Mrs. Hemans, and a score besides, not forgetting Dibdin, Tom Hood, Longfellow, Kipling, Praed, and Henley.

Notes

John W. Luce & Company include in their April list of announcements: "A Hand Book of Brieux's Plays," by P. V. Thomas; "Katya," by M. de Jessen; "Letters from La-Bas," by Rachel Howard.

"A Free Hand," by Helen C. Roberts, and "The Sheep Track," by Nesta H. Webster, are among the novels announced by Duttons for publication this month.

Longmans, Green & Company will publish shortly "Flight without Formulæ," by Commander Duchêne, translated from the French of John H. Ledeboer.

"The Influence of the Bible upon Civilization," by Ernest von Dobschutz, and "Life Histories of African Game Animals," by Theodore Roosevelt, will be published by Scribners this month.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces for publication on April 11: "Confederate Portraits," by Gamaliel Bradford; "Elizabeth and Mary Stuart," by Frank A. Mumby; "A Life of Tolstoy," by Edward Garnett.

THE *National Geographic Magazine* for March opens with an account of village life in Palestine, by John D. Whiting. Its peculiar merit lies in the light which it throws on the life of the people of Old Testament times. Many of the manners and customs which prevailed there then are still unchanged. How to attract birds to the vicinity of the house is graphically described by Mr. Frederick H. Kennard, with many interesting illustrations showing proper nesting sites. Mr. William J. Showalter tells what the "patient man of the microscope" has wrought in humanity's behalf in overcoming the tropical diseases.

NEW matter in "Bradshaw's Through Routes to the Chief Cities, Bathing and Health Resorts of the World" (London: Blacklock) includes mention of the latest archæological discoveries in Egypt of interest to tourists, details of the political and economic changes in South Africa, following the formation of the Union, and of the progress of the Cape to Cairo railway. Considerable space is given to the railway expansion of the last few years. The present edition is as remarkable as its predecessors for the multitude and the accuracy of its items, and the work is still without a rival as a single volume for the round-the-world traveller.

"ESSAYS, Letters, and Addresses on Physical and Social Vision" is the sub-title of Helen Keller's little book, "Out of the Dark" (Doubleday, Page), which contains hitherto uncollected magazine articles and addresses. These range from personal topics, such as "Christmas in the Dark," to so impersonal a theme as "The Message of Swedenborg." If Miss Keller is occasionally tempted to take up subjects a bit beyond her, she but falls into a common trap for writers, although one regrets the oracular tone that now and then creeps into her utterances.

"AT the age of seventy-seven, I begin to make some memoranda and state some recollections of dates & facts concerning myself, for my own more ready reference & for the information of my family." So begins, under date "1821, Jan. 6," the autobiography of Thomas Jefferson, destined to extend only to the year 1790. A reissue of this fragment (Putnam) contains the introduction prepared by the late Paul Leicester Ford for the Federal Edition of Jefferson's works and Ford's notes, a table of the chief events in Jefferson's life, and an engraving of Stuart's portrait, painted in 1805.

AN interesting chapter in the history of Boston is to be found in the Bostonian Society Publications, Vol. X. It is an account by Mr. Fitz-Henry Smith, jr., of the coming of the French fleets under Count D'Estaing and the Marquis de Vaudreuil to Boston during the Revolution, and the work done by the Frenchmen in the construction of fortifications at Hull and in the harbor. The despotic government of our ancestors is shown by Mr. F. E. Bradbury in his account of the laws and courts of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. In 1634, for instance, "John Lee was whipped and fined forty pounds for saying that the Governor was but a lawyer's clerk, and what understanding had he more than himself. . . . Roger Scott was whipped for sleeping in church." Laws were also enacted relative to the style of women's hats and the width of the female sleeve. In 1646 it was enacted that "a stubborn or rebellious son, of sufficient years and understanding, viz., sixteen . . . shall be put to death." As authority for this legislation, they relied on the Mosaic laws.

THE third volume of Mr. P. S. Allen's "Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami" (Oxford University Press) includes the letters from July, 1517, to June, 1519, all of which, with a few exceptions, were written by or to Erasmus at Louvain during one of his quieter periods. "Totus, hoc est cum bibliotheca" (how beautiful the phrase!), he writes to George Halewin, one of his English friends, in August of 1517, "Louanium commigravi. Cum theologis altissima pax atque adeo necessitudo." The peace, however, was not quite perfect, and, indeed, Erasmus would scarcely have known how to adapt himself to so unwonted a state. His dear friend, James Faber, for one, had drawn him into an *odiosa disputatio*, in the course of which he had written to Faber himself, calling Christ to abandon him if he did not equally hate both the necessity of quar-

relling and his own victory, "which all with one mouth attribute to me." Towards the end of this period, also, we see the beginning of the rift between him and Luther. In 1516 Luther had sought to obtain, through Palatinus, some information in regard to Erasmus's views on theology, and had expressed the fear that human things prevailed in him over divine; but the first direct communication between the two representatives of the radical and the conservative reformation is a letter dated from Wittenberg, March 28, 1519. Here Erasmus is "decus nostrum et spes nostra," and Luther is a fool to approach him so familiarly—he an unknown man, with his unwashed hands; but it was not to be always thus.

THE most interesting feature of these letters, as in the earlier volumes, is the spirit running through them, which was in due time to create the school of the literary wits; indeed, it would not be amiss to call Erasmus himself the first of that school. It is the spirit expressed in a letter to Brixius, telling him that they ought to aid in "syncretizing" those who have been initiated into the mystery of literature, since the "muse-haters" conspire together so odiously. It speaks again in a letter from Richard Pace, scolding Erasmus for wasting so much breath "ad istos asinos ad lyram placandos." It helps, also, to explain why Erasmus took no pleasure in the heavier humor and direct persiflage of the "Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum." Mr. Allen's work as editor shows the same enormous erudition and inexhaustible patience as in the preceding volumes; his notes and introductions are a treasure-house for all future scholars in this field. He might, we think, as an interlude in his more arduous task, or as an aftermath, perform a very great service to the literary world by issuing a fairly comprehensive selection of the letters with biographical intercalations. And if the connecting matter were written in a Latin approaching Erasmus's own marvellously fluid style (which Mr. Allen's long intimacy with Erasmus should render easy for him), the result might be a volume, or pair of volumes, of extraordinary value and unique interest.

IN Edward Hungerford's "The Personality of American Cities" (McBride, Nast), the reader will find a series of clever "stories" prepared according to the current recipe of magazine journalism. They are written fluently, jauntily, knowingly; we suspect that they have "the punch." There is not a little material in them, but any appearance of care in employing it has been successfully avoided. In case of doubt, they use the hackneyed phrase. A split infinitive is a mild liberty with this writer, he has an evident disdain for syntax in general; and when he lapses into furrin tongues, he produces such Italics as *via sacre, table d'hôtes,* and *restaurantcur.* But he has, no doubt, a hearty contempt for purism: the effect's the thing, and you can't "put it over" by writing like a book. These are not, and do not profess to be, studies of a philosophical or literary sort. They are excellent stories in the newspaper sense, and according to the newspaper standard—which is also the standard of our popular magazines. A good deal of pains has been given to getting them up, if not to setting them down, and the author has been successful in catching and conveying certain picturesque or salient features of some twenty-five American cities, including Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec.

TO undermine the tower of ivory and blow up the last great hereditary prince of the dilettantes emerges as the ultimate purpose of an exhaustive psychological study of Anatole France by G. Michaut, maître de conférences at the Sorbonne (Paris: Fontemoing). M. Michaut performs his task with the intimate knowledge and the half-regretful severity of a disillusioned lover, explaining and atoning for an infatuation of many years. Acknowledging the fascination of that intellect so fine, alert, supple, and curious, he pitilessly exposes its limitations: its discontinuity of intention, its lack of constructive force, its spectatorial detachment, its egoism and subjectivity, its subjection to the *tyrannic des souvenirs.* Turning, then, to the question of imaginative faculty, he declares that M. France's preoccupation with himself is highly unfavorable to invention; almost incomparably conversant with the arts and sciences of all times and places, Anatole France appears, when compared with Balzac or Dickens or Hugo, nearly destitute of "creative imagination"; investigation of his sources, his repetitions, and his recombinations proves his work to be a kind of superlatively brilliant *pastiche*—a triumph of learning and patient industry, rather than a fresh creation of a spontaneous and fecund genius. As for his taste, it is the expression of a temperament fundamentally sensual: of his art, his religious views, his loves, and his animosities, the tap-root is sensuality. In pursuing this theme M. Michaut displays at once his enchantment with the fairer flowers and his disenchantment with the root and the fruit. In the fall of the year he finds a rankness in the air and an odor of decay in the garden of Epicurus. At the end of a chapter illustrated by quotations of an exquisite and seductive grace, he puts the slughorn to his lips for this valedictory blast: "From the beginning to the end, with *nuances,* here more delicate, there more cynical, here more subdued, there more aggressive, his work is devoted *au Désir et à la Volupté.*" M. France, then, has a faith, such as it is; he has betrayed again and again the untenability of the skeptical dilettantism which he inherited from Renan. He struck the dilettante attitude, and deceived himself and the world for a long time. But, in accordance with a mysterious law of human nature, missing felicity because he sought it, he has lost his composure, and has been put out of his part; in the wrath and bitterness of disillusion, he has given way to raillery and derision and hatred, and has violently taken sides. In a second volume M. Michaut will exhibit M. France's "evolution." Meanwhile, he assures us that the experiment is conclusive: if M. France is one of the great men of dilettantism, he should be the last, and it should die with him.

IN "The Haskalah Movement in Russia" (Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society), Dr. J. S. Raisin describes the rise and development of what may be called the Russo-Jewish renaissance of the past fifty years. This period, which in its entirety is practically unexplored, seems to furnish a paradox in the history of culture. That under the pressure of social and political ostracism, so active and varied an intellectual movement could thrive, is at any rate a rare occurrence. The chapters which summarize the lives and chief tendencies of leading writers and scholars are told with sober discrimination and scholarly thoroughness. There is a refreshing absence of a certain exaggeration of which authors in this field are often guilty. The rapid growth of Russian literature doubtless had its influence on the Jew's intellectual life, despite his hapless position in the Empire. His exceptional treatment, however, instead of crippling his energies and producing torpor, aroused more keenly his mental powers. The volume is of interest to the thoughtful few who realize the importance of Russia in art, music, science, and literature; to the author's own special community it is an authoritative and attractive book.

A YOUNG American scholar, Dr. Julius Klein, of the University of California, and Harvard, recently discovered in Spain the long-lost archives of the famous Mesta, the ancient Spanish guild of sheep-owners, which bore many striking resemblances to our modern American industrial combinations. The Mesta was established about 1273, and was dissolved in 1836. Its archives had long been lost, until the *American Historical Review,* in its number for April, 1913, announced that, after many months of study and several weeks of research in different parts of Spain, Dr. Klein had found them in a room in Madrid, buried under years of dust. Since then Dr. Klein has been studying this hitherto unused source of material bearing on Spanish economic history, and his investigations reveal the presence of much valuable information concerning the ownership of land, the public domain, commons, forests, etc. The complete files of the minutes of the organization from 1499 and of its accounts from 1510 down to the nineteenth century, together with briefs and decisions of some 3,500 lawsuits in which it was a party from 1390 to 1790, form perhaps a unique collection of matter on the economic development of a country during the later middle ages and the early modern period. Dr. Klein has given an account of his find in the February number of the *Boletin* of the Real Academia de Historia of Madrid, where two of the oldest charters of the Mesta, with notes, are published, and others are to appear shortly in the *Bulletin Hispanique* of Paris. Dr. Klein is returning to the United States this spring, bringing with him some 350 photographs of the most important of these documents and a mass of other data and notes, when a complete history of the Mesta will be brought out, probably under the auspices of Harvard University, the preliminary work in Spain

having been carried on by Dr. Klein as Woodbury Lowery and Sheldon fellow in economic history of that institution.

"A Civil Servant in Burma" (Longmans) is the modest title of Sir Herbert T. White's record of his thirty-odd years of labor in Burma, which saw him rise from a minor position to become Lieutenant-Governor of a province larger than France or Germany. Such a life is bound to be interesting, and Sir Herbert has the seeing eye and ability to describe personal adventures as well as political changes. He writes history as he saw it in the making, and his life-story has become a part of the history of the "fairest and brightest of Eastern lands." Incidentally, there are charming pictures of the philosophical, happy-go-lucky native, who will not mend his roof when it rains, because then he cannot, nor when it is clear, because then it does not need repair; who is reputed lazy, and yet works better than a coolie; who is called a coward, and yet chases a tiger and beats it after he has driven it off with a knife—or does this prove only that it is the Burmese tiger that is a coward? Some charming photographs illustrate country and town scenes, but the best picture in this attractive book is that of the broad-minded and tolerant Englishman sympathetically fathering his adopted country. We doubt whether any German or Frenchman could have written such a book, and wonder why any Hindu is eager to throw off so gentle a yoke.

Do you count on prowling about Rome and making the trip from Arezzo to the Eternal City in an effort to identify all the scenes in "The Ring and the Book"? You needn't. It has already been done by Sir Frederick Treves in "The Country of The Ring and the Book" (Cassell). A completer companion for the topographical student of that unique poem, or indeed for those who are not uncompromising Browning enthusiasts, it would be difficult to produce. The opening section gives the record of fact as it may be gathered from the various documents of that now celebrated case bound up in the Old Yellow Book. This is not the bare recital one might expect from its dry-as-dust source, but one colored by flickering lights of humor and variegated by an occasional quotation from the poem. There is also a closing section furnishing a strictly unimaginative commentary on the various actors in that bygone tragedy "as they appear in the poem." But the purpose and justification of the book are to be found in part two, which describes with admirable minuteness and thoroughness all the places associated with that oft-repeated story of crime. We learn of the church where Pompilia worshipped as a child, of the kind of house, though not of the actual *palazzo*, where she spent her brief yet too long married life. We even learn why she and her friend the priest left Arezzo by the San Clemente Gate rather than the Porta San Spirito, and see the very section of the city wall over which the two climbed. On account of Browning's fidelity to fact in his versions such painstaking identifications are not only interesting, but lend the characters a new and distinct reality. This contribution is enhanced by a hundred and six illustrations, nearly all of which are photographs "taken by the author for the most part at or about the actual date in the calendar on which occurred the episode with which the scene is associated."

Surely, no poetry has been subjected to such matter-of-fact and indeed intensely prosaic verification and identification. For all of it the lover of poetry, except in his idler, more curious moments, will have little occasion or yearning. He will follow the spiritual historics of the various personages who were bound together by the crime in the Via Vittoria on January 2, 1698, without troubling himself to discover whether the murderers first set foot in Rome in the Piazza del Popolo, or whether the moon was full on December 30 preceding. The play of motive and the changes of soul in the maleficent Guido or the guileless Pompilia will engage his attention. It is only when he has ceased to regard them as artistic creations, and begins to consider the figures in the sordid trial of the seventeenth century that the reader will turn to this exhaustive guide to the country of "The Ring and the Book."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Simultaneously with its reduction in price, the London *Times* has made another great change. Its printing office has become a trade union establishment, thus leaving the *Globe* alone in the London daily press as a non-union paper.

Londoners have been assured recently by Sir Laurence Gomme, perhaps the highest living authority on the history of London government, that their city is steadily improving. Largely owing to the work of Norman Shaw, its general architecture is more artistic than it used to be. Nor will Sir Laurence allow the common indictment that Londoners are not public-spirited. Their public spirit, he thinks, takes so many forms that one is apt to lose sight of it. He notes a special advance in the recognition of health and disease as public matters. "No one is now entitled to have smallpox to himself."

A few years ago one could pick up for sixpence a "remainder" entitled "The Truth about an Author." It was a reprint—still anonymous—of a series of brisk and candid autobiographical articles that had appeared in the London *Academy*. Its author, Arnold Bennett, has now issued a revised edition of the book under his own name. Writing plays is probably much more profitable, for "The Great Adventure" has now exceeded its 400th consecutive performance at the Kingsway Theatre. Only twelve plays produced in London during the present century have equalled this record. One of them was "Milestones," which ran to 608 performances.

English actors, however, are confronted with an economic difficulty on account of the adoption by so many theatres—especially the small theatres of large cities and the large theatres of small cities—of the music-hall system of "two houses a night." Dramas have to be shortened in order to fit twice into the space of time between 7 and 11 P. M., and the curtailment is mainly done at the expense of the small parts in the cast, a much greater strain thus being thrown on those who play the large parts, to say nothing of the physical tax of more frequent changes of costume. For twelve or thirteen performances a week under this system, the actor receives no more than was formerly paid for six or seven. A "Pay for Play League" has been formed in order to seek remedies, and an attempt will be made to formulate the demands of the profession in view of expected intervention by Parliament. The Home Office is reported to be already considering the whole question of theatrical employment.

The plain-spoken Bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne has delivered against worldly dinners and parties a Lenten charge which tallies closely with some recent French novels. "While the common people sap their vitality by intemperance in alcohol, which is worse for the race than war, the rich too often seek in combinations of sauces and viands that excitement of incendiary gastronomy which corrupts the blood and awakens all sorts of fevers. . . . When the clergy are gone, the best-kept houses transform themselves into very free theatres. Light pieces composed expressly are played, with double meaning which indeed may escape young *ingénues*, but whose words are so many stimulants to the sophisticated. Gay songs alternate with talk of pleasure. And all ends with dances often most familiar, to which young people give all their legs and hearts into improper hours. . . . On the ruins of society in which religion ails and fails, Christians might have something better to do than that!"

Among the hundreds of Paris charities, one of picturesque name has just had a week's sale at its single counter in the Bazar de la Charité which replaces that burned with so great loss of rich women's lives in 1897. It is the "Ray of Sunlight for Young Girls." In the ten years since its foundation, this good work has paid the expenses of wholesome vacations for 2,500 working girls. In the same week there was a benefit night in favor of the good work of "Aid for the Maimed Poor." The Lycéum—a woman's club with a separate branch for Paris Americans—under the patronage of the dowager Duchesse d'Uzès gave an entertainment for the "Labor works of all the Dioceses of France."

Another art has been admitted of late to the annual exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, which was once known as the "New Salon" of Paris. It is Music—and it means that young or unrecognized composers have the opportunity of presenting their work to a jury and obtaining its public hearing, without expense to themselves. This section of the Salon is under the direction of Paul Viardot, who is the son of

the great Malibran's sister and rival singer. He has a jury such as exists for painting and sculpture and the other arts. This year more than 200 musical works have been submitted to the jury, which has accepted 122 for execution by a chosen orchestra at the Tuesday and Friday concerts during the ten weeks' exhibition from mid-April to the end of June.

AT the meeting of the Académie des Sciences Morales in the first week of March, a notice was read of the philanthropic work of the late B. Altman of New York. It included a description of the art collection he bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum—and an analytical account of his profit-sharing foundation for his employees, with its novel reimbursement premium.

THE Société Nationale was founded in 1890 by Meissonnier, Puvis de Chavannes, Carolus-Duran, Besnard, Rodin, and others, who professed to open wide doors to youth and New Art. It has hardly gone beyond the brilliant close circle of its foundation in painting and sculpture; but the success of its section of Decorative Arts has forced a similar charitable opening of space to struggling artists on the official "Old Salon." The two exhibitions for some years have competed directly, as they take place at the same time at opposite ends of the Grand Palais.

THE Paris Municipal Council has always been open to new ideas, not only for the city's sake, but to encourage artists who give its character to Paris. A decorative experiment, which may be of great interest in the illumination of the modern city, is being tried in the Place de la Concorde, the largest open space in any European capital. There, as in the Champs-Elysées and the Grands Boulevards, a great part of the lighting is by "intense" gas lamps, which produce shadows as crude and unfavorable to architectural lines as the electric arc. At the entrance of the Place from the Rue Royale, the light falls on the two palaces which form the entire northern side. They were built with long colonnades by Gabriel before the Revolution; and one is now the Naval Office, while the other is divided between a fashionable club, the Automobile Club of France, and the Hôtel Crillon. At the entrance corners of the Place great candelabra have had their lamps fitted with ground-glass globes, giving a diffused, but still brilliant, light varying from opal to pearl. As a mere matter of convenience, the autobus stops in the long triple avenue up to the Arc de Triomphe had already been flanked with green lights. Paris may end with Athenian taste in lighting instead of the modern Babylonish glare.

WHAT the average man and woman think of the world around them is shown by the voting contest recently held among the readers of the *Matin* newspaper. Prizes to the amount of $130,000 were offered, ranging from $10,000 to a bicycle. There were forty of these prizes, to be distributed according to accuracy in guessing the seven wonders of the world to-day as decided by the majority of votes. First place was taken by the aeroplane, with 150,188 votes. The other wonders receiving a majority of votes for enrolment in the seven were, in order—wireless telegraph, radium, locomotive, human grafts (an echo of the interest stirred by Dr. Carrel's lectures in France last summer), anti-diphtheritic serum, the dynamo.

Science

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE SPECTROSCOPE.

Stellar Motions. By William Wallace Campbell, Director of the Lick Observatory. New Haven: Yale University Press. $4 net.

The stars to the ancients were all at the same distance from us, and all set immovably in a huge transparent hollow sphere of crystal, like jewels in a crown. Perforce they could not move: they were prevented from so doing by the solid continuity of their environment; so they were "fixed stars" palpably enough, and as such were passed along from one age to the next, till it was universally believed that any such thing as a stellar motion was absurd. Obviously, too, all this vastness of the celestial architecture was regarded as centred about the earth; and its stately progress through the night meant that the gods had so decreed it for human edification.

Except for the inconceivably great distances of the stars, every postulate of the ancient view of the stellar universe was totally wrong. Giordano Bruno, martyred by the Inquisition in 1600 for original scientific views, among them his doubt of the absolute fixity of the fixed stars; Hooke towards the end of the same century; Bradley, third Astronomer Royal; Lalande, and the elder Herschel—all held the firm opinion that, as the last said, "there is not, in strictness of speaking, one fixed star in the heavens; . . . there can hardly remain a doubt of the general motion of all the starry systems, and consequently of the solar one amongst the rest." Nevertheless, Halley early in the eighteenth century appears to have been the first to adduce positive evidence that a few stars, at least, do not remain motionless with reference to their neighbors; that they have, in fact, what he termed proper motions, small in amount, to be sure, but nevertheless detectable, even by the instrumental means of his day.

The attempts had been many to ascertain the distance of a star, but none had succeeded till Bessel, nearly a century ago, had found an appreciable parallax of Cygni; and Sir W. Herschel's earlier inference that the stars must be scattered through space at widely differing distances, led up to Maedler's erroneous hypothesis of a central sun, Alcyone, round which the stars, our sun among them, majestically wheeled, as the earth and other planets of the solar system are known to travel round the sun. Herschel, too, found many stars with attendant suns, binary systems, that is, the bodies whirling slowly round each other, but nevertheless plainly in motion. No other stellar movements were recognized until a little less than half a century ago, when the advent of the spectroscope, under the deft handling of Huggins, and later of Vogel and Keeler, proved beyond a doubt the swift motion in space of all stars and nebulæ, some advancing towards the sun, some receding from it; others puzzlingly approaching for a time and then journeying away from us, and yet others whirling swiftly round each other, but so close together that no telescope could be built powerful enough to separate them.

Professor Campbell is not in the main concerned with stellar motions of this character, determined after the manner of precision of the older astronomy, although his comprehensive work shows him thoroughly adept in regard to it. He has devoted his pages rather to the achievement of the spectroscope, of which he lucidly says: "The ordinary [telescopic] *point image* of a star is as if all the books in the University library were thrown together in a disorderly but compact pile in the centre of the reading-room: we could say little concerning the contents and characteristics of that library. The *spectrum* of a star is as the same library when the books are arranged on the shelves in complete perfection and simplicity, so that he who looks may appraise its contents at any or all points." To carry the simile a step further, by letting the books in orderly arrangement represent the spectral lines, the slight shifting of a line to the right or left seems to have signified little more to the early investigators than the misplacement of a book on the shelf. Doppler in Germany and Fizeau in France gave the first hint of this importance of the spectrum; Kirchhoff overlooked it; Clerk-Maxwell in England first presented it in definite form; and Huggins made the first attempt to measure these minute displacements of spectral lines. Professor Campbell presents in outline the mathematical theory of these line-displacements, and shows how the careful measurement of them is translatable into the star's approach or recession. In other words, the star's radial velocity, or motion in the line of sight, is ascertained; and over a thousand stars have been submitted to this very critical and highly significant measurement.

Professor Campbell presents briefly, though sufficiently, the history and development of the methods by which results of this character are alone possible: how the efforts of highly skilled observers in both Germany and England were baffled for a quarter of a century; how every effort of the pioneers was

nevertheless an index to point the way of success to those who followed after; how Keeler, with the Lick telescope, gave us in 1890 the first trustworthy stellar velocity; how he followed it up with velocities of approach and recession of the great nebula in Orion and many faint planetary nebulæ besides; how Draper's stellar spectrograms of 1872 recorded spectral lines for the first time; how Pickering followed up the lead with vast amplifications at Harvard; and, finally, how Vogel and Scheiner at Potsdam proved the new photographic method to be so advantageous that visual measures were no longer even thought of. About this time, while Potsdam was waiting for new and ampler facilities, Campbell embraced the unique opportunity of a huge telescope on a high mountain in a serene atmosphere at an equable temperature, so to plan a spectrograph that it should yield a maximum efficiency in just one line of research. All tyros in spectroscopy should read his story of unremitting effort towards this end; how his design, ultimately successful, was "a bundle of fortunate compromises between a great number of conflicting interests."

We have little space for comment on Professor Campbell's treatment of visual and spectroscopic binaries. Pickering found the first binary of this intimate character in 1889, the star Zeta Ursæ Majoris, and Vogel the next one, Spica Virginis, which Baker has recently investigated fully. So distant is Spica and so close are the component stars of its system that a telescope of at least thirty times the power of the Lick glass would be needed to separate them. Beta Cephi, discovered by Frost, has the shortest known period of revolution, only four and a half hours. Over three hundred spectroscopic binaries are now known, and Professor Campbell presents a most interesting discussion of them:

> There is a possibility that the stars attended by massive companions, rather than by small planets only, are in a decided majority; suggesting at least that our solar system may prove to be an extreme type of system rather than of the prevailing or average type. This is not a casual and passing comment. We do not possess a shred of positive evidence that any other star than our own is attended by small planets; we seem powerless at present to obtain any evidence in favor of or against their existence; and the prevailing belief that planets exist in other systems rests upon analogy to the solar system. We *have* the evidence of visual and spectroscopic binary stars that other systems with two or more massive central bodies are extremely common.

The variable stars, whether short-period or long-period, are also considered, Professor Campbell regarding them as affording promise of great utility in solving the problems of origin of visual and spectroscopic binaries. Of Bailey's remarkable cluster variables, Professor Campbell thinks that, as the light fluctuations repeat exactly in time, we must be observing binary systems whose members interact upon each other in such a way as to vary their radiation output. The wonderful *novæ* are dealt with; but discussion is limited as far as possible to the bearing of radial velocity observations upon the interpretation of the phenomena of variables. Numerous hypotheses of the causes of variation are discussed. In the case of Cepheids and Geminids, for example, it is found that every star so far investigated attains its greatest brightness at or very near the time of greatest velocity of approach towards the solar system, and minimum brilliance at the time when the brighter star of the system has its maximum velocity of recession. Clearly, eclipses can have no part in the problem, and we can only be sure that the mysterious light variations are in some way connected with orbital revolutions in the systems themselves. Perhaps no other class of variables is more worthy of spectroscopic study; but the faintness of most of the uninvestigated stars of this type calls for greater optical power, such as only the huge reflectors of the future, as at Ottawa, Mount Wilson, and in Argentina, can be expected to supply.

The wide range of problems within the reach of radial velocity is admirably illustrated by the fact that such measures seem likely to provide an exceedingly accurate as well as simple and direct method of ascertaining the distance of the sun. Nearly a quarter century ago Professor Campbell wrote:

> By assuming the earth's mean distance from the sun to be 92,500,000 miles, which corresponds to a solar parallax of 8″.838, it is probable that the resulting orbital velocities (of the earth) will not be in error by more than 0.1 mile per second. There is reason to hope that the probable errors of spectroscopic observations will soon reach this low limit, in which case the problem will be reversed and the spectroscope will be used to *measure* the earth's orbital motion and thus to determine the solar parallax.

No less than two such determinations have been made in recent years, and their agreement with the geometric and gravitational methods of the older astronomy is gratifying.

In his chapters of studies of the stellar system, Campbell reaches many interesting conclusions. He finds that the scale of the universe of the brighter stars is a great deal larger than has been previously estimated; and more significant is his discovery that the progression of average velocity with advancing spectral type is clear and unmistakable: in other words, stellar velocities are functions of the effective ages of the stars. Our sun is, therefore, seen to take place as one of the slower moving and hence younger of the stars. The solar motion as discovered from stellar proper motions; preferential motion as in star streams; the distribution of the brighter stars; the possible slow rotation of our stellar system, are all considered, and these questions lead up to the central investigation of the volume, namely, the spectrographic determination of the solar motion. Here is found a masterly analysis of one of the greatest problems that have engrossed the human mind since the elder Herschel's first solution of it. Campbell marshals his unique collection of data in excellent geometric form, and makes a number of least square solutions on different suppositions. Through the timely aid of the late Mr. D. O. Mills in providing for the establishment and maintenance of an accessory station to the Lick Observatory in Santiago, Chili, Professor Campbell, with the able collaboration of Wright, Curtis, and Moore, was enabled to add the motions of stars of the southern sky to those of the northern, thereby rounding out his research to full completion. He finds that the sun and his family of planets are journeying Lyra-ward, at two-thirds the orbital velocity of the earth; sufficient to carry the solar system 560,000,000 kilometres in a year's time, or nearly four times the distance separating earth and sun. Does this bewildering inter-stellar motion of the sun take place in a regular curve, or in a straight line? Professor Campbell's judgment is that neither hypothesis fits the case; but that eventually the sun's path will be found to be composed of a succession of unrelated curves, owing to our journeying within the spheres of influence of other great stars one after another.

While Professor Campbell cannot be regarded as the Nestor of stellar spectroscopy, he is nevertheless a pioneer of the first order, and his book is a fairly complete summary of research on stellar motions, especially as determined by the spectrograph. His analytic development of the formulæ and methods of this new research will be found particularly welcome to students and investigators, and as such his "Stellar Motions" is certainly an epoch-making volume for which all astronomers will heartily thank, first, the author, and second, the Yale trustees who were empowered by the terms of the Silliman Foundation to engage Professor Campbell for that course of lectures which, delivered at the University early in 1910, formed the basis of this praiseworthy treatise. The index is ample and the volume is fully illustrated with diagrams, photographic spectra, and halftones of the observatories and instruments concerned, as well as with an exceptional series of portraits from Newton to Rutherfurd, and Herschel to Keeler.

Drama

THE HIGHER MORALITY.

The Comedy of Manners. By John Palmer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25.

To the still-animated controversy between the artists and the moralists Mr. Palmer contributes a quite readable chapter concerned with the so-called comedy of the Restoration as represented by Etherege, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. In our opinion, these writers are the favorites of nature and of fortune. They were witty themselves, and they have been the constant occasion of wit in others. They have been brilliantly praised and brilliantly condemned. When they are not enjoying a *succès d'estime*, they are enjoying a *succès de scandale*. They keep up an enlivening sectarian buzzing in the Temple of Fame. While dust gathers in the niches of the unregarded classics, they with each revolution of taste are challenged, taken down, aired, dusted, and crowned with fresh bays. No one can approach them without a glimmer or sparkle of inner or reflected light. Mr. Palmer approaches them as gravely as possible, and with solemn æsthetic convictions. He holds that they have fared badly—have been grievously, nay, even tragically, misunderstood. "That Leigh Hunt's edition of the comic dramatists fell to be reviewed by Macaulay," he says, "is one of the tragedies of literary history. Macaulay's review undid all that the best critical intellect of his time had achieved for the reputation of English comedy." Yet despite this lugubrious overture, Mr. Palmer's book fairly coruscates with the wit of Etherege and Congreve and Lamb and Hazlitt and Hunt and Meredith. And with a touch of the Restoration grace Mr. Palmer quotes on the title-page: "Your judge-wit or critic. . . . He rails at all the other classes of wits, and his wit lies in damning all but himself: he is your true wit."

Mr. Palmer "damns" all the wits who have considered moral judgment a part of literary criticism. For a some-time scholar of Balliol College he seems curiously informed as to the date at which critics began to apply the "moral test" to works of art. In 1698, as every one knows, Jeremy Collier published his celebrated "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage." He opened his attack with a traditional definition of the function of drama: "The business of plays is to recommend virtue and discountenance vice. . . 'Tis to expose the singularities of pride and fancy, to make folly and falschood contemptible, and to bring everything that is ill under infamy and neglect." From this definition, argues Mr. Palmer, everything that Collier urged against contemporary stage plays logically followed; and, he continues, the attempts of the dramatists to defend themselves were foredoomed to failure, because they accepted "Collier's moral test." The "inflamed Puritanism" of that misguided clergyman, Mr. Palmer would have us believe, has vitiated English criticism to this day. Following Collier's lead, that inflamed Puritan Dick Steele also applied the moral test and condemned the tone of the Restoration comedy. So, too, did those inflamed Puritans, Dean Swift, Sam Johnson, Coleridge, Macaulay, Thackeray, and George Meredith. Judge-wit Palmer, as we have said, damns the entire critical jury, discharging them on the ground that they have applied "precisely the test which *no one before Collier had ever dreamed of applying.*"

A rather stunning tribute to the influence of that virulent non-juring clergyman! But we must protest that he does not deserve it. Collier did not go about to make an innovation in the principles of dramatic criticism. Though his tactics in the actual conflict were faulty, his strategy in the preliminaries was admirable. In setting up the "moral test" he appealed to precedents which his bitterest adversaries acknowledged to be authoritative. His definition of the moral function of drama was not accepted by Congreve and the rest because they had been hypnotized by Collier, but because it had been accepted by Boileau, Ben Jonson, Sidney, the critics of the Renaissance, and by those inflamed Puritans, Horace and Aristotle. They possibly remembered that not merely Prynne in his annihilatory fury, but also Sidney in his glowing defence of their art, had cried out on these "naughty play-makers and stage-keepers" who had justly made comedy odious, "even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by Aristotle . . . that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous." They could extenuate their offence by showing that Collier had overdriven his point; but they could not exonerate themselves, what though the zeal of God's house had devoured some part of their prosecutor's good manners and civility. As Dryden admitted in his noble apology, "in many things he has taxed me justly."

Mr. Palmer reopens the case in an attempt to exonerate Etherege, Wycherley, and Congreve—Vanbrugh and Farquhar he allows were artistically and morally a little muddled. He wishes to restore to them the honors awarded by Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt, and ruthlessly torn from them by Philistine Macaulay. Now, Hunt was not very powerful as a theorist. Hazlitt confined himself pretty well to expressing his passion of delight in the perfection of literary craftsmanship—in the exquisite finish and flash of the comic dialogue and the sheer fineness of stroke in the character-drawing. And Lamb—well, Lamb had not Mr. Palmer's high seriousness. Poor Lamb, as Carlyle would say, had not heard of the "higher morality." Lamb, like "roguish" Pepys, indulged in Restoration comedy when he felt the need of taking "an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience." He accordingly invented his playful paradox that Restoration comedy is fairyland; and the able-bodied Edinburgh reviewer promptly demolished it. Macaulay argued that Wycherley's comedy, for example, was not fairyland, but did faithfully reflect the world he lived in; that the viciousness of this world passed the province of laughter; and that therefore Wycherley's laughter passed the province of comedy, and was bad artistically and morally. In other words, Macaulay confined himself rather closely to that part of literary criticism which discusses the *subject* of the artist, and he pronounced the subject unfit for art. Mr. Palmer denies the right of the critic to judge the subject. His argument, in a nutshell, is that, since Wycherley's comedy is a faithful reflection of the world he lived in, it is sound artistically and sound morally: "There is a higher morality than that of Jeremy Collier—a plane upon which Plato and S. Francis, Confucius and Elijah, may meet"—with Wycherley, presumably, and the other worthies of the Restoration.

This argument effectively disposes of the Puritans from Aristotle down, and there are indications that it is gaining ground among us. It has the superlative merit of justifying everybody's point of view. It puts public opinion quite out of court, and makes each artist advocate and judge in his own cause. He may be an anarchist, a sun-worshipper, or an eternal philanderer, but if he sincerely reflects philandering, sun-worshipping, and anarchy, he has produced good art and good morality. This is just the principle for which our democratic art has been seeking. One need never invoke it, to be sure, until one has transgressed the ancient common law of "honest civility." But it is very comfortable to fall back upon: in these days of naturalistic novels, slum-poetry, and medical dramas, one never knows when sincerity is going to call upon one to transgress. And it is not an entirely new principle, either. Robert Wolseley availed himself of it in 1685 in defending from Puritan onslaught the obscene juvenilia of Lord Rochester. Yet Wolseley himself, in the palmy days of the comedy of manners, admits that "wit" which offends common decency should be strictly reserved for the artistically elect. For Lord Rochester, he says, did not design his obscenities "for the Cabinets of Ladies, or the Closets of Divines, or for any publick or common En-

tertainment whatever, but for the private Diversion of those happy Few whom he us'd to charm with his Company and honour with his Friendship." Fortunately, our democratic criticism is putting an end to that kind of artistic exclusiveness. We are at last beginning to recognize that what is good enough for the "happy few" should not be withheld from the masses.

"THE BELLE OF BOND STREET."

We have travelled a long lane since "The Geisha" was regarded as the rather degenerate heir of "The Mikado," and its contemporaneous musical comedies as the left-hand relatives of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. Legitimate comic opera seems in these days an ideal so unattainable that we have almost ceased to hope for it, and we would be content if only managers offered us productions that were really musical, and were really comedy. How far we have departed from the standards even of the musical comedy of earlier days was exhibited last week in New York at the Shubert Theatre, where was presented "an up-to-date version of 'The Girl from Kay's,'" with Sam Bernard and Gaby Deslys as the stars of the production.

"The Girl from Kay's" was one of the earliest of the musical comedies that professed to deal lyrically with the adventures of a "girl" from somewhere or other. It possessed, of course, nothing of the wit and satire of the Gilbert operas, nor was it even comparable with "The Geisha," but it was bright and sparkling, with plenty of vivacity and movement, and it belonged to an era before musical productions of this order had succeeded in divesting themselves of all the trammels of plot. The up-to-date version has made laudable efforts to free itself from this latter reproach, and has further demonstrated its modernity by eliminating from the score the two numbers which contributed most to the brightness of the original. To compensate for what has been lost in the modernizing process, we have a young Frenchwoman who is undistinguished whether as actress, vocalist, or *danseuse,* but who wears a bewildering variety of millinery, and is known to receive an extravagant salary.

"The Belle of Bond Street," which happens to be the title selected for this production by its recording angel, is, in fact, typical of the present tendency of musical comedies, in which everything is subordinated to the purely physical features of the production. In an effort, apparently, to emulate the spectacular features of the French *revue,* all idea of legitimate comedy, with a coherent plot, is abandoned, and its place is not taken by the satire on contemporary events and personages which redeems the *revue* from mere vulgarity. In favor of "The Belle of Bond Street" it must be said that the chorus is above the average in capacity and in training, and that Sam Bernard is more amusing than many comedians of his type. Furthermore, it is undeniable that just at present this is exactly the sort of thing that a considerable section of the public likes; but there is a ray of hope on the horizon—the department stores have also begun to display millinery to the accompaniment of music, and their productions are free.

S. W.

NOTES.

"The Red Light of Mars" (Mitchell Kennerley), by George Bronson Howard, published in the modern drama series, is an exceedingly clever skit, in which a number of old theatrical ideas are employed with notable ingenuity. It is not only very amusing reading, but is admirably adapted to effective dramatic representation. Although in the nature of extravaganza, it deals vigorously and satirically with many questions of present interest and tells a good human story. Into the details of this, as the piece is to be tried on the stage before very long, it is not necessary to go now, but it abounds in comical and emotional situation. The good angel of it is our old friend the Devil, who now figures as a benevolent agent engaged in the work of preparing mankind for ultimate translation to a loftier sphere of existence in Mars. The personages include a brilliant young chemist, who believes himself on the verge of the discovery of the secret of immortality; a multi-millionaire, who would bribe him to devote his science to mere money-making purposes; an anarchic Socialist who believes in bombs as the sole means of social regeneration; a cultivated widow who loves the millionaire, but will not marry him because she detests his business principles and methods, and her daughter, a frivolous, selfish girl, who refuses to marry the chemist, who worships her, unless he will abandon philanthropic experiment to earn money to keep her in fashionable luxury. When the chemist calls upon the Devil for aid, the complacent fiend—who is compelled on earth to occupy a human body—effects a general metempsychosis. He himself becomes the chemist, puts the chemist into the body of the anarchist, and the anarchist into that of the millionaire, whose disembodied spirit is condemned for a season to flutter disconsolately in space.

The nature of the misunderstandings, consternations, and self-searchings arising from these transformations may be imagined. Mr. Howard weaves them most dexterously into the action of his plot, and freights his whimsical notion with a plentiful ballast of common-sense. All the sufferers profit by their startling experience. The millionaire realizes that labor has its rights, and capital its duties, and thus wins the hand of his widow; the anarchist is awakened to the iniquity and folly of his ways, and is rescued from the police, and the chemist is made happy by the conversion of his charmer into a loving and devoted woman by the masterful conduct of the Devil while tenanting her lover's shape. Plentifully endowed by the repentant Crœsus, he is at liberty henceforth to work for the benefit of his fellow creatures. As serious drama the piece necessarily suffers by the serio-comic use of the supernatural element, but this is employed only as a means to situations which otherwise would have been impossible, and is fully justified by the excellence, literary and constructive, of the workmanship. Properly played the piece ought to attract much attention.

Sudermann's latest play, "Die Lobgesänge des Claudian" (Cotta; Lemcke and Buechner), reminds one in a general way of his "Teja." Germans in contact with Romans, and the moral triumph of German *Treue* supply the subject-matter. It may be safely predicted, however, that the new play will never be the success that its admirable little predecessor was. It is dull reading, and must be tiresome on the stage, for the author has not even employed his customary theatrical devices to arouse a momentary interest. The devolopment of the motive is feeble, and attention is divided between the real hero, Stilicho, and the titular hero, Claudianus, the last of the Roman poets. German critics have perhaps in these later years been unduly harsh towards Sudermann, who, after all, has not himself changed so much as has the general standpoint. His reputation, which seemed to flare up a little on the production of "Der gute Ruf" a year ago, will now smoulder lower than ever. If he wishes to recapture public favor, he should return to the writing of fiction. Even "Das hohe Lied" was preferable to the present drama. Your reviewer on finishing the play was moved to turn to Gibbon, and read again chapters 29 and 30 of the "Decline and Fall," where the same events are narrated. He is grateful to Herr Sudermann for having given him at least that impulse.

It is not often that pieces written by amateurs for amateurs contain anything worthy of publication or serious critical notice, but there is undeniable talent in the ten "Short Plays," by Mary MacMillan (Stewart & Kidd Co), written for the Cincinnati College and Cincinnati College clubs. Some of them, though well enough adapted to their professed purpose, have no distinctive quality, but there are four or five which arrest attention. They are somewhat crude and sketchy, but have variety, imagination, and descriptive facility. "The Shadowed Star" is a tenement-house study, with a picture of a woman, broken with years and suffering, cheered on Christmas Eve by hallucinations of a coming feast in the company of her long dead sons, while her daughter lies dying of want at her side. It is a striking bit of work in which realism and fancy are cleverly blended. With skilled actors, and a little judicious editing, it might be made very effective. "The Rose," an Elizabethan story, in which a gallant young knight bids temporary farewell to his love, at the behest of the virgin queen who is jealous of her, is prettily told in blank verse, always smooth and occasionally poetic. "The Ring," a farcical comedy of the same period, if not very happy in its imitation of the ancient speech, is full of action and simple fun. "Luck," a miniature four-act comedy, in which a materialistic young doctor offends his sweetheart by

his disbelief in the virtue of the charm which she has bought for him, and thereafter encounters all sorts of misfortune until he is converted, is amusing both in dialogue and incident. In "A Modern Masque," Miss MacMillan, greatly daring, makes Poetry and Drama the champions of Shakespeare, when he is threatened with deposition by Bernard Shaw, and endows them with sharp weapons of sense and satire. In "The Gate of Wishes," an episode on the afternoon of Hallowe'en, she shows imagination and metrical grace. In all the pieces there is more of promise than of actual achievement, but the natural gifts revealed are of a kind that merit recognition and encouragement.

The Abbey Theatre Company, of Dublin, will be at the Court Theatre, London, for their annual visit during June. The repertory of the company will include several new plays, besides old favorites. At present the "first" company is touring in America, under the direction of S. Lennox Robinson. It has played in Chicago and the Middle West, and is to go thence to Canada, returning home in May, in time to keep engagements in Oxford and Cambridge. The "first" company has with it most of the "second" company as understudies; but the Abbey Theatre is not on that account closed. Lady Gregory, with a third company, has produced a new play by a new writer, Mr. Edward McNulty's three-act comedy, "The Lord Mayor," besides St. John G. Ervine's one-act comedy, "The Orangeman," which was new to Dublin.

Music

A MUSICIANS' GUIDE.

The World's Best Music. Edited by Arthur and Louis C. Elson. New York: The University Society.

Volumes IX and X of "The World's Best Music" constitute an independent work, which bears the subtitle "The Musician's Guide." There are original articles by the editors and others, and reprints of a number of excellent papers that had previously appeared in periodicals. The first seventy-five pages will interest all students of the piano who would like to go to Europe to study with the most eminent piano teacher of the time, Theodor Leschetizky, but cannot afford to do so. These pages contain an excellent translation, by Arthur Elson, of the exposition of Leschetizky's personal views made by his pupil, Malwine Brée, and approved by him. It is the only authorized treatise explaining his method—the method which helped Paderewski and nearly all other great pianists of our time to attain their eminence. There are many excellent things about Leschetizky's method in a biography of this great teacher written by Annette Hullah and published by John Lane; but that is a purely literary treatise, while Mme. Brée's work includes many illustrations in musical type, together with forty-seven pictures of Leschetizky's hand in various positions.

Paderewski, the most eminent of Leschetizky's pupils, contributes a few pages of "Practical Hints on Piano Study." It is interesting to note that he still recommends Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum." Czerny is also in his list, as are, of course, Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord" and the études of Chopin. He cautions students against making their work too easy, "idling away hours in passing agreeably from one thing to another." T. P. Currier has an article on Paderewski, in which he says that that pianist practices with the keenest mental oversight of the smallest details. "He aims constantly to get the most out of every movement, every tone, and every minute spent in practicing." The question as to whether Paderewski "pounds" is also considered. Other famous pianists and their achievements are reviewed by Arthur Elson.

To the violin similar attention is given in a series of papers, and then come the singers, headed by Caruso, who talks about his voice and his singing. Another great favorite, Clara Butt, contributes a most readable paper, in which she warns against the folly, in which so many singers indulge, of having their tonsils cut. She gives some curious information about her singing in full voice while under the influence of ether. On the subject of singing in English, she naturally has decided opinions. Her great success is due in large measure to the fact that she can use her native tongue as musically and intelligibly as the great Italian, German, and French singers use theirs. One day the eminent teacher, Mme. Marchesi, said to her: "English is beautiful when sung like that." Talks with other singers—Olive Fremstad, Marcella Sembrich, Schumann-Heink, Boncl, and Campanari—are contributed to this volume by William Armstrong. Mme. Sembrich believes that the opera of the future will unite the best of the earlier operatic features with the Wagnerian reforms. Schumann-Heink, who deserted the operatic stage some years ago for the concert hall, maintains that concert-singing is really much harder because the artist does not enjoy the advantage of all the operatic accessories that help to move an audience.

Among the many more articles in these two useful volumes are "Making a Singer," "The Mandolin, Guitar, and Banjo" (which need not be sneered at, for they are taught in the leading music school of this country, the New England Conservatory); "Bands and Small Orchestras"; "The Art of Conducting"; "Choir Training"; "Municipal Music"; "Programme Music"; "Contemporary Music"; "Edward MacDowell" (with a discussion of what constitutes Americanism in music); "The Art of Organ Playing," etc. In this last-named article the eminent English organist, Edwin H. Lemare, has some remarkably sensible suggestions on the use of tempo rubato in playing Bach and other composers. The author also considers the subject of orchestral effects in organ playing. The last part of Vol. XII is taken up with concise dictionaries of musicians and musical terms.

Heretofore the most remarkable feats of juvenile composition have been Mendelssohn's overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," written when he was seventeen, and Schubert's "Erlking," written when he was eighteen. If Erich Korngold's "Sinfonietta," recently conducted in Berlin by Nikisch, is really as remarkable as some of the critics declare, it is even more precocious, for Korngold was only sixteen last year when he composed it. It is likely to be found, however, that, while Korngold surpassed both Mendelssohn and Schubert in the mastery of technical difficulties, he is far beneath them as the creator of new melodies. The mastery of technical difficulties is a good thing up to a certain point, but just at present it has degenerated into a disease.

Operatic managers in German cities are not allowed to get too rich, as may be inferred from the following information sent by August Spanuth from Berlin to the New York *Staats-Zeitung:* "News comes from all directions that the 'Parsifal' performances are profitable. At Halle the manager was forbidden by the city authorities to charge festival prices after the first three performances had put 20,000 marks profit into his pocket. That, the magistrate opined, was sufficient for him, and made it obligatory on him to let the citizens enjoy 'Parsifal' at the usual rates of admission."

The founder of the Chassevant system of musical education, Marie Chassevant, died a few weeks ago at Geneva, Switzerland. She had received medals of distinction at exhibitions in France, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium; her method was adopted by Royalty in Russia; while her books have been translated into English by Miss Marian P. Gibb, of Edinburgh. The aim of the Chassevant method, says the London *Times*, is to teach not merely musical technique or musical theory, but also how to listen appreciatively and intelligently. First, ideas of time and rhythm are taught by means of a fairy-story, or rather a series of fairy-stories, which form the basis of a kind of game played by the children, and by which abstract musical notions are personified and materialized. In order to develop the child's activities Mlle. Chassevant invented her "Musical Compositor," consisting of an ingenious system of movable signs by which the children are enabled to "write" music and to make "pictures" of the musical sounds they hear. Here again the constant desire of the child to be "doing something" is catered for.

Art

THE JOHNSON COLLECTIONS.

A Catalogue of a Collection of Paintings and Some Art Objects. Vol I, Italian Paintings by Bernhard Berenson; Vol. II, Flemish and Dutch Painting; Vol. III, German, French, Spanish, and English Paintings. By W. R. Valentiner. Published privately in 300 copies by John G. Johnson, Philadelphia.

Ordinarily, privately printed catalogues do not come within the scope of the *Nation*, but in the present case the collection is so remarkable and the catalogue of such scholarly worth that an exception should be made. This gallery of about a thousand old masters and two hundred modern represents more than thirty years of keenly individual selection. Most of our great American collections have been assembled through a few dealers or advisers, Mr. Johnson has done his own buying. For many years he located and landed his pictures in completest privacy. Then, some dozen years ago, rumor began to divulge the contents of the modest mansion on South Broad Street. The collection became a place of pilgrimage for critics and amateurs of all sorts, the owner dispensing an unflagging and generous hospitality to all persons genuinely interested in his treasures. Naturally, the merry war of attributions began, and has continued briskly. The appearance of this catalogue should at least produce an armistice.

Mr. Johnson has planned his catalogue with the wisdom that has guided his collecting. The ample quarto form is sufficient to contain plates of good scale and offers under the care of the Gilliss Press a dignified and sightly page, but the volumes are practicable without the use of a lectern. Again, superfluous catalogue features have been sternly repressed. Obviously, where photographic facsimiles are at hand, the usual lengthy verbal descriptions serve no useful purpose. Moreover, indications of provenance are rarely given, though reference to literature or to the opinions of critics is freely made. The work of cataloguing is in the hands of two experts of highest competence. Everything has been planned for use, and nothing for show. As regards literary proportions, the catalogue is a kind of happy mean between the old catalogue of the J. P. Morgan pictures and Dr. Richter's voluminous lucubrations on the Ludwig Mond collection. The editors treat their respective portions quite individually within the general scheme. Dr. Valentiner is more punctilious in giving material and bibliographical minutiæ; Mr. Berenson is more personal and suggestive.

Mr. Berenson has never written more happily than in this catalogue. His terse notes, often witty or ironical, give the right fillip to the imagination. They go far to suggest the mood in which each picture should be enjoyed. It is a difficult form of comment, but worthy of study and emulation. This is not the place to weigh the new attributions. Enough to say that Mr. Berenson has gone far beyond the wont of cataloguers. Such new lists for minor artists as are presented under Francesco di Gentile da Fabriano and the Master of the Castelle Nativity are very interesting. The identification of a very early Sebastiano del Piombo, which reveals his dependence on Cima, is very important. Naturally, your reviewer dissents from a certain number of the new ascriptions, but is unwilling to be contentious except in the case of the remarkable Miracle of Christ ascribed to Masaccio. In this we can only see a ruined original from Masaccio's early time, the necessary prelude to the frescoes of the Carmine. Mr. Berenson's relegation of this important piece, which is described by Vasari, to the school, seems to be based on bad color, weak drawing, and shaky values, all of which are plainly chargeable, not to the artist, but to old and recent restorers. The architecture is drawn by some one closely associated with Brunellesco about the year 1419, when he was designing the Florence dome. No mere helper or plagiarist of Masaccio is likely to have had such facilities.

A few of the more important Italian pictures in the Johnson collection should be enumerated. Besides a monumental Pietro Lorenzetti, there is a full representation of the fourteenth-century schools of Florence and Siena. In the fifteenth century are such names as Antonello da Messina, Fra Angelico, Giovanni Bellini, Cima, Montagna, Botticelli (no less than five examples), Cosimo Tura, Crivelli, Matteo of Siena, Carpaccio—all represented by superior examples. In the sixteenth century the finest pictures are by Fra Bartolommeo, Lorenzo Lotto, Paolo Veronese, Palma Vecchio, Tintoretto, and Moretto of Brescia. Of such delightful aftercomers as Tiepolo and Guardi there is a sufficient display. The Italian pictures comprise some three hundred numbers, less than a third of the whole.

But the strength of the collection lies in the Northern schools. Besides remarkable examples of Jan Van Eyck, Rogier de la Pasture, the Maître de Flémalle, Thierry Bouts, Memlinc, Gerard David, Paliner, and Metsys, there are numerous school pieces even more alluring to the expert. The German and French primitives are also well represented by such masters as Schongauer Cranach, and the Maître des Moulins. When we reach the later masters they come in groups. Old Bruegel, Adrian Ostade, Jan Steen, Adrian Brouwer, Rembrandt are thus exemplified in many phases. There is a magnificent group of those color sketches in which Rubens most fully reveals his genius. Of the brothers Camphuysen, unduly neglected painters, there is a remarkable representation. That most exquisite of Dutch masters, Vermeer of Delft, is present in an engaging example. If one were to select the most attractive items from the Northern groups, a good choice might be the profoundly serious Van Eyck, St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata, the lovely Rembrandt, The Finding of Moses, and the Rubens studies as a group. Dr. Valentiner's portions of the catalogue lack the picturesqueness of Mr. Berenson's, but atone somewhat in solidity. In many cases Dr. Friedländer has also passed on the pictures. In general in these Northern schools documents and signatures are common enough to give an objective basis for *expert*. Thus the attributions are surer, and possibly the game of attributing by so much less delectable. At any rate, all the advantages of zest remain with the Italian editor. We may note in passing an unusual bit of iconography that has escaped Dr. Valentiner's notice. The Virgin and Child of the South French school, No. 759, is not surrounded by angels, but by six of the seven Christian and pagan Virtues, she herself with her Divine Son impersonating the highest virtue, Love. Excellent Goyas and Grecos and a magnificent group of no less than twelve Chardins may be mentioned in closing. There are in all nearly 500 pictures of the early Northern schools.

In any but the Johnson collection the modern pictures would loom large. To admirable examples of David, Ingres, Delacroix is added a very complete display of the masters of Barbizon. Corot is splendidly represented in every aspect. Manet, Puvis, Bastien Dagnan, Monet, Degas, Sargent, and Whistler testify to the catholicity of the collector's taste, but there are no cubists or post-impressionists.

From the point of view of art history, this is the most complete and important gallery in America, whether public or private. It is understood that on terms to be adjusted it will eventually be given to the city of Philadelphia. That city would be shortsighted indeed which should boggle over the conditions of such a gift. It is consonant with the magnanimity with which Mr. Johnson has conducted his collecting that this fine catalogue, which brings constant surprises even to those who know the pictures well, has been freely distributed to such institutions and individuals as may make the best

use of it. This offsets the usual regret that works of high scientific worth should not to a certain extent be offered for sale, even when their auspices are private.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer, who died on March 31, was born in Bavaria of humble parentage in 1849. He passed several years of his early boyhood in the United States, to which country his parents had immigrated, but in 1857 the family returned to Europe and settled in England. Sir Hubert received his early education in art at Munich and in the South Kensington art schools. His rise to celebrity was rapid. He became a contributor to the *Graphic* in 1866, and his picture, After the Toil of the Day, was hung in the Royal Academy in 1873. His best-known work, The Last Muster, was exhibited in 1875. It was possibly as a portrait painter that Sir Hubert achieved most distinction, but he was an artist of extraordinary versatility. He worked in oils, in water colors, in black and white, and in enamels; he was an etcher, an architect, a decorator, a designer of scenic effects for the theatre, the inventor of a process of engraving, a musician, and a composer. In 1883 he founded the school of art at Bushey. He was an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford and Fellow of All Souls, and for nine years, from 1885 to 1894, he held the Slade professorship of fine arts at the same University. Sir Hubert was the recipient of numerous decorations, was a member of various artistic societies, and was created a knight in 1907.

Finance

THE RAILWAY RATE CASE.

The comment of the average careful reader of the news on recent developments in the Interstate Commerce Commission's hearing of the rate case would probably be that the subject had been plunged into impenetrable confusion. On Tuesday, April 2, the Commission announced that the order as to rate charges on short links to industrial plants, which had been a complicating consideration, had been suspended, with the hearings on it, until a date which carried the question over to next autumn. On the same day, immediate hearings were granted to the Eastern railway officers on the general question of their petition for a 5 per cent. increase in transportation rates. This seemed to mean an earlier date than had been expected for the decision, which lately was believed to have been put off until July.

A few days before these announcements by the Commission it had become known that shop and track forces, on the Pennsylvania and New York Central, had been reduced respectively 35,000 and 25,000 men from the high mark of the autumn. The Commission's action was in part ascribed to the situation thus presented. But at the opening of this week the chairman of the Iowa Railroad Commission, who was at Washington as a witness, gave out a statement plainly intimating his opinion that these reductions in working forces had been made for the purpose "of browbeating this [the Interstate] tribunal," and that they "simply proved the colossal power of a few men, that can throw 40,000 poor families out of the means of daily sustenance."

On Wednesday, the same two railways published their February statements, that of the Pennsylvania showing 12 per cent. decrease in gross receipts from 1913, with net earnings only one-fourth last year's, while the gross of the New York Central decreased 15 per cent., with net less than one-fifth of last year's figure. Unusual snow blockades accounted for much of the very bad comparison, though it followed other unfavorable monthly statements, and yet these very figures were in turn followed by announcement that two United States Senators were about to denounce, from the floor of the Senate, these tactics of the railways, and that one of them (naturally Senator La Follette) had in mind a bill making it a penal offence to exert pressure on the Interstate Commission. As if to make the confusion of the case complete, the president of the New York Central, when questioned on the stand before the Commission, testified that, except for 1910, last year's net corporate income over all fixed charges was the largest in his company's experience, whereas the president of the Pennsylvania, next day, showed that, while property investment in his railway during the three past years had increased $207,000,000, net operating income during the same period had decreased $11,000,000.

Out of this strangely discordant body of views, opinion, and evidence, the Interstate Commerce Commission has to render its decision. To unprejudiced observers, the only plain facts appear to be, that working expenses of the railways have been increased through award of higher wages by the arbitration boards; that the margin of profit in a year of actual depression, or in a season of floods and snow blockades, has grown very narrow; that railway financing has become more difficult because of the close margin constantly reached between earnings and expenses; and that, since rates are fixed on an even scale for all competing roads, the affairs of the most unfavorably situated road must be the basis for such decision. How the Commission itself is leaning, is naturally a matter of which no information whatever can be had. The persistent belief, both at Washington and in observant outside quarters, that an advance in rates will be granted to the railways, is probably based on the considerations just set forth.

Of the fact that the business public generally has become interested to an exceptional degree in the outcome of this appeal for higher railway rates, there can be no doubt whatever. Few trade reports and few forecasts of the industrial markets fail to contain some reference to the influence of uncertainty over the "rate decision." On the Stock Exchange, which sums up all such influences, it has grown to be a commonplace of belief that no "turn in the market" will occur until the case is decided.

It is probable that the inferences, based on this view of the general situation, are exaggerated. They have their most plausible ground in the case of the steel trade, where orders from the railways make up a great portion of total consumption, where such orders have been extremely small since the beginning of the year, and where it is assumed that the railway buying will not be resumed until the rate case is decided. But there is another basis for the interest of the business community in the decision. The case at issue has been generally accepted as a test of the practical operation of Government regulation of industry—a supervision whose constantly wider extension is at least a subject of debate in Congress. If the Interstate Commerce Commission's supervisory power over railway rates is exercised in such manner, or under such delay, as to cause serious embarrassment to the enterprises, unfavorable inferences of broader application are sure to be drawn.

With all these not wholly unreasonable misgivings as to the Interstate Commerce Commission, there is one fact always to be remembered. Unrestricted rate-cutting, with the decimation of railway profits and the resultant disappearance of dividends, if not of solvency, was an almost invariable sequel in the half-dozen years which followed our older panics. It is at least in part the Interstate Commerce law which has prevented such results on this occasion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, W. J. Panama and the Canal. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.

Annales de la Société J. J. Rousseau. Genève: Jullien.

Bailey, L. H. Standard Encyclopedia of Horticulture. Vol. I. Macmillan. $6 net.

Brady, C. T. The Sword Hand of Napoleon. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.

Bridger, A. E. Minds in Distress. Boston: Luce. $1.35 net.

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Bülow, B. von. Imperial Germany. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.

Campbell, O. J. The Comedies of Holberg. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon. Modern Dancing. Harper. $1.25 net.

Duncan, F. My Garden Doctor. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Frank, T. Roman Imperialism. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Frenssen. Jörn Uhl. Ed. by W. Florer. Heath. 90 cents net.
German Classics, Volumes IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX. German Publication Society.
Gilbreth, L. M. The Psychology of Management. Sturgis & Walton.
Gissing, G. Books and the Quiet Life. Portland: Mosher.
Grant, A. In the Old Paths. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.
Gregorovius, F. Siciliana. Trans. by Mrs. Hamilton. London: Bell. $1.60 net.
Gregory, J. Under Handicap. Harper. $1.35 net.
Guest, G. A Social History of England. London: Bell. 40 cents net.
Hart and Sturgis. Chin Hsing in China. Missionary Society.
Hayward, R. Letters from La-Bas. Boston: Luce. $1.35 net.
Hillis, N. D. The Story of Phædrus. Macmillan.
Hobart, M. E. J. The Great Trail. Missionary Society.
Hoffman, J. Piano Playing. Doubleday, Page.
Hood, Mary G. For Girls and the Mothers of Girls. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Hosford, H. The Forerunners of Woodrow Wilson. East Orange: Record.
Humphries, P. W. The Practical Book of Garden Architecture. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Jefferys, W. H. James Addison Ingle. Missionary Society.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. Richmond.
Lake English Classics: Kidnapped, by R. L. Stevenson. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 35 cents net.
Lord. History of Dartmouth College. Concord: Rumford.
Loria, A. The Economic Synthesis. Trans. by M. E. Paul. Macmillan. $3 net.
Mannix, M. E. In Quest of Adventure. Benziger.
Marett, R. R. The Threshold of Religion. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Mathewson, Christy. Pitcher Pollock. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Münsterberg, H. The Americans. New Edition. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Parrish, R. Shea of the Irish Brigade. Chicago: McClurg. $1.30 net.
Pinchot, G. The Training of a Forester. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
Porter, M. T. Billy. Portland: Mosher.
Randolph, C. F. Education and Not Instruction. Plainfield: American Tract Society.
Schnitzler, A. Viennese Idylls. Boston: Luce. $1.25 net.
Schriften der Wheelergesellschaft. Volumes I, II, III. Berlin: Weidmann.
Scollard, C. Sprays of Shamrock. Portland: Mosher.
Scudder, V. English Literature. Yonkers: World Book Co.
Sloane, W. M. The Balkans. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.
Somerville, H. B. Ashes of Vengeance. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
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Ward, H. F. The Social Creed of the Churches. Eaton & Mains. 50 cents net.
Waterloo, S. A Son of the Ages. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Wedekind, F. Princess Russalka. Trans. by F. Eiseman. Boston: Luce. $1.25 net.
Wells, H. G. Social Forces in England and America. Harper. $2 net.
Whittaker, T. P. Ownership Tenure and Taxation of Land. London: Macmillan. $3.75 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1914.

Summary of the News

Various complications have occurred during the past week to add to the difficulties of the Administration in dealing with the Mexican situation. Villa's action in expelling all Spaniards from Torreon was the occasion of an appeal by the Spanish Minister at Washington to the State Department, and representations have been made to Villa and Carranza protesting against the deportations. So far, however, the protest has been without effect. A serious incident took place on Thursday, at Tampico, where some American marines who had landed to obtain a supply of gasolene were arrested by orders of a Federal colonel. Rear-Admiral Mayo took prompt measures to have the men released, and demanded of Gen. Zaragoza, commander of the garrison, that his troops should parade and salute the American flag before six o'clock on Friday evening in token of apology. Subsequently the matter was taken up by the State Department with Gen. Huerta. The latter expressed regret for the incident, but declared that sufficient compensation had been made by the apology tendered by Gen. Zaragoza, and that it would be derogatory to national dignity to comply with Admiral Mayo's demand. On Tuesday, after a prolonged meeting of the Cabinet, Secretary Daniels ordered the concentration of the Atlantic fleet at Tampico, in readiness to enforce an ultimatum if necessary. The Administration has declared its determination to insist on the demand that the Mexican authorities at Tampico fire a salute to the American flag. The fighting during the past week at Tampico, in the course of which extensive damage was done to oil warehouses owned by foreigners, appears to have resulted slightly in favor of the Federals. There have been rumors, also, of rebel reverses at Torreon.

The Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals began its formal consideration of the repeal of the exemption clause in the Panama Canal Tolls bill on Monday. The only important development of the situation has been Mr. Bryan's statement, made through the *Commoner*, that the free-tolls plank in the Baltimore platform was not rightly understood by the great majority of the delegates, and that in any case the Democratic party's traditional opposition to the principle of subsidies should govern the situation.

The agreement with Colombia, signed at Bogotá on April 8, should settle a ten years' dispute between that country and the United States. The treaty calls for the payment by the United States of $25,000,000, for recognition of the ancient boundary line of the province of Panama, and for the good offices of this country in the settlement of any dispute between the republics of Panama and Colombia. In return Colombia abandons her demand for arbitration of the question, and recognizes the independence of Panama as an accomplished fact. Dissatisfaction with the terms of the treaty has been expressed in both countries, and its ratification is not absolutely assured. Here the opposition has raised the familiar cry that the treaty is "humiliating," and in Colombia it is asserted by an extreme element that $25,000,000 is too low a sum to accept in settlement of its claim for damages. The Colombian Senate has been convoked for an extra session on May 1 to consider the ratification of the treaty.

Prospects of Congress enjoying a respite from its labors in the near future appear remote. Indications are that the President will not relax his pressure until the question of rural credit and the Trust bills are disposed of.

The Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill was reported to the House on April 11. Besides the authorized purchase of embassy buildings at Mexico City, Berne, and Tokio, the measure increases the State Department contingent fund by $33,000, so as to increase the rental allowance for the embassies at London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg to $15,000, and at Rome, Madrid, and Vienna to $10,000.

Only a light vote was recorded in the special election held in New York State last week, which decided in favor of a convention for the revision of the Constitution. The voting in the State was opposed to the project, but it was carried by the overwhelming majority in New York city. In consequence of the failure of the Legislature to pass appropriation bills in the last session, Gov. Glynn has issued a proclamation convening the Legislature in extraordinary session on May 4, in which he will recommend nothing for consideration except financial legislation.

The question of France's participation in the Panama Exposition is still being agitated. An article last Saturday in the Government *Petit Parisien*, according to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Sun*, quoted the President of the Paris Chamber of Commerce as declaring that "France must abstain from participation until the United States adopts less rigorous measures in the Customs Department, ceases the examination of French business accounts, and revises the laws against the importation of plumage." The article urges the Government to maintain a firm attitude on the question.

The situation in Britain on the Home Rule question has remained unchanged, Parliament having adjourned over the Easter recess. Mr. Asquith was returned from his constituency of East Fife to the House of Commons unopposed on April 9, taking his seat when Parliament reassembled on Tuesday. Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Sclater has been appointed adjutant-general to the forces in succession to Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Ewart, who resigned the post as a result of the Government's disavowal of the "guarantee" to officers in Ireland.

The proposed French loan to Turkey was ratified on April 10. The loan will be for $160,000,000, and in return France will obtain railway concessions in Asia Minor and at Jaffa and Jerusalem.

The Italian Government has made elaborate arrangements to cope with the general strike of railway employees which threatened to commence yesterday. Troops were posted at various depots, and, as it was feared that the seamen would join in the strike, warships were dispatched to Naples and Genoa to provide crews for steamers carrying the mails. The demands of the employees of the Government-owned lines are for a minimum wage of sixty cents a day, for shorter hours, and for the provision of pensions. Signor Salandra, the Premier, in announcing his legislative programme on April 4, adopted a conciliatory attitude towards the men, but made no definite promises. To meet the demands of the men, it is said, would increase the budget by $20,000,000, a strain which the country could ill afford at the present time, since provision has still to be made for the expenses of the war in Tripoli and for the increase in the army.

Official announcement was made on April 11 that Italy would refuse to restore to Turkey the islands in the Ægean that she still holds, except in return for railway and other concessions in Asia Minor.

In pursuance of her policy of naval expansion, announced by the Minister of Marine on March 19, Greece purchased last week for $1,200,000 the cruiser Fei-Hung, which was being built for China by the New York Shipbuilding Company at Camden, N. J. Simultaneously she ordered from a French company a 24,000-ton battleship of the Lorraine type, to be delivered in 1916.

The convention which has been held in China for the revision of the Constitution concluded its deliberations on Monday. According to the new Constitution, almost absolute power is vested in the President, who will be assisted by an advisory board in financial matters. The Cabinet is abolished, and its members become merely heads of departments. Provision is also made for the establishment of a Department of State modelled on that of the United States.

The deaths of the week include: George Bentham, Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain, April 8; the Dowager Empress of Japan, Pierre Sales, Eben S. Draper, April 9; Lord Suffield, April 10; Col. Norwood Penrose Hallowell, Rear-Admiral Andrew Dunlap, April 11; the Right Rev. Charles C. Penick, April 13.

The Week

The general nature of the new treaty with Colombia seems to have been correctly described in the dispatches from Bogotá. A lump sum, $25,000,000, or something like that, is to be paid to Colombia by the United States. The latter is also to assent to the ancient boundary line of the province of Panama, and is to lend good offices to help bring about the settlement of the outstanding questions between Colombia and the Republic of Panama. In return for all this, Colombia will drop the claims against our Government which she has been urging for eleven years, and will consider that friendly relations between the two countries are completely restored. It is hinted that the treaty is also to contain, or is to be accompanied by, an expression of regret for the course of our Government on the Isthmus in 1903. Should this prove to be the case, there will inevitably be a furious outcry in this country. What, apologize? Never! Let us pay and say nothing about it. This very statement of what, we suppose, will be the attitude of many, shows that a formal apology is really immaterial. The probability is, we should say, that none will be made. It is not necessary. It is implied in the very act of handing over the money for the injuries done to Colombia.

The latest straw at which the opponents of the Panama tolls repeal are grasping is an alleged provision in the new treaty with Colombia. This is said to concede free passage through the Canal to Colombian public ships. And the cry is that here we have an admission that there can be discrimination at Panama, that the ships of "all nations" are not to be treated exactly alike. But Senator O'Gorman and those who think as he does will burn their fingers if they seize upon this too hastily. They will discover, first of all, that a similar provision covering public ships was made in the treaty with Panama. They will also find that a virtually identical provision was in the treaty which Secretary Root, acting for President Roosevelt, negotiated with Colombia, but which was not ratified. And what is the unavoidable inference? Why, that all the talk about our having absolute sovereignty in the Zone and over the Canal is a mistake. As Senator Root put it, we took title to the Zone and the Canal from Panama "impressed with a solemn trust." It was avowedly subject to all the stipulations of our treaty with Great Britain. If we violate those, we not only break a contract but are guilty of a breach of trust. The case was put with great power by Representative Stevens, of Minnesota, whose speech was quite the ablest made in the House. He proved conclusively that in the Canal we have "only a right of limited and qualified sovereignty in trust only for a specific purpose." This is why we think that those who oppose repeal had better let the Colombian treaty severely alone. Their whole contention is that we have unlimited sovereignty at Panama, and can do whatever we please with the Canal. But the treaty with Panama shows, what the one with Colombia will presumably show, that to speak of our absolute sovereignty in the Panama Zone is absolute nonsense.

The report by the House Committee on Insular Affairs of the bill "to provide a civil government for Porto Rico" is unanimously favorable, and puts in the way of prompt passage one of the essential measures announced in President Wilson's inaugural programme. Conferring United States citizenship upon the islanders, it provides also for an elective Senate of 19 members, thus placing the whole legislative power in the hands of the people. "The legislative branch of the Government should be entirely divorced from the executive," Chairman Jones declares, "except in so far as the Governor is given the absolute veto power over all legislation. Experience has shown that the Porto Ricans may be entrusted with the power to elect the members of both branches." A similar bill passed the House in 1910, but failed in the Senate. How antiquated is the governing enactment of 1900 is shown in the paradoxical fact that the Unionist party, the majority faction in the islands, is half-inclined to oppose the new law. The demands of the radicals are advancing to absolute independence, and they reason that the satisfaction of the popular desire for comparative self-government will shake their position. Citizenship, however, is urged by conservative Unionists, the Republican party, and by organized labor. The fitness of the islanders is indicated by the fact that the suffrage literacy test of the new bill could be met "by all who desired to become voters," so rapidly has education progressed.

The plan for a new basis of representation in Republican National Conventions, which has been sent out by a special committee of the Republican National Committee, has much to recommend it. It is not so radical as some that have been discussed, but it has what will be regarded by many as the great advantage over them of not reducing the Southern Republican vote to a position of utter insignificance, and thus in a sense giving the Southern elimination of the negro vote the status of a fact deliberately accepted by the Republican party. Under the plan proposed, every Congressional district will be specifically represented in the Convention; but this representation will not always consist of two delegates. There will be one delegate at least, and "an additional delegate from each Congress district in which the vote of 1908 for any Republican elector or the Republican nominee for Congress in 1904 shall not have been less than 7,500." The net result of this, it is stated, will be to reduce the percentage of the Southern and Territorial representation from approximately 35 per cent. of the Convention to less than 16 per cent. The measure would manifestly greatly increase the representative character of the Convention, and is open to a minimum of objection on abstract or general grounds. It now goes to the various State Conventions for approval. If ratified by States having a majority of the electoral vote, it will govern in the formation of the National Convention of 1916.

There is now and then a speech in Congress whose significance is at once apparent. In this class belong the remarks of Chairman Fitzgerald, of the Appropriations Committee, who on Friday used very plain English in telling his colleagues what he thought of their conduct in voting for "improper and improvident appropriations." He struck a hard blow in recalling how the Democrats "for thirteen years of my service in the House" charged the Republicans

with gross extravagance, only to grow lukewarm about the principle of economy when the reins of government fell into their own hands. An especially good point, related to a deeper matter than mere extravagance, was touched upon in his appeal for support of the recommendations of the Appropriations Committee by the majority. With our lack of a budget, it is highly desirable that anything approaching a budget should be altered only for important reasons, and if individual members of the House are to amend appropriation bills to suit their individual wishes, there is an end of even the little that we have in the way of scientific financial management at Washington.

The executions at Sing Sing of the four gunmen who were convicted of the murder of Rosenthal were repulsive in themselves, and were made more so by the minute exploiting of grewsome details in the press. But we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that there was no miscarriage of justice. The law being what it is, the death penalty must be enforced in cases where guilt is undoubted; and the last doubt that the convicted men were really guilty was removed by the confession of one of them. It would have been a terrible thing if the new Becker trial should have brought out evidence that the men put to death on Monday were not the actual murderers of Rosenthal. This is not possible now. No one who read the careful review by the Court of Appeals of the gunmen's trial could have felt much doubt that they were duly convicted on sufficient evidence. Still, there was a bare possibility of mistake. But even that is now swept away. To Gov. Glynn the confession must have brought immense relief. He had been put under a great strain by urgent appeals for Executive clemency, but may now feel sure that he did his duty in denying them.

Philadelphia's Chamber of Commerce has now aligned itself with similar bodies in New York, Cleveland, and elsewhere in support of the President's position upon the repeal of the tolls-exemption clause. What makes this action notable is that it is a reversal, and by a unanimous vote, of the position previously taken. This sets the example for the two Senators from Pennsylvania, an example they might the more readily follow since considerations of national honor were enforced with the argument that the repeal would be a good business stroke. All these resolutions of business organizations provide an instructive comment upon the eagerness with which we were urged to exercise Yankee shrewdness and "get something" that our fellow-bargainer did not suppose was in the instrument he was signing. Chambers of Commerce are not composed of theorizers or idealistic Presidents, but of more than ordinarily successful business men. Yet the most important bodies of this sort in the country are favoring the killing of the goose that was to lay golden eggs for Uncle Sam. It would seem not only that the goose was stolen, but that its laying powers were overrated.

Gratifying news comes from North Carolina that the Supreme Court of that State has declared invaild the ordinance of the city of Winston-Salem establishing segregation of whites and blacks. Thus far, every time one of these ordinances has been tested in the courts it has been thrown out as unconstitutional. Twice this result has been accomplished in Baltimore, and now a third ordinance is on its way to a ruling. A second ordinance in Norfolk, Va., will be tested as promptly as possible. In the Winston-Salem case, the Court is reported to have held that the ordinance sanctioned the taking of property without due legal process, and that the establishment of such a principle might result in such restrictions as to "drive out Republicans, Roman Catholics, or Jews." The Court has here put its finger on an ultimate danger from the establishment of this policy of segregation which Southern men ought never to lose sight of. It would be an entering wedge that might, and probably would, lead to other intolerable abuses which no man can now foresee. The only refuge for those who would establish the ghetto on American soil at any cost would seem to-day to be to follow the example of Clarence Poe, who is leading the North Carolina agitation for segregation of negro farmers in certain sections of the State. He declares openly that if a Constitutional law cannot be drawn to accomplish this "the South will find a way to get around the Constitution," as, he adds, it has already found several ways of circumventing that instrument.

The prompt action of the Rockefeller Foundation in appropriating $750,000 to the relief of Wellesley College, is a reminder of the care and discrimination with which the resources of this fund are managed, making its usefulness far greater than its mere size would guarantee. The trustees of Wellesley announce that they are going to start a campaign at once for the raising of a fund of $2,000,000, and they will undoubtedly enter upon the task with the greater heartiness and confidence because of the encouragement which this gift provides, and because of the relief from immediate perplexities which it affords. During its forty years of usefulness and success, Wellesley has established claims of affection and respect upon many thousands of women and of men, and we have no doubt that the efforts of the trustees will be heartily seconded in many parts of the country.

In preparing its "White List" of plays, the Catholic Theatre Movement is guided by rules as sensible as they are simple. In order that it be included in the list "there should be a general agreement that a play is clean and wholesome," and "the play should be fit for theatregoers of all ages and suited to varied tastes." For the purposes of a black list, these rules, or rather their converse, might be too exigent; but there is good work to be done by a white list, and the number of persons interested in it is far greater than is usually recognized. There are plays which fall outside the description cited, and which nevertheless have good reason for being; but there are thousands of persons, old and young, who wish to go to the theatre solely for recreation or edification, and who would most gladly pay the price of losing now and then a "problem" play they might have cared for, for the great gain and comfort of being protected against the whole brood of plays that offend either their taste or their sense of morality or decency. In providing the "average" man and woman, throughout the country, with a list of plays to which he can go, and take his young people, without

being confronted either with outrageous offensiveness or with performances that perilously skirt the border of it, the Catholic Theatre Movement is doing a good service.

Of Clyde Fitch's play, "The Truth," which has been put on for a revival, one commentator remarks that, to the great credit of the play, "it wears well and very few of its lines have grown stale in the interval." The play was originally produced in the dim past of seven and a half years ago. Considering the pace of life to-day, this must be accepted as a record that will easily hold its own against the three hundred odd years through which "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" have managed to keep their heads above water. Seven years of contemporary evolution are easily equal to a cycle or two of life in the premaxixe days. Yet sometimes one is inclined to wonder whether the Elizabethan dramatist and the dramatists of the age of Louis XIV, and other stuffy classics whom a modern age very properly sniffs at, did not succeed in putting something into their lines and something into their men and women which wears better than the up-to-date play of throbbing actuality produced piping hot off the griddle. Plays written twenty or twenty-five years ago need only to be half-rewritten to hold a present-day audience, say, for a two or three weeks' run. There are advanced young women in London who find Bernard Shaw painfully "Edwardian." How true to life those plays palpitating with the actualities of to-day must be!

No one can say that English men of letters are letting the legions thunder by while they are plunged in thought. The Ulster and army crisis has brought a number of critics and novelists and poets out of their ivory towers. Prof. George Saintsbury came up from his favorite haunt down among the dead men, long enough to explode in a letter to the London *Times* on "The Plot." His theory of it was that the Liberal plotters counted upon the failurc of their scheme to provoke the Ulstermen to begin firing, in the asutc conviction that this would give them a new "cry" —namely, "against the Army and perhaps against Some One Else." This, according to Professor Saintsbury, who in this matter is too clever by half, was the real "plot." But upon him Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson fell rather savagely in the *Westminster Gazette;* and in the same newspaper Mr. Maurice Hewlett declared, with a fine adaptation of his antiquarian studies to present conditions, that "the Feudal Party, the Norman party [meaning, of course, the Conservative], by its incredible levity and hotheaded panic has ruined itself." Finally Henry Newbolt makes an appeal to all moderate men, asserting as a good Liberal that "we cannot resign ourselves to the use of force until our opponents have rejected not only our reasoning but our courtesy."

Far be it from an American, after "The Girl of the Golden West," to question the glory of Puccini; but one wonders what will be the emotions of Seattle, San Francisco, and Denver, as they read in the *Mondo Artistico* of the "irradiation of the composer's works." This Italian journal is not content with Puccini's European triumphs, or with the fact that London companies have carried his operas into the Transvaal, India, and Australia; and that they may be heard in Turkey and in Japan. It goes even beyond New York for a climax. "In the Far West, where musical work has never before been heard, the miners bid for their seats with gold-dust; and a pair of scales, placed in the rude box-office window, weighs out the price of a ticket." It is comforting, in this conception of the opera-going public beyond the Platte, that the writer still thinks it so hungry for culture. But the *Mondo Artistico* should consider a single clipping from the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer.* That paper has been complaining that the trouble with Western opera is that the managers insist on $10,000 performances, with the result that the audiences are exclusively the silk and broadcloth class, glittering with jewels. The Italian journal could revise its picture of a Western Senator-millionaire, setting his pick in one corner as he draws from his overalls a bag of gold-dust.

News that Galdós, for years the foremost man of letters in Spain, is in such want in his old age that a popular subscription is resorted to in order to relieve him from actual penury, has pathetic bearings. These are public as well as personal. If any man in Spain could live by his pen, and lay up something for his later years, it would seem that Galdós could. With a literary career covering about forty years, fecund, popular, a really great writer—that such a man should be in need brings out afresh the meagre rewards which Spain can offer to even her most successful novelists and playwrights. Galdós has a long row of admired novels to his credit, not counting the many volumes of his "Episodios Nacionales," in which he put into fiction the most dramatic events of modern Spanish history. He also wrote several dramas, at least some of which provoked much controversy and had, for Spain, long runs. But now in declining vigor—his age is sixty-five —he has nothing. Private resources are, indeed, almost indispensable to the Spanish writer. Valera had independent means, and so had Pereda; while the now venerable dramatist, Echegaray, recently the recipient of the Nobel prize, was for years an active engineer.

It is hard not to read something of a public purpose into the approaching visit of Queen Eleonore of Bulgaria, officially undertaken for the purpose of making a study of hospital methods in this country. As an aftermath of the second Balkan war there has been active competition, especially as between Bulgaria and Greece, for the support of public opinion throughout the world. Up to date the Greeks have apparently had much the better of it. From the first outbreak of fighting among the Balkan allies, it was Bulgaria's complaint that Greece had obtained complete control of the channels of news, with the result that Bulgaria was made responsible before the world for the outbreak of the barbarous war among the allies and the unspeakable outrages visited upon the people of the territory conquered from the Turk. Investigation has by no means cleared the Bulgarian Government of responsibility in the matter. The Greek press campaign is still very active, and this country, with its large Balkan population, of whom, especially among the Greeks, many are prosperous, is by no means a negligible field for controversy. The visit of the Bulgarian Queen, for one thing, may well rouse the patriotism of her former subjects.

ISOLATION NOT AT ALL SPLENDID.

One advantage of the happy-go-lucky rules of the Senate, permitting a speech on any subject at any time, is that attempts to delay bills by holding them in committee do not prevent their discussion. They are not before the Senate, but they can be debated just as if they were. Senator O'Gorman's committee began hearings on the tolls-repeal bill, which are to continue for more than a week, but Senator after Senator is speaking on it. Several notable speeches have already been made in the Senate, but none of them will attract more attention than the one delivered last Thursday by Senator Lodge.

His support of President Wilson, in the matter of tolls-exemption, carries weight not merely because he has been a stern and unbending Republican, nor even because he is ranking minority member of the Foreign Affairs Committee. He does not agree in all respects with Mr. Wilson's interpretation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, but he does fully agree with him in affirming that all the world is against us in that dispute. And Mr. Lodge went further, declaring that the United States has fallen under suspicion in foreign countries. He traced the loss of "the commanding influence we held among the nations" back to 1909. It really traces to events long anterior to that year. But this does not now signify so much as the solemn warning which Mr. Lodge addressed to the Senate against supposing that we could safely go on even appearing to be a nation that held its treaty obligations light, that professed one thing and did another, that by its foreign policy implanted fear among the weak and provoked dislike among the strong.

Striking confirmation of Senator Lodge's belief that we have got ourselves looked upon with a mixture of dread and ill-will, at least in South America, has come to hand in the full text of the address of the President of the Museo Social of Buenos Ayres, at its banquet in honor of Col. Roosevelt, last November. The occasion was one of great cordiality, yet the President of the Museo, Dr. Emilio Frers, felt compelled in honesty to inform the guest of honor concerning the true feeling of South Americans about the United States. In words evidently weighed with care, he said:

Gentlemen—There is a dominating fact in all Spanish America. It is a manifest and undeniable fact, and it would be a great error, to my mind, to attempt to silence or even to disguise it.

This fact, gentlemen, is that there exists a deep sentiment of apprehension, which disturbs Spanish America and inspires it with precautions, causing it to withdraw itself instinctively, and to its own hurt, from the grand centre of civilizing light and power established in the North of the Continent. The establishment of United States interests in Spanish America is feared, because it is feared that they may incite and cause intervention, which no people can accept with good will. Such a fear holds it back from more open and friendly relationship with the great nation of the North.

Col. Roosevelt, the nations of Latin America will not feel at their ease so long as they do not rest in the security that no master may arise for them, either from within or from without, and that no one, no matter where he may come from, may place in danger their integrity or their independence and sovereignty.

Senator Lodge would seemingly attribute this South American disquietude to Secretary Knox's Pittsburgh touch. The thing plainly goes further back. No complete and candid account could leave out the effect of the war with Spain, our course in Cuba, our policy in Santo Domingo, and our seizure of Panama. These were the events which, with their immense reverberation throughout all Spanish America, were chiefly responsible for causing our southern neighbors to feel that they must be on their guard in all dealings with the United States.

We do not care, however, to labor this point at present. It is not with the cause of the unhappy condition that we need to concern ourselves so much as with the course which it is necessary for us to pursue in order to remove it. Senator Lodge is of one mind with President Wilson in maintaining that true wisdom requires us to clear away every needless obstacle to the best of understandings with other countries, and to strain a point, if need be, in order to establish beyond dispute the purpose of the United States to be both just and magnanimous in every matter having international bearings. What the other view is we know. Speaker Clark set it forth with the old-style swash-buckling and ignorance of the corner grocery. We are to confront a world in arms. We are to call upon the God of our fathers to be with us yet. It is not necessary to repeat more of the stuff, which might be called childish if that were not to insult the child. The chief quality of it, however, is not its silliness, but its insincerity. None of these Furiosos have the slightest idea of fighting. Their rhodomontade about facing a hostile world in war is of the hollowest kind. They are not even talking for Buncombe, for Buncombe County itself has outgrown this kind of nonsense. They are really appealing to beings who do not exist—a sort of tribe of Hearsts, whom they suppose to be mouthing and gibbering in the depths of the forest. But everybody with intelligence equal to that of Silurian man knows that the idea of rejoicing because the hand of this nation is against every other, and that we ought to be proudest when most distrusted, can find lodgment only in the brain of an idiot. A great industrial democracy, our first and absorbing thought must be, not of war, but of commerce. With our trade pushing into remotest seas, it is our plain interest to conciliate the world, not to antagonize it. Our needs and our opportunity being what they are, a spirit of haughty self-sufficiency, much more a spirit of defiant isolation, would be pure folly.

THE "TRUST BILLS."

It has been intimated that Congressional leaders are seriously discussing whether the effort to enact the proposed or pending "Trust bills" should not be abandoned for the present session. What the Administration's precise policy on the question is has not been made wholly clear; but to most observers it has been evident, from the time when serious consideration of these measures began, in January, that the task was no such simple matter as may originally have been supposed. Even in the case of measures whose general purpose was to abate admitted evils—as with those aimed at holding companies and interlocking directorates—the first examination of the problem, in committee, showed the very great difficulty of prohibiting abuses without interfering with legitimate and necessary arrangements.

Sweeping prohibition would in the one case prevent the use of the holding-company device which laws of the separate States made indispensable to certain interstate corporations. Applied in the other case, it would prevent the proper selection of directorates for companies organized in hundreds of smaller towns. The Interstate Trade Commis-

sion, which the President seemed to have foreshadowed in his January message as a means of avoiding needlessly frequent prosecutions under the Anti-Trust law, was endowed with powers, in the original Clayton bill, which would have made it an engine of wholly superfluous and inquisitorial annoyance to every corporation in the country.

Even when modified, in deference to the unanimous disapproval with which its terms were received by conservative business men, the Trades Commission bill (the only one which has actually been drawn up and published) is obscure and vague in its terms and possibly unworkable in some of its details. As for the plan to construct a measure defining violations of the Anti-Trust law, so as to "limit the debatable ground," this was at once abandoned as impracticable. Congressmen who considered the suggestion promptly recognized that such an act would, as the eminent author of the Anti-Trust law put it, be an attempt at a "definition of a definition."

There would, therefore, be sufficient reason, in our judgment, for abandoning the programme from the simple fact that the discussion, up to date, has shown the entire unwisdom and impracticability of hasty procedure. It is well known in Washington that the committees which have in charge the various measures are in such disagreement over them as to be in a state of deadlock. Congress itself has shown little interest in the bills. It apparently recognizes both that no urgent public demand or public necessity exists for quick enactment of any such measures and that their prolonged consideration and discussion would impede the proper deliberation on other and more immediately important measures. This Congress has already been in practically continuous session for a much longer period than any previous Congress in the country's history; and its members naturally and properly wish to wind up the business at a date early enough to give them opportunity to prepare for the Congressional campaign.

Nor do these considerations exhaust the legitimate arguments for abandoning at present plans for far-reaching "Trust legislation." It is undeniable that, in the present condition of the country's business, the effect of the more or less futile controversy over the new proposals has been exceedingly unhappy. The contrast between the feeling of the business community towards Washington, as displayed three months ago, when the banking bill had been enacted, and as displayed to-day, is most impressive. We do not say that all of this change, from cheerful enthusiasm (voiced on the Stock Exchange itself) to the existing perplexity and depression, is a result of the intervening incidents in Congress. Other influences have doubtless been at work, and the tendency to place on "politics" all the blame for every trade reaction is a familiar story. More than this, we are ready to express our own conviction that if these "Trust bills" were before us in response to an urgent and enlightened public demand—with a view to reform of corporate abuses which required immediate correction and which only such legislation would correct—then the plea that Congress was "disturbing business" could not properly be considered.

But no such situation exists. Public demand for immediate action on the bills has signally failed to voice itself, in committee hearings or elsewhere. By common recognition, corporate abuses are at the moment being restrained, through the authority already in the hands of Government, as they have not been since the era of reckless High Finance began in 1899. But meantime, with business depression noticeable, despite the fact that predictions of the "flood of competing foreign merchandise" under the lower tariff have not been fulfilled, it is not surprising that the feeling of hesitation should be emphasized by the continuing great uncertainty as to this body of legislation. It is not unreasonable for business men to declare that the overhanging doubts about these bills are at least an obstacle to recovery.

The last thing that the Administration should desire just now is popular resentment over the irritating influence of the corporation legislation upon business sentiment. Though such resentment is apt to be based on extravagant, unjust inferences, it is very powerful in politics, and might cause a vote, next November, which would be hailed by the Opposition party as expression of discontent with the really great legislative achievements of the session.

NEW HOPE FOR PROTECTIONISTS.

The tariff question has so long seemed to have degenerated into a mere affair of particular rates and schedules, that we greet with joy a reminder of the good old times when antagonists joined issue on broader grounds. The Philadelphia *Ledger*, moved to stern condemnation of the Democrats by the showing of certain increased imports under the new tariff, is not content to rest its case on any mere details of this kind. It goes back to first principles; and for these it finds an all-sufficient text in this familiar "Lincoln" quotation:

> I do not know much about the tariff, but I know this much, when we buy manufactured goods abroad we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money. When we buy manufactured goods at home we get both the goods and the money.

We have never seen any reference to the place or time when Lincoln said this, often as we have seen it quoted; but possibly Lincoln did say it. Our Philadelphia contemporary accepts it as not only a Lincoln utterance, but as one of his greatest sayings. "His Gettysburg speech is a classic," says the *Ledger*, "but he did not compress in it so much as he did" in this wonderful statement about the money and the goods.

In thus not only recalling to life an old-time favorite of protectionism, but assigning to it a place alongside the most famous example of American eloquence, the *Ledger* may be doing a greater service than it realizes. The Republican party, ever since the split at Chicago, has been sadly in need of a rallying-cry. The tariff issue it still has; but all the snap has gone out of it. "Difference in cost of production" was fatally lacking in inspiring quality from the beginning; and the little virtue it did have was soon rubbed out of it by the hardest kind of wear and tear. Why not wake the country up with the slogan of "Lincoln Americanism—both the goods and the money"? That is something which the plain people could understand; and plain or not plain, everybody would rather have both the goods and the money than be content with the mere goods and let the money go.

If this goods-and-money declaration however, had no other merit than its vote-catching quality, we should hesi-

tate to recommend its adoption as the chief rallying-cry of a great party. What marks it out as particularly worthy of this distinction is that it not only harks back to the momentarily forgotten wisdom of the past, but holds out the possibility of new and beneficent developments for the future. For when the mind of the nation, freed from the trivialities with which the economists have been confusing it, gets the "Lincoln" doctrine firmly fixed in its grasp, we may confidently expect that doctrine to be applied not merely to foreign trade, but also to that vast trade within our own borders in comparison with which our foreign commerce is a mere bagatelle. Let the people once clearly understand that by sternly refusing to buy goods from other nations they could have the goods all the same, and in addition the billion dollars or thereabout which they now annually pay for them, and it will not take long for American shrewdness to discover that the game can be worked on a larger scale. Let the Middle West refuse to buy from New England, the Pacific Coast from the Middle West, the South from the North, and so on; it is clear that if each of these great sections holds on to the money it now sends out, while sacrificing nothing in the way of goods, the whole country will before long be blessed with riches beyond the dreams of avarice. Coxey himself could demand no more of his Government fiat-money printing-press than would thus be supplied to the American people, in the shape of good hard cash, by the normal operations of ordinary business.

It is true that in forming this picture of overflowing prosperity, we are ignoring the stock objections of economic theorists to the central principles of a simple and robust protectionism. But that is nothing to the purpose. As the Philadelphia paper says, Lincoln "did not have much use for theories of any kind; but he was gifted with enough horse-sense to understand what going abroad for goods meant." And all we ask is that while you are about it you should work your horse-sense for all it is worth. Don't be put into a position in which you may at any moment be asked to explain why it is not just as foolish for Massachusetts to buy automobiles in Michigan, or for Michigan to buy cotton and woolen goods in Massachusetts, as for our country to buy from Europe the manufactures we import every year. Have the courage of your convictions. The cure for protectionism is more protectionism. The mistake we have been making all along is to pay too much attention to the specious argumentation of theorists. If we had followed the dictates of horse-sense, we should have seen to it long ago that no section of the Union committed the folly of buying goods from any other when by making them itself it could have the goods and the money too. It is a little bewildering, to be sure, to think this doctrine out to its still further consequences; but few people will be so speculative as to do that. There is such a thing as running even horse-sense into the ground. We would suggest, therefore, as a first stage in the great scheme of the higher protectionism, the division of the country into twelve sections, coincident with the twelve areas tributary to the new regional banks. After each of these great sections has succeeded in pulling itself up by the bootstraps by means of a protective tariff directed against the other eleven, there will be time enough to think about further developments of the principle.

IS THE ARMY EFFICIENT?

Mr. Charles Johnson Post, whose severe criticisms of the army in *Harper's Weekly* have roused the enmity of the entire service, declares in a recent letter to the New York *Evening Post* that:

> The administration of the army is inefficient, due to the fact of an archaic system under which stupidity, viciousness, and favoritism shuffle along side by side with efficiency in an indistinguishable mass, getting promotions and responsibilities mainly as a matter of longevity.

He maintains that the laws and regulations under which the army is administered are largely obsolete, and can be turned about at will by those in power. He also affirms that "any organization from which, as has occurred in the army, over 46,000 men desert in ten years, preferring to accept the status of the hunted criminal rather than remain, is not only inefficient in its own particular domain, but is inefficient and derelict in its duties to the commonwealth." He adds that the plea that the army is at the mercy of politicians is a "pitiable shelter for officers to take refuge in" when excusing the derelictions of the service.

Yet it would be grossly unfair to the army not to take account of the actions of the politicians and War Department administrators, in assessing the blame for the army's shortcomings. It is in many aspects an inefficient department of the Government; the roll of desertions proves that, for the Government loses money whenever a soldier deserts. Efficiency would require every man to serve out the exact term of his enlistment, and the oftener he could be induced to reënlist the more veteran, and therefore more efficient, would be the various regiments. For this reason the *Nation* has long urged that the number of desertions from a company or a regiment should be entered on the record of each commanding officer. We venture again to assert that if this were done and officers were called strictly to account for desertions for other than unavoidable causes (such as the commission of crime by the deserter), there would be a marked decrease in the number of offenders of this type. Plainly, the responsibility for this rests with the War Department and not with the corps of officers. The efforts which have been made to check desertion have been along entirely different lines, such as rendering the service more attractive; but the bulldozing, overbearing officer, who appears now and then, is never punished —not if he drives fifteen or twenty men out of the service by the maladministration of his company.

There has as yet been no system devised for dropping an officer who is really inefficient, as would be done in any private industrial organization which had a pay-roll comprising 85,000 men. If he behaves himself he can hold on until he reaches the age of retiring; the promotion examinations do not interfere with his rise unless he is grossly ignorant. But in this respect the army is no different from any other branch of the service, unless the exception be the navy in later years. A Secretary of War once complained to us that the promotion boards did not promote properly or the retiring boards retire. The answer to this was that the War Department itself demoralized the integrity of such boards by constantly overruling them. We know of the case of a worthless coast artillery officer, son of a prominent Republican politician, who came before a promotion board in

a state of intoxication. The board declined to examine him, and so reported him to Washington. The answer was to go ahead with the examination. The board found this officer morally and professionally disqualified, yet it was overruled in each instance, and the officer promoted, to disgrace the service until his death. Now, how could Mr. Post, or a Secretary of War, or any one else, expect the members of that board to take any interest in examining an officer thereafter? In any such organization the tone is taken from the head.

There are many such cases which could be cited—notably at the outbreak of the Spanish war, when medical boards were constantly overruled by the politicians. Now, we do not altogether excuse the officers who try comrades and are often too lenient with them, as Mr. Post proves. They know the injustice done the service by retaining men guilty of misbehavior, and they ought to have a sense of honor to lead them to overlook the vested rights officers deem themselves to possess when once commissioned, and they ought to do their duty regardless of War Department politics. But we submit that present conditions of the War Department are s mething of an excuse—for past conditions; present conditions seem to be better than those for some years past.

There is in all this a wonderful opportunity for a great administrator within the War Department. For the inefficiency extends to business methods as well as to the handling of the personnel. The waste and slothfulness of almost every Governmental department are here manifest; and there is red-tape for those to see who believe that the Government is better fitted to manage railways, telephones, and telegraphs than are private individuals. Even in military matters there is much inefficiency. Has any plan been drawn for putting the militia in service if there should have to be intervention in Mexico? We are credibly informed that this has only recently been undertaken in the case of one division, and that for the rest of the country we should be no better off than in 1898. Mr. Post, too, is correct in saying that the army officer is hedged about by regulations more or less archaic. The average officer has no such fear of future damnation as he has of breaking some minor administrative regulation, and of being rebuked because of a failure to dot an *i* or cross a *t*. Therein the service's sense of responsibility is of the highest. Finally, the question presents itself whether the whole military idea does not at present render efficiency impossible or attainable only at the cost of such army domination as Germany suffers from. Are there more than two or three efficient armies in the world—the German, Japanese, and perhaps the French?

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

Looking back over the output of fiction during the present year, one is driven to confess that the showing made by American writers against their British competitors is nothing to be proud of. Out of the novels of the spring flight hardly a book of exceptional distinction emerges. If we go back so as to include the novels of the autumn of 1913, the balance swings a bit more in our favor, with the advantage still greatly on the other side. A mere comparison of names is convincing. Against Galsworthy, Wells, Conrad, Hewlett, De Morgan, Chesterton, and a whole array of younger men—W. B. Maxwell, James Stephens, Compton Mackenzie, D. H. Lawrence, Gilbert Cannan, Hugh Walpole—we can cite, in the way of novels of more or less serious moment, Mrs. Wharton's "Custom of the Country," Mrs. Watts's "Van Cleve," and Mr. Dawson's "The Garden Without Walls." By stretching a point, we may include amiable bits of work like the late Dr. Mitchell's "Westways" and Meredith Nicholson's "Otherwise Phyllis." On the other hand, it is a question whether Mr. Dawson should not be credited to England rather than to America.

Names of respectable strength are obviously missing from the American list. Yet we may imagine such names inscribed on our side of the ledger and still see how strong the account would run against us. We have our moments of exultation when we assert our literary independence of England—we do it more frequently in the theatre than in the novel, to be sure—and we have seasons like the present to administer a healthy and necessary dose of humility. Often the reaction goes too far. There is still, without doubt, a very strong tendency towards Anglomania among us. If Mrs. Wharton were an Englishwoman there would be less hesitation in certain intellectual circles to do justice to her splendid talents. Mrs. Watts, writing in England, would be received as a "serious" writer by serious people in this country who are deceived by the simple, unforced quality of her truthfulness. On the other hand, we are apt to be awed into accepting everything from the pen of H. G. Wells as vitally true and significant, and to pay a little more than is due to the talents of a De Morgan, while we—at least the youngest of us—are rather patronizing to the noble artistry of the veteran W. D. Howells. Yet, with all exceptions taken, the case does run pretty heavily against us—a fact which thoughtful Americans regularly take to heart.

Mr. Robert Herrick, in an article in the *Yale Review*, which has received extensive comment, is the latest to deplore the sad estate of the American novel. He is not despondent about the future. The opportunities for the production of great fiction are so splendid that sooner or later they must enforce adequate treatment:

> No backwater this! No dead sea of a monotonous and fixed social surface. All is alive and striving for more life. Life seethes in America from ocean to ocean. . . . In the clash of wills that may ensue before we adjust ourselves to the relentless pressure of economic laws, the profoundest material for imaginative treatment will emerge. . . . The old urge of justice, the old cry of freedom from tyranny, . . . the desire of the individual man or woman to prove life under tolerable conditions—these are becoming heard more loudly every day. . . . We shall hear less, let us hope, about the "captain of industry," and more about the American ideal, the American will, the American character.

Let us hope that it is not over-condensing Mr. Herrick's argument to put it that as we grow older we shall grow more serious. As we grow older, as we are buffeted more by social forces, we shall think more deeply and write more honestly. Yet along with so much that is true in Mr. Herrick's summary of the problem, there is, in the manner of stating it, a very real danger that his message may be misunderstood, may be turned to the encouragement of a tendency in our literature which is one of the prime causes of its obvious limitations. We refer to those very "oppor-

tunities" which Mr. Herrick finds so abundant and so sadly neglected.

Altogether too much emphasis has been laid upon the "opportunities" that exist here in America for the creation of a great literature; as if great literature could not be produced and had not been produced under all opportunities and lack of opportunities, in the desert as well as in swarming cities, under despotisms and under political and social freedom, in great military empires and among petty nationalities. The opportunities are here, of course: democracy, vast populations, vast riches, racial complexity, magnificent geographical distances, stupendous economic forces. But none of those things, nor all of those things, when put into a novel, will make it a great novel. What makes a great novel is the soul of man. One soul is enough if honestly observed and honestly set down. That great opportunity is present everywhere. Cervantes found it in Spain and Turgenieff in Russia. We do not need the complexity of 100,000,000 people and two dozen strains of blood to foster great literature. Ibsen found plenty of opportunities in his two-by-four Norwegian native land.

Let us put into concrete terms the danger of misinterpretation which we discern in Mr. Herrick's remarks. What meaning will be read into them by the young American writer of talent who is ambitious to do serious work? Opportunities, social conflicts, justice, tyranny —why, the thing apparently to do must be to tackle some "problem of the day." And our young writer will immediately start to find his problem, the very captain of industry whom Mr. Herrick rejects, or the decay of religious faith, or the working classes, or suffrage, or rights and wrongs of a more abstract nature, but problems for all that. And with his problem he is lost, especially since he has not the supreme talent which may transmute a problem into universality. No; the trouble with our writers is not that they neglect their opportunities, but that they neglect their opportunity; that they think they are serious when they busy themselves with problems of the day, when they should be busying themselves with men and women.

Foreign Correspondence

A UNIQUE MAGAZINE.

(The Organ of the Liberal Party and Its Editor.)

LONDON, March 30.

The name of Charles Geake is unknown to the general public. It is unknown even to the rank and file of Liberal workers in the constituencies. But it is held in the highest respect by the leaders of the Liberal party, and by Mr. Geake's fellow journalists on both sides. "How unselfish his labors, how disinterested his work," was Mr. Birrell's comment on his career at a recent dinner given in his honor. "We are now dragging into the daylight," said the same speaker, "this shy and elusive figure, and hailing, perhaps for the first time, the author of our speeches and the purveyor of such of our facts as bear investigating."

As secretary of the Liberal Publication Department, Mr. Geake is especially busy at election times. But his activities are by no means limited to the periods when the two parties are contending at the polling-booths. He is responsible for getting out a shilling annual called "The Liberal Year-Book," and also the *Liberal Monthly*, an organ of popular propaganda, in which an effective letter-press is diversified by reproductions of the cartoons of "F. C. G." His most valuable services to the party, however, are probably those he renders as editor of the *Liberal Magazine*.

That much overworked term "unique" might justly be applied to this publication. If the Unionists have anything to match it, the existence of such a rival is an admirably kept secret. One may doubt whether its parallel is to be found in any other country. It might be compared in some respects to the campaign textbooks of the American parties, but there is the important difference that they are prepared for elections only whereas this is compiled and published regularly month by month all the year round. Like these textbooks, it does not attempt directly to win converts, but is for the help of workers within the party. It is primarily intended, so Mr. Geake himself puts it, "to assist Liberals with unassailable facts and figures, and watertight arguments."

In the first place, it supplies a diary of the political events of the previous month, including a record of the voting in the most important divisions in Parliament. The speeches of the month receive especially careful attention. They are rarely given in full, but extracts are made, with a precise note of place and date. "The right honorable gentleman is very eloquent to-day respecting the impossibility of raising wages by act of Parliament, but what did he say at Kidderminster on the 11th of November, 1912?" This is the kind of retort that tells, whether in a Parliamentary debate or before a popular audience, and Liberal speakers, as Mr. Birrell confessed at the dinner, owe to Mr. Geake much of their material for such rejoinders. "You may justly class yourself," said a Liberal M. P. to him the other day, "with the dentist who, as he complacently eyed a society beauty, said: 'Her smiles are mine.'" The remarkable thing is that Mr. Geake, in this capacity of a recording angel, seems to know not only what utterances are important to-day, but which of them are going to be important in five years' time.

There are usually also a few articles—closely packed with dates and quotations —tracing the recent developments of some particular question. If land reform, for instance, comes to the front, one is likely to find in the *Liberal Magazine* a summary of the policies advocated on the subject by the two parties respectively. Summaries are given of the most important bills introduced into Parliament, and of Government blue-books and returns, whether concerned with matters of party politics or not. Lastly, a complete index makes the bound volumes of the magazine virtually an encyclopædia of recent British politics.

When the political worker hears of a publication of this kind, there is one thing more that he wants to know about it. It may be a very skilful piece of journalism, and its summaries and comments may be cleverly written, but is there any risk of his getting into trouble if he quotes its statements or figures without verifying them? The answer is that never, throughout these twenty years during which Mr. Geake has edited it—so the Rt. Hon. Russell Rea, the chairman of the publication board, declares—has the magazine "been called upon to make a correction of any erroneous statement, or to make any excuse or apology for any misrepresentation of either the opinions or conduct of any political opponent."

If Charles Geake has been toiling for two decades in comparative obscurity, it is not because he had not the ability to cut a dash in public life if he had wished to become a prominent figure. He is a Cambridge man of high distinction, having been eighth wrangler, and a scholar, and afterwards a fellow, of his college. His mathematical training helped him in no small degree to tackle Mr. Chamberlain's elusive figures during the tariff controversy, besides giving him a precision of method that has served him to good purpose through his whole career. While at Cambridge he became editor of the *Granta*, a University magazine. One of his journalistic exploits is still joyfully remembered there. The hardest part of the mathematical tripos examination each year is the problems paper. It contains twenty-four problems, and a candidate acquits himself brilliantly if he can solve six of them. The paper is set on a Friday morning at nine o'clock, and half-past nine is the earliest moment at which an outsider can see a copy of it. One year Geake got three or four other expert mathematicians around him, and they set to work at 9:30 on the paper that had just been set in the Senate House. They kept hard at it all day long, and it was not until past midnight that the proofs of their day's work were passed. The subscribers to the *Granta* (including the examiners in the tripos), on opening their copies of the week's issue at breakfast on Saturday morning, were astonished to find

among the contents the examination paper of the previous day, together with a complete answer to every question. There was an editorial note, explaining that the office boy had amused himself during the previous day by working out the problems without interfering with his regular duties.

Mr. Geake did not stay long at Cambridge after taking his degree, but came up to London and applied his talents to a journalism of wider influence than that of the *Granta*. The Liberal Publication Department has not absorbed all his energies, for he has been for many years a member of the editorial staff of the *Westminster Gazette*, whose "Notes of the Day" offer good scope for his brilliance and originality. "If I were a politician with a past," said the *Westminster* editor, Mr. Spender, at the recent dinner, "there is no man with whom I would less like to fall into a controversy than Geake." H. W. H.

EFFECTS OF THE BALKAN WAR ON AUSTRIA'S TRADE — PROBLEMS OF EMIGRATION AND FINANCE— THE PEACE CONGRESS.

VIENNA, March 30.

The Balkan War closed a very important door for Austria-Hungary. She no longer hopes to send any part of her surplus population to the Balkans, and since the war her trade with the countries lying to the southeast has been much reduced. Turkey was an excellent customer; it was a maxim of the Austrian tradesman that "Turkey always paid," and this applied not merely to the national debt of the country, but also to small private accounts between Viennese firms and Turkish houses.

Now that Turkey in Europe has been reduced to Constantinople and its small hinterland, Turkey in Asia must be regarded as the most probable market for Austrian goods in the near future. With this fact in view Austria-Hungary has arranged to send an imposing fleet to cruise in the Mediterranean for the express purpose of capturing trade. They will touch at Korfu, Malta, Alexandria, Beirut, Smyrna, Mytilene, Salonica, and the Piræus. On the return journey they are to cruise near the shore of the newly created kingdom of Albania and will put in at Durazzo. The commercial progress of Italy and of Germany in the Balkans is causing considerable alarm in Austria-Hungary, and it is hoped that something can be done to regain the position which she formerly held.

While taking means to obtain fresh markets, Austria-Hungary is losing others by her policy of guarding the frontiers. The new regulations preventing men between sixteen and thirty-four from leaving the country without showing satisfactory evidence that they have served their time as soldiers and afterwards as reservists, is beginning to press very hard upon commercial travellers and others, not only on the Galician frontier, where trouble was expected, but also towards Italy. The new Russian Ambassador, Prince Schebeko, has already been instructed to protest against the way in which Russian travellers are treated on the Austro-Hungarian frontier, and, although this is mainly due to the spy scare, it impedes trade. Reports of scandalous proceedings at the frontier town of Oderberg, where hundreds of emigrants were detained because their papers were not considered satisfactory, have reached Vienna.

Unscrupulous agents invite a large number of "season" emigrants to come to the frontier town offering them work in Germany, and are often unable to forward them to their destination at once, even when they are provided with the necessary passes. Added to these are intending emigrants, many of whom have borrowed a military pass belonging to comrades who are already in America, or who are detained on suspicion for one reason or another. These people are all lodged in offices and in empty shops, unprovided for in any way, and it is probable that the Government, which has virtually stopped emigration by way of Trieste and Fiume, for the present, will also put a check on season emigration and the transport of male emigrants by train to ports in other parts of Europe.

The whole business is to be reorganized, as soon as the various companies concerned in the trade have come to an agreement. Whether this will actually make any difference to the number of people that leave Austria-Hungary annually, with or without permission, remains to be seen. An emigrant expert assures me that it will mean absolutely no reduction. "Emigration from Russia is illegal," he said, "and the annual contingent of Russian emigrants is very large. The people wade through rivers, cross mountain passes, and take any risks rather than be balked of their wish to leave their native land. And this will be the same in Austria-Hungary."

The Austrian loan which was contemplated has not been floated, owing to the fact that the Parliament is indefinitely adjourned. The Government is being carried on by Paragraph 14, and this means that no "permanent" burden may be laid on the State, including naturally a loan. The present state of affairs originated in Czech obstruction, which again is connected with the long adjournment of the Bohemian Diet, and as a consequence the work of the Minister of Finance has for a long time been hampered. The immediate result of this situation is that the Austrian Government has again had to resort to the issue of Treasury bills; $150,000,000 will be asked for in all. In the absence of Parliament a large amount of work will be carried through; the recruit law is already passed, and other laws are awaiting passage. These laws will be submitted to the Parliament for ratification on its reassemblage, but as they will have already been executed by that time, the work of the national assembly resolves itself into a mere discussion of what has already been done.

A Peace Congress, coinciding with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Berne Peace Bureau, will be held in Vienna from September 15-19 of this year, and preparations are already being made for the reception of members and participants. The programme includes a visit to Budapest. A banquet will be given in the Vienna Rathhaus, one of the most interesting and characteristic buildings in the city, where the corporation stores large stocks of wine, in the good years, when it is cheap and plenty, and retails it to the population when ordinary table wine is expensive, owing to a failure of the crop. It is expected that Count Berchtold will receive the members in the rooms of the Foreign Office on the Ballplatz, and that various other functions will be arranged for their benefit. Papers will be read, during the meetings, by Dr. James L. Tryon, secretary of the American Peace Society, Boston; Gen. Sir Alfred Turner, and George Herbert Perris, of London; Baron Korff, and others. The draft of an international treaty for the diminution of armaments will be one of the subjects of discussion, while the evil effects of increased military and naval preparations on commerce and industry will also be debated, reports on the subject being read by Herr Miljukoff, of St. Petersburg; Carl Heath, secretary of the National Peace Society, London, and Raphael G. Levy.

THE NAVAL SCANDAL IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, March 16.

For the last two months the people of Japan have been occupied with the navy "graft" scandal, which is still under investigation, and daily appears to promise more extensive proportions. Excitement is intense, and popular indignation general. Frequent mass-meetings of protest are held in various centres, led by the vernacular press and the opponents of the Government.

The main charges are that certain officers of the Imperial navy have been accustomed to receive "commissions" on orders placed with British and German firms. Though the whole matter is still *sub judice*, the public appears to take for granted that the charges are well founded, and certain officers of the navy, including a retired commander and a paymaster, have come forward to assert the truth of the allegations. The navy authorities aver that these assertions are the result of personal grudge, and without foundation.

Meanwhile a navy commission was appointed to inquire into the charges arising out of the trial of Carl Richter in Berlin, wherein certain documents stolen from the German firm of Siemens & Schuckert by Richter purported to show that certain officers of the Japanese navy were in receipt of "commissions" on orders placed with the said firm, as well as on orders placed with British shipbuilders. Telegraphic dispatches of the Berlin trial let the cat out of the bag, and then the Imperial Diet took up the matter, insisting on the appointment of the navy commission. But the commission had hardly been appointed when it turned out that the correspondent of Reuter's Telegram Company in Tokio had obtained copies of the documents in possession of Carl Richter, and was try-

ing to obtain money for them from those in Tokio who feared their contents.

Reuter's agent, Andrew M. Pooley, who was arrested, is still in prison, but Mr. Herrmann, agent of the Siemens firm in Kobé, who also was arrested, has been released on bail, at the instigation, it is alleged, of the German Ambassador. The British community is agitating for the release of Mr. Pooley on bail, but the authorities have so far refused the request, on the ground that his examination is not yet completed. Meanwhile investigation continues, and daily proves more interesting. Several officers of the Imperial navy, including Admiral Matsuo, have been arrested, their houses have been searched by the police, and important discoveries are alleged to have resulted.

The manager and other leading officials of the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, one of the oldest and largest import firms in Japan, also have been arrested, as well as a number of minor officials connected in various ways with the Japanese and foreign firms named. The British firm of Vickers has been dragged into the affair, because, it is said, the Mitsui Company did its foreign business for the navy chiefly through this firm.

During the last few years the following ships for Japan were built by the Vickers Company: The Mikasa, 1898, price 12,615,042 yen; the Kashimi, 1904, price 15,092,179 yen; the Kongo, 1910, price 27,280,116 yen. The Japanese press declares it an open secret that on these ships commissions of 5 per cent. were paid. It is averred, for instance, that the actual price of the Kongo was only 25,000,000 yen, the balance being paid as commissions which have mysteriously disappeared. It is no wonder that the populace is greatly agitated over what is thought to be extravagant handling of money by a poor country, while the people are burdened with taxes.

There is consequently an almost universal outcry for the resignation of the Cabinet. Two attempts have been made to impeach the Government, but without success, owing to the action of the majority party, the Seyukai. For the honor of the nation, so the Peers say, they have been trying to take a hand in the affair; and in order to show their disapproval of the Government the House of Peers has cut off the sum of 70,000,000 yen from the navy budget. The lower house has not agreed to this curtailment, and there is at present a deadlock between the two chambers, for the adjustment of which a joint conference of committees of the two houses has been arranged. It is a question with many whether the Cabinet will be able to pull through the present session of the Diet.

The more patient of the population are awaiting the outcome of the naval court-martial with apprehensive interest, while the general populace continues to hold daily mass meetings to pass resolutions in condemnation of the Government. The investigation by the judicial authorities is so thorough and extensive that by the time it is finished Japan should be cleaned of corruption for all time.

J. E. B.

John Lothrop Motley.

CENTENARY OF THE HISTORIAN.

By JOHN T. MORSE, Jr.,
Editor of the American Statesmen Series.

It is not to be supposed that Nature pays regard to the artificial divisions of time arranged by man; yet with the approach of the year 1800 she seemed to take notice of the new century and to start then upon a fresh course wherein great writers and good books were to come by their own in this country, and to hold it for a period somewhat exceeding a generation. In 1783 Washington Irving was born, and in 1809 "Knickerbocker's History of New York" "established his literary position"; in 1789 Cooper, the novelist, followed; William H. Prescott was born in 1796; George Bancroft, in 1800; Emerson, in 1803; Hawthorne, in 1804; Longfellow, in 1807; Holmes and Poe, in 1809; Motley, in 1814; Thoreau, in 1817; Lowell, in 1819; and Francis Parkman, in 1823. The last to die of this famous list was Holmes, in 1894.

I.

Dr. Holmes, separated from Motley in boyhood by the yawning chasm of five years of seniority, became in later life, when that great chasm appeared only an unnoticeable seam, his intimate friend, and ultimately wrote his biography. That Memoir is probably little read now—more's the pity; for it is good work, and among other merits it perpetuates the impression made by Motley upon his contemporaries. The Doctor, with the experience of sixty-nine years passed in intercourse with mankind, was so fascinated by his subject that he seems to have dipped his pen in warm, bright sunshine for these pages, which have the atmosphere of eulogy rather than of biography. His sketch of Motley's early years takes us into dreamland. Born April 15, 1814, of a father and mother who were "the handsomest pair the town of Boston should show," Motley carried through life a wonderful beauty. Lady Byron thought him more like her husband in feature than any one else she had ever met; and Wendell Phillips regarded him as "handsomer than any portrait of Byron represents the poet." Fortunately, he had not Byron's foolish vanity and he had a gentleman's conscience. He was an omnivorous reader of poetry, romance, and drama; somewhat reserved, and chary of friendships; ardent, impulsive, imaginative; later playing the cynic, a little after the fashion of young men of his type.

He must have been clever, for he entered Harvard College soon after his thirteenth birthday, and during a part of his stay he stood very near the head of his class. At graduation, in 1831, being just outside the sacred band entitled to enter the Phi Beta Kappa, he was admitted thereto by a special vote. Then he passed two years in study in Göttingen and Berlin, forming a close friendship with Bismarck, which endured through later life. Returning home, he studied law for a while, but never undertook practice. The training, however, was useful, for his mental temperament was of the kind which usually has to be forced in order to acquire powers of sound research and accurate statements. A year in the Massachusetts Legislature extended his experience without stirring ambition for a political career. In March, 1837, came his marriage to Mary Benjamin, of Boston—a most happy alliance.

II.

Motley wasted little time in futile gropings, being led by a strong instinct to literature. Having fed full upon the old English chronicles and on romantic novels and poetry, he turned to like work. In 1839, he published "Morton's Hope." It was the crude work of a boy, and failed utterly. Not disheartened, he tried again with "Merrymount: A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony." This was better, but not good enough. In fact, he wrote only as one who, having read many books, would fain be a writer himself; not as one who had observed men and customs and had something to say.

Novelists then ranged chiefly in historical fields, and from romance to history was a short stride which Motley was already measuring even before "Merrymount" had failed. Some articles by him, appearing in the *North American Review*, attracted notice, and, like his hero in "Morton's Hope," he set himself "violently to the study of history." At that time history was not so much written as it is now, and he easily found an unworn period. He would have it that the topic found him rather than he the topic. Either way it was the magnetism of reciprocal sympathy; his genius and his subject accorded perfectly.

For years he read and wrote in Boston till volumes lay finished upon his table. In time, however, he came to appreciate that European history must be studied in Europe, and the family shortly set forth for the Netherlands. Here the important question of his persistency in wearisome labor was quickly put to the proof. Months passed into years and still he delved in the solitude of the store-closets of the State Archives, deciphering antique chirography, learning foreign languages, rummaging among dusty papers often to find nothing, unravelling complexities, sorting truth from false assertion—all with infinite patience. Inevitably he came thus to recognize the worthlessness of his long

labors at Boston. "There is nothing for it," he wrote, "but to Penelopize, pull to pieces, and stitch away again." So he actually destroyed all that supposedly finished manuscript and began afresh.

At last, after ten years of labor, the manuscript of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was in shape for the publisher. But who would publish three solid octavo volumes by an untried writer? Murray, prince of English publishers, would not. Chapman agreed to, but only at Mr. Motley's expense. The publication was made in 1856; and writer and publisher were not long held in suspense, for appreciation was prompt and cordial. The bulky work did not alarm the reader of those days, when leisure had not yet been so strangely filched from the world by devices for saving time. Moreover, it was with us a generation almost unreasonably addicted to reading: a transitory condition, soon to be displaced by war, and later by money-getting. Furthermore, thanks principally to Macaulay and Prescott, the discovery was spreading that history is not a field of dry stubble tedious to traverse, but rather a garden alluring to linger in. American writers, with limited opportunity as yet at home, busied themselves with the history of other countries than their own; and certain periods, complete within their own boundaries, have been definitively treated by Americans in books written with such thorough scholarship that they may well stand as permanently in their several domains as has Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

III.

Motley's friends in Boston noted with interest his development. The exuberance of fancy and of language which had spoiled his romances had now been tempered by serious purpose, and by the sobering effect of years passed amid dusty manuscripts. Yet an ardent temperament and a dramatic genius had been only trained, not eliminated, and the vividness of his pages fired the enthusiasm of his readers. Critics might suggest that he was too splendid to be accurate and might controvert some of his views. This was quite natural; was not Macaulay meeting the like treatment? But the reading world refused to release itself from the fascinations of either Macaulay or Motley. His well-chosen method was to narrate events, with vivid portraiture of the actors, as Thucydides, Tacitus, Prescott, Macaulay had been content to do. The "philosophy of history," if there really be such a science, had happily not yet been discovered to injure its charm; and intelligent readers were assumed to be competent to do their own thinking. The only blemish in his writing involved, in a way, a compliment. He was prone to insert long extracts from the state papers which were his authorities. For scholars these excerpts from original documents were reassuring and had value; but readers in general inclined to resent a habit, which certainly grew to excess in his "Barneveld." They would have demanded that he should assimilate this material and convey it to them in his own glowing and racy style, which they so much admired.

Of course, the triumph of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" insured the continuance of the great task which Mr. Motley, fearless of labor, had blocked out. Without pause he next engaged himself with the "History of the Netherlands," of which the first two volumes appeared in 1860, and the succeeding two in 1868. These fulfilled expectation and corroborated his fame. Some persons, measuring him against himself, would have it that there was less of movement and of fire in them, and found them somewhat clogged with detail; but it was a criticism rather of his material than of his treatment. He was dealing with less picturesque events.

The pleasure of reading Mr. Motley's books was not confined to readers of English. They were at once translated into Dutch, edited and annotated by the Archivist-General, himself "a distinguished scholar"; there was also the vexatious compliment of "piratical reprints." The French translation was under the auspices of M. Guizot; and there was a German translation, and even a Russian. A fame thus spread through European countries brought to him the honors of their universities and institutes of learning, so that the list of his more important distinctions fills nineteen lines in the Catalogue of the Harvard Alumni.

IV.

At home also Motley's distinction received unexpected and quasi-official recognition. He was chosen for the Austrian mission. The story goes that President Lincoln, chancing to meet him, was fascinated by his appearance, manners, and talk. If this be so, the choice showed Lincoln's shrewdness in estimating men. It has been said that a good historian is half a statesman; it would be malicious to suggest that the statement is mathematically accurate. Mr. Motley was more than half a diplomat, yet was not wholly one. Indeed, some of his most engaging qualities rather tended to unfit him for successful diplomacy. He was high-spirited and sensitive, ardent in his convictions, frank and outspoken, impulsive often to the point of imprudence, with the unpractical conscience of a gentleman, little submissive to the law of expediency or the exigencies of astute policy. But there were also quite other qualities for Mr. Lincoln to consider. There was about this very handsome gentleman a fine air of personal distinction and of good breeding; the aloofness of his youth had become a courteous dignity in middle age; he was a cultivated scholar and his countrymen could show no one of whom they had more reason to be proud. Mr. Lincoln was therefore wise in sending him to the Viennese Court, where the custom of ancestor-worship still flourishes, and where the relations with the United States were neither strained nor complex.

About six years he passed very agreeably in the Austrian capital, where he was not only the recipient of official courtesies, but was also accepted socially with cordial hospitality by a large circle of good friends. He was only once called upon to act in a matter of some delicacy, and then he acquitted himself with perfect success. During the Civil War he was restless at his remote post, because he could not personally contribute to the Northern cause. For all his long residences abroad, amid interesting pursuits and in congenial society, never in the slightest degree de-Americanized him; and in the years of stress and peril he even had to lay aside his literary work. Why write of a past struggle in a foreign land when his own was in mortal throes?

The Viennese mission had a sharp ending. The McCrackin letter, famous and infamous, did it. This missive, vindictive and vulgar, signed by a name never to be traced, came laden with ignoble gossip against Mr. Motley, from Paris to our State Department. It should have been burned, or at best hidden in a private pigeon-hole. But Mr. Seward chose rather to gather from it sundry offensive quotations and to send them to Mr. Motley for explanation. According to common belief, President Johnson gave the order, and Seward, unfortunately without demur, obeyed his chief. In earlier life he might have been less submissive, but a long career in politics had been demoralizing. Talk at the time, probably correct enough, was to the effect that Mr. Motley had expressed with imprudent frankness his disapproval of Johnson's policies, and that Johnson, revengeful and careless of courtesies, had delivered his blow as opportunity offered. Mr. Motley took neither time nor reflection for resenting it; within an hour after he had read the letter he wrote his reply resigning his post. It was precipitate action, certainly; but high-spirited and fine.

V.

A brief time only had elapsed after this unpleasant event, when Gen. Grant's election to the Presidency virtually assured to Mr. Motley such vindication, agreeable though not really needed, as lay in another foreign appointment. His friends naturally assumed that he would like, and would receive again, the Austrian mission. "And now you will go back to Vienna," said Sumner to him, in

after-dinner chat at Motley's house one evening. "No," replied Mr. Motley, "I want to go to London; and I want you to see to it for me." Sumner, surprised and perhaps not wholly approving, nevertheless did see to it for him; and in the spring of 1868 the nomination was made and unanimously confirmed. The auspices seemed good, for he was sure of a cordial welcome to the most agreeable circles in London; his fame was not less in England than in his own country; his eldest daughter was married there to Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, the eminent statesman and Cabinet Minister; finally, there was a recess in the irritating controversy of the Alabama claims, the understanding being that when the discussion was renewed it should be in Washington.

Yet his acceptance was given with an inexplicable foreboding. Early in his mission a slight rebuke came from the State Department, bearing chiefly upon phraseology used by him in an interview with Lord Clarendon. The undiplomatic mind finds the criticism captious and futile, and the trifling incident seemed to drop promptly into oblivion. Later months passed serenely with no symptom of brooding trouble, yet suddenly, on June 1, 1870, a letter from Secretary Fish requested Mr. Motley's resignation. Mr. Motley, astounded and indignant, would not resign, and in November he was recalled. Great excitement ensued and hot words were exchanged by angry partisans. The State Department harked back to the Clarendon incident; but that was absurd. The only explanation then or since accepted was that Mr. Motley was suffering vicarious chastisement. Senator Sumner, untactful by temperament and arrogant in his position as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, had almost reversed the proper relationship between himself and the State Department. By his speech advancing the theory of "indirect claims" in the Alabama matter, he had forced that difficult question into at least a temporary *impasse*. Yet the Government, even while stayed in its efforts to arrange the disturbing quarrel, bore with extraordinary patience his assumptions of authority, actually consulting his wishes in drafting instructions to Mr. Motley. It was not, however, in human nature that President Grant and Secretary Fish should accept such a situation with cordial and genuine good will. Accordingly, when Sumner's influence defeated Grant's pet project for acquiring San Domingo, the explosion came. Now, if Mr. Motley had been more shrewd and selfish in matters political he would long since have foreseen the hostility inevitably to be developed, and, with the fair excuse of duty, he would have made himself safe by comporting himself as the obedient subordinate of the State Department. But, unfortunately, his loyal impulses betrayed him to his undoing. He owed gratitude to the good friend in whom he heartily believed, and in his usual open fashion he allowed it to be plainly seen that he felt himself to be "Sumner's man" more than Secretary Fish's servant. When, therefore, the President and Secretary, especially the former, hotly incensed against Sumner, found him personally inaccessible to punishment by them, and knew that he would welcome rather than regret a conflict, they turned to the only obvious recourse for revenge. It was a mean and brutal recourse, certainly, to strike the friend when the principal could not be reached; and Grant was neither mean nor brutal; but just now he was in such a blind rage that he only "saw red," as the phrase goes, and delivered the blow promptly where he could. The letter of recall was dated on the day after a tie vote in the Senate had caused the San Domingo treaty to fail of ratification. The episode was worse for Mr. Motley than that of Vienna, since to be punished by Grant was very different from being victimized by Johnson.

Moreover, the repetition seemed to indicate an inherent unfitness on Motley's part, whereas no such unfitness had developed, and the two occurrences really constituted only a coincidence. Mr. Motley, however, took his recall in a way to show that he was in one respect ill-adapted to public life, for he could not bring himself to regard it as a mere incident, as a politician might have done; for him it was an affront which no gentleman ought to forgive or could forget, and it remained an aching wound to the day of his death.

VI.

Despite his mental suffering from this incident, Mr. Motley returned resolutely to his literary work, and gained relief in familiar toil on "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld." These two volumes, published in 1874, were, by the necessity of their subject, less generally popular than their predecessors had been. He had to deal with the bitter disputes of an era which recalled and exaggerated the theological savagery of New England herself. The ashes of those flames were still fiery hot, and Dutch scholars on the side opposed to that espoused by him published severe criticisms. But this was as it should have been; had his views not stirred just such antagonism he must have concluded that they were regarded as of no account. Moreover, he was defended as vigorously as he was attacked. Dr. Holmes interestingly suggests the presence in these volumes of a personal element which might not have been discovered by any one else. He says: "In this, his last work, it is impossible not to read much of his own external and internal personal history, though under other names and with different accessories." "Barneveld" was the third great section of his original scheme; a fourth section should have been added. This, however, was not to be, for his life's work was done; he was a worn-out man. Gen. Grant and Mr. Fish had dealt him a staggering blow; a worse and final one came when, on December 31, 1874, his wife died. Always a congenial couple, they had been especially thrown upon each other by their long years in foreign lands and among persons who, however friendly, were really strangers. A few months after her death Mr. Motley's own health began to fail; efforts to regain his vigor were futile, and on May 29, 1877, he died, near Dorchester, in Dorsetshire, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, Dean Stanley performing the service.

A TRIBUTE FROM HOLLAND.

LEYDEN, Holland, April 4.

The centenary of Motley's birth furnishes a fitting occasion for paying special tribute to this brilliant writer who did so much to spread the knowledge of Dutch history. His name is ranked in our country with the greatest of those who have treated the earlier periods of the nation's life, and especially its more splendid chapters. His large views, his brilliant style, his intense feeling for the most prominent features of our national character, for our great men, our heroes in the struggle with Spain; his sincere love of truth, his passion for religious and political freedom, give him a place among the first historians of his time.

Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," "John of Barneveld"—in the original language, as well as in the Dutch translation, made with the supervision of our great historian Bakhuizen van den Brink and enriched by his annotations—still find a large number of admiring readers in the Netherlands. They turn particularly to his glowing pages on the retirement of Charles V, on the sieges of Alkmaar, Haarlem, Leyden, and Antwerp, on the fate of the Armada, on the most dramatic scenes. They linger over his striking characterizations of Philip II, William of Orange, Leicester, Alva; of Don John of Austria and Maurice, the great general; and warmly respond to his brilliant descriptions of sites and occasions on land and sea.

Since Motley's day numerous new documents relating to the Eighty Years' War have naturally been added to the store of information which he himself collected in the libraries and archives of London, Paris, The Hague, and Brussels, as well as a long series of mono-

graphs. Many of his assertions have had, of course, to be corrected, nor was he always accurate in his larger views of men and things. Thus it has been shown that his modern ideas on political and religious freedom influenced unduly his reconstruction of the times. But no one has doubted his motives as historian nor his constant endeavor to state the truth—nothing short of it—as he saw it.

So on the centenary of his birth a Dutch historian desires, in the name of the Netherlands, to do homage to one who so greatly helped to make a brilliant period of their history better known to the world—to the world-wide lovers of that religious and political freedom which inspired him to his noble task.

P. J. Blok.

Professor of National History in the University of Leyden.

Books and Men

HIGGINSON AND NEWBURYPORT.

The life of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, by Mary Thacher Higginson, published a week or two ago, contains a chapter called In and Out of the Pulpit. The pulpit, the first ever occupied by Col. Higginson, was that of the First Religious Society of Newburyport. Architecturally it is beautiful and imposing, but at that date—1847—it proved too small for the enthusiastic young reformer. He was only about twenty-three, and he "preached himself out" of that pulpit in two years. He ventured to give his pro-slavery parishioners an abolition sermon once a fortnight, and they decided to accept his resignation.

The incident was most curious and interesting. The young minister was called to one of the most conservative towns in New England. Salem and Boston have the reputation of being a little staid, but it is probable that they might be regarded as hotbeds of radicalism beside their less celebrated neighboring city, Newburyport. Mr. Higginson was not unprepared what to expect. Another minister, he writes, in "Cheerful Yesterdays"—"Henry C. Wright, afterward a prominent Abolitionist—had lost his parish, a few miles above Newburyport, for the alleged indecorum of swimming across the Merrimack River." The wife of another minister, ten or more years after Mr. Higginson's departure, got herself into disfavor because she wore a *hat* on the Sabbath. This crime will seem a little mysterious to the present generation until it is understood that women of godly conversation, at that period, wore *bonnets* on Sunday.

These things, however, were trifles compared with Mr. Higginson's devotion to the abolition of slavery. "The parish," he writes, "which at first welcomed me, counted among its strongest supporters a group of retired sea captains who had traded with Charleston and New Orleans, and more than one of whom had found himself obliged, after sailing from a Southern port, to put back in order to eject some runaway slave from his lower hold. . . . One of them, perhaps the quietest, was the very Francis Todd who had caused the imprisonment of Garrison at Baltimore. It happened, besides, that the one political hero and favorite son of Newburyport, Caleb Cushing—for of Garrison himself they only felt ashamed—was at that moment fighting slavery's battles in the Mexican War."

Things were misunderstood at that time—by some, perhaps, wilfully; by others, through a blind trust in the lead of the "best" people. It was a guide to respectability, hardly to righteousness. Caleb Cushing is still admired in Newburyport for his intellectual power; his other qualities are usually discreetly ignored. But the despised printer and abolitionist is now known as her greatest son.

There were many lighter and pleasanter aspects to Mr. Higginson's sojourn in Newburyport. No one, and he least of all, could remain insensitive to the charm of one of the most delightful of New England seaports. A native does not like to use even the qualifying phrase. Mr. Higginson's successor of to-day in the parish, Laurence Hayward, writes that Higginson took the children to the country and seashore, teaching them where and when they might expect each flower and bird. "He organized picnics, among them several to Plum Island, and I have seen a copy of a beautiful Evening Hymn of Aubrey De Vere's, made by him for a lady of the parish, which he sung to them at sunset on one such occasion."

After he had severed his connection with the parish, Higginson stayed in Newburyport for two years. He even spoke of staying forever. In the last year of their residence, Mr. and Mrs. Higginson moved a mile or two out of the city, to a beautiful place called Curson's Mill, near the mouth of a little river, the Artichoke. The Avon is not half so lovely a stream. The new biography, by Mrs. Higginson, quotes from a letter of his: "The soft west wind blows into my window, rich with lingering apple blossoms and half-blown clover . . . thrushes' and bobolinks' and robins' notes . . . In these lovely spring days with the blue Merrimack waves dancing before me, the world seems very young, and all evil short-lived."

He interested himself in many things in the city. Even after his resignation he continued to teach in night schools which he had organized; he served on the school committee. A group of young women helped in this work—the most brilliant group, he declared, he had met anywhere. One of them was Harriet Prescott, now Mrs. Spofford.

The old town was rich in eccentric characters, as such towns always are. In another of Col. Higginson's books ("Contemporaries"), he speaks of a certain "Doctor Hackett," who at the time of the author's pastorate acted as a sort of unofficial tithing-man in the church of the First Religious Society, keeping a number of boys in order. This old gentleman, as the minister found when going to make a pastoral call, lived in a place "as weird in the approach as that of some enchanter in Spenser's poetry." He dwelt alone on a wide tract, then and now known as "Grasshopper Plains." His house was a small shanty, bought from some railway men—its small size caused the owner a little distress from the fact that he could not insure it against fire, as the smallest risk accepted by the companies was ten dollars in value. It stood in the midst of a little grove of birches, through which small paths led to the door:

"On all these paths he had made piles of small wayside treasures that had attracted his eye—horseshoes, padlocks, keys, hoops, bits of iron rod too small for junk, yet carefully classed and piled. Within the house the collection grew only more concentrated; pins, nails, rusty knives, bits of ribbon, bits of string were hung to the rafters, or arranged on the floor, leaving scarcely room for his microscopic housekeeping.

"As unmoved by his possessions as if it were a palace, he ushered you in, kept on talking, flung out flowery and long-winded words, and seemed a Bourbon concealed in a junk-shop. On your exit, he escorted you through his small dominions, first pausing to screw upon his door a large iron plate covering solidly the keyhole, since it seemed that vagrant boys found a wicked delight in filling the latter with gravel and small stones in the owner's absence.

"'Such conduct,' he said in his Micawber-like way, 'I should call, sir—with no disrespect to the colored population—niggardly.'

"While I wrestled in bewilderment with this unexpected use of language, as if John the Baptist had unguardedly slipped into a pun, he came back to the proposition—'I intend, sir, no disrespect whatever to the colored population.'

"'Certainly not, Dr. Hackett,' I replied, 'I should not suspect you of such a thing.'"

Edmund Lester Pearson.

Poetry

THE BLOOM-COLORED COAT.

"Well, let me tell you," said Goldsmith, "when the tailor brought home my bloom colored coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favor to beg of you; when anybody asks who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby at the Harrow, in Water Lane.' " "Why, sir," cried Johnson, "that was because he knew the strange color would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat of so absurd a color."

—Boswell's Johnson.

And there it is in Kensington,
Hung primly in its case of glass;
A faded coat, so dusty, dun,
So patched and mended, that, alas!

The "bloom" is gone—but can't you see
(When Filby at the Harrow sent
That coat, bloom-colored, just to be
One glorious moment's monument)

Can't you, I say, see Goldsmith there—
So frankly vain, so quaintly shy—
Advancing, peacock-wise, to where
Th' immortal company may ply

The little man with friendly jest,
Till Johnson thunders, ending it;
And Boswell, with untiring zest,
Records his master's heavy wit?

God's blessing on thee, Noll, thy fame
Needs no such dim sartorial shine;
But thou would'st smile to hear the name
Which jesting Fate embalms with thine;—

Would'st smile, and welcome Filby's shade
To share thy glory through the years;
And hover with thee, unafraid,
Mingling the laurel and the shears.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

News for Bibliophiles

SERGEANT ORDWAY'S NOTE-BOOK.

Dr. James K. Hosmer, in an admirable introduction to a reprint of Patrick Gass's "Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition" (Chicago, 1904), says, in speaking of the long-lost note-book of John Ordway: "His journal, which he contentedly sold for $10 to his commanders, could it be recovered, would bring to-day literally its weight in gold."

And now, ten years after writing these words, Dr. Hosmer may rejoice with many other scholars and students throughout the country over the recovery of this precious manuscript, kept for many months, if we may trust a family tradition, under the shirt of Sergeant Ordway, next his skin. For it was recently placed on deposit (having been discovered in the Biddle papers) with the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia by its present owner, who, so far as the public is concerned, must for the present remain nameless. The journal, however, is to be made accessible to historical investigators.

Ordway's note-book, which is of considerable length and written on pages measuring 7¾ by 6¼ inches, is known to have been used by Nicholas Biddle in preparing his digest of the journals of Lewis and Clark for publication in 1814 (a notable piece of work when one considers the time and circumstances of its production), but it was later lost sight of, and eluded even that experienced searcher for source materials, the late Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, for many years secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, when he was editing a truly monumental edition of the original journals of this transcontinental expedition in eight volumes. (New York, 1904.)

The note-book now reposing safely in the archives of the American Philosophical Society appears to be complete, and covers a period commencing May 14, 1804, and ending September 30, 1805. Whether the journal contains matter of importance not made use of by Biddle remains to be seen. In any event, it is perhaps safe to assume that it deserves publication and wide circulation as an intelligent record of a momentous undertaking by one of the subordinate officers. And when the time comes for editing the journal, it is to be hoped that the task will not fall to the lot of one who thinks it necessary to polish the English of Sergeant John Ordway, thus lessening the charm and value of an original document of unusual interest. Patrick Gass's journal unfortunately fell into the hands of a schoolmaster, with the result that, while we no doubt have the facts straight enough, we lost Patrick himself by the process; and as Gass was a rather racy individual, what would we not now give to have his shrewd comments in his own words!

Besides the voluminous journals of the commanders of the expedition, possibly seven other members recorded the happenings of that remarkable journey. Until the recent recovery of the Ordway journal only three were known to have been preserved—those of Gass (in printed form only), Floyd, and Whitehouse. The note-books of Pryor and Frazier are still missing, and it is not certain that Willard kept a diary, although some of his descendants credit a tradition to that effect.

The discovery, after well-nigh a century, of John Ordway's note-book is an event calculated to warm the hearts of all who are interested in Western history, and it is much to be desired that the owner of the manuscript will speedily give the American Philosophical Society, or some competent scholar outside of that learned body, permission to edit and publish this worthy complement to what may still be regarded as Dr. Thwaites's definitive edition of the "Journals" of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Sergeant Ordway's contribution, perhaps laboriously produced, should not be denied a place with the classic narratives of his superiors and companions of the rank and file.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Correspondence

IF HUERTA HAD WON AT TORREON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial on "The Man with the Note-Book" in a recent issue, you state that the reporter recognizes that a beating is all in the day's work. Some such treatment is sorely needed for those who write on the Mexican situation. It is said that a crisis in Mexican affairs is reported in the papers whenever there is a lack of news. The other day, the American Club here in Mexico City was surrounded by soldiers, according to the account in one New York paper. One company of soldiers happened to exchange salutes with another in front of the Club, hence the beginning of the story. Countless times, according to similar sources of information, Mexico has been cut off from Vera Cruz and was presently to be surrounded by the enemy. Much has also been made of the anti-American feeling. Of this we have seen no sign whatsoever, nor have we been able to find the "circulars against Americans" which are distributed over the city.

We left for Mexico in November of last year against the advice of the Washington authorities and of almost every one who thought they knew the true state of affairs. We arrived in Vera Cruz and were strongly advised to turn back by Mr. John Lind. We kept on to Mexico City, however, and have been leading a peaceful existence here ever since. We had an impression before arriving that we were doing something courageous, but, conditions being as they are, we fear we cannot assume the rôle of heroes.

We were here when Mexico was under the strong arm of Diaz, again under the vacillating, theosophical Madero, and now under Victoriano Huerta. There is no visible difference in the day life of the city now from that which existed under the two other régimes.

Our work has been archæological. We have been excavating in sites ten miles and more outside the city for over three months. There has been no interruption to our work nor any untoward circumstance. To all appearances Mexico City is entirely normal. The parks are kept up in all their usual beauty, the hand concerts are as frequent, and the bull fights as crowded as in former times. It cannot be denied that business men are having a very hard time on account of financial conditions; the Government is spending so much money on the army that it is naturally hard pressed.

Huerta is making a good fight and there are few Americans here who do not wish to see him win. Any American in Mexico whose money is at stake is in the eyes of our Government a capitalist, and his opinion, therefore, is worthless. Our Government, it seems to me, has not taken the trouble to investigate properly the relative state of affairs in Mexico as between the rebels of the North and the Government as organized by Huerta. President Wilson has from the start underestimated Huerta's strength,

ability, and tenacity, and his power to obtain money for the support of his policies.

The Mexican difficulties are in great part due to questions of topography. The country is divided into distinct and often isolated areas. Yucatan is a country quite by itself, with its own ideas and its own industries. There is no way of getting to the peninsula except by sea. Tabasco and Chiapas, again, are marked off from Central Mexico by impassable forests. Here, too, is a people with its own methods of thought and its own industries. Even Oaxaca is in many ways quite apart from Central Mexico. Northern Mexico is divided into distinct areas by large tracts of desert. There is little unity among these different sections. A common feeling would be born only in case of an invasion by a foreign force. Intervention would mean that a separate army would have to be sent into each of these districts with little or no opportunity for coöperation. The battle of Torreon is now (April 1) being fought. If the forces of Huerta win, it is time for Mr. Wilson to realize that his advisers have made a mistake and that recognition is better late than never.

ALFRED M. TOZZER.

Mexico City, April 1.

BALLADRY IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On this continent there are survivals and adaptations of Old World ballads to a marked degree, but still more significant is the persistence of the ancient custom of ballad-making. This is a result of the vastness of the country and the conditions which induce men to lead isolated lives in small groups. In his book of "Cowboy Ballads," Professor Lomax has included "The Death of Jack Munroe," which is not a cowboy song at all, but a lumberjack poem. Lumberjack poetry has not yet been collected, so that an expedition into the woods of Michigan or British Columbia during the logging season would yield a rich harvest. Railway life also has many songs and ballads connected with it, and there is a vast amount of hobo poetry, which sometimes creeps into railway magazines, but almost never into the general press. "The Dying Hobo" is as much a classic among tramps, and has as many variants, as "Jack Munroe," the favorite of the "shanty-boys."

Many of the narrative poems pattern after the old Irish come-all-ye's, in having a few words of preface; for example, among lumbermen, one song begins:

> Come all ye shanty-boys and listen while I relate
> About a brave shanty-boy and his untimely fate,

and "Casey Jones," a railway song, which has found its way upon the stage, and into the phonograph record, begins:

> Come all ye rounders if you want to hear
> A story about a brave engineer.

Owing to the persistence of conditions which cause original verse to arise and to be transmitted orally, America will probably have its ballad-literature longer than Europe.

JOSEPH F. GOULD.

Norwood, Mass., April 10.

PROBLEMS OF IMMIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I be permitted to give expression to my surprise on reading, in your editorial on "The Irish in Our Public Life," in the *Nation* for March 26, the following sentences: "For example he (Professor Ross) has previously given expression to the serious disquietude which many Americans feel to-day in connection with the new-comers from South European countries. But their grandfathers were just as acutely concerned over the Irish emigrants. These were, sixty and seventy years ago, as much disliked and even dreaded as are, by some, Slav and Italian to-day. . . . It may be asked, however, if the large immigration of to-day will not, half a century hence, look as harmless and even desirable as does now the Irish immigration of 1845-55."

The argument that it is wrong to object to the "new immigration" because our forefathers objected just as strongly to the "old immigration," which we now regard as innocuous or even desirable, has four distinct weaknesses, any one of which is sufficient to condemn it. The first is a question of fact. Often as we hear this statement repeated, it is not at all certain that our grandfathers disliked and dreaded the Irish as much as we fear the Slavs and Italians. I have had occasion to examine with great care the evidence on this point furnished by the contemporary writings and discussions, and I have failed to find any widespread sentiment against the Irish comparable to the restrictionist agitation of to-day.

In the second place, such objections to immigration as there were rested on wholly different grounds from those of the present. The antipathy felt in the middle of the nineteenth century was not against the Irish as such, nor was it against a degrading competition in the economic field. It was against paupers, criminals, diseased persons, and Roman Catholics. To treat the opposition to immigration of the twentieth century as if it were analogous to that of this earlier period misses the point completely. An excellent illustration is furnished by the fact that whereas we fear that our present immigrants will not avail themselves of the blessings of American citizenship and will fail to become naturalized, our grandfathers feared that they would become naturalized too easily, and wanted to extend the period of residence required for citizenship to twenty or twenty-five years, or to refuse naturalization altogether.

In the third place, this argument always assumes that none of the evils which our forebears dreaded in connection with the Irish immigration has, in fact, materialized. This assumption is open to serious question. It is, of course, a difficult and hazardous undertaking to assign any of our present-day problems to any specific foreign race. But there is evidence that the Irish are responsible for more than their share of some of our troubles. On the same day in which I read your editorial, my attention was attracted by an editorial in the New York *Times*, which spoke thus of the Irish attitude towards the repeal of the Tolls Exemption law: "The opposition of the Irish-American organizations is characteristically open and vociferous. The motive is far from creditable. . . . [They] have been prompted thereto by their hatred of England. They act on an American question from considerations wholly un-American, which is pretty bad citizenship." The fact that one of our great dailies can speak thus of the Irish after two-thirds of a century of Americanization is at least disquieting. If we turn to more concrete matters, we find that the number of Irish paupers in this country is out of all proportion to their percentage of the total population—46.4 per cent. of the total number of foreign-born paupers in the almshouses in 1903, over one-third (including native-born of Irish fathers) of the total number of charity cases of all nationalities in Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, etc. Among criminals, also, the Irish stand at the head of the foreign-born as regards the total number of offences. Furthermore, it is most significant that in the one aspect of life in which, as your editorial points out, the Irish have displayed the most marked ability, viz., public affairs, the record which they have made—as you also point out—has not been such as wholly to discredit the sagacity of our forefathers when they were uneasy as to the effect of the Irish on American politics.

The fact is that we have become accustomed to those evils of American life which are traceable to the early immigration, and take them for granted. We even go so far as to use them as a means of forestalling unfavorable comparisons between Southeastern Europeans and Americans. An excellent illustration of this is afforded by Dr. Peter Roberts in his book, "The New Immigration," when, in an effort to extenuate the drunkenness and lawlessness of the newcomers, or at least to divide the responsibility, he points out that "with very rare exceptions the men on the bench, in the brewery business, and in politics," who help to create these conditions, "are native-born." He does not stop to consider how many of them are the sons of the Irish and German immigrants of the nineteenth century, whom Dr. Roberts, along with others, regards as so desirable.

Finally, the most significant fact of all is that the one reason why the evil effects of the Irish and German immigration of the forties and fifties are not much more widespread and prominent than they are, is that this very agitation of our forefathers, which we deride, had its effect. To be sure, some of it, particularly that based on religious prejudice, was misguided and unjustifiable according to our lights. But the great agitation against the indiscriminate dumping of foreign paupers and criminals on our shores, and against the horrible shipping conditions which landed swarms of miserable wretches on our docks who had to be hauled away in carts to the hospitals and almshouses, rested on a solid foundation. For decades the wiser spirits of the time fought for laws which would

protect the communities of this country against an intolerable burden of expense in the support of indigent foreigners. We of to-day are reaping the benefit of this agitation, and it ill becomes us to ridicule it from the vantage point of our security. It is doubtful if a half or even a quarter of the Irish immigrants who made up the great migration of 1845-55 would be allowed even to embark from the shores of Ireland, to say nothing of being admitted to the United States, in the year 1914. If we were confronted with an immigration of the sort that our grandfathers had to deal with we should be much more vociferous in our protests than they were.

The immigration problem of the twentieth century is in many ways a wholly new one. No arguments concerning it are more fallacious than those which compare it, without discrimination, with that of the middle of the nineteenth century, and draw conclusions from parallels. And there is no more complete justification for a sober and well-considered protest against the immigration of the present than that afforded by a contemplation of the debt we owe to the agitators of an earlier period.

HENRY P. FAIRCHILD.

Yale University, April 5.

IN PRAISE OF "CHANGE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: William Butler Yeats has said that the need of the moment was not so much new creative genius as an audience sensitive to talent, trained and ready to recognize creative work. Last January for ten days there was performed right here in New York a play which later generations will be envying us for having seen—when the problems it illumines were alive and real, when the characters it portrays were contemporary. I like to think that New York was not wholly insensitive to its beauty, for its audiences were growing towards the last, but it was unfortunately financed by one "of little faith" and the battle was lost before it was begun. Even the most sensational play at this moment on the boards needed good fighters behind it before it became profitable.

This play "Change," by a Welshman named Francis, has come again largely through the efforts and support of the Drama League.

I wish to pay tribute here to the play first of all as a work of art—a piece of wholly satisfying and impressive dramatic literature; secondly, a document of first-hand observation and conviction; thirdly, a revelation of signal breadth of vision, an unusual combination at once both impassioned and balanced. We usually resign ourselves with what patience we may command to either a work of art which escapes from life into the less exaggerating realism of fantasy or a piece of work—literature, drama, or plastic art—which may be life, but which certainly is not art. But here is a play which demands no compromise—it is Life and it is Art.

Its theme has been used in other plays, the succession of ideas whereby generations make progress, but I know of no other recent play that shows at once the relentless impatience of youth and the essential pathos of old age.

The acting of the Welsh players is sincere and convincing. Every word is uttered with distinction (which includes distinctness), and there is no exploitation of costume or individual. The actors seem to have grasped the fact that the part of the actor is simply to interpret the play. Hence the "team work" is perfection.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

New York, April 4.

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To free Asia from the vices of opium smoking and opium eating is a serious proposal for a reform that is perfectly feasible. Those European nations ruling in Asia which have established complete monopolies in opium within their frontiers (beginning with England), have only to renounce their profits and close their "Government opium manufactories," and the opium vice would be completely extinguished in the European possessions in Asia. China, with its four hundred millions, has already declared against the vice, and there would remain only the comparatively limited territories of the independent native states, many of which would, no doubt, yield to British influence. It would, of course, be necessary for the European nations indicated to continue their present stringent exclusion of all outside opium from their Asiatic possessions, and thus a regulation, originally intended to protect the profits of their own monopolies, would be turned by them to a great and beneficent purpose. The European empires in Asia would have justified their existence by liberating the Asiatics from a vice which for centuries has paralyzed their energies.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to England's opportunity. If England started the reform, it cannot be doubted that France and Holland would follow. A new conference on the opium question should be summoned.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Hongkong, March 11.

IMAGINATION IN COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If, as the Japanese tell us, imagination is but the indwelling of the past in the present, we may well measure modern education by observing its sense for the past. "Those who forget the past shall in their turn be forgotten," Mr. More has said, and Professor Babbitt applies the rule home when he finds the shallowness of American life chiefly due to our having lost connection with the ages.

The Presidential pronunciamento on imagination, recently printed in the *Nation*, reveals two gods, gods that are almost if not quite the admitted deities of all American education to-day: the god of the practical—Christ called him Mammon—and the god of humanitarianism, so aptly spiritualized in the refrain

Do something for somebody quick.

Thus, the imagination is invoked in the service of smoke-reducers, clay-mixers, gas engines, and the agrarian arts, on the one hand, and in the service of economy, sociology, the abolition of poverty, and "pass prosperity around," on the other. Utilitarian or humanitarian, one or both we are, and the love of man for the love of God is a substitution few despise.

Protests more or less futile arise from several camps. The worshippers of beauty protest in the name of lyrics, music, nature, and the lust for the pretty. Another sect, opposed to the art for art's sake school, protests in the name of research without end, and here range certain historians, philologists, grammarians, economists, bibliomaniacs, researching ever, and without end. The first—who kneel to beauty—should remember Plato, "To desire beauty above virtue, what is that but the utter dishonor of the soul?" and the second—who bow to the enclyclopædic—should learn from the Germans the futility of possession without assimilation.

Where, then, is virtue, and how can we escape the paralysis of the imagination? Chief of studies that aid the imagination are, I presume, philosophy, literature, history, as major studies, with perhaps music, sculpture, painting, architecture, and scientific theories a more or less harmonic minor. These, especially the first three, if wisely used in the service of ideas, furnish severe mental discipline, and incite the imagination to connect the present and the past.

BRUCE WEIRICK.

Ames, Iowa, April 2.

JOHN ALDEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That personality and scholarship are still the qualities most prized in the public-school teacher is the fact shown by the striking tributes paid to the memory of Mr. John Alden, whose death, in the early forties, was recently reported. For the past fifteen years he had been a teacher of Greek in the Portland High School.

A graduate of Harvard in the class of 1893, a thorough scholar who had studied in Greece and taught at his alma mater, Mr. Alden was by temperament and training entirely competent to fill a university post. To some of his acquaintances, indeed, it seemed strange that he should have chosen school work; yet so abundant was the fruit of his labors at the Portland High School that he did more for sound learning and for the classics, at least in his native State, than any other man has done in the last twenty years. His department was Greek; and in Maine, as elsewhere, Greek has for the past few years been declining in popularity. Yet Mr. Alden had often twenty or twenty-five students in his beginners' class, and trained many boys and girls so proficiently in Greek and Latin that college teachers have wondered at their mastery of those subjects. He sent his boys up to colleges and universities with a genuine love for the classics, and as one parent wrote, "College students fitted

at the Portland High School have found to their disappointment and grief that sometimes their professors in the classics have not measured up to the stature of John Alden."

Much of Mr. Alden's success was due to his rare personality; much also to his genuine love of learning. That high-school teaching does not necessarily interfere with the career of the scholar, his life abundantly proved. He was fully abreast of modern technical scholarship; he showed that high-school teachers in certain instances can give as much to college and university men as they receive from them. When he visited Bowdoin College, for example, he left with the college teachers whom he met a desire for a deeper knowledge and for a clearer understanding of the writers and topics that he came to discuss. A person of real erudition, of exact and cultured mind, of ideals as high and as far removed from what is vulgar and cheap as those of the Greeks whom he so ably interpreted, Mr. Alden showed what one man can do to uphold the best traditions of scholarship and culture in a public high school. And his career and influence are an effective answer to those who depreciate the value of discipline in the classics, and who assert that there is no room in the schools for the study of Greek, and for the pursuit of culture.

KENNETH C. M. SILLS.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., April 10.

Literature

THE GREAT TRIBUNE.

Mirabeau. By Louis Barthou. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3 net.

It is not surprising that a man whose private life was filled with almost incredible family quarrels, love affairs, law-suits, debts, and imprisonments, and whose public life was such that Gambetta used to call him "the most glorious political genius in France since the incomparable Richelieu," should not have suffered for lack of biographers. In English alone, aside from the ill-conceived biographies of Trowbridge, Watson, and Warwick, there are the solid studies of Stern and Von Holst, the excellent brief sketch of Willert, and the first volume of Fling's new work. Was it worth while to add to the list by the translation of a French Prime Minister's biography of the great Tribune? Unhesitatingly, yes. For it is valuable in estimating the great political leader of the Revolutionary Constituent Assembly to know the opinion of a similar twentieth-century leader—of a man like M. Barthou, who has been in the thick of the legislative fight and knows the game of politics by experience in the Chamber, and not merely by study in the closet. He does not, however, make his study of Mirabeau a stalking-horse for political propaganda; he does not, as Frenchmen are too often inclined to do, make his book an occasion for either justifying or condemning the Revolution. Only rarely does he inject his own twentieth-century views, as when he says: "The Marquis was right when he advocated the foundation of a large number of institutions in which unmarried mothers might place their children and have them brought up."

M. Barthou has been criticised by some of his reviewers for giving so much space—half the volume—to Mirabeau's family and early life before 1789, that is, before the beginning of his public life as the commanding figure in the Constituent Assembly. We are not inclined so to criticise him. For, like the Adamses, the Pitts, and the Hohenzollerns, Mirabeau cannot be separated from his ancestry. He came from a race of immemorial antiquity, whose virtues and vices alike culminated in him. He cannot be understood without some knowledge of the sources from which he sprang. It is a family that should prove interesting to students of eugenics; the same tendencies which are found in the great Tribune—gallantry, wit, sensitiveness, amorousness, intellectual ability, love of polemics, and general "tempestuousness"—are also found running back for generations. With the genius of the family went also, as one might expect, a strain of insanity which was augmented from the maternal side. Mirabeau's grandmother, after an irreproachable life, sank in her eightieth year into a horrible form of dementia characterized by outbursts of violently obscene talk. His mother had aberrations which had not the excuse of old age, and which were not limited to her conversation.

In the chapters on Mirabeau's leadership in the Constituent Assembly, M. Barthou brings out more clearly than other writers the multiplicity of subjects on which Mirabeau spoke with fluency and authority, the complexity of his dealings with the Assembly and with the Court, and the wisdom with which he tried to pursue a moderating middle policy. By reconciling the Monarchy and the Revolution, the authority of the King and the liberty of the nation, he would have spared France the Terror, Cæsarism, and invasion. But he was handicapped by the King's lack of confidence, and by the shadow of the scandalous life of his own youth. "Oh!" he cried on his deathbed, "if I had brought to the Revolution a reputation equal to that of Malesherbes! What a mighty destiny I would have assured for my country! What glory I should have attached to my name!" He was not mistaken in his presentiment. He left a great name which is lit up with a legendary glamour, but his destiny was inferior to his genius.

M. Barthou has no footnotes, but it is evident that he has used the best printed material in French. He admires Mirabeau's genius, but he does not attempt to gloss over his vices and weaknesses. One of the most interesting chapters is the last, in which he seeks to elucidate the doubt which always exists as to the paternity of Mirabeau's books and speeches. He shows to what an extraordinary extent Mirabeau coaxed other able men to look up material and write his speeches for him. The chief of these was a Swiss pastor, Reybaz. Not only did Reybaz write some of the main speeches which Mirabeau hurled at the Assembly, but he was expected to be ready with replies, for we find Mirabeau writing to him, "Follow the *Moniteurs* carefully, so that we can be ready for a reply."

The unnamed translator has succeeded admirably in preserving something of the epigrammatic vigor, humor, and brilliancy of M. Barthou's French original.

CURRENT FICTION.

Vandover and the Brute. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The great attraction of Frank Norris is that, direct in method, he is finely imaginative in content; but here we have realism in immature roughness. Its intrinsic value is small beside its importance in filling the chief gap in our knowledge of Norris's development. His first completed novel, it was twin in conception with "McTeague," having been begun in 1894, Norris's senior year at the University of California, and finished in 1895 at Harvard. With neither "Vandover" nor "McTeague" was Norris satisfied. He laid the first away indefinitely, and in 1898 completed and published "Moran of the Lady Letty" before he had quite reworked the second. Ideas and ambitions were then crowding fast, and within a twelvemonth after "McTeague" two more novels—"Blix" and "A Man's Woman"—were published; the conception of a tripartite Epic of the Wheat seized him, and in 1901 came "The Octopus"; and in 1902 his death occurred a few months before the issue of "The Pit." Mr. Charles G. Norris tells how this first novel, which still awaited remodelling, was stored in a chest in San Francisco and was miraculously saved from earthquake and fire.

Vandover is a rich, motherless San Francisco youth who studies at Harvard and there explores life, cultivates a dilettantish talent for art, is left his own master by his father's death, sinks ambition and integrity in slothful luxury, goes from stage to stage of riotous living until money and health are lost, and is discovered at the end a dazed, brutish day-laborer, subject to attacks

of lycanthropy, cleaning a row of tenements belonging to a one-time friend who has cheated him of his property. The book begins with the full stage of characters, drawn in ultra-detail, which distinguished "The Pit." There is a girl, Turner Ravis, who is introduced with a care presaging an important part, and disappears in 100 pages; there are young men, friends of Vandover, who similarly drop away; his father is a mere sketch; by the middle of the volume the author's powerful moral theme has run away with his pen, and Vandover is centre of a kaleidoscopic yet fateful action in which the outside world figures hazily.

Yet there is no monotony, and a deepening interest attaches to his course. He begins with self-indulgence, the sensuous pleasures of the stomach and armchair; his great impulse towards evil comes with a surreptitious course in the lower world, and betrayal of one of his girl friends, whose suicide drives him to southern California to recuperate; a wreck is brought in for no reason but the description of brutality and hysteria; he takes a studio on his return, is shunned by his friends, and plunges downward. But the unflinching moral conviction of the book lifts it to a place not far below "McTeague" as a powerful private study.

The World Set Free. By H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Wells is always interesting as a prophet, but his stories written in that vein are sharply distinguished from novels like "Mr. Polly," in which human beings move. What he paints here is a world set free from war, competition, government, and personality. And this enfranchisement comes about within our own century. The chief engine of change is a new weapon, the atomic bomb, deadly beyond parallel.

Mr. Wells does not make this up out of his own head. Characteristically, he finds his materials among the most recent speculations of science. The book is inscribed to Frederick Soddy, or rather to his "Interpretation of Radium." Frederick Soddy, though still in his thirties, has been for ten years a lecturer on radio-activity in the University of Glasgow. As early as 1904 he wrote a treatise on "Radio-activity, from the Standpoint of the Disintegration Theory," and upon this theory his later studies have been based. The theory is, in a word, that radio-activity is a process of disintegration or decay. In radium the process is relatively rapid, hence the spectacular release of power involved; but it is probably going on in all matter. Therefore, says the impassioned Edinburgh professor of Mr. Wells's story, all that we need to give us unlimited control of matter is to discover how to hasten the process of disintegration "in all the other elements, where decay is still so slow as to escape our finest measurements. Every scrap of solid matter in the world would become an available reservoir of concentrated force."

Mr. Wells imagines a world in which this has happened. In 1933 a young scientist sets up atomic disintegration in a scrap of bismuth. It explodes, becomes a powerful gas, and goes through a further series of disintegrations, still giving out energy, and resigning from active service, after a period of months, only to become a particle of gold! From this discovery a new civilization is born, by way of a devastating war to which the atomic bomb gives finality. A dozen of these bombs are enough for the destruction of London, Paris, Berlin, Chicago—most of the greatest cities of the world. They make these cities uninhabitable for a generation, since each bomb becomes a centre of very slowly decreasing activity, a small volcano remaining in eruption for years. So war dies; and, with war, nations and races become obsolete, a World-State is formed; nobody has to work and everybody prefers to; the laboratories do not produce the whole food of the world because people still find it fun to potter about in gardens, and have a weakness for fresh vegetables; all atoms are kept under official observation so that there may be no malign use of them for explosive purposes; life is prolonged and therefore sex loses something of its necessary function; men and women cease to be important as males and females and exist "as parts of and contributions to the universal mind of the race": and nobody is nobody and everybody is everybody: and the world is a place that Mr. Wells, for one, would find it very dull to live in, we are sure. Heaven defend us from his Utopias! But we like his explosions.

Anybody but Anne. By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A wealthy eccentric has conceived the plan—strongly opposed by his young wife and the son and daughter of his first marriage—of putting the bulk of his fortune into a public library. He goes so far as to have the deed of gift drawn up ready for signing—and the next morning is found dead in his study. Apparently he has died by his own hands, for the room is too impregnably barred and bolted on the inside to permit any other explanation than suicide. Yet the ambiguous nature of the wound, the absence of any weapon to account for it, the fact that his wife's pearls are missing from his safe and the deed of gift from his desk, all point another way. The guests of the house suspect his housekeeper and valet, the neighbors his son and the servants his wife—by one of whose admirers the investigation of the mystery is prosecuted in the spirit suggested by the title. There is a seemingly inexplicable tangle of incriminating evidence and only one apparent clue—the one that nobody is willing to follow. The quandary is quite enough to satisfy all lovers of this genre. When the time comes for the solution, this proves rather disappointing on the mechanical side, the preparation in one important particular having been most clumsy. On the psychological side, however, the mystery has been more successfully masked, and the fixing of the guilt comes as a genuine surprise.

The Green Graves of Balgowrie. By Jane Helen Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Over the Hills. By Mary Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The plot of the first of these stories is a relic of the period when fiction was full of fair women possessed of a degree of sensibility and a delicacy of constitution impossible to realize in these days of lusty feminism. The green graves were those of two young sisters who departed this life during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. These two poor innocents were reared by a cruelly eccentric mother, in unnatural seclusion. So ill-prepared were they to cope with the problems of life that a single flirtation and a trip to London proved too much for Lucy's frail strength. What with the slight put upon her by fickle Captain Charteris, the mortification of having appeared, in the era of hoop-skirts, hoopless upon the London streets, and her fits of hysterical terror at sight of a drawing-room full of strange faces, was it any wonder that Lucy soon developed a cough and a hectic flush? Henrietta, her bookish sister, was of somewhat tougher fibre, and with the support of her elderly clergyman-lover might have weathered the storms of life with fair success had she not in nursing Lucy taken her malady.

After this attempt to revive an obsolete style of pathos, "Over the Hills" comes as something of a surprise. It is the story of a landless youth who loved a predestined daughter of joy and served a prison term for her theft. The plot is poor enough and smugly imagined in many details, but redeemed by passages here and there which Scotland's own muse must have inspired—a strain of loyalty peculiar to Scottish hearts in the character of Dinah Jerningham and descriptions of places like this of the old house of Glarn:

> It stood solitary on the moor, without fence or garden; and sometimes the cattle straying down from the hills would stand so close to the little windows that their breath dimmed the panes as they huddled shoulder to shoulder gazing in at the fire. In summer too, when the

casements stood open, the sheep cropping the turf about the house would lift their noses to snuff at the window ledges, shying off in alarm at any movement from within; and in the dawn of the morning, before the household was astir, the feet of the beasts might be heard on the very threshold.

We could be grateful for any book that contained a touch like this of artless magic.

NEW BATTLESHIPS FOR OLD.

German Sea-Power: Its Rise, Progress, and Economic Basis. By Archibald Hurd and Henry Castle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

Free from insular prejudice and without other motive than that of simply telling the facts, these two English authors explain clearly and sympathetically the motives and manner of Germany's extraordinary naval expansion during the past fifteen years. In the appendices they give conveniently for reference numerous statistics comparing English and German sea-power, and also a translation of the more important navy bills by which Admiral von Tirpitz has cleverly built up the German fleet. A couple of maps suggest the cardinal points of German naval strategy.

The authors begin with two chapters on the naval activities of the Hanseatic League in the Middle Ages and of the Great Elector in the seventeenth century. These are well written, to be sure, but it is rather stretching a point to attempt to show these early maritime enterprises as in any way closely related to the present navy movement. These chapters also contain some minor inaccuracies and repeat the old error of the Elizabethan antiquary who derived "sterling" from the honest "Easterling."

The central and most valuable part of the volume is that which describes the rapidity and cleverness with which Von Tirpitz has accomplished, since 1898, the remarkable transformation of the character and size of the navy. Popular imagination, stirred by Emperor William's "Our future lies upon the sea" and by his other dramatic sayings and aquatic doings, has ascribed to William II himself the chief credit (or discredit) for the increase of the fleet. Not so these authors:

> The keen interest of the Emperor William would not have sufficed to bring about the change which has been wrought during the past fifteen years. The decisive personal factors here have been the fixed purpose, the steady will, the unflagging energy, the inexhaustible patience, the profound political insight, and the rare diplomatic skill of Admiral Tirpitz, the nearest approach to a really great man that Germany has produced since Bismarck. He is the true creator of the German fleet that is and is to be.

In the decade before 1898 the Minister of Marine who preceded Von Tirpitz had not been able to increase the fleet at all. He was a military man who did not know how to deal with politicians; he tried to browbeat them and thumped the table in anger when the budget committee shaved down his estimates. Von Tirpitz had other methods. He devoted himself to the education of the people by means of an elaborate Press Bureau and later by his support of the Navy League. He met opposition in the Reichstag with a smiling reasonableness, and set himself to win the support of opponents by good-natured argument. His triumphant result was the Fleet law of 1898. This provided a naval programme of increased construction for a period of six years, and thereby removed in large part the yearly control which the Reichstag had previously exercised at the presentation of the annual budget. Long before the six years were up England went to war with the Boers and raised thereby in Germany a tremendous wave of Anglophobia. Von Tirpitz at once seized the opportunity to throw overboard the law of 1898 and replace it by a new programme providing a battle fleet of about twice the strength of that legalized.

This 1900 programme was to have remained in force until 1917, but it also has been thrice modified, each time in the direction of greater naval expansion. Experience shows that German fleet laws are regarded as fixed and immutable when proposals are made for the limitation of armaments, but are as flexible as though no Fleet law existed, when political circumstances are favorable for making a further effort towards an increase of the navy. In the wording of the laws, by skilfully using generic naval terms in the loose manner of those unfamiliar with their significance, Admiral Von Tirpitz still further restricted the Reichstag's power of interference and gave complete freedom to the Marine Office in transforming the navy. By styling as a "battleship" every ship of slow speed but carrying an armored belt, and by providing that old battleships should be replaced in due course by new ones, he was soon able to replace dummy ships of 4,000 tons by Dreadnoughts of 25,000 tons. In this way the programme to which the Reichstag had given its consent was observed in letter, but by skilful conjuring small coast-defence ships were quietly converted into first-class sea-going battleships ranking with the most formidable ships in the British fleet.

One of the most valuable chapters is that in which the authors explain why Germans in authority want a big navy. It should be read by pacifists, not because they will agree to any of the arguments, but because it sets forth sympathetically the state of mind of the German ruling classes. This state of mind is a fact which cannot be ignored by practical statesmen. In later chapters the authors analyze satisfactorily the comparative resources of England and Germany in regard to naval expansion and equipment. They also give some account of the different political parties in Germany and the attitude of each towards the navy, but betray ignorance of agrarian conditions and of the development of Socialism in Germany. On the whole, however, their book is accurate and trustworthy. It ought to make people understand more clearly why Germany does not accept with open arms the English proposals for a "naval holiday."

SOCIALISTS AND SYNDICALISM.

Violence and the Labor Movement. By Robert Hunter. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

As an "orthodox" Socialist Mr. Hunter is a firm believer in "political action" as opposed to violence or "direct action" in any form. The first portion of his book is devoted to an historical survey and criticism of terrorism from the days of Bakounin up to the final triumph of Marx and the dissolution of the International. The remainder is devoted to a description of Syndicalism, which Mr. Hunter takes to be the lineal descendant of the early anarchism, and of its inherent antagonism to modern Socialism.

The sketch of Bakounin, his associates, and his activities generally is interesting and instructive. Mr. Hunter leaves on the reader the impression that he is opposed to terrorism and the "propaganda of the deed" mainly because it is ineffective and tends to reaction. For this reason he considers it to be not even "revolutionary" (p. 120). He charges, moreover, that it has been carefully fostered and encouraged by those in power in order to discredit the labor movement (chap. vi). "There can be no doubt," he says, "that the amazing growth of the modern socialistic movement has terrified the powers of industrial and political tyranny. To them it is an incomparable menace, and superhuman efforts have been made to turn it from its path. They have endeavored to divide it, to misinterpret it, to divert it, to corrupt it, and the greatest of all their efforts has been made towards forcing it to become a movement of terrorists in order ultimately to discredit and destroy it" (p. 122).

There is unquestionably a foundation

of truth in this view. When the author comes to the second portion of his book and deals with syndicalism he uses very much the same lines of argument with regard to it. Allowing that there are certain points of difference between syndicalism and anarchism, in that the former is a group-philosophy, while the latter is strictly individualistic (p. 245), he insists upon the basic antagonism between Syndicalism and Socialism, and he calls Syndicalism "the newest anarchism" (chap. x). Syndicalism, he says, "differs from Socialism both in aim and methods. The aim of the latter is the control by the community of the means of production. The aim of Syndicalism is the control by autonomous trade unions of that production carried on by those trades. . . . Furthermore, the syndicalists differ from the Socialists in their conception of the class-struggle. To the Socialist the capitalist is as much the product of our economic system as the worker. No Socialist believes that the capitalist is individually to blame for our economic ills. The Syndicalist dissents from this view. To him the capitalist is an individual enemy. He must be fought and destroyed. . . . Every worker must be inspired with the aim of destruction" (pp. 238-9). "It is inevitable that Syndicalism and Socialism should stand at opposite poles. They are exactly as far apart as Anarchism and Socialism" (p. 266).

All this is doubtless quite true from the point of view of the "modern" Socialist, who believes that the cause is "indissolubly united" with "political democracy" (p. 353), and that the "Co-operative Commonwealth" is to come via "State Socialism" as an intermediate stage. This is the view taken by Mr. Walling in his "Socialism of To-day," and it consorts more or less with the facts as they are. But it is well to note that the Syndicalists of to-day pretty closely represent the "proletariat" as Marx expected it to be—the difference being that instead of the classes intermediate between the small group of swollen capitalists at the top and the labor army at the bottom having become "proletarianized" (if one may make such a word), there has been an increasing differentiation of the middle classes and a shrinking in relative numbers of the true "proletarians." Modern Socialism has become strictly "revisionist" as against Marx; the Syndicalists are more truly Marxian than are their Socialist critics.

Mr. Hunter will do well to verify his references, if another edition of his book is required. It is not safe to rely upon Lombroso for historic facts. Pages 98-100 are full of errors which might have been easily corrected. One would have thought that on writing the title of Mariana's book, "De Rege et Rege Constitutione" (which he does twice), the author would have suspected that there was something wrong somewhere!

THE GREAT MOUNTAIN.

The Ascent of Denali (Mount McKinley). By Hudson Stuck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

From the explorer's point of view, the blizzard which drove Prof. Herschel C. Parker and Belmore Browne back down the slopes of Mount McKinley when a few minutes more would have placed them on the summit, was a tragedy. Obliged to admit that an absolute victory was not theirs, they had conclusively demonstrated the possibility of such a victory and pointed out the pathway by which it was to be attained. The actual attainment fell to the lot of Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, and was only a year delayed. Favored by an interval of clear weather and a temperature of seven degrees above zero, the party was able to stay on the summit a good part of one afternoon and to get a satisfactory impression of the topography of the surrounding territory. Incidentally, what they saw does not tally well with the description given by Dr. Cook in his account of the alleged ascent of 1906, and thus another blow is struck in the needless task of slaying the slain.

At various points on the mountain were found striking evidences of the earthquake recorded by Parker and Browne two days after their descent. Masses of ice torn loose by the shock and piled in vast confusion constituted the chief obstacle to Archdeacon Stuck's ascent, and in his view Parker and Browne were really fortunate in their inability to remain on the mountain for a second attempt on the summit, since their lives would in all probability have been lost in the avalanches of ice and snow which the earthquake occasioned.

An interesting feature of this volume is a clear and convincing account of the "sourdough" expedition of 1910, featured in a very incorrect and misleading way in a New York Sunday newspaper during the summer of the same year. A group of miners and prospectors, "sourdoughs," undertook to accomplish with no special preparation that in which well-equipped "scientists" had failed, and actually did plant their flagstaff upon one of the two peaks into which the mountain divides towards the summit. They happened to select the wrong peak, though Dr. Stuck readily admits that they could have reached the other had they realized in time that it was the higher.

Dr. Stuck has obligingly compressed his relation within the limit of 190 pages, and has still found room for a great deal of interesting comment on subjects merely suggested by his ascent rather than essential to it. His objection to the name "Mount McKinley" will appeal to many as well grounded. Denali, "the great one," has been and still is the name of the mountain to the great majority of the Indians from whose lands it is visible, and it is certainly a correct principle to retain the native Indian names for such features wherever possible. Denali is accurately descriptive in its meaning and at the same time brief and euphonic. Against this what have we as a basis for the name McKinley? We quote from Belmore Browne: "A few years ago I asked Mr. Dickey why he named the mountain McKinley, and he answered that while they were in the wilderness he and his partner fell in with two prospectors who were rabid champions of free silver, and that after listening to their arguments for many weary days, he retaliated by naming the mountain after the champion of the gold standard." The companion peak to the southwest, christened later on Mount Foraker through association of ideas, is known to the natives as "Denali's Wife." The Board of Geographic Names could do worse than to recognize the Indian title in both cases.

FAMOUS LAWYERS AND JURISTS.

Landmarks of a Lawyer's Lifetime. By Theron G. Strong. Dodd, Mead & Co.

This is a work of a kind in which England is much richer than the United States. The memoirs and recollections of English lawyers and judges bulk large in comparison with our meagre production in that sort. Why this is so, there are some obvious reasons, but a few not so evident. It is no doubt true that the life of a British legal or judicial luminary is fuller and more varied than that of one in America. What is true of English public men, in general, as compared with ours, is true also of lawyers. Across the water they seem to get more easily into contact with things and people worth knowing. But we have not made as full literary use as we might of the material we possess. If William M. Evarts had lived in England, for example, we may be sure that a complete Life of him would have been published, which would have delighted with reminiscence and records of his wit. We Americans a little neglect this field.

The more welcome, then, is this volume by Mr. Strong, of the New York Bar. Rather more than half of the book is taken up with recollections of the most famous lawyers and the greatest jurists of his time—Charles O'Conor, David Dudley Field, Evarts, Carter, Porter, and many others; together with a large number of judges of the highest courts of New York as well as of the

Supreme Court at Washington Mr. Strong writes in an easy and somewhat discursive style, not pretending to make a complete or searching analysis of the men on whom he touches, but glancing pleasantly at one trait after another. Some of his anecdotes are new, and he re-tells the old ones with unfailing zest. His personal chapters are agreeable reading, even if they do not add much to our knowledge of the men with whom he deals. In a more sober vein, but also more instructively, Mr. Strong remarks upon the great changes which have taken place in the legal profession during his lifetime. He plainly does not find all of these desirable or admirable. Some of the ways in which the modern corporation has bound lawyers to its chariot wheels, as well as the organized form of certain kinds of legal practice itself—not to speak of the emergence in the profession of new and not very inspiring types—Mr. Strong makes it evident that he dislikes. But the sustained note of his book is that of geniality; and passing from the subject of fees to that of the lawyer's recreations, he leads the reader to the concluding chapter in excellent temper and with an air of being far as yet from having reached his last landmark.

Notes

Henry Holt & Company announce for publication on May 9 "Russia, the Country of Extremes," by Madame Jarintzoff.

"Whitehead's Conventions of Auction Bridge," by Wilbur C. Whitehead, will be published next month by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The John Lane Company announces for publication on Saturday: "On the Left of a Throne," by Mrs. Evan Nepean; "Red Wrath," by John Oxenham; "Oh, Mr. Bidgood," by Peter Blundell.

SOME years ago Mr. Bryce, now Viscount Bryce, published two large volumes entitled "Studies in History and Jurisprudence." They included two essays, "The Ancient Roman Empire and the British Empire in India" and "The Diffusion of Roman and English Law Throughout the World," which he has now wisely re-issued in a more accessible volume (Oxford University Press), for those who may not care to procure the larger work. Both essays have been revised throughout and brought up to date by the insertion of the latest statistics and by references to recent legislation. In one essay he draws an instructive parallel between the Roman and British systems of imperial conquest and administration, and in the other a similar parallel between the steady extension of the Roman and British systems of law. Both essays are of value to students and administrators who want to see what light the experience of the English in India may throw upon the general question of the relation of the civilized nations to those less advanced races over whom they are assuming dominion; it is a question for the Americans in the Philippines no less than for the Dutch in Java, the French and Germans in Africa, the Russians on the Amur, or the Japanese in Formosa. In view of the author's large grasp of civil and common law, of his unusual opportunities for obtaining intimate personal opinions from scholars and from administrators in authority, and of his genius for the comparative study of institutions, it would be superfluous to commend these two essays written at the height of his intellectual powers and experience.

MOST of the brief essays in "Monologues," by Richard Middleton (Kennerley), have already seen the light in the *Academy* and *Vanity Fair*. In the first paper on The Decline of the Essay Mr. Middleton defines his task: "To me, essays are such leisurely expressions of a humane and agreeable personality as we find in the works of Charles Lamb." The agreeableness of Mr. Middleton's style may be granted—he is adroit, pungent, unexpected, but he gives the appearance rather of desiring leisure than of possessing it, and his humanity is of a specialized type. In all the essays, whether on the New Sex, New Year's Eve, The Philosophy of Gambling, How to be a Poet, The Virtues of Getting Drunk—the philistine or smug person is the butt. He has rarely been taken so seriously since "Yellow Book" days. Mr. Middleton indulges an apocalyptic vision of a moment when the philistine shall overthrow his mentors and joyously indulge his own tastes. Then shall chromolithographs fill the galleries. The essay is one of the best. A rather old-fashioned romanticism is the staple of the thinking, but the little book is modern enough in its insistent cleverness and love of paradox. The best of the essays are literary journalism of a superior type, and occasionally, as in An Election-tide Dream, our author escapes from cleverness into realms of delightful phantasy. Those who like Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton should read Mr. Middleton also.

THAT popular government in this country is suffering grievously from the multiplication of elective offices is the theme of Albert M. Kales's "Unpopular Government in the United States" (University of Chicago Press). This theme is developed with a reformer's zeal, and, it must be added, with a lawyer's prolixity. The multiplication of elective offices is due to decentralization of governmental powers, combined with the belief that democracy means a maximum of elected officers and a minimum of officers appointed. Mr. Kales scores heavily in his analysis of our long ballots, and he has an impressive illustration of the enforced ignorance of the voter resulting from them in an experiment tried by President Judson, who, four weeks before a regular autumn election in Cook County, asked a graduate class to report at the time of the election such facts as they could ascertain about the candidates. Only a small percentage of even the mature men in the class were able to turn in a satisfactory report. The most original part of Mr. Kales's book is his examination of various proposed methods of dethroning the "politocrats." He holds that the initiative, the referendum, the recall, direct primaries, and the like tend to aggravate the evil by multiplying elections, and thus making the services of party leaders as acceptable as ever. His remedy is the short ballot, a remedy which the *Nation* has long advocated. Mr. Kales, however, overstates the difficulty of getting rid of bosses without this reform.

IN "A Vision and a Voice" (London: Robert Scott), Rev. R. G. Phillip has endeavored, he says, "to paint a picture of the times, with an interpretation." He has not been able to make anything so distinct as a picture, nor is there a perceptible element of timeliness in these pages. We have here rather a series of impressions as to the meaning of life and the needs of his fellow-creatures, as recorded upon a pious but not brilliant mind. "The author writes frankly from the Christian standpoint," says the prefatory note, "but has made it his aim not to forget honest seekers after Truth." The inference is, we suppose, that persons who have achieved the Christian standpoint have found Truth beyond need of search. It is to be noted further that the Christian standpoint means the Evangelical. The gloom and absorption of the older Evangelicalism are, to be sure, disclaimed, and a doctrine of cheerfulness and even laughter laid down. But the good cheer of the author appears to the lay mind a trifle laborious. The book is in effect a plea for a return to older practices, Sabbath-keeping, religious instruction in the schools, family worship, and so on. It is earnest and devout rather than illuminating or even suggestive.

SOME thirty-six years ago Dr. Augustus Jessopp, head master of King Edward the Sixth's School at Norwich, published in a very limited edition his study of "One Generation of a Norfolk House." It attracted attention, and the next year (1879) it was brought out in regular form for the trade. Now a third edition has been issued, by Putnams, incorporating the corrections and additions for which the author had long been collecting material, but which failing health had prevented him from making for himself. The editor, without much labor, might have carried the revision even further. Thus Dr. Jessopp's description of the condition of the Jesuit College at Tournai in 1875 is left without alteration, apparently, though it would have been perfectly easy to learn the present status of the school. As a whole, the book retains its vital interest and its value. It deals directly with the group of cousins of the Walpole family, stanch recusants, who, in the later years of Elizabeth's reign, possessed great estates in Norfolk and the adjacent counties. One of them in particular, Henry Walpole, of Anmer, was a devoted Jesuit under the direction of the famous Parsons, and laid down his life as a missionary to save his country from heresy. He is Dr. Jessopp's chief hero, but there is a vast amount of information in the book about the religious byways of the age. The curious in such

matters may be recommended to read with the present work the life of "Coke of Norfolk," which has recently been brought out in cheaper form. The founder of the Coke family, the great Chief Justice, was a fellow pupil with Henry Walpole at the Norwich School.

L. F. SALZMANN'S "Mediæval Byways" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is made up of six essays which originally appeared in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*. These essays are popular articles of the lightest kind on various topics of mediæval life, such as the alchemists, modes of travelling, coronations, etc.—all treated in the most facetious vein. As the author's object is not to instruct, but to amuse, it would be out of place to take his hook seriously. For our own part, we should not go so far afield to he amused. The profuse illustrations which have been supplied by G. E. Kruger remind one of those that adorned Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

MR. GEORGE E. WOODBERRY'S volume of verse ("The Flight and Other Poems"; Macmillan) has two distinct, even contrasted, appeals. It has an old-world and old-time quality, lapping, so to speak, both the classic and the harbaric shores of the Mediterranean, portraying the Italian vagabond, the boy of Mitylene, or the Tunisian dancer in concrete settings which might have alternately rejoiced Theocritus or inspired Robert Hichens. The poems exhibit not less distinctly the more poignant and elusive abstractions of contemporary philosophy, the vision which claims to comprise and transcend both good and evil, that affiliation of all religions which approaches so perilously to the annihilation of them all, and, above everything else, the train of ghostly ancestors which attends and influences every human being. The combination would suggest a happy equipoise between the antique and the modern, the concrete and the metaphysical, between Gautier—shall we say?—and Maeterlinck; and the chance of success would hardly be diminished by Mr. Woodberry's reliance on a relatively simple and old-fashioned prosody, aiming at color, body, and swiftness in the verse, and keeping itself sanely aloof from the fretfulness and fussiness of our worried latter-day technique. The results hardly come up to these favorable presumptions; there is something vitreous in the lustre of the verse, something granular in its consistence—a want of plasticity referable no doubt to the absence of the heat of passion. The metaphysical themes are poetically conceived, but they are embodied in crepuscular, though stirring, allegories—narrations in which the proportion of meaning to picture is small and the meaning itself is not always clearly elucidated. For instance, the phrase-title, "Beyond Good and Evil," might express a profound truth or mask a malignant sophism, and, whether from defect or excess of art, Mr. Woodberry's twelve caracoling stanzas leave his own attitude on the point in tantalizing ambiguity. We are confirmed in our impression that the desideratum in this work is emotional vitality by the fact that of four poems which stand out in the memory, "The Riding," "Calogero" (a new and happy version of "Le Chemineau" and "The Beloved Vagabond"), "Comrades," and "In Memoriam" (dedicated to Charles Eliot Norton), three exhibit feelings of exceptional vigor or sincerity. In the other poems we feel that the guns have been trained on the right objects and that their structure is creditable to the gunsmith; the fault lies in the inadequacy of the charge.

CHARLES TENNYSON'S "Cambridge from Within" (Philadelphia: Jacobs) pleasantly supplements Dr. John Venn's recent volume on early Cambridge. Mr. Tennyson's graphic pen describes the collegiate life of the present day in stately Trinity as well as in the smaller colleges, touches upon Newnham and Girton, and in a picturesque way introduces us to the Dons, the freshman, the college cook, the sports and grinds, and the odd characters in and about the old university town. If there is here and there a little too much elaboration of detail, and an exuberance of spirits which betrays the age of the writer, there is also many a felicitous epithet that goes well with the family name. The little book is thoroughly enjoyable, and the illustrations are in harmony with the subject and its treatment.

ONE of the fascinating but perplexing problems in the interpretation of the New Testament is the purpose and theology of the Epistle to the Hebrews. In a recent study, entitled "The Epistle of Priesthood" (imported by Scribners), Prof. Alexander Nairne, of King's College, London, advances the hypothesis that the letter was written "when the Jewish revolt against Rome was beginning, to a small group of friends of like mind and education with the author, who were hesitating to break with their nation, and who felt themselves called in honour to forsake Christ, to adopt unchristian politics, and to take up arms for the old religion" (p. 207). The name of the writer is unknown, but his personality and purpose are evident. He is, in fact, a sacramentalist, that is, as our author interprets the term, a poet who "reaches truth by vision rather than by the severity of logical thought" (p. 291); and he writes with a view to showing "that sublimity only comes by limitation and that recognition of real manhood is the truest way to faith in real Godhead" (p. 229). Having established the date and purpose of the letter, and having explained the fundamental sacramental principle of the author, Mr. Nairne proceeds, in an interesting and readable manner, to interpret the leading ideas of the epistle, closing with an elaborate exposition of the same

OUR Rhodes scholars are not wholly given over to the accumulation of athletic honors. Mr. Frank Aydelotte's "Elizabethan Rogues and Vagabonds," issued as volume one of "Oxford Historical and Literary Studies" (Clarendon Press), is evidence of achievement of quite another kind. This interesting monograph concerns itself not merely with the rogue in literature, already the subject of extended study, but with the real Elizabethan rogue, with the changing conditions of land tenure which filled the country with sturdy beggars, with their methods of getting a living, and with the growth of legislation which, in 1575, by the simple device of getting them to work, destroyed the freedom and excitement which gave zest to the life of "rufflers" and "upright men." Against cozeners of a higher order, however, card sharps, players with false dice, pickpockets, and confidence men of all sorts, who came to he grouped under the name of "conny-catchers," each with his appropriate "law" or method of cheating, legislation accomplished very little beyond devising systems of licensing. In a final chapter is discussed, one wishes at times more at length, the large debt which the writers of the rogue pamphlets (Dekker among them) owe to the first-hand observations of earlier writers like Harman and the author of "A Manifest Detection," and to Robert Greene, who was himself not altogether above reproach in this matter of literary "prigging."

LUCE & CO. are starting a series of translations of Oriental works to be issued in small volumes, and apparently for popular consumption. The first of these has already appeared, and contains a version of "The Satakas, or Wise Sayings of Bhartrihari," from the Sanskrit, by J. M. Kennedy. These centuries ("Satakas," to use Mr. Kennedy's transliteration) consist of three sections of epigrams, or brief lyric poems, dealing respectively with love, practical morality, and mystical faith, and form one of the notable works of Sanskrit literature. They have been often translated into English and other Western languages. Mr. Kennedy's version is clear, but lacks lyrical or epigrammatic nerve. His preface gives a brief survey of the principal Hindu philosophies.

THE "Essays in Legal History," read before the International Congress of Historical Studies held in London last year, have been published by the Oxford University Press, under the editorship of Paul Vinogradoff. It is a polyglot collection, for the papers are printed as they were read, in English, German, French, and Italian. Indeed, the Congress must have had a somewhat Pentecostal flavor, "because that every man heard them speak in his own language." Among the essays in foreign tongues, none will be read with greater interest than that by the late Professor Esmein on the maxim, *Princeps Legibus Solutus Est*. It is one of the last productions from the pen of this distinguished legal historian, and it marshals in an admirable manner the evidence in support of his contention that the maxim exercised a profound influence on the development of the public law in France. Among the English essays the most notable are those by Sir Frederick Pollock, on the Transformation of Equity; by W. Blake Odgers, a sketch of the History of the Four Inns of Court, and by W. S. Holdsworth, on the Influence of Coke on the Development of English Law. The last of these should be examined by every one who has read Judge Gest's eulogy of Coke in "The Lawyer in Literature," lately noticed in these columns. While Mr. Holds-

worth claims for Coke "a place among the great jurists of the world," he concedes Sir Edward's defects both of character and learning. Whether as Attorney-General under Elizabeth or as Draftsman of the Petition of Right under Charles I, "he approached both law and history with the mind of a strenuous advocate." The result is that his history is often inaccurate, and his use of legal precedents is at times inconsistent. Moreover, his partisanship "led him to read into his authorities meanings which they never possessed." Mr. Odgers discourses as entertainingly of the Inns of Court as he has been accustomed to treat of the law of defamation, and Sir Frederick Pollock deals with some recent discoveries in the history of English equity with his usual literary skill. The volume makes a valuable addition to the scholarly side of legal literature.

FOR those who desire a knowledge of the fundamental principles underlying the rate-making policy of railways, and who have not already steeped themselves in the elementary principles of economic theory, there is no better guide than "Outlines of Railway Economics" (Macmillan), by Douglas Knoop. Although written with English conditions almost exclusively in mind, it is in no sense insular in its appeal. In a well-arranged discussion it develops from the simplest principles of demand and supply the more complicated relationships that apply to railway rates—the laws of decreasing and increasing return, determination of price under conditions of monopoly, differential charges, and the influence of cost upon price. What the author has to say concerning regulation and ownership is of special interest to American readers to-day. It appears that recent tendencies in rate regulation are strikingly alike in England and the United States. The requirement in England that railways shall demonstrate the reasonableness of any increase in rates has made them reluctant to reduce rates experimentally, for fear lest, in case the reduction proved unremunerative, they could not again raise them. In other words, inflexibility in rates is one result of more rigid regulation. Again, so far as the decisions of the Railway and Canal Commissioners are concerned, they tend to rest largely, if not entirely, on cost of service. As in this country, rates are established according to one set of principles, and revised according to another.

THE author is doubtful whether State control can continue to develop along present lines. Either the hand of regulation must be lightened to give opportunity for corporate initiative, or the State must go the whole way, and assume a real responsibility through ownership and management. Many interests are demanding the latter alternative, and for many reasons, a number of which are wholly selfish. The author's position is that of a skeptic. He is open to conviction, but insists that without far more exact information than is available at present nationalization would be a leap in the dark. His attitude is that of Mr. Asquith, who replied thus to a committee of the Trade Union Congress, urging State purchase: "However great may be the advantages in the diminution of competition and the coördination of the railway system, I remain of the opinion which I expressed last year, that the burden of proof is upon the shoulders of those who are in favor of the proposal."

ONE of the most popular of French authors of stories of romance and adventure, Pierre Sales, died in Paris on April 9. M. Sales, who was born on December 2, 1856, was originally a bank clerk and later turned his attention to journalism, but for some years he had devoted himself to the writing of novels with a peculiarly Parisian setting, many of which were translated into English, German, Italian, and Spanish. Besides his novels, among the best known of which may be mentioned "Mariage Manqué," "Incendiaire," and "Vipère," M. Sales was the author of two historical works, "Papistes et Parpaillots" and "La Pia dei Tolomei."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THE Vienna College of Medicine is discussing various proposals calculated to reduce the number of students of medicine and thus prevent undue competition in the profession. It has already been decided to raise considerably the fees asked of students. They will now pay $1 per lesson, instead of 45 cents, as heretofore. Further, the number of poor students who are allowed to enter the University without paying any fees will be greatly restricted. Until now it was extremely easy for any student who had gone through the gymnasium to obtain permission to undergo a university course without making any payment whatever. The fact that he had passed through the eight years' course with moderately good marks and had obtained certificates of excellent conduct was sufficient to obtain the permission, little trouble being taken to ascertain whether he had talents sufficient to gain a position in a profession where family influence and family wealth play an important part.

A STUDENT will not be accepted if there is a university with a faculty of medicine in the land from whence he comes; thus young men who would wish to benefit by the greater lustre lent by the Vienna diploma will be forced to study in Prague, if they are natives of Bohemia, and will not be permitted to overcrowd the Vienna class-rooms. Foreigners from the Balkans will be admitted as regular students, but the new regulation proposes to exclude all other non-German students of medicine from the regular course. It is proposed at the same time to raise the standard of study and to make the examinations more difficult.

THE *Westminster Review*, once the influential monthly organ of the "philosophic Radicals," has disappeared into the *Ewigkeit*. Founded in 1824, it gained distinction from its association with the two Mills, Sir William Molesworth, Herbert Spencer, Francis Newman, George Eliot, and G. H. Lewes. During John Chapman's editorship of this review, George Eliot was for a time its sub-editor. Of that strange character, Chapman, something may be learned from the "Autobiography of Mark Rutherford." The magazine has retained until the end its peculiar flavor of religious and social heterodoxy, but for a long time it has ceased to be numbered among the influential publications. In recent years any reference to "the *Westminster*" has meant not the *Westminster Review*, but the *Westminster Gazette*, a daily evening paper that has had no connection with it.

A NOTABLE acquisition has been gained by the Rylands Library at Manchester in the MS. of the so-called "Odes of Solomon," discovered a few years ago by Dr. Rendel Harris. A complete photograph of the MS. is to appear shortly in the series of Rylands Library facsimiles. The exact nature of the book has been keenly debated among scholars. Some believe it to be of Jewish origin, but in Dr. Harris's own judgment it is a collection of early Christian hymns. It thus constitutes, as he puts it, "a key to early Christian experience," much as a discovery of the first Methodist hymns—supposing them to have been lost—would furnish a clue to the understanding of the Methodist revival.

THE authorities of the British Museum are making constant and valuable additions to their cheap reproductions, on picture postcards, of some of its treasures. For the small sum of one shilling one can now purchase a set of fifteen cards, with an explanatory leaflet by an expert, reproducing maps of earlier date than the sixteenth century. Laurence Binyon has edited two similar series of Japanese and Chinese works of graphic art, and A. W. Pollard a series of Florentine book illustrations.

IN its new home at Stafford House the London Museum has been drawing large crowds of visitors. The collection itself is twice as large as that which was recently shown at Kensington Palace. It includes 180 pieces of jewellers' and goldsmiths' work, of the early seventeenth century, dug up in a wooden chest in the City about a year ago—presumably the contents of a jeweller's shop hidden away in some emergency. So far as possible, the exhibits are now arranged in chronological order, from the relics of palæolithic London downwards.

THE Mental Deficiency act, passed by a non-party vote last year, has just come into operation in England. Its object is to make better provision for the care of mentally defective persons, who are separately classified as (a) idiots, (b) imbeciles, (c) feeble-minded persons, and (d) moral imbeciles. Hitherto, such mentally defective persons as could not be certified as needing confinement in lunatic asylums have been under insufficient control. The new act secures that they shall be sent to institutions of a suitable type, or otherwise placed under efficient guardianship. The definition of "moral imbeciles" is of special interest in view of its possible application to the hunger-strikers. This

class consists of "persons who from an early age display some permanent mental defect coupled with strong vicious or criminal propensities on which punishment has had little or no deterrent effect." The latter part of the definition clearly fits the case of the arson squad. The likelihood of any perpetrator of the recent outrages being transferred from prison to a home for defectives will therefore depend on the possibility of proving that she has been mentally weak "from an early age."

Science

The first meeting of the International Surgical Association to be held in this country began its proceedings in New York on Monday. More than 250 delegates, among them representatives of almost every country in Europe, attended the first meeting. In the absence of President Wilson, Dr. William C. Gorgas, surgeon-general of the United States army, welcomed the delegates.

The Harris Lectures of Northwestern University were founded "to stimulate scientific research of the highest type and to bring the results of such research before the students and friends of Northwestern University, and through them to the world." Lecture foundations of this kind are important, as through them we may hope to have clear and correct discussions in untechnical language of scientific questions which will counteract the wrong statements frequently made in popular articles. No one is better qualified to state the problems and achievements of modern physics than Professor Ames, of Johns Hopkins, whose lectures for 1913 on the "Constitution of Matter" have now been published by Houghton Mifflin Co. Professor Ames combines with learning the gift of clear exposition. As a result, those who wish to obtain a knowledge of the recent experiments and theories of the nature of matter and electricity, especially those of Lorentz and Thomson, can be sure of finding them stated accurately and simply in this book. The presswork is good, although attention may be called to two mistakes; on page 97, "non-atomic" is used for "monatomic," and "had" for "has" on page 148.

Dr. Henry Smith Williams has published, through Harper's a continuation of his "History of Science," under the title of "Miracles of Science," in which he aims to bring his former work down to most recent times. Dr. Williams has the gift of discrimination and of picking out those scientific achievements which will interest the general reader. He has also the power of presenting the conquests of science in an entertaining fashion. Thus he gives us a picture which in its broad aspects is correct, in spite of the fact that he is frequently wrong in his details. As this carelessness is likely to lessen respect for his work, it is worth while to point out the most obvious of his misstatements. On page 30, he speaks of an airman travelling through space to the planets and stars and being hampered by "the frigidity of empty space." Temperature is, of course, a property of matter. Thus his airman would be cold or hot according as he was far from or near a hot star. On page 37, the text reads as if a spherical mirror brought all rays to the same focus; what is meant is that a mirror has no chromatic aberration. Professor Lebedew confirmed by experiment the pressure of light before the work was undertaken by Professor Nichols (page 110). The alpha particles (page 114) are not helium; they combine to form helium. The impression is given on page 120 *et seq.* that the conclusions of Professor Ramsay on the transmutations of matter are accepted facts; to say the least, they are open to question. Quartz fibres are, of course (page 64), not made from molten glass. On page 124 we have a misprint, "plantinum' for "platinum," and the elements neon and helium which are driven out of electrodes are generally supposed to exist there in an occluded state and not to be driven out of platinum or glass by the disruption of their atoms. Prof. O. B. Richardson is the correct form of the name (page 131). The plane of a swinging pendulum does not rotate through 90 degrees in six hours except at the poles of the earth; at the equator there is no shifting of the plane of the swing, and elsewhere on the earth it is a function of the latitude. More important than these errors is the undue assurance attributed to scientific experiments and hypotheses. Many of these, especially in biology and in medicine, which Dr. Williams relates as proved facts, are matters of controversy.

Possibly we should grant considerable latitude of expression, when an author is presenting the achievements of science as miracles, and is trying to arouse wonder and awe in the public for matters which are calculated to increase the humility of scientists themselves, who stand baffled at the thought of the complexity of their problem, and who realize how little we really know about our surroundings. The macrocosm and the microcosm are wonderful, and we may well feel awed by the incomprehensible mystery of the universe. But in spite of the intricate motions of stars and atoms, they are simple in comparison to the mystery of human thought and human personality. And the earth, small in size, must still maintain its dominating aspect in the universe, until some other place be found which holds beings more intelligent than ourselves. In spite, however, of Dr. Williams's overemphasis, and of his too-ready acceptance of scientific achievements, this book is interesting and shows what science is accomplishing, whether one thinks of it as miraculous or not.

"Glimpses of Indian Birds" (Lane) is the fifth book written by Mr. Douglas Dewar on Indian ornithology. Indian birds are blessed with pronounced individuality; the sombre, dishevelled "seven sisters" tumbling pellmell one after another across the road; the insistent, brain-fever cuckoo, the dynamic dhyal bird, and the house crow—the superlative of impudence. The author presents about forty short sketches of the more common species. Some of these are of interest only to Anglo-Indians, none calls for special mention. In a rather querulous preface the writer says he has taken this opportunity of attacking "the prevalent theories of protective coloration, because it is impossible for the naturalist who uses his eyes to accept these theories." He also attacks Darwinism and the "Wallaceians," mimicry, natural selection, and several other things, some of which we had thought were at least good working hypotheses. He unfortunately does not propose any more acceptable theories. When we read of the rose finch that "the actual coloring of the feathers becomes intensified as the spring approaches," we realize that Mr. Dewar is very human after all, and quite as susceptible to error as those whom he attacks. He has a deft pen, and some of his *petites histoires* are well worth reading, especially by those who have travelled in India. We especially like his chapters on Vultures and Voices of the Night.

Dr. Joseph D. Bryant, who died on April 7, was born on March 12, 1845. He received his degree from Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1868, and after filling various positions on the faculty of that institution, became in 1883 professor of anatomy and clinical surgery and associate professor of orthopædic surgery, and in 1898 professor of the principles and practice of surgery. In addition to his professorial work, Dr. Bryant engaged in many public activities. He was sanitary inspector in the New York Health Department from 1873 to 1879, and was a Health Commissioner and member of the State Board of Health from 1887 to 1893. He was appointed Surgeon-General of the State in 1882, and held the office under two successive administrations. Dr. Bryant wrote many treatises on medicine and surgery for medical journals, and was the author of two notable works, "Operative Surgery," published in two volumes, and the eight-volume "American System of Surgery," in which he collaborated with Dr. Albert H. Buck. He was among the first of those chosen for fellowship in the recently formed American College of Surgeons, and was a member of various other medical and scientific associations. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by New York University in 1908.

Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain, professor of anthropology at Clark University, who died on April 8, was born in England on January 12, 1865. He graduated from Toronto University in 1886, received his A.M. degree in 1889, and his Ph.D. from Clark University in 1892. In 1891 he made special investigations of the Kootenay Indians in British Columbia, under the auspices of the British Association. From 1900-8 he was editor of the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, and he was also department editor of the *American Anthropologist*. He was a member of a number of American and foreign anthropological and antiquarian societies, was the author of numerous essays and papers on anthropological and kindred subjects, and had contributed to various encyclopædias. Among his publications were: "Child and Childhood in Folk Thought," 1896; "The Child—A Study in the Evolution of Man," 1900; "Poems," 1904.

Drama

A REVIEW OF THE LONDON SEASON.

[We have arranged with Mr. William Archer for a series of monthly articles on contemporary English drama of which the following is the first.—Ed. The Nation.]

London, March 25.

By far the most interesting drama in London is at present being enacted at the Theatre Royal, Westminster, where a Ministry, self-convicted of having handled a difficult situation with astounding weakness, is fighting for its life. The issue of that fight will doubtless be known to the world before these lines are in print. I mention the matter only to give a historic background to the sketch I am about to offer of the theatrical world of London.

Among many striking resemblances, there is, I think, one characteristic difference between theatrical London and theatrical New York. We are—or I am much mistaken—far more acutely self-conscious than you. We are always feeling our own pulse and recording our own symptoms. We might even be accused of chronic hypochondria, for the bulletins we issue as to the state and prospects of the British drama are almost always despondent. There has been no time within the memory of man when the drama was not going to the dogs. Scarcely a season passes without a discussion in one newspaper or another as to the reasons why the public is deserting the theatre, and why there are no actors, or no actresses, or no authors. Various nostrums, too, are proposed for the remedy of these disastrous conditions—such as a reduction of prices, an alteration in the hours of theatregoing, the permission of smoking in the auditorium, and so forth. Meanwhile, the drama goes its way, sublimely heedless of all these prognostications and prescriptions. Money is still invested in theatres, and money, we cannot doubt, is still made out of them. There are, of course, fluctuations, both financial and artistic. One season is fruitful of noteworthy plays, the next may be comparatively barren. But—though the drama has been going to the dogs all the time—the progress of the past twenty years has in truth been amazing. It is measured by the fact that in, say, 1890 no contemporary English drama existed in readable form, except the plays miserably printed as sixpenny pamphlets for the use of amateurs. To-day we have a rich and flourishing dramatic literature, quite comparable in merit, if not in volume, to that of France or Germany. In a large provincial town, not long ago, I noticed one whole window of a leading bookstore devoted to plays, English, Irish, and Scotch, and books about the theatre. Surely a notable sign of the times!

It must be admitted, however, that there are periods when

> The tired wave, vainly breaking,
> Seems here no painful inch to gain—

—and perhaps this season may be reckoned among them. It has certainly not been fruitful of intellectual achievement. It has given us one new play that may, at a pinch, be called intellectual, though scarcely intelligent—Mr. Chesterton's "Magic"—and, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," one extremely interesting Shakespearean production. For the rest, it was distinguished by Mr. Granville Barker's very spirited and successful repertory season at the St. James's, which, announced for three weeks, was continued for two months. But otherwise it has been barren of either productions or revivals of outstanding merit. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion," to be produced on April 11, will redress the balance.

Yet even such a season gives no reasonable cause for despondency. To repine because brainless vulgarity bulks large in the bills is simply to quarrel with human nature in its present phase of development. The astonishing thing is, not that the stupid public preponderates, but that the comparatively intelligent public contrives to secure so respectable a minority representation. There are this evening some twenty-eight theatres open in the West End of London. Five of them (and doubtless the most successful) are devoted to musical farce, which, I take it, does not here concern us. Four are occupied by melodramas without the smallest literary or artistic pretension, appealing only to the most unsophisticated playgoers. They are cinematograph shows in which the text is spoken instead of being thrown on the screen. There remain nineteen playhouses at which, if the entertainment is despicable, it is so, as it were, by chance. The managers, I mean, have not deliberately renounced all effort to do good work, though infirmity of judgment, or the thirst for success at any price, may for a time have led them astray. It is noteworthy that only three of these theatres are occupied by plays from the French, one of them being that ingenious piece of clockwork, "Diplomacy," adapted forty years ago from Sardou, and now revived with even greater success than it enjoyed at first. This may seem a rather ominous symptom of public taste; but, after all, which of us does not occasionally relish a neat detective story? Has not President Wilson recently confessed to sharing Prince Bismarck's foible for these harmless ingenuities?

No fewer than six out of the nineteen theatres are occupied by plays either of American authorship or originally produced in America. First among them in point of success stands "Within the Law," an amusing melodrama which has filled the Haymarket for nearly a year. On the other side of the street, at His Majesty's, a revival of "The Darling of the Gods" has been but moderately attractive. Then we have "Broadway Jones," and "Kismet," and, on a higher level, "The Land of Promise," by Mr. Somerset Maugham, and "The Melting-Pot," by Mr. Zangwill, with Mr. Walker Whiteside in his original part. This play has given rise to a good deal of discussion. Some people have been blinded by its high purpose and its intensity of feeling to its artistic defects; others have seen only the artistic defects and not the spiritual beauties. For my part, I adhere to the former party, but I understand the position of the latter.

Of the remaining theatres, two are occupied by utterly negligible comedies of the peignoir-and-pyjama type, in which the attraction consists in the delectable spectacle of a lady preparing for bed, while her estranged but adoring husband is hidden in her wardrobe. The almost simultaneous appearance of two plays with the same central situation was a curious coincidence, but nothing more. One of these pieces, "A Pair of Silk Stockings," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt, is written with a certain facile smartness; the other, "Peggy and Her Husband," by Mr. Joseph Keatinge, has not even that merit. Then we have at the St. James's a pleasant, very slight comedy by Mr. Alfred Sutro, entitled "The Two Virtues." In this Sir George Alexander created no small sensation by appearing for the first time in history in a pair of trousers which positively bagged at the knees. Hitherto the fortunes of the theatre have been thought to be indissolubly associated with the flawless crease down the front of these garments. I hope, without too much confidence, that the success of Mr. Sutro's play may give the lie to this superstition. Certainly Sir George's performance of the quaintly ironic bookworm-hero shows that character-acting is well within his range. The name of Mr. Arnold Bennett is on two playbills. "The Great Adventure," at the Kingsway, is well past its 400th performance—a success which is no doubt largely due to the inimitable performance of Miss Wish Wynne as the heroine. At the Vaudeville, Mr. Bennett is only partially responsible for "Helen with the High Hand," adapted by Mr. Richard Pryce from one of his early novels. It is a curiously ill-made play, but contains a couple of clever character-studies.

Passing over one or two sheer trivialities, we return to the one noteworthy novelty of the season, the dramatic first-fruits of the Chestertonian Muse, the much-discussed, much-be-puffed "Magic." Like so much of Mr. Chesterton's other

work, it is a piece of genial, unblushing effrontery. Clever it is, undoubtedly—one might even call it a brilliant improvisation. There is a woolly-headed, inconsequent old duke in it, who, being admirably acted by Mr. Fred Lewis, undoubtedly makes the fortune of the play. He is a creation of real originality and humor. There is also a certain distinction of touch in the dialogue: we feel that we have to do with no mere journeyman of the theatre, but a born writer. And a born thinker? Ah, that is the question! It sometimes seems as though "thought" were a misnomer in relation to Mr. Chesterton's mental processes—as though some new word ought to be invented for his freakish and volatile cerebration. His purpose, here as always, is evidently to cast scorn on rationalism and to put in a plea for miracles. What he actually does is to assert the reality of black magic, and to show how one of its practitioners drives a rationalist mad by performing some puerile tricks with a family portrait and a doctor's red lamp. The rationalist is a ridiculous cub who is supposed to have acquired in America a shallow, dogmatic materialism, which Mr. Chesterton apparently imagines to be a characteristically American attitude of mind. There is a scene, which some people find uncannily impressive, in which the stage is supposed to be crowded with invisible spirits of evil; but I cannot say that its diabolism gave me the smallest physical or mental thrill. Altogether, the play is a piece of "fine confused thinking," helped out by good writing and some humor. In a speech after the fall of the curtain on the first night, Mr. Chesterton protested his sincere belief in the doctrines he had advanced; but what they were precisely, he omitted to say.

Presented at a very small theatre and by a company innocent of stars, "Magic" had a fair success and was nearing its hundredth night when its withdrawal was announced. Then, for some appropriately occult reason, a morning paper, the *Daily Chronicle*, was seized with a violent enthusiasm for the play, declared it a burning shame that such a masterpiece should not have a longer run, and devoted itself day by day for two or three weeks to puffing it into popularity. All sorts of advertising devices were adopted—among them an afternoon debate on miracles, held on the stage of the theatre, in which Mr. Chesterton himself figured as protagonist. Mr. Bernard Shaw was present on the occasion, but did not speak: whereupon every one said that miracles evidently did happen. Then Mr. Shaw came to Mr. Chesterton's aid with a one-act absurdity named "The Music-Cure," which was played before "Magic." By these means the life of the play was prolonged some fifty nights; but as I write its sands are running out. The moral seems to be that for solid success something more is needed than brilliant improvisation.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

"THE TRUTH."

New York is having an opportunity to mend its first impression of Clyde Fitch's domestic comedy, "The Truth," which has been revived by Winthrop Ames at the Little Theatre. Rejected by New York when it was first produced, it was warmly received in other parts of the country and had a run of more than a year in London, where Marie Tempest played the principal part. Broadway's initial offishness towards "The Truth" is significant, for Broadway is the home of "typical" American humor, and this play is neither strongly American in flavor nor humorous. It has the wit of French comedy, on which it was evidently patterned. And though several situations lend themselves to broad farce, on the whole it is the biting dialogue which tells.

"The Truth" is characteristic of Fitch's best, just as it reveals his limitations. He had an opportunity for a rewarding study of a person akin to Becky Sharp and Hedda Gabler, though placed in an airier, lighter sphere. Becky Warder is as prone to tell lies as are the other two to work more grievous evil. Their plight must lead to tragedy, hers at most will flirt with tragedy. She lacks their egotism and hardness, but, like them, lives on the admiration of men, which, of course, furthers her besetting sin. For she will lie rather than admit to her husband the pleasure which such excitement gives her. There need be no great improbability in this character. Only she requires the subtlety which comes from a high-strung temperament. Fitch's Becky, at least as played at the Little Theatre by Grace George, has the naïveté of a child fibbing. This made for sweetness and charm, but destroyed the chance for depth. In part, the author was responsible, for Becky's particular weakness is asserted by him to be inherited, and to that extent she is a puppet.

Yet Becky, even so conceived, is a very absorbing figure, and undergoes at least the development of a naughty child, become repentant, with the added interest which a married woman's responsibility bestows. And in the last two acts, where she has been brought into distress by her folly, one forgets the puppet of the premises, and enters wholeheartedly into the present situation. If he had lived, Clyde Fitch would undoubtedly have done more convincing work. But the promise which he here showed was enormous. We recall no other recent American play which is so clean-cut in outline or so neat in respect to dialogue.

For this revival Mr. Ames has made fortunate selections. Of the original cast only Zelda Sears, as Mrs. Crespigny, remains. But the performance was excellent throughout. Besides Grace George, who replaces the late Clara Bloodgood, the persons in the play include: Isabel Irving, as Eve Lindon; Conway Tearle, as Lindon; Sydney Booth, as Tom Warder; Fanny Hartz, as Laura Fraser; and Ferdinand Gottschalk, as Roland, Becky's father.

F.

"PINAFORE" AT THE HIPPODROME.

Four weeks ago the suggestion was made in an article in the *Nation* that an examination of the texts of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, conducted in the approved manner of German scholarship, might form an appropriate subject of a thesis for the Ph.D. degree. We can hardly flatter ourselves that our suggestion inspired the Shubert management to undertake the researches which have culminated in the production of "Pinafore" at the New York Hippodrome, for so spectacular an affair must have required considerably more than a month's elaboration; but it is obvious that painful and laborious research must have been expended on the immediate and collateral branches of the family of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., since the whole fabric of the production is based on the assumption that that ornament of Her Majesty's navy came of a prolific stock, being blessed with "sisters and cousins and aunts" running in quantity into three figures. Four hundred is the number of the chorus; so that if, for the sake of simple arithmetic, we grant equality to the sexes, a conservative estimate of the female relatives of Sir Joseph Porter would put their number at two hundred.

To accommodate two hundred fair visitors and a corresponding number of amorous sailormen naturally presupposes a considerable area of deck space on the good ship Pinafore. Happily the proportions of the Hippodrome arena and the ingenuity of the stage architects are adapted to meet the emergency; so we have a magnificent spectacle of an entire battleship of Her Majesty's fleet, solid and substantial, with masts, and spars, and ropes, and top-gallants, and bunting, and every other nautical appurtenance, all complete, floating, or at least sitting, in real water. If the small craft paddling alongside the battleship left any doubt about the reality of the water, it would be dispelled when the Dick Deadeye of the occasion tumbles in with a side-splitting splash.

As a spectacle there can be nothing but praise for the Hippodrome production; there can be nothing but praise, too, for the management which has afforded a timely demonstration of the fact that over-elaboration of the spectacular cannot be accomplished without loss of qualities that may be of more importance. To build a big ship in a theatre and man real rigging with real sailors is an entirely praiseworthy feat, but why drag in Gilbert and Sullivan? The large chorus is admirably trained, and such ensembles as "He is an Englishman" naturally go with a tremendous swing; but mere volume of sound plays a very unimportant part in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas; their wit and satire are delicate; their comedy is not of the broad variety. In the Hippodrome production the subtlety of Gilbert's lines is inevitably lost; the words of the lyrics, which are as important as the music, are often difficult to catch in the huge auditorium;

the humor must be broadened out of all recognition to gain any effect whatever.

S. W.

NOTES.

Justin Huntly McCarthy has written a romantic drama, "Charlemagne," with the Emperor's early life as its subject. His chief character is described as a blend of Benedick and Petruchio.

Another addition has been made to the list of long runs by the anniversary performance in London of "Diplomacy," which is believed to have created a record for a revival. On its original production, in 1878, this play had the creditable run of 325 performances. It may be recalled that its title was selected by chance. Several suggested titles were put into a hat, and the first that was drawn was adopted.

Edward Knoblauch has selected "My Lady's Dress" as the title of his new play, to be produced by Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, at the London Royalty, on April 21. Each of the three acts is divided into three scenes. Details of the cast are withheld, the assumption being that, as in the case of "Milestones," each character plays so many parts that to publish particulars beforehand would be to indicate the trend of the story.

Sir Charles Wyndham, who has just entered his seventy-eighth year, is learning a new part in "Nobody's Widow," which he has had in his possession for some years. He says that he has no present intention of retiring from the stage, but will give no warning when he makes up his mind to do so.

Some progress has been made towards the establishment of a People's Theatre in London upon the plan advocated by Rosina Filippi. She has been able to obtain the old Victoria Theatre, which was opened on Monday for an experimental season of four weeks, during which performances will be given of "The Merchant of Venice," "The School for Scandal," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Candida." Seats will be sold for one penny or two pence. The costumes and scenery have been borrowed and so cost nothing.

The Comédie Française has brought an action against M. Le Bargy to recover damages from him for leaving the National Theatre to play elsewhere contrary to the agreement signed by him when he became *pensionnaire*. The case is now before the First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. M. Le Bargy has turned the tables on the theatre by bringing a counter-action, in which he claims $20,000. The ground of his plaint is that the Comédie Française failed in the engagements entered into with him in 1887, and that therefore the contract is vitiated. Since leaving the Comédie Française, M. Le Bargy has been engaged at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, where he has played, among other parts, that of Cyrano de Bergerac. The Comédie Française now asks the Tribunal to prevent M. Le Bargy by injunction from continuing his engagement at the Porte St. Martin. The fine demanded is $400 for each performance.

Music

THE RUSSIAN DANCERS.

The theory of the Russian dancing is well set forth in a sumptuous volume recently published by Houghton Mifflin ("The Russian Ballet," by A. C. Johnson, illustrated by René Bull, $7.50). Its practice has been exemplified during the past two weeks by the performances of Pavlowa and her company at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. A new ballet, "Amarilla," was presented at the opening performance, a delicate little piece in one act, telling the love of a gypsy maid for a Count, the setting being of a *fête champêtre*. The story is relatively easy to follow, and Mlle. Pavlowa's representation of the alternating despair and passion of Amarilla is beautifully executed. M. Novikoff, *premier danseur classique*, meets with hardly less appreciation than Pavlowa herself. He is a magnificent figure of a man, and his technical skill is remarkable, but he lacks some of the joyous abandon that was characteristic of Mordkin's dancing. The supporting company is made up of finished dancers, only in degree inferior in skill to the principals. One of the most gracious items on the first night's programme, "Moment Musical," was contributed by Mlles. Plaskowieczka, Butsova, and Crombova.

Pavlowa herself, whether in the ballet or in her individual divertissements, remains the supreme exponent of her art. One need not institute comparisons with an artist, for instance, like Genée, supreme in her own sphere, but Pavlowa adds to perfection of technique an impression of the joyfulness and fulness of life which is unmatched by any other dancer, even of the wonderful school in which she herself was trained. She brings to her art the expression of her own personality in the same way that Ellen Terry's own bubbling personality made her Portia so irresistible. S. W.

"The Song Garland" (Macmillan) is a collection of songs for girls of high-school grade which has been made with taste and judgment by Jules S. Joannès. The topical index includes five divisions: Songs Patriotic, Miscellaneous, School, Folk, and Devotional. There are no four-part songs, because of the limited range of the high-school girl's voice. "Improving Songs for Anxious Children" (Schirmer), by John and Rue Carpenter, invokes the aid of colored pictures, partly comic, to get children interested in simple tunes. "Thirty Songs," by Franklin Hopkins (Cecil Mackie), is an ambitious attempt to "foster a real school of English song." Mr. Hopkins believes that the great English poets have been unjustly neglected by song writers, so he comes to the rescue with this "Golden Treasury Set to Music." "Historical Mother Goose" (Schirmer) contains lyrics by Ella Wheeler Wilcox set to music by Louis F. Gottschalk. They were written, we are informed, because the children's songs of a former generation, such as "Hey, diddle, diddle," with their accompanying vapid music, "no longer satisfy discriminating people." Too bad! "Bergerettes" (Ditson) is an interesting collection, by J. B. Wekerlin, of romances and songs of the eighteenth century. As librarian of the Paris Conservatoire, M. Wekerlin had unusual opportunities for selection, and his little volume, which has an introduction by Frederick Martens and English versions, as well as the original French words, may be commended to all who are interested in French music of the time of hoopskirts, powdered wigs, and gold snuff-boxes. "Songs of Britain" (Boosey) is a volume of one hundred English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish national songs, selected and edited by Frank Kidson and Martin Shaw. Some of the most familiar tunes are omitted, to make room for songs that have not received sufficient attention. "Elizabethan Love Songs," second set (Boosey), contains songs by Dowland, Morley, Bartlett, and other seventeenth-century composers. Albert Spalding is making a name for himself as a composer no less than as a player. The Schirmers have recently printed six of his "Compositions for Violin and Piano" that may be favorably called to the notice of violinists. "Thirty Organ Pieces for Use in Christian Science Churches" (Ditson) contains preludes, offertories, and postludes, selected by Walter E. Young, with special reference to the needs of that church, which calls for music "conforming to the quiet dignity and simplicity of the service, free from display, undue elaboration, or conspicuousness." Besides Guilmant, Dubois, and other organists, some of the greatest masters, including Bach, Saint-Saëns, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Tchaikovsky, are laid under contribution. Tchaikovsky's music, except at symphony concerts, is not yet as well known as it deserves to be. One welcomes, therefore, a collection of five of his best piano pieces and two songs: "Tchaikovsky" (Stokes). The music is prefaced by a short biographic sketch by Landon Ronald.

The great English tenor, Edward Lloyd, recently celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday. He is in excellent health, says the *Westminster Gazette*, adding that "since his retirement in 1900, an event signalized by a brilliant farewell concert in the Albert Hall, the scene of so many of his past triumphs, Mr. Lloyd has resided in Sussex, and now has his home in Worthing. He emerged from that retirement to sing the solo in Sir F. Bridge's Homage anthem at the King's Coronation, when every one was amazed at the beauty of his singing. Mr. Lloyd has also made many 'records' for the Gramophone Company which will convey to future generations the fine quality of his voice. He is one more example of the healthiness of singing, for his friends, Madame Patti, Sir Charles Santley, and Madame Albani, have all preserved their vocal powers far beyond the usual age for singing. Mr. Lloyd attends concerts occasionally, and sings in private with most of his accustomed vigor."

Stravinsky, reputed the naughtiest of the Russian—if not of all—cacophonists, has perpetrated an opera which is to have its first performance in London during the coming summer. Two other Rus-

sian novelties to be produced by the Beecham Opera Company are Borodin's "Prince Igor" and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or." The name of Stravinsky's opera is "Le Rossignol." A feature of the London season will be the appearance of Chaliapine as Boris Godounoff. Fourteen Russian ballets are to be presented; also Richard Strauss's new ballet, "The Legend of Joseph," which is to have its première in Paris on May 25.

According to a writer in the London *World*, "quite the most impressive feature of a very impressive season has been the enormous queues, sometimes extending right round the corner of Floral Street, for the later performances of 'Parsifal.' On the first night the gallery was barely full; by about the tenth performance the gallery crowd would have filled the theatre. That is London's way."

Art

OLD PAINTINGS RE-DISCOVERED.

PARIS, April 2.

New finds of old art are not ended, as may be seen from the experience of M. Adrien Mithouard, who is a man of letters and a Paris municipal councillor. He decided at the beginning of March that he would look conscientiously through the all but unknown storehouse of fine art possessions of the city. When the Petit Palais, in the Champs-Elysées, was organized after 1900 as a museum of city collections, it was supposed that the storehouse had been thoroughly explored. It seems now that numerous old paintings from demolished or disaffected churches, stored away and forgotten and veiled by dust, were passed over. In a few hours, the inquisitive Municipal Councillor brought to light five paintings which any collector would be glad to possess:

I. An Adoration of the Shepherds, which an old inventory of art possessions of the city of Paris shows was hanging in the former parish church of Auteuil, where the storehouse is situated. It is set down as of the Venetian school, and M. Mithouard maintains against all comers that it is a genuine Tintoretto. This may not be true, but is quite possible. Curious art students who have looked into the many volumes of the inventory of national art treasures, printed many years ago by the French Government, have been able to make veritable discoveries in obscure chapels and dark corners of churches. Instances as late as Corot and Delacroix have been found in Paris, and an Immaculate Conception of Millet in the French church at Rome. In the ancient churches, paintings of old masters like this new find have been hanging from the contemporary period.

II. Jesus Driving the Money-Changers from the Temple, from the old Church of Foreign Missions. This is a fine work which M. Mithouard attributes to one of the Restouts or to the elder Boulogne—in either case to a comrade of Poussin in Italy.

III. Saint James, curious in style and known to come from the studio which Rubens, according to his wont, established for art production while he was himself turning out paintings for Henry IV.

IV. Saint Isabelle, sister of St. Louis, King of France, and foundress of the celebrated Abbey of Longchamp, of which the mill remains at the Paris racecourse in the Bois de Boulogne—ordinary as painting, though by Philippe de Champaigne, but of historical interest.

V. A Flagellation, of interesting style, by an early German painter under Italian influence. In the old inventory a work of similar style is assigned to the ancient Church of Notre Dame de Bonne Nouvelle, which has given its name to a portion of the Paris Boulevard; but that painting seems to be still hanging in the church.

M. Mithouard says there are at least a dozen equally "honorable" paintings from schools of the old masters which he has not yet had time to extract from these neglected art stores of the city of Paris. One is a Saint Dominic and Pope Honorius, by Cardi, known as Cigoli, who occupies an important place in the genealogy of Italian art from Michelangelo to the School of Bologna. Like Rubens, he was engaged in Paris for the marriage of Henry IV and Marie de Médicis. He is represented at the Louvre and in Brussels, Munich, and Rome, but apparently not in London.

The latest thing they say—not, as in the song, at the Ambassadors' Café, but at the Paris Salon of the Indépendants—concerns the ultra-modern school of "Synthetists," for Cubists and their time belong to ancient history. Its ambition is to create "biological painting," in which it has already made the following discoveries: "color lines, colored zones, the orchestration of these zones and their nutrition, coloring *propagulæ*, associative sensorial perceptions—and the unity of art phenomena." It insists on "the utility of the previous breaking of forms, with an aim to better visual synthesis; on the narrowing of the field of consciousness among non-colorists and the exciting of materialist philosophy among the near-sighted." As to those likely to oppose the new art, its creator and initiator, Alexis Mérodack-Jeaneau, gives them due notice they shall not trouble him, for they are "protozoa of art whom every new effort scares, who take their pleasure in muddy marshes contemplating rotting ruins." And he leaves them to their own "non-conscience."

Those who love Old Paris and dream of some preservation of it, like parts of an historic collection, will be glad to hear that the twelfth-century Church of Saint Julien-le-Pauvre is to be cleared for an outlook across the river Seine to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, whose architecture it illustrates. The buildings towards the river are already torn away and the new School of Decorative Arts is to be built along the Quai. This was the quarter known to Dante, who studied in an adjoining street that still keeps its name—rue du Fouarre—from the "forage" on which students sat and listened to—Sigier,

Who, reading lectures in the Street of Straw,
Did syllogize invidious verities.

S. D.

"The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art" for 1914 and "The Year Book of American Etchings" will be published on Saturday by the John Lane Company.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the publication of "The Ministry of Art," by Ralph Adams Cram.

Emile Mâle's "L'Art Religieux en France" needs no introduction or praise. For a matter of ten years, it has been an indispensable aid to students and a valued resource for all cultured persons who deal with the Middle Ages. We have merely to note the appearance of a good English translation in large quarto form and fully illustrated (Dent-Dutton, $6 net). The translator, Dora Nussey, has used the third edition and has produced a translation that has the quality of an original piece of literature. It was the peculiar service of Mâle to show that the windows and portals of the great Gothic churches follow step by step approved Latin authorities. Boethius, Honorius of Autun, the vast compilations of Vincent de Beauvais, the Golden Legend, are frequent sources. Thus Gothic art is profoundly systematic and orthodox, not a wildling as Hugo and Viollet-le-Duc had romantically supposed. The skill of the sculptors and glass painters is put to the test to find clear forms for such abstractions as the vices and virtues, the *psychomachia*, the hierarchies of the angels, the months, the church, and the synagogue. What is remarkable about this French art is its persistent symbolism. Sacred history rarely appears in its own right. The most familiar Gospel theme must be flanked by antitypes and moral analogies. Everything means something else. Symbolism assumes a bewildering consistency. Mental meanings take form and semblance of reality. The passion for analogy rules the cathedral builders, and the sculptors follow the theologians with humble skill. In comparison with the Gothic figure design of France, that of Byzantium and Italy seems singularly straightforward and epic. The Bible is taken at its historic face value. Men believe unfancifully. Symbolism yields to mere moral example. We can only indicate thus briefly some of the broader implications of this important and illuminating book. A welcome may be confidently predicted for "Religious Art in France, XIII Century," and many readers will await with real impatience the trans-

lation of M. Mâle's second and concluding volume.

George Bentham, who died on April 8, at the age of sixty-four, was born in the North of Ireland, and came to this country some twenty-five years ago. For many years he was in the employ of the *Century Magazine*, and afterwards was for a long time an artist on the Chicago *Post*. Mr. Bentham was well known as a collector of books, curios, and works of art. He was an authority on porcelains, and was considered the greatest silver-print artist in this country. He was one of the first to recognize the genius of William Morris as a printer, and at one time he made a specialty of collecting the works of Sir Edward FitzGerald, of which he issued a definitive edition in seven volumes from the De Vinne Press.

Finance

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Very generally overlooked, for a period when observances of "centennials" and "semi-centennials" are so generally the order of the day, there occurred last week the hundredth anniversary of an event of extraordinary interest, both to the course of history and to the great financial markets of that generation. It was on April 11, 1814, that Napoleon abdicated and assented to his own banishment to Elba. When the present-day course of European politics is so strikingly reflected in the market for British consols (whose present price is 76, as against 71 last year and 113⅞ in 1897), as well as in the "City sentiment" of London, a glance at what happened in those directions at that other date ought to be interesting.

Consols had reached 79 after the Peace of Amiens with Napoleon, early in 1802—a price higher than any touched in the eight preceding years. They fell to 50¼ when war with France was resumed in 1803, and, in the subsequent decade of perpetual fighting and governmental borrowing, ranged between that price and 70. In 1813, when Napoleon, despite his disastrous retreat from Russia, turned on the allied armies and beat them at Dresden, consols got down again to 54½. His overwhelming defeat at Leipzig in the autumn of that year, and the advance of the Allies into France, sent them up to 67½. When news came of the capture of Paris and of Napoleon's abdication, they went with a rush to 72½.

The London *Times*, which fairly reflected "City sentiment" of the day, greeted that epoch-making event with a series of observations, in its leading editorials, which read to-day as strangely as the debates and newspaper editorials on the "Ulster crisis" will possibly read a hundred years from now. Much was naturally said of "the heartfelt and universal joy which pervades this great metropolis" on what seemed to be the end of the ten successive years of war; much of the decoration of London, on the news of April 11, with "the most brilliant illumination ever witnessed." But the broader conclusions drawn from the state of mind which thereupon prevailed may be seen from the following excerpts, both from the *Times's* leading editorials of the period.

Napoleon's proclamation of abdication was, the *Times* assured its readers, "undoubtedly drawn up by the little dirty hypocritical villain himself"; a statement followed by this further reference to the defeated Emperor, in language not perhaps unnatural in view of London's long period of political and financial agony, but highly interesting as an attempt to foreshadow the verdict of later generations:

> After all, this fellow has gone off the stage like a more decided coward than Robespierre himself, the only character in French history who will ever be cited as approaching a parallel with him.

So much for London City opinion of 1814, as a forecast of the opinion of later history. As to its other views of the situation, one might have thought that London and its newspaper organs would have called for assurance of permanent and universal peace. Yet this further and highly interesting attempt at historical perspective is from a leading article in the *Times* of a few days later:

> It is understood that part of our army in France will immediately be transferred to America to finish the war there with the same glory as in Europe. . . . The American Government is in point of fact as much a tyranny (though we are far from saying it is so horrible a one), as was that of Buonaparte, and as we firmly urged the principle of *No Peace with Buonaparte;* so, to be consistent with ourselves, we must in like manner maintain the doctrine of *No Peace with James Madison.*

The *Times* was as accurate in its historical diagnosis as its readers occasionally find it to be to-day. That the editor had been "tipped off" by the Foreign Office as to its purposes in America is probable; for, in point of fact, Gen. Pakenham and 7,000 veterans of Wellington's Peninsular campaign were shortly sent to New Orleans, where the General lost his life and the troops were overwhelmed in Jackson's famous victory. But the Government nevertheless so far disagreed with the *Times's* notions of consistency as to sign at Ghent, on December 24, 1814, the treaty of peace with the American commissioners, which ended our so-called "War of 1812." Nor was this all. In February, 1815, the *Times's* "little dirty hypocritical villain" left Elba, landed in France, reassembled his army, reoccupied Paris, and moved on Belgium to meet Wellington and Blücher. Even the *Times* began to speak of Napoleon with at least more respect for his abilities. French Government 5 per cents fell from 81½ to 55⅛ in the first half of the Hundred Days which followed the return from Elba. In June, on the eve of Waterloo, and on the news of Napoleon's victory at Ligny, British consols were down to 53¾, as against the 72½ on the news of his abdication, fourteen months before.

Waterloo was fought; Napoleon's army annihilated. The Restoration and his permanent imprisonment at St. Helena followed. One might suppose that consols would thereupon have soared to a level higher than any reached in the dozen preceding years of almost unintermittent warfare. But this did not occur. Contrary to the popular belief which surrounds the legend of Rothschild's enormous Stock Exchange operations, based upon early and exclusive news of the result at Waterloo, consols rose scarcely 5 points on the authentic details of that famous contest, and it was two years more before they again touched the price to which they went on the news of April 11, 1814.

Anywhere but in a Stock Exchange community, such absence of dramatically appropriate response would seem utterly paradoxical. But Wall Street and Lombard Street have heard in modern times of such practices as "realizing on good news," and the very recent days of European discouragement over the market's behavior in the face of "new capital issues" gives some clue to the action of the British market of that older period, when the English Government, on top of its prodigious borrowings in the earlier war with France, had to place £24,000,000 new loans in 1814, £54,000,000 in 1815, and when it was 1816 before the enormous public debt reached its maximum of the period.

A. D. Noyes.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Brooks, V. Little Lost Sister. Chicago: Gazzolo-Rickson. $1.35 net.
Conrad, J. Chance. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
De Jessen, F. M. Katya. Boston: Luce. $1.40 net.
Johnson, A. S. The Professor and the Petticoat. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.
McLaren, A. Through Other Eyes. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Oppenheim, J. Idle Wives. Century. $1.30 net.
Rives, Amélie. World's End. Stokes. $1.30 net.
Skrine, Mary J. H. Bedesman 4. Century. $1 net.
The "Goldfish." Anonymous. Century. $1.30 net.
The World's Classics: Round the Sofa, by Mrs. Gaskell. Oxford University Press.
Waller, Mary E. From an Island Outpost. Boston: Little, Brown.

Yeats, W. B. Red Hanrahan. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Bradford, G., jr. Confederate Portraits. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Cassavetti, D. J. Hellas and the Balkan Wars. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Essex Institute Historical Collections. Vol. L. Salem: Essex Institute.
Garnett E. Tolstoy. London: Constable. 75 cents net.
Guérard, A. L. French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century. Century. $3 net
Major, A. F. Early Wars of Wessex. Cambridge: University Press.
Mumby, F. A. Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Rambaud, A. Histoire de la Russie. Paris: Hachette.
Todd, C. B. The Washington's Crossing Sketch Book. New Jersey: The River School of Art.
Usher, R. G. The Rise of the American People. Century, $2 net.
Waddington, M. K. My First Years as a Frenchwoman. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Woolf, C. N. S. Bartolus of Sassoferrato. Cambridge: University Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Dewing, A. S. Corporate Promotions and Reorganizations. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Helfferich, K. Germany's National Wealth. Germanistic Society of New York.
National Tax Association. Seventh National Conference, 1913. Madison.
Phillips, P. C. The West in the Diplomacy of the American Revolution. Urbania: University of Illinois.
Plunkett, H. The Irish Question. London: Macmillan.
Salin, E. Die Wirtschaftliche Entwicklung von Alaska. Tübingen: Mohr.
Smith, H. E. The United States Federal Internal Tax History. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, $1.50 net.
Thurston, E. The Madras Presidency. Cambridge: University Press.
Whitehouse, J. H. Essays on Social Questions. Cambridge: University Press.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Alexander, A. B. D. Christianity and Ethics. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Brundage, W. M. Religion as a Personal Experience. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Cooper, C. S. Bible Study in the Work of Life. Knickerbocker Press.
Dobschütz, E. von. The Influence of the Bible on Civilization. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Galloway, G. The Philosophy of Religion. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Maurer, I. Prayers of the College Life. Northampton.
Moulton, J. H. Early Zoroastrianism. London: Williams & Norgate.
Scott, Gilmore, and Others. The Church, the People and the Age. Funk & Wagnalls. $3 net.
Weinel and Widgery. Jesus in the Nineteenth Century. Edinburgh: Clark.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Arden Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet. Heath. 25 cents net.
Elliott, E. C. City School Supervision. Yonkers: World Book Co. $1.25 net.
Faguet, E. Initiation into Literature. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Keppel, F. Columbia. Oxford University Press. $1.50 net.
Peers, E. A. Elizabethan Drama and Its Mad Folk. Cambridge: Heffer.
Putnam, G. H. Memories of My Youth. Putnam.

SCIENCE.

Brewer, G. W. S. Educational School Gardening. Cambridge: University Press.
Caspari, W. A. India-Rubber Laboratory Practice. London: Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Darzens, G. Chemistry. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
Lock, P. H. Rubber and Rubber Planting. Cambridge: University Press.
Lowry, E. B. Teaching Sex Hygiene. Chicago: Forbes. 50 cents net.
Morse, J. L. The Care and Feeding of Children. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

ART.

Annual of the School of Architecture. Architectural Society.
Archiv für Kunstgeschichte. Leipzig: Seeman.
New Guides to Old Masters: London, Paris. By J. C. Van Dyke. Scribner. $1 net.
Sladen, D. How to See the Vatican. Pott. $2 net.

REFERENCE.

Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Report for 1913.
Catalogue of Opera Librettos Printed Before 1800. Prepared by Sonneck. Library of Congress.
Who's Who in Music and Drama. 1914. Hanaford.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1914.

Summary of the News

The Mexican situation has assumed a new aspect during the past week, inducing a change in the policy of the Administration. On April 16 it was assumed that the crisis was over on Gen. Huerta's agreeing to salute the American flag provided the salute were returned. On the following day, however, Huerta reconsidered his attitude and demanded that the salute should be gun for gun. An ultimatum was sent on Saturday, April 18, giving him until 6 P. M. on Sunday to accede to the United States demand for an unconditional salute. Huerta's only reply to the ultimatum was to make a fresh demand for a written protocol guaranteeing that the salute should be returned, a request which was immediately refused. A blockade of Mexican ports was thereupon ordered, and on Monday the President went before a joint session of Congress to ask for the authorization to take what measures were required by the needs of the situation. President Wilson's message, in which he was careful to emphasize that the measures he has thought it necessary to adopt are directed not against the Mexican people, but against Gen. Huerta, is the subject of comment elsewhere. On Tuesday, while the Senate was still debating the terms of the resolution that should be adopted, a party in the Senate urging one so phrased as to cover the possibility of armed intervention, orders were issued by the Executive for the seizure of the custom house at Vera Cruz to prevent a large shipment of field guns and ammunition that was to be landed there from being transported to Mexico City.

The operations of the rebels have meanwhile continued to be largely successful. According to dispatches received on Saturday, they had captured Salinas and Puente Morelos and had won another victory at Juarez. A dispatch from El Paso on Monday conveyed the information that the Constitutionalist army had begun its assault on Monterey and gave the text of a message from Gen. Gonzales reporting that on April 15 the town of Cadereyta had been captured after a fierce battle in which the Federal garrison of 2,000 was almost annihilated.

The result of an informal poll of the delegates to the Democratic convention at Baltimore in 1912, undertaken by Senator Gore, is interesting as showing that nearly one-half of the delegates support the position taken by the President on the Panama Canal tolls question. Of those who have written to Senator Gore, 504 are in favor of the repeal, 98 oppose it, and 23 are non-committal.

Evidence that no exemption of tolls for American coastwise traffic using the Panama Canal was contemplated at the time of the framing of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was presented to the Interoceanic Canals Committee of the Senate on April 16, when a letter from Joseph H. Choate, ex-Ambassador to Great Britain, was read into the record. Mr. Choate declared his conviction that the negotiations at the time excluded "the possibility of any exemption of any kind of vessels of the United States."

The text of the treaty with Colombia has not yet been given to the Senate, but was published in Bogotá and in Paris last week. Considerable opposition has developed in the Senate to the clause in which the Government of the United States "expresses sincere regret for anything that may have interrupted or altered the relations of cordial friendship existing long between the two nations."

A decision in the Kansas insurance-rate case was handed down by the Supreme Court on Monday affirming the right of a State to regulate rates of insurance.

The Militia Reorganization bill, empowering the President, with the assent of Congress, to raise an additional volunteer force in case of war, was passed in the Senate on Monday.

The Colorado mine strike resulted on Monday in a serious clash between the strikers and the State militia, in which several strikers, one soldier, and one non-combatant were killed.

An attempt on the life of Mayor Mitchel, of New York, was made on April 17, when an elderly man, who has since been found to be mentally irresponsible, fired at him as he was entering an automobile in front of City Hall. The bullet missed the Mayor and struck Corporation Counsel Frank Polk, who was beside him. Mr. Polk was wounded in the jaw, but the injury happily proved not to be dangerous.

An important step towards municipal home rule has been taken in New York State. Gov. Glynn last week signed the Murtaugh-Sullivan Optional City Charter bill, giving to all cities of the second and third class the right to adopt a simplified form of charter. Seven optional forms of charter are offered to the cities, and each is privileged to choose the particular one which is approved by a majority of its voters.

The debates in the House of Commons during the past week have been enlivened by the repetition of charges of a Liberal "conspiracy" to coerce Ulster. On Friday a statement was made public by Sir Edward Carson and other members of the Ulster Unionist Council, embodying charges that during the recent crisis Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Paget had been instructed to seize various strategic points and that Ulster was to be blockaded by land and sea, and on Monday the matter was taken up in the House of Commons, the demand being made from the Unionist side for a judicial inquiry. So far as the details of the charges can be gathered from cable dispatches, they seem to have been sufficiently answered in Mr. Winston Churchill's statement in the House of Commons on March 30.

The full returns of the elections in Sweden are not available as we write, but there appears to be no doubt that the Liberals have been defeated by a substantial majority, having lost a number of seats both to the Conservatives and to the Socialists. The result of the elections will, therefore, be to endorse the proposed increase in naval and military armaments and the direct intervention of the King in political controversy, which were the causes that brought about the resignation of the Liberal Ministry.

The threatened strike of the employees of the Italian railways, to which we alluded last week, and in anticipation of which the Government had made extraordinary preparations, was abandoned on Monday.

The Parliamentary crisis in Japan, produced by the resignation of the Yamamoto Ministry on account of the naval scandals and the failure of Viscount Kiyoura to form a Cabinet, was settled by the acceptance of the Premiership by Count Shigenobu Okuma, ex-Foreign Minister, who announced on April 15 that he had been able to complete his Cabinet.

The Chinese brigand, White Wolf, who since last autumn has extended his depredations through three provinces, and has sacked a dozen cities, finally threatening the ancient city of Sian-fu, has apparently met with reverses recently at the hands of the Government troops. It was reported on April 16 that he had been severely defeated with considerable loss at a point northwest of Sian-fu, but, following the self-appointed destiny of bandits in countries troubled by civil strife, on Monday he issued a proclamation denouncing President Yuan Shi-Kai, and proposing himself as a saviour of the republic who, after he had effected the capture of Sian-fu, would inaugurate a reign of social justice.

From dispatches from London published in Monday's papers it would appear that Montenegro is again bellicose. Territory on the Albanian side of the frontier occupied by the Hoti and Gryda tribes was awarded to Montenegro by the Ambassadors' conference, but the frontier line has not yet been definitely established. Montenegrins, however, seem to have anticipated the deliberations of the frontier commission by invading the territory, and fighting has been reported around Tuzi.

The deaths of the week include: George Alfred Townsend, Aaron J. Zabriskie, April 15; Dr. George William Hill, April 16; Arthur McKee Rankin, April 17; Alfred Noble, April 19; Charles S. S. Peirce, S. R. Crockett, Brig.-Gen. William H. Cotton, April 20; Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, April 21.

The Week

President Wilson's message did not clear up a confused situation. Rather, it introduced new elements of doubt and uncertainty. If Congress listened to the President expecting to be fired by glowing appeals, it was disappointed. If anybody thought that the country would be set aflame by the message, he must have been surprised by the actual result. People are more puzzled than ever. They hear talk of war, and see preparations for war going on, but can't tell for the life of them what it is all about. The President was to set their patriotic emotions ablaze, but somehow he did little more than give them new problems on which to exercise their minds. He was to make their hearts burn, but in reality only made their heads ache.

The arrangement of Federal districts by the Organization Board, and the allotment of Federal reserve cities, have been made, with resultant criticism in many quarters, which was perhaps inevitable under the general plan pursued. But the fact that there should be dissatisfaction is regrettable, and its existence greatly emphasizes the importance of a wise choice of the five members of the Federal Reserve Board who, along with the Secretary of the Treasury and the Controller of the Currency, are to constitute that important body. The law provides that at least two of these five appointees "shall be persons experienced in banking and finance," and that "one shall be designated by the President as governor and one as vice-governor of the Federal Reserve Board." It is not yet clear precisely how the relative spheres of authority and activity of the Federal Reserve Board and of the regional bank directorates will be defined in routine practice, and there is a multitude of details, in the working machinery of the system, on the introduction of which the national board will be naturally called upon to decide. The successful operation of the system, especially in its early and experimental stages, will depend very largely on the selection of men of sufficient practical experience, mental balance, and capacity for sound judgment, to enable them so to deal with these immediate problems as at once to inspire confidence in the banking and business community. We should regard it as in the highest degree unfortunate if the two "persons experienced in banking and finance" were not to be men widely and favorably known for their training and knowledge of the problem, alike in its practical and theoretical aspects.

With the Government adopting post-office advertising and the sending of bulletins to school heads to further the demand for public documents, it must be encouraging to find popular backing for the proposed measure to permit their distribution through book shops and publishing agencies. The change would seem to affect solely the individual. Yet one of the Western State universities has discovered that it would be more convenient to order through trade channels, and to this public libraries all over the country agree. The present law prohibits the Superintendent of Documents from selling more than one copy of a Government publication to a person or firm dealing in books for profit. The amendment should make possible a new advertisement of various documents; their public exposure where they are of interest to special groups or communities; and facilitate the ordering of them by men who "never find time" to send a letter to Washington, with money-order or stamps enclosed. Those who object to any margin of profit would still have the opportunity of ordering direct; and while this may not cover all the opposition to permitting commercial disposal of documents, especially if there were a chance to speculate in those of which there is a limited supply, it leaves few dangers in the plan.

In cutting down legislative appropriations for the purpose of making a good showing at the end of the year, the principle seems to be to cut, not where there is least need, but where there is least political resistance. There are always patriots in Congress to rush to the defence of our harbors, our internal waterways, and our post offices; but what members would be sufficiently interested to take up the cudgels for an institution like the Children's Bureau, so remotely connected with the maintenance of political fences? Well, be it said to the credit of a majority in the House that it did rally last week to the defence of so eminently deserving a cause as that with which Miss Lathrop's name has been so long connected. By an amendment to the Appropriations Committee's report, the House increased the item for the Children's Bureau from $25,000 to nearly seven times as much.

Such national bodies as the Conservation Congress may disagree about State vs. Federal control, but the Western Conference of Governors has always decidedly espoused the former principle. That it has made slow progress is traceable to a public caution bred by the alliance of advocates of a "hurry-up" exploitation of natural resources with advocates of local regulation. Risks are not precipitately to be incurred. The Western Conference has just adjourned in Denver, with resolutions that have an unwontedly reassuring ring. "It is the duty of every State to adopt such laws as will make for true conservation of our resources, prevent monopoly, and render the greatest good to the greatest number; and as rapidly as the States prepare themselves to carry out such a policy the Federal Government should withdraw its supervision and turn the work over to the States." The generalities seem to glitter here, but those familiar with legislation like Pennsylvania's to conserve forests by taxation, irrigation legislation like that passed in virtually every semi-arid State and in Oregon and Washington in 1913, with such agreements as with Oregon for the joint investigation of development projects, and with the powers recently vested in water and conservation commissions everywhere, will understand the general legislative tendencies the Governors would encourage. For such other recommendations as the one specifying that 10 per cent. of unappropriated lands be given to the States to be sold for a reclamation fund, not so much can be said. But the whole tenor of the Conference looked to co-operation with Washington.

The chairman of the Commission which administers the Wisconsin Workmen's Compensation law draws a striking contrast between its working and that of the system which prevailed before the law was passed. In 1910, he says, it cost "$450,000 to carry $150,000 to the injured workmen; in 1914 [the

estimate being based on the showing for January] the injured workmen will receive $900,000, and the administration will cost less than $12,000." These figures are startling; but, whether strictly accurate or not, they reflect the general nature of the beneficent change wrought by workmen's compensation laws. It is this manifest avoidance of the lamentable waste involved in the litigation system which did as much, perhaps, as any one thing to recommend the idea of the automatic compensation plan to the general approval of public opinion in this country. Even in this aspect, the waste was but one part of the matter; for besides the deplorable waste there was the cruel uncertainty. When we add to this the other two great factors in the case—the hardship of having the workman bear the brunt of accidents which are part of the normal risks of the trade, and the incentive which a proper compensation law supplies to the prevention of accidents—there is no difficulty in understanding the rapid headway made by this kind of legislation in State after State.

When the future historian comes to write of the forces which were operating on April 14, 1914, to shape the destiny and the spirit of the American people, we wonder what relative importance he will assign to President Wilson's order for the concentration of our fleet at Tampico and to the opening of the major league baseball season. He will have to be a very skilful historian to keep his proportions correct. He will record the fact that in a year of business depression the automobile industry was thriving. He will take note of the fact that while bands of the unemployed were creating unrest in the cities, equally numerous bands of citizens were flocking to the tango academies and the dancing teas. He will be telling only part of the story if he overlooks the fact that in a period of general hard times a new eight-club league has forced its way into organized baseball, attracted by the prospect of handsome profits.

For a victim of the suppressive tactics of the Associated Press, the editor of the *Masses* seems to be somewhat of an adept at suppression himself. In the last number of that militant publication, Mr. Eastman is at pains to show how a wrong caption under a characteristic cartoon printed in an earlier issue of the *Masses* wasn't so wrong after all. The picture in question—so we gather—dealt with the public banquet which brought to an end the recent Episcopal Convention on Morningside Heights. The reader was asked by the artist to contemplate the spectacle of the successors of Jesus guzzling and swilling at a Broadway hotel at $20 a plate. To this some one in authority has replied that the cost per plate was not twenty dollars, but four dollars, and that the total expenditure on wines and tobacco was less than fifty cents per person. The obvious thing for Editor Eastman to do was to prove that a public dinner of clergymen and laity at four dollars a head was as bad as, if not really worse than, one at twenty dollars a head. Mr. Eastman accomplishes the task to his satisfaction, but, as the outsider sees it, only after severely suppressing several elementary laws of logic, together with his sense of humor and fair play.

With all of our traditional practical sense, latterly dignified by terms like efficiency and scientific management, we are still subject to the appeal of the imagination. An instance in point is the starting of the "great Lincoln highway" across the State of Illinois. Few are stirred by the mass of argument for good roads, but a Lincoln highway—that is altogether different. And so we have the Governor taking off his coat, rolling up his shirt-sleeves, moistening his hands, seizing a silver spade, and turning the first earth in the new thoroughfare. Yet the memorial element in the event is almost negligible. Lincoln's memory is used on behalf of a project that, without it, would be less promising of success. "Illinois is ashamed of its roads," explained the Governor, speaking from a motor truck after he had finished with the silver spade, "but we have awakened, and reproaches will not be our due much longer." Then the popular imagination was aroused again by the sight of the Governor pulling the lever and starting the huge motor truck forward. What would our Yankee shrewdness amount to without our love for sentiment and spectacle?

How to discover a great wave of public sentiment, or, if you can't find it, to invent it, the following telegram shows:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, *April 10, 1914.*
SOME RELIABLE NEWSPAPER MAN,
Elkhart, Ind.:

Please file early Friday evening 300 words showing unfavorable sentiment your section toward President Wilson's stand on Panama Canal tolls. Interview big business men and get them to say something hot. ENQUIRER.

Unfortunately, this was delivered to a newspaper man in Elkhart not at all "reliable." He sent it on to Senator Kern, who read it in the Senate and had it inserted in the *Congressional Record.* It lights up instructively the tactics which the owner of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and the Washington *Post* has been using in his campaign against the President.

The Indiana Progressive Convention did not fail to perform the first task of all such conventions, namely, to prove that the organization is not a one-man party by greeting with enthusiasm the naming of Theodore Roosevelt as the Progressive Presidential candidate for 1916. Senator Poindexter was at pains to point out the availability of this gentleman for the nomination by reminding his hearers that the Colonel "has the prestige of his record in the Presidency." He has also the prestige of his record at Chicago, where he demonstrated what it is to be a good loser and the only man who can win. Upon the tolls exemption matter, the Senator took a lofty position. "The Progressive party does not believe," he said, "in distorting the language of a treaty." The ears of those notorious treaty-distorters, Messrs. Choate and White, must have burned as these words were uttered. It has remained for the Democratic party, according to the Senator, to propose to surrender the sovereignty of "this most costly of all the American possessions to the whims, caprice, and sordid interests of foreign countries and domestic railroad lines." In the face of such unassailable logic, it is disheartening to read of four times as many Republicans as Progressives going to primaries in Indiana in places that cast more votes for Roosevelt than for Taft in November, 1912.

It is hard to believe that the lurid rhetoric of a Blease can long prevail against so plain a statement of the educational condition of South Carolina as the Columbia *State* ventures to make.

Pointing out that South Carolina is one of but six States to be without a compulsory education law, while all foreign nations have such laws, the *State* asks whether it is only coincidence that in Massachusetts, with compulsory education extending over a period of two centuries, two out of three men, women, and children have savings-bank deposits. But State pride should be enough to stir South Carolina to lift herself from a position so near the foot of the ladder as is shown by the fact that in percentage of children in school she ranks forty-third; in number of days the schools are open, forty-sixth; in value of public school property and in percentage of literacy, forty-seventh; and in yearly expenditure for each child of school age, forty-eighth. Thirty-five States have been admitted to the Union since South Carolina and her twelve sister commonwealths formed it, and almost every one of them is ahead of her in popular education, one of the primary elements of self-government.

In the early days of our occupation of the Philippines, Mr. Dooley found occasion to animadvert on the cocksureness of certain Americans who, a week or two before, were somewhat in doubt whether the Philippines were islands or canned goods. We are a long distance from that condition of mind now, and yet there is quite enough mistiness in prevalent notions concerning the Filipinos to make such an address as that of Commissioner Quezon, decidedly conducive to enlightenment. He acknowledges very fully the advance that has been made, in education and government, during the American occupation, but insists also on the fact that the people of the archipelago were in the main a civilized and a Christian people long before we went there, and that they had a widespread educational and governmental system. His plea for a speedy advance towards independence is based both on the degree of culture which obtained before our arrival and on the great progress that has been made since. A cutting from a Filipino newspaper, which has just come to hand, is of special interest in connection with Mr. Quezon's statement. From this it appears that the Philippine Assembly has unanimously passed a bill prohibiting the taking of photographs of nude persons; the reason, as the newspaper puts it, being that "the practice of taking, selling, publishing, exhibiting, and circulating the pictures of Igorots, Negritos, and other non-Christian Filipinos has been a powerful engine of misrepresentation, a deadly instrument in the hands of those who wish to make it appear before the American people that we are utterly unfit to manage our own affairs." There is no doubt that the vivid appeal to the eye which these pictures make goes far to put out of mind the fact, told only in the cold language of statistics, that the naked tribes form only a small fraction of the population of the archipelago.

If Rome is as wise as her years ought to have made her, she will not plan the celebration of her two thousand six hundred and sixty-seventh birthday without finding out how St. Louis is going to mark her one hundred and fiftieth. For St. Louis, being much nearer the beginning of celebrations than the Eternal City, has a fresh stock of ideas, and also enthusiasm. "Into the melting pot of this great civic drama," we read, "will go all sections, all factions, all divisions, and all special interests. Out of it will come, well moulded, a great civic spirit that will galvanize us into aggressive boosters for St. Louis." We do not say that there is a hint here for the prisoner of the Vatican or his fellow-ruler in the Quirinal, but if they seized the celebration in Rome in order to have a melting pot of their own, out of which might come a great civic spirit that would galvanize them into aggressive boosters for Rome, would not the Missouri city give them generous applause? It is no small thing to have "all the world sitting up and taking notice of you"—as Rome herself was once the best of witnesses.

At the time the English Unionists were holding their great meeting in Hyde Park, to protest against the "coercion" of Ulster, there was a large gathering of laboring men in Trafalgar Square. They, too, had their addresses and harangues, and it is rather amusing to find the Tory newspapers describing the proceedings as a "defiance of law and order," and the speeches made as "seditious." Yet the labor leaders simply applied to their own purposes the good Unionist doctrine of the Army. The teaching of the Ulster crisis, affirmed Mr. Grayson, was that "the workers could arm themselves, and, better still, that the officer and the private soldier could refuse to shoot." In Ireland, asserted Mr. Lansbury, the officers had mutinied, and all that the labor cause wanted was that "Tommy Atkins should do likewise." This is horrifying to the Conservatives, but what difference does it make whether the language is uttered by Bonar Law and Lord Hugh Cecil, or by labor agitators? On the main question of the duty of the Army to support the civil power, the "general orders" under which the troops acted in Ireland when the Unionists were in power and Mr. Balfour, as Irish Secretary, was sternly putting down Nationalist disturbances, have lately been reprinted. In addition to requiring the military to be at the service of the Government in suppressing riot and disorder, they specifically prescribed that troops might be used to "oppose armed insurrection," and to "disperse treasonable meetings." That was sound policy in Connaught in 1891, but is unconscionable tyranny in Ulster in 1914.

A Cabinet headed by Count Okuma was the logical way out of the *impasse* created by the fall of the Yamamoto Ministry and the inability either of Conservatives or Radicals to rally a majority in the Diet. Count Okuma occupies a middle position, and though his progressive followers are not the strongest faction in Parliament, his personal prestige is such as to promise a fairly long tenure of office for the new Ministry. The new Premier is seventy-six, and his career as administrator dates back to the very beginning of the modern régime in Japan. His advanced ideas brought him repeatedly into conflict with the members of the Elder Statesmen group; but with the disappearance of the latter and the rise of a democratic spirit inimical to so many of the traditions of the older Japan, Count Okuma, as a man seasoned by experience and old age, may well appear welcome to the conservative elements as a defence against the threatening forces of radicalism. Yet the postponement of the issue of representative government cannot be for long. As the veterans of the Meiji pass from the stage, the centre of parliamentary government must shift from a personal to a party basis.

THE CHANGED MEXICAN POLICY.

"Impatience on our part would be childish, and would be fraught with every risk of wrong and folly. We can afford to exercise the self-restraint of a really great nation which realizes its own strength and scorns to misuse it." "We shall triumph as Mexico's friends sooner than we could triumph as her enemies—and how much more handsomely, with how much higher and finer satisfactions of conscience and of honor!"

These words from President Wilson's special message to Congress last August, on the Mexican trouble, are just as true to-day as they were then. If our Government is to depart from their spirit now, it will cause not only disappointment but surprise. What has happened to break down the President's long forbearance? It would seem that he had borne the big grievances of thirteen months, resolute against war, only in the end to lose patience over a very little one. For it is clear that, if the Administration had chosen so to represent it, the Tampico incident would have appeared a negligible trifle. A mistake had been made in arresting American bluejackets, but it had been promptly disavowed and an apology for it offered. And even if the President considered it necessary to back up the demand of Admiral Mayo for a salute, this was virtually granted. There was some characteristic fencing by the Mexican Government over the details, but the final offer of Huerta was to fire the salute as demanded by us, with a return salute to the Mexican flag to be made by us as agreed, on the sole condition that the undertaking on both sides be reduced to writing and signed in the form of a protocol. This last President Wilson refused. It is said that he feared it would mean formal recognition of Huerta. But it is difficult to see how it could be more of a recognition than is involved in sending him diplomatic notes. In any case, the final result is that, in consequence of this seeking to divide a hair 'twixt north and northwest side, Congress has been asked to authorize measures of war against Mexico!

In Mr. Wilson's message to Congress on Monday he disclaimed all intent of anything like a war of revenge or of conquest. He appealed for authority to use the armed forces of the United States, but denied that real war was intended. Nor did he fail to assert the benevolent motives of this Government, which, he declared, was still desirous of leaving the Mexicans free to work out their own destinies. But the crucial thing, the pitiful thing, would be that war should be begun on a mere punctilio, after all these months of resisting the pressure and clamor for war on the score of really serious provocation.

In standing for peace, as he has done through this period, President Wilson has made secure what even he could not now shatter at a stroke, if he were so foolish as to try. He has shown that the people are ready to follow a strong leader who is against war. Aside from a few small interested groups, there is in this country no desire for war with Mexico. This is due in good part to the firm attitude taken by President Taft and, after him, by President Wilson. Their patient but resolved course kept the war-spirit in restraint. What a calamity now to loose it unnecessarily! Yet it is reassuring to note that there is nowhere any enthusiasm for the threatened war. Most of the people one meets, most of the newspapers, seem a bit ashamed that things have come to such a pass that the powerful United States should be setting out to chastise puny Mexico. There certainly can be no glory in that, and there may be much misery. It will be said, of course, that we are merely embarking upon a holiday punitive expedition. But sensible men know that the sword once grasped is not easily dropped; and that when the guns begin firing, it is harder and harder for the voice of reason to make itself heard.

As we write, no irrevocable decision has been made. Every one of right feeling will hope to the last moment that some way may be found of averting a war that could not help seeming unworthy and degrading, and in which few of us could see any warranting principle or inspiring cause. A paltry war is the most horrible of all. It necessarily produces those forced and cheap and disgusting exhibitions of "patriotism" which we are now beginning to see—diners in restaurants, not one of whom could be dragged into the field, rising to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," with other displays as tawdry. There will doubtless be others, like the Yale students, to think of war as a grand frolic. And the pity of it is that such words of truth and soberness as ex-President Taft addressed to the New Haven collegians on Sunday will have no chance of a hearing, if war comes. Yet what Mr. Taft said is verity itself. War means not only the sacrifice of life and treasure; it means the piling up of taxes, with their burden crushing those least able to bear it; it means peculation and dishonesty and fraud, with the brutalizing and corrupting of the whole conduct of public affairs; above all, it means the subordinating of every other public question, and the indefinite postponement, or entire sweeping away, of all programmes of civic betterment and social reform. That nothing of this lies in President Wilson's purpose is conceded; but he must know, and if he does not he will speedily ascertain, that a real war with Mexico would make his Inaugural, with all of its moving words about the need of broad policies of legislation in behalf of the victims of political and social injustice, so much waste paper.

WORKING OF THE OREGON SYSTEM.

Friends and opponents of direct legislation agree that it is too soon to attempt anything like final conclusions regarding its working, even in the State where it has been tried most extensively. But it is not unprofitable to take a look at the experiment from time to time, and scan its progress. Oregon has had the initiative and referendum since 1902, direct primaries since 1904, and the recall of elective officers, including judges, virtually direct election of Senators, and constitutional authority for proportional representation and the preferential ballot since 1908. Only Portland has availed herself of this last provision. During the dozen years since the initiative and referendum were adopted, 107 measures have been submitted to the voters, of which 47 have been accepted and 60 rejected. These have been of all degrees of importance, from a proposal to transfer the custody of county prisoners from the county court to the sheriff, which was accepted, and one requiring railways to carry State and county officials free, which was rejected, to woman's suffrage, which, after three defeats, was adopted, abolition of the State Senate, and exemption of all improvements, tools, livestock, and furniture from tax-

ation—a single tax measure in disguise—which were defeated.

One of the first things that strike one who examines the table of votes on measures submitted to the people is the percentage of the vote for officials that was cast upon initiative and referendum proposals. Upon every occasion except one, submission of such measures has been made at regular elections. Only twice has the percentage of the vote for officials that was cast for or against the measures submitted fallen below 70, and then it was above 65. In the great majority of cases, it has been between 80 and 90. On three measures more persons voted than voted for officials, these three being proposals submitted in 1910 to regulate or prohibit the sale of liquor. In comparison with New York's recent fiasco of an election to decide whether or not to hold a constitutional convention, these figures are most creditable to the Oregon voter's sense of duty. Even in the one special election of last year, the vote upon the five not tremendously important measures submitted was 75 per cent. of the average vote for President and other officials in 1912. Yet a proposal to require a majority of all electors voting, in order to carry a measure, was rejected by a two-thirds vote in 1912, over 80 per cent. of the voters who marked ballots for officials expressing themselves upon this revolutionary issue. This odd manifestation of political psychology is probably to be explained upon the ground that the proposal was felt to be an attack upon the system of direct legislation.

In general, the results of the vote upon the 107 measures which have been submitted are creditable to the citizenship of Oregon. It is interesting to note that the two proposals to increase the pay of officials were rejected by votes of three and five to one, and that there has been a marked tendency to reject proposals involving taxation, even to the extent of refusing permanent support to two of the three struggling State normal schools. On the other hand, the single tax system has been defeated under every guise in which it has presented itself, except in an act giving counties the power to adopt it, which was carried by a very small majority. But these are just the results which would be expected of a community which, if not rural, is not urban either. Oregon has but one city of over 15,000 inhabitants, and its unincorporated or rural territory contains two-fifths of its people. If a community so composed is not fairly conservative, where should we look for one? It would not be possible to draw any inferences whatever from these results, applicable to a community like our own—not if direct legislation had been prevailing in Oregon for decades.

Yet there have been one or two experiences in connection with the Oregon system that cannot be dismissed so easily. The details that we have presented have been drawn from an article by Richard W. Montague in the *National Municipal Review*. Mr. Montague is in sympathy with the system of direct legislation, but is unable to say much for direct primaries as they have worked in Oregon. Why this piece of the machinery should have failed, is difficult to discover. But its failure emphasizes the impossibility of generalizing at present about the working of direct government. A more serious matter is Mr. Montague's "negative evidence" upon the effect of the recall of judges. Two attempts have been made in Oregon to recall judges of the Circuit Court. Both occurred "under circumstances that writers on the subject of judicial recall have pointed to as constituting the greatest dangers to the independence of the judiciary, and consequently to free institutions; namely, an unpopular decision or the appearance of taking an unpopular position by the judge, on an issue in which the public has a lively interest, and a strong and unscrupulous party or faction ready to urge its cause against the judge." In the two instances mentioned, the promoters of the recall were unable to obtain the necessary number of signatures to set the recall machinery in motion, and Mr. Montague infers that "so far as the evidence is in, it is perfectly safe to trust a normal American electorate" with this weapon. The test of the recall of judges, of course, comes, not when the voters are willing to accept an unpopular decision, but when they are not willing to accept it, and a single instance of the latter sort may easily outweigh in its consequences ninety-nine of the former. It is this sinister possibility that makes one hesitate to give up a system which, with all its faults, has proved its ability to stand heavy strain.

THE MONOTONY OF THE MACHINE.

The issue between the labor unions and the advocates of "scientific management" resolves itself just as frequently into a human problem as into an economic problem. This point has been well brought out by the rival views on scientific management which have been discussed the past few days before the Industrial Relations Commission. The objections brought forward by the representatives of labor were of two kinds: fears lest "efficiency" mean only a speeding-up process of which the pecuniary advantages would fall only in small part to the worker; and resentment at the reduction of the worker to a standardized, smoothly-functioning, unquestioning, and, by implication, unhuman machine. It is this phase of the problem which appeals most closely to the theoretical friends of labor. The grinding monotony of industrialism against which Ruskin lashed out so violently is at present very much to the front. The argument is familiar enough. As contrasted with the purposive and free play of intelligence in the old handicraft worker, as contrasted with the purposiveness which the business man and professional man of to-day still find in a succession of tasks, each complete in itself, the factory worker, under division of labor, is the victim of a weary and endless process, with the wage, and not the work, as the only aim in view.

It would be absurd to deny that a very fair measure of truth obtains in such pictures of the monotony of the machine. But it is just as plain that a vast deal of exaggerated psychologizing and sociologizing has piled up about the subject. There are two conflicting lines of argument which Socialist critics of the present system are in the habit of advancing, often simultaneously. One is the older argument which foresees revolution as produced by the increasing misery and degradation of the working classes. The other is the new argument which foresees revolution as produced by a working class advancing in physical welfare, in knowledge, and in organization, in consciousness of and confidence in their own strength. The humanitarian writer who cries out against the monotony of modern industrial life

belongs to the earlier school of thought. The theory of the steady degradation of the working class was developed by the early Socialist thinkers on *a priori* grounds. Because the facts to-day contradict them a revised philosophy has become necessary. The critic of modern industrialism, on the whole, clings to the old *a priori* methods of reasoning. Here is the grinding, whirring rush of the factory, with its unvarying, monotonous routine, its infinitesimal division of tasks, its total lack of the creative instinct of the artist; can there be any doubt that the life of the factory worker is more depressing than it ever has been?

To which the answer is that it isn't so. The newer Socialist contention is conclusive on the point. If it be true that the worker is growing in self-consciousness, in resourcefulness, in the sentiment of class solidarity, it must be pretty plain that the machine is not exercising a brutalizing effect on the worker. Even the distinction which critics of the present system are beginning to draw between the so-called aristocracy of labor and the great mass of unskilled or semi-skilled labor, fixing our attention entirely on the factory in its most discouraging aspects, as its fruits have shown themselves at Lawrence or at Paterson, only forces us to conclude that this growing capacity of the mill-hand, not merely to feel unrest, but to express his unrest, is a sign of growing intellectual power and freedom which, far from suppressing, the factory has brought into being. The phenomenon, so universally recognized, of the growing tension of urban life offers proof in the same direction. What is it that draws the masses from the country to the cities, if not the greater facilities of human communication, the wider opportunities of pleasure, of spiritual excitement and growth—even if growth sometimes in the wrong direction—which the factory and the tenement offer?

The fallacy is a double one. It consists, on the one hand, in exaggerating the stress of modern industrial life, by leaving out of account the steady shortening of the hours of labor and the steady increase of opportunity for development that a shorter workday affords. It consists, on the other hand, in exaggerating the happy conditions under which the vast mass of humanity carried on its toil in pre-industrial days—the old fallacy of the Golden Age, somewhere back in the past. The classic picture, of course, is of the mediæval handicraftsman taking joy in creating beautiful, entire, wholesome things. But the mediæval world was not made up of cathedral builders singing hymns in stone and mortar. (Recent skeptics have pointed out some very wretched jerry-building in the mediæval cathedrals.) For the great mass, life was one of crushing, brutalizing toil in which it would be difficult to find a higher purposiveness or a higher joyfulness than in the textile-works or rolling-mills of to-day. Monotonous enough life must be in the garment shops of New York. But the New York factory girl, as she revealed herself during the garment strikes of recent years, alert, confident, capable of leadership, is certainly no witness to a debasing, colorless existence.

PRISONERS AND GOOD ROADS.

The twentieth century was well under way before we awoke to the advantages, not to say the necessity, of well-made highways; then, rather suddenly, we were struck with a double condition: the poor management of the roads was paralleled by the poor management of the men who, for their offences against the law, were confined in prison. This two-fold waste was too much for our sense of efficiency. The idea of curing, or at least alleviating, a pair of evils at a stroke captured the practical imagination, and, enforced by the sentimentality that the practical mind is always glad to welcome when it appears as an ally and not as a foe, gave the nation more and better roads than it had ever built before.

We do not say that this is exactly what history will record, but the connection between prisoners and good roads, and roads and good prisoners, is increasingly emphasized by persons interested in the one or the other, or both. Gov. Glynn has recently signed a bill appropriating $75,000 for the addition of a brick-making plant to the resources of the State Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y. First let the prisoners make the bricks for the roads; then why should they not lay them? State convicts have never been put to work on highways in New York, but a few counties have tried the experiment, notably Onondaga, the county in which Syracuse is situated. One such piece of work, carried on for three months, employed about thirty-five men. They were sheltered in a farmhouse which they themselves repaired, to make it habitable, and half a dozen of them did the housework, the cooking, and the laundry work. The guards were for supervision rather than discipline. Over a hundred different prisoners were employed in the work, but no attempt at escape occurred. The prisoners continued in good health, and were willing to work, although they were inexperienced and received no pay. So encouraging were the results that the county supervisors repeated the experiment the next year on a larger scale.

Those who are informed on this subject like to point to Rome, the great road-builder, and remind us that those wonderful highways were built by slaves. But this proves rather too much, and, besides, we are accumulating a fund of knowledge based upon our own conditions. The last number of the Proceedings of the Academy of Political Science is devoted to the employment of convict labor on road construction in the Northern States. The record is almost uniformly favorable to such employment. From New Mexico, newest of States, but oldest in adopting the "honor system" and working prisoners on public highways in accordance with it, to New Jersey, whose first trial of convict labor on roads was made last December, the testimony is well-nigh unvarying that the combination is good for both the roads and the prisoners. Only Utah seems to have had an actual failure with the "honor system," and the solitariness of this exception suggests that the blame for it lies with the administration of the system rather than with the system itself. Everywhere else the reports are that the prisoners who are placed on their honor voluntarily are scrupulous about observing their pledge. In Colorado, during four years, less than 1 per cent. of the convicts concerned broke faith. In Oregon, after the recapture of an escaped prisoner at Gov. West's personal expense the other prisoners asked to be allowed to pay all costs out of their "bonus money," on the ground that their untrustworthy comrade had "double-crossed" them by throwing suspicion on the

system and on all the prisoners. There have been no wholesale attempts at escape whatever.

How efficient are prisoners as road-workers? The exact ratio of their efficiency to that of free laborers is not very important, since other considerations control here, such as the willingness of organized labor to allow convicts to do this sort of work, the desirability of providing occupation for them, and the sad condition of our roads. But it is interesting to note that while in some cases they are reported as less efficient than free labor, being unskilled, in at least one State, Washington, they are credited with being a third more efficient, owing, not to compulsion, but to fear of being taken back to the penitentiary. The possibility of development for the more intelligent is also pointed out in the opportunities for blacksmith, mason, carpenter, and other work connected with road and bridge building. The relation of such opportunities to subsequent employment is evident. One matter is insisted upon: the prisoners should be paid. The folly of keeping a man idle while his family depends upon charity, public or private, is apparent. Both economic and moral reasons urge paying him wages. He does his work better when he is paid, and, like the free laborer, he reaps the reward of self-respect. Road work, as it happens, shows large net earnings by prisoners, who can thus help in the support of their needy families, while the balance to the prisoner's credit on the prison book acts as a check upon the temptation to lapse into evil ways.

THE SURGICAL CONGRESS.

Our country has borne an honorable share in the development of modern surgery, and it is matter of special satisfaction that the two men to whom, by virtue of their offical position, it fell to greet the delegates to the Fourth Congress of the International Surgical Association were so eminently representative of distinguished achievement. Surgeon-General Gorgas, who extended a welcome on behalf of the President of the United States, has won imperishable fame by his work in converting the Panama Canal Zone from one of the most pestiferous into one of the most healthful spots in the world; and Dr. William J. Mayo, who welcomed the visitors as president of the American Surgical Association, has a unique distinction in having elevated an isolated hospital in a small Minnesota town to the rank of one of the world's most famous institutes of surgery. An additional element of national satisfaction was supplied in the address of Professor Depage, of Brussels, president of the Congress, who not only made reference to the excellence of American surgery, and to the prompt helpfulness of the American Red Cross in such an emergency as that of the Balkan War, but paid a tribute to our country as personifying throughout the world the "ideas of peace and civilization" of whose ultimate triumph he declared that the International Surgical Association feels confident.

To the members of the Congress, the matters of chief interest are, of course, the latest developments in surgery, including those whose status is still problematical. But to the outside world, such a gathering as this may well serve rather as a reminder of the wonderful progress that has already been fully realized. To the younger generation, it may be startling to be reminded that antiseptic surgery, in the modern sense, is barely half a century old, Lister having begun his researches only in 1860; and the science of bacteriology, now of such enormous extent and manifold usefulness, was, as recently as thirty or thirty-five years ago, pursued by only a handful of men as a novel specialty. Much more recent still, of course, are the Röntgen rays, with all the aid they supply to the knowledge of individual cases; and even the electric light, which is laid under contribution for the exploration of interior organs, is a mechanical development of the last few decades. But these are only a few salient elements in surgical progress which strike the attention of even the most remote and superficial observer; how vast has been the accumulation of knowledge and skill through the special labors of hundreds of gifted and devoted men, we get but a faint inkling in the record of this or that wonderful operation which in former times would have been utterly impossible.

One effect, of direct practical importance, ought to be produced by the contemplation of this magnificent progress, not only of surgery, but of medical and sanitary science generally. When one tries to realize its immense sweep, the way it has silently entered into the lives of millions, averting or conquering disease and staying the hand of death, one can but stand amazed at the pitiful want of imagination which alone can account for the misguided efforts of men and women, presumably normal and well-meaning, who, in the name of humanitarianism, seek to put obstacles in the way of the laborers in this field. They rush in with their half-knowledge, filled with a senseless readiness to find wicked unscrupulousness or heartlessness in men whose lives are spent in the endeavor to diminish our sufferings and eliminate the perils that beset us.

With the desire of these people to prevent wanton cruelty, or to reduce to a minimum the sufferings of animals used as subjects of medical research, every right-minded person must sympathize. But in the pursuit of these objects they exhibit not only a lamentable want of the sense of proportion, but also a hopeless inability to weigh evidence. As a rule, they refuse to admit that any important benefits have been gained by experiments upon animals; and they are able to pick up here and there an expression of some medical authority on their side, which they put up against the virtually unanimous judgment of the whole world of science. And when they find themselves compelled to abandon this position, they take refuge in silence on this subject, and devote themselves to selecting, magnifying, and coloring with all the sensational epithets at their command whatever in the records of medical research has an appearance of sustaining their general indictment of heartless and wanton cruelty. Neither the high character and lofty aim of the men who carry on these researches, nor their assurances that everything is done to reduce pain to a minimum, nor any contemplation of the physical agony and the spiritual anguish spared to countless thousands of human beings by the discoveries arising from their labors, suffices for a moment to stay the hand or the pen of the one-ideaed anti-vivisectionist.

In contrast with the blind and narrow sentimentalism which inspires this kind of attack, the work that is being done by

the great army of the world's physicians and surgeons, and the researches that are being carried on by medical investigators the world over, strike one with a sense of grandeur and nobility. We take these things nowadays as a matter of course; we accept their fruits, and give little thought to the labors by which they are attained. But no one who has been in contact with the men who are in the van of this great work can fail to be struck with the fact that in them the strenuousness and ardor of the scientist is mated with the devotion and humaneness of the lover of mankind. Along with the elevation of medicine and surgery to that high scientific plane which they now occupy has gone not a brutalization of the profession, but a more general prevalence of a high and broad humanity among its members. The sawboneses of whom we read in "Pickwick" were never, of course, representative of the profession, but there was a greater admixture of that sort of thing among medical students of past generations than it is easy for people of to-day to believe. The higher intellectual qualifications, and the more strenuous intellectual exertion, that the present-day standards of medicine demand, have without question weeded out, in a very great measure, not only the more ignorant, but the more callous and the more coarse-grained candidates for a medical career.

SHAKESPEARE AT THE SPRINGTIME.

For those who are celebrating to-day the Shakespearean anniversary, the place and date of his birth may easily appear to have peculiar significance. Born at Stratford three hundred and fifty years ago, the poet came into the world "in the sweet o' the year." No one who has passed that season in a lovely English hamlet like Stratford can quite forget the experience; and the reawakenings which spring must have brought in boyhood to the sensitive spirit of Shakespeare may well have provided a permanent outlook on nature. Theorizing and the record of his works lead to the same conclusion. The out-of-doors furnishes a large portion of his settings, which he not infrequently enlarges upon in the dialogue, and by preference he turned to its glorified scenes. There was, of course, a particular reason for seeing, through the eyes of Lear, only the rough and the rugged; just as he was bound to surround the idyllic Perdita with Nature's store of beauty. But when not specially prescribed, the natural background of his plays often suggests something of the elation which he himself may have felt in the airy freedom of Stratford. Even when serving the purpose of elaborate banter, the setting is not allowed to lose its poetry:

> The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
> When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
> And they did make no noise, in such a night
> Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
> And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents
> Where Cressid lay that night.

And the poet's sincerity in the line:

> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

is only heightened by the simplicity.

It is not enough to say that Shakespeare fell in with a custom of his day in scattering sunlight in the paths of his characters. There is ample evidence to prove that he looked at the scenes about him with a glowing appreciation of their beauty. His peering daffodils, and "violets dim"

> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath;

> His glorious mornings that
> Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye;

> His little
> dive-dapper peering through a wave
> Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;

attest both the observant eye and the exultant heart. Whether we think of Shakespeare's Nature as being largely at the springtime or shortly thereafter, as one is apt to do, or as divided among the seasons, it offers a freshness and joy such as he himself could observe at Stratford in "proud-pied April."

If the theory of the effect of environment upon a writer had not been overworked, we should be tempted to say that Shakespeare's out-of-doors was responsible for his dramatic atmosphere. The buoyancy of his sparkling comedies is really typical, though in less degree, of his entire work. Even the sombre "Lear" scarcely furnishes an exception to the rule. We have only to compare it in this respect to certain tragedies of Ibsen to observe the different points of view of the two men. While winds rage and thunders crash, in the famous scene on the heath, there is never the shut-in feeling which is imposed by "Ghosts" or "Rosmersholm." The air will some time clear, if not for Lear, at least for the kingdom. There is breadth and sweep which catch up the protagonist and make him a part, but only a part, of Nature's convulsions; the wretched victim in "Ghosts" is suffocated, along with the audience, by the narrowing and concentration of natural forces. For the nonce it is as though Nature existed merely to teach this awful lesson.

Partly, the difference noted is due no doubt to the newer requirements of the stage. The great number of scenes which Shakespeare could use help to give variety and large dimensions to his world. But this is not the whole story. Shakespeare stands out in almost as marked contrast to his contemporaries. Even so impressive a drama as "The Duchess of Malfi" introduces, along with other horrors, a "dance of eight madmen," not for sensational purposes, but to thicken and intensify the tragedy. The atmosphere, as might be expected, here becomes murky. Murky Shakespeare's atmosphere never is. A comparison of Marlowe's "Edward II" and Shakespeare's "Richard II," which have leading characters fundamentally similar, brings out the same point. Both Edward and Richard live in a world of their own imagining, being unfitted by temperament to attack the problems of the actual world. One is surrounded by the atmosphere of his two or three pitiable faults, made monotonous by repetition; Richard, equally beset, builds an imaginative world that is as airy and diverse as it is impractical.

Shakespeare saw life *naturally*, if by that is meant that the spirit of the out-of-doors is allowed to get in-doors. If his characters show a certain enlargement, they partake of the same idealization which his Nature undergoes. The spring of life is never quite absent from them, whatever may be their age. They are caught at the high tide of existence, when the blood is urgent and impulses are generous, for good or evil. Sometimes they are as precisely drawn as his little dive-dapper, and usually they have, like his "violets dim," divine aspirations.

Foreign Correspondence

A PHILOSOPHER ON THE HUSTINGS—MR. BALFOUR AND MR. BONAR LAW—SENATOR LODGE'S REPRIMANDS.

LONDON, April 11.

The dramatic surprises of the last few weeks have schooled people to believe almost anything, but it was hard not to think that Mr. Balfour's appearance on a Hyde Park platform must be an optical illusion. Or was it possible that Mrs. Thurston's fiction of John Chilcote was plagiarized by fact?

Never before has any English statesman of Prime Ministerial rank condescended to enter the arena of Hyde Park. Mr. Balfour is one of the last men who might have been expected to establish the precedent. What would his uncle have thought if he had lived to hear of it? This escapade might have been much more easily credited even to Lord Rosebery, who at the period of his chairmanship of the London County Council showed considerable democratic sympathies. Gladstone might have done such a thing, for one of the most notable incidents in his career was an address at an immense open-air demonstration at Greenwich. But as to Arthur James Balfour, one might even have doubted whether he was aware that Hyde Park was ever used for the purpose of a public meeting. At the time that his 1902 Education Bill was under discussion, some reference was made in the House to an enthusiastic popular rally—held, of course, on the usual ground—in protest against it. Mr. Balfour, turning to his colleagues on the Treasury Bench, remarked, with his well-known air of polite bewilderment, "Let me see, where did this gathering take place?" The rumor that he had to ask a policeman his way to the park is an obvious invention, for Rotten Row during the season cannot have been a strange place to him.

At any rate, the spectacle of Mr. Balfour holding forth to a Hyde Park throng from the elevation of a wagon was more curious than any scene that has lately been presented on the stage. Little wonder that the sight of his deprecatory and academic figure in such surroundings made some observers think of an aristocrat on a tumbril during the French Revolution, or that others compared the sensation to that of a bank holiday crowd invited to listen to a classical concert.

Liberals find it difficult to judge whether it would be more to the interest of the present Government for Bonar Law to continue in the Opposition leadership, or for it to go back into the hands of Arthur Balfour. Bonar Law helps his opponents by his reckless plunges. He has no consistent policy, but is the victim of any rash impulse that promises some immediate advantage at the expense of the other side. The situation was correctly hit off by Augustine Birrell, in explaining why the Government had not suffered more grievously from its own mistakes: "We never dig a pit for ourselves but Bonar Law steps into it." More than once the present Unionist leader has had to withdraw within a few days or even hours from a position confidently but thoughtlessly taken up in the excitement of debate.

The flaw in Mr. Balfour's leadership was of a very different kind. He is immune against spasms. No sensational turn in the course of events can disturb his equanimity. But he is no less seriously handicapped by an astonishing inability to diagnose popular feeling. The débâcle of his party at the general election of January, 1906, was largely due to his refusal to recognize the opposition that had been aroused by the Chinese labor policy in South Africa. Even without this his Government would have been defeated, but it was the storm of indignation at this phase of his administration that turned the defeat into a rout. Evidences of popular antagonism were visible everywhere to the naked eye, but Mr. Balfour was all the time serenely unconscious that he had offended public sentiment in the matter. Mr. Balfour's daimon again failed to warn him how the country was likely to take the rejection of the 1909 budget by the Lords. He was not ostensibly a member of the die-hard group, but he did not interpose his authority to check the passionate counsels of the extremists. No other living statesman has the record of having led his party to defeat in three general elections in succession, and that Mr. Balfour has suffered this humiliation is to be attributed in no small degree to his astonishing blindness to the signs of the times.

But he learns nothing and forgets nothing. He appears to be quite unaware that the normal English attitude to Home Rule is at all different to-day from what it was when he went to the Chief Secretary's office in Dublin in 1887. In his speeches against the present Home Rule bill he has assumed in the English constituencies the same state of mind to which he appealed a quarter of a century ago.

Students of the natural history of fossil remains have found a good deal to interest them lately in Senator Lodge's "One Hundred Years of Peace." It is not often possible to dig up a deposit which retains so perfectly the very atmosphere of a hundred years before. Perhaps the best-informed and most careful of the many English reviews of the book was that contributed by H. S. Perris to the *Daily Chronicle*. He wonders for what audience the book was intended. If for Americans it will hardly please the more balanced and scholarly, who expect something more than robust partisanship in historical work. If for Englishmen, the Senator has mistaken his audience, for they will either smile or will resent being lectured by an American politician for the sins of themselves and their fathers during these hundred years under the guise of an historical retrospect. Mr. Perris points out in detail several of Mr. Lodge's sins of omission and commission, and concludes with the wholesome remark that it is equally unpleasing to witness the British lion roaring and lashing his tail and to hear the American eagle screaming and flapping his wings. "The time has gone by," he suggests, "for statesmen to invoke these noises and grimaces of the Zoo. The world's peace must be made and kept by saner methods and more constructive toil."

H. W. H.

THE "FRENCH LEAGUE"—A MOVEMENT TOWARDS UNITY.

PARIS, April 11.

A movement was begun in Paris in the last days of March which may—and which may not—succeed in uniting the sorely divided French people, at least in those things which are necessary to their existence as a nation. It is really non-political, and its leaders are trying to keep it non-partisan; but it cannot help having an influence on the general elections of Sunday, April 26, which will seat in Parliament for four years the Deputies who rule the French republic.

The interest which such a movement has for Americans consists in the universally recognized high character of the Frenchmen who are organizing it. While it aims at a united France and includes representative men who are not politicians from dozens of varying political groups, it has no coöperation, so far, from the Extreme Radicals, who, with the help of Socialists, now hold the Government of the republic. No sane prophet will risk his reputation by predicting the result of the coming elections; but no matter what Government is in power, the "French League," which embodies the movement, will maintain its essential work. It concludes its appeal for union with weighty words:

> This is a momentous hour. A conflict between European Powers is, to say the least, possible; and its chief danger will be for France. Yet our political and religious discords are being exasperated and the disquiet of many all but reaches despair.
>
> The French League will abstain from all political or religious dispute, and will ignore all that divides. It will bring into light and force the feeling which, notwithstanding dissensions unavoidable in a free state, unites us in the love of our country.
>
> It wishes to persuade the French nation that France, united in patriotic faith, has nothing to fear from whomsoever. It will preach confidence and hope.

Words like these are not unexpected from the new League's presidents of honor—Prof. Ernest Lavisse and Gen. Pau. They are well authorized by their life and career to represent the two great non-political forces of France, the university and the army. Ernest Lavisse in the eighties and nineties was the one leader of the university youth of France. A "new spirit" of concord was timidly proclaimed by Minister Spuller, the friend of Gambetta, in Parliament in 1892; but it expired in the angry explosions of the Dreyfus affair and the religious war which was made to issue from it. For fifteen years, majority rule in the French republic has meant the nagging of the minority—and of a minority which, if it had been united, might have been the majority at perhaps all of the general elections.

The Extreme Radical and Socialist Deputies, who have formed the ruling majority in Parliament, have not once been elected by more than 47 per cent. of

the voting population of the country. The 20 to 25 per cent. of the voters who persist in not going to the polls would, for the most part, not have voted for them. It is these "abstentionists" and the incurable divisions of the minority which have made the victory of cleverer politicians possible. And this may happen again now, unless the sense of impending danger to France as a nation should prove strong enough to prevent politicians from seizing once more on the government of the republic for their own private and party interests.

To an American there is no obvious reason why French Radicals, even, should not uphold the patriot rather than the politician. It is understood that Socialists enter Parliament to help on their cause; and more than once they have bargained with Conservatives. If they have been supporting Radical Governments, it is because it is easier to push them towards Socialist legislation.

Professor Lavisse and many other members of the new League were notorious Radicals once. If they are joining with equally notorious Conservatives now, it must be because they believe the time has come for Frenchmen to stop fighting among themselves and to stand all together against the common danger from without. Paul Déroulède, who was so long berated as a patriot Don Quixote, has died just before this rally to his stirring hymn:

Fight for your Mother if you love her!

No one can suspect Ernest Lavisse of anti-Pacifism; and yet sitting with him as president of the French League is Gen. Pau, who did so much to get the three years' military service and increase of armaments through the French Parliament. Among the vice-presidents are another general, an admiral, and a bishop; a Moderate Republican Senator and a Deputy, Joseph Reinach, who did chief work for the exoneration of Dreyfus. Among significant names in the committee are those of men like the Greek scholar Maurice Croiset, the successor of Renan as administrator of the Collège de France; Louis Havet, who in the Dreyfus affair was a founder of the League of the Rights of Man and, as professor of the Collège de France, led the opposition to bestowing a professorship in that national college on Brunetière, because the latter was a Catholic; Maurice Barrès, who leads the French youth of to-day in the national reaction; Lépine, Prefect of the Paris police through many Radical administrations, and Adolphe Carnot, brother of the President of the Republic, who was assassinated by an Anarchist and one of the first to call a halt in government of the republic for the majority instead of for the whole people.

There are nine members of the French Academy, among whom, besides Lavisse and Barrès, there are such world-wide representatives of French literature as Pierre Loti, Frédéric Masson, Alfred Mézières, Marcel Prévost, Henry de Regnier, Jean Richepin, Edmond Rostand. There are world-famous men of science like Arsonval; Branly, of wireless telegraphy; Daniel Berthelot and Jean Becquerel—and fifty more with a right to say to the world that France shall be one. S. D.

Education in the South.

JOINT SESSION OF CONFERENCE FOR EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH AND SOUTHERN EDUCATION ASSOCIATION — LOUISVILLE KY., APRIL 7-11.

At the Conference in Louisville large chapters of progress were recorded for the Southern States. It was a conference of a variety of interests; a national mind brooded over it, and it was reinforced by great governmental agencies. It showed economic and social changes in the making. With an estimated attendance of 2,500, not more than half were engaged directly in school work, the others included business men, preachers, men and women from the farm and from every walk of life, with a common patriotic interest of building up the rural life of the South.

The Conference opened with a memorial service to its notable founder, Robert C. Ogden. The address was delivered by United States Commissioner of Education P. P. Claxton. He reviewed the history of the Conference from the time when two or three were gathered together, seeking to unite North and South in the great educational task at hand, to the present magnificent gathering, with its splendid achievements. Dr. Claxton showed that in ten years' time illiteracy in the Southern States had been reduced more than one-half. The conception of education had broadened from the ideal of the three R's and a little high-school work to include the agricultural high school, the consolidated rural school ministering to the needs of country life, and a system of supervision and industrial training which reaches directly the homes and farms of the people. He pointed out that a radical change of spirit had taken place in the South with regard to education. The schools were no longer looked on as a necessary evil savoring of reconstruction days and carpet-bag rule, but the people believed in them and were beginning to support them properly. The figures from eight Southern States showed an increase in the past year of funds raised by local taxation of more than one and a half million dollars. He declared that the change of attitude and growth of education in the South during the past decade was the most marvellous educational progress the world has ever seen.

It was universally conceded that the most eloquent address delivered at the Conference was the exhibit at the armory. Here were gathered none of the ordinary odds and ends of school work, but actual scenes and demonstrations of work going on. From the fireside industries of "our contemporary ancestors" of the mountains, displayed by Berea College, to the moving pictures of the boys' and girls' corn and tomato clubs, shown by the Department of Agriculture, a panorama of social and economic changes was displayed that made vivid a wonderful period of Southern history.

A water tank and gasolene engine, with complete equipment for supplying the country home with running water at an absurdly low cost, was the contribution of President Joe Cook, of the Hattiesburg Normal School, Mississippi. This was not theory, but practice. The farm home displayed by Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C., Miss Mary E. Frayser in charge, was also a centre of attraction. The dining- and living-rooms were furnished simply and tastefully. In the kitchen and laundry were running water and every convenience for the saving of steps and lessening of labor. The washboard had been banished and was replaced by a washing-machine. And the tables were supplied with rollers to do away with the heavy lifting of dishes between dining-room and kitchen. Outside the kitchen window was a beautiful row of red geraniums, and a schedule showed a workable plan for each day's round of duties, and provided time for rest, reading, and social recreation. The effect of this exhibit might be judged by the significant remarks of all that visited it. One farmer was heard to say: "I am going to spend $150 on my wife's kitchen when I get home."

Next was a practical demonstration of cooking, and a busy crowd gathered to hear the explanation of the teachers in charge. Further on were exhibits showing the eradication of hookworm and the busy field work of the agents of the Sanitary Commission. Adjoining this was splendidly portrayed the day's work of a rural nurse, while near the entrance was a demonstration of the parcel post in operation, revealing how various kinds of produce from the farm might be cheaply and easily marketed by mail in near-by cities. This was in charge of the local post office.

The conference was notable for the splendid group meetings. At every turn one found a small company of earnest men and women tugging away at the special problem in which they were interested. Prominent among these were the conference of rural school supervisors, the conference on the country church, the women's conferences, and the conference on the education of the negro. At noon these groups would come together to listen to addresses by such eminent men as Dr. Warren H. Wilson on the "Country Church," Dr. A. D. Wilson, of the University of Minnesota, on "Coöperation," and Mr. Bradford Knapp on "Farm Demonstration Work."

The meeting of rural school supervisors was called by Dr. Claxton, rep-

resentatives of thirty-seven States being present. The informal discussions revealed an astonishing similarity of conditions in all parts of the country. No State, North, East, South, or West, seems to have a monopoly of bad roads and poor country schools, when one goes far enough from the railway. Encouraging progress is reported from all sections. The consolidated rural school has come to stay, and, moreover, this school is going to be so adjusted to the needs of the people in its community that it will be a clearing house of rural progress for young and old. It was pointed out by several that a city school of the traditional type set down in the country had done more harm than good, for it had weakened the neighborhood by sending off its strongest young people.

Valuable discussions on improving rural schools through standardization, consolidation, supervision, practical industrial training, and community activities were engaged in by all present. This group perfected an organization and elected Mr. J. H. Binford, of Virginia, president; Mr. W. E. Larson, of Wisconsin, vice-president, and Mr. L. S. Ivins, of Ohio, secretary.

Led by Dr. James H. Dillard, agent of the Jeanes and Slater Funds, as president, a very earnest group of county superintendents, State supervisors of rural schools, representative negro leaders, and interested men and women, listened to encouraging reports of the colored schools in all sections of the South. Supt. J. H. Culkin, of Warren County, Miss., told a striking story of the organization of boys' and girls' clubs among the negro schools. Warren County now has more than 2,500 negroes in these clubs. No girl is permitted to attend the county school unless she has at least five products growing in her garden. The boys are graded according to ages, and each must cultivate a stipulated amount of land, and the products grown must be such as will bring a substantial return. No boy or girl may remain in school unless this work is kept up, and every teacher is required to give at least fifteen minutes a day to the club work. As a result, there are in Warren County more than 20,000 acres of land under cultivation by demonstration methods by negroes who are club members.

Any one who has followed these conferences for the past four years, at Jacksonville in 1911, Nashville 1912, Richmond 1913, and Louisville in 1914, cannot fail to be impressed with the enormous change of sentiment and the growing determination on the part of the white people of the South to give their negro neighbors a better training for the life that they must live among them.

JACKSON DAVIS.

Country Life.

ON THE LAND.

The ingenuous reader may have found himself rather confused than enlightened by casual contact with the abundant farm-and-garden literature of the past few years. He has a vague notion that everything to do with the soil is somehow all of a piece, all one problem which ought to have an "answer"; yet the current miscellany of data and opinions, scientific theories and genial sentiments, connected with the land does not make the answer easier to formulate. The latest amiable chronicle of a David Grayson and the latest report of a state experiment station do not hang together notably well. The "back-to-the-land" theme is developed very differently in the sumptuous pages of the *Country Gentleman* and the honest, unromantic columns of the *Rural New Yorker*.

The truth is, all this writing is not about one thing, but about a number of perfectly distinct things. "Country life" is not farming, nor is pottering about in a suburban vegetable garden. As for going back to the land, that is a step which a large number of people now delight to take—in fancy; and it is undoubtedly as well for most of them that the experience should remain vicarious—not because it is not the finest thing in the world for a man to do, but because it is a very difficult thing to do successfully; and the hopeful amateur is not likely to bring to his new acres the whole equipment necessary to wring both bliss and a living out of them. It is an extremely varied equipment, involving health, brains, industry, patience, and capital. And not the least of these is capital. You may buy your fifty abandoned acres for a song, but you cannot sing them into shape. Your investment has only begun. You must have stock, machines, fertilizers (some of them cost $60 a ton)—above all, labor. To put your fifty acres in commission, to get them into a condition of high "efficiency" (sacred word), will mean spending, say, thirty to fifty dollars an acre. Are you prepared to do this, oh, my brother?

For some of these necessaries, it is true, you can get credit, but that is a poor way to begin for the amateur who has the professional game to learn. Crops do fail, or, succeeding, prove a drug in the market. The latter fact is among the bitterest disillusionings of the tyro. Diseases and vermin pests one is ready for; labor and forethought will take care of them. Even against frost and drought something may be done; they are in a way calculable, and a legitimate part of the game. But the market! Reader, did you ever look over an orchard heavy with peaches, or an acre of tomatoes in their prime, or a potato-field holding its dark green pride half through August, and realize that these gifts of a bountiful season are duplicated in your neighbor's fields over the wall, and over a thousand walls beyond; that the market is about to be glutted with perfection; and that your crops, twice as good as usual, it may be, will not fetch a dollar more than usual? This is one quaintness of the local market. Another is that it is never safe from sudden incursions by distant enterprise. Six weeks of drought in June and July: the potato crop is poor hereabouts. You, with a field that knows how to hold its moisure, with liberal use of the most expensive fertilizers, with a clean but costly defeat of the potato-bug to your credit, with incessant cultivating, achieve a remarkable yield. In September potatoes are selling at a dollar a bushel, but you don't care to unload many at that price. They will bring a dollar and a half later. You store your thousand bushels, at some expense—and just as you are ready to part with them, along in March, at a fancy price, some genius sends down a thousand carloads of perfect tubers that have wintered in Maine—and you find your little crop worth half what it was in the autumn.

It is unsafe for the beginner to go back to the land without a fair amount of capital to start him on his way and tide him over the bad moments. One factor in successful farming, perhaps the most indispensable of all, "help," is not to be obtained on credit. The man who gives you his ten or twelve hours of daily labor (in contrast with the fifteen or eighteen of the old-fashioned hired man, who is no more) must have his thirty or forty dollars a month, and must have it on time, or he will yield to his natural preference for "moving on." And he or his equivalent is indispensable. No man, whether he works extensively or intensively, can get a decent living for himself and his family out of the land with his two hands.

"But, my dear sir, I've grown all our garden stuff for years—winter vegetables and all. Right out back. Done every stroke myself. Just fun for me." It is the voice of the suburban gardener, and it tells (perhaps) the truth. Here is one incontestable fact: any man of ordinary health and brains can grow his own vegetables in his own backyard, and save a hundred or two a year, at the expense of his grocer—it is a pity we haven't the word greengrocer in America. He must do his own work, and if he is that kind of man he will find it "just fun." If he is not that kind of man, he had better let it alone. If you don't love making things grow, you may as well yield the grocer his 100 per cent. profit, and keep your hands

clean. You will either turn your garden over to a hireling and make a luxury of it, or neglect it, or make your paltry profit at undue cost. There is no more miserable spectacle to a true lover of the soil than a man who hates it and does not know enough to let it alone.

But a great many people do have the instinct for making things grow. For them there is nothing to lose and much to gain in the vegetable garden. They are sure of their pleasure, and their profit, too. They are on the safe and sunny approach to the back-to-the-land trail. All they invest is their odd half-hours, all they make is "velvet." No wonder more and more people are learning to give the instinct play, as is attested by the increasing number of periodicals and handbooks addressed to home-gardeners as a class. This literature, like that of the flower-garden, is of two sorts, the sentimental and the practical. There are writers who are so intent upon conveying their deep emotion at the marvel of the new-born bean that they neglect to convey anything else about it. I have before me an amusing product of the intoxication which may be induced by contact with back-yard soil.* Each of the writer's somewhat infantile bits of instruction as to the planting and care of common vegetables is enlivened by a dash of verse, or worse. The literary note is struck in the motto of the title-page:

> 'Twas Byron who said
> "The ladies inspired the Muse."
> But to vegetables I'm wed,
> And dame nature choose.

This is the second-best poem in the book; quite the best is the quatrain inscribed to the lima bean. It is what Blake might have written if he had ever noticed a lima bean:

> This bean so shy,
> Under sunny sky,
> Loves the salt air,
> Cool nights and fair.

Unluckily this seems to have been a fluke: the average of quality of these lyrics is more fairly suggested by

> We have Irish tubers and sweet,
> With river and valley Burbank,
> And raise more things to eat
> Than any State of our rank.

Or, in a more philosophical vein,

> Work with the hands is physical, work with the brain divine.
> As we are animals in the likeness of God,
> We should labor with our hands and mind.

Here, on the other hand,† is a book of the practical type. It is a compact but workmanlike and serviceable handbook, without graces of style, but readable, and with some good pictures. An uncommon feature is the listing of the best varieties to be planted in the home garden; this should be of use to a great many amateurs who, for lack of experience, have not known how to find their way to the most desirable seeds among the hundreds so enthusiastically commended in the catalogues.

With the aid of such handbooks, free soil-analysis by the State, the best fertilizers and methods of cultivation, and a liking for work, the home gardener is sure of his reward. But let him beware of drawing a wrong inference from his success. Half his profit as a home-gardener is, as it were, negative. His basket of vegetables is worth a dollar to him because that is what he would have to pay the greengrocer for it. But he must eat his basketful to get his fine returns; and there is a limit to that sort of thing, even in the largest and greediest family of vegetarians. Every basketful beyond what he eats (unless he takes to peddling) must yield the dealer his 100 per cent. or more. A successful truck-farm must be very near its market, and involves a system of wholesale growing and retail marketing. With plenty of capital and exceptional skill and intelligence the thing can be made to pay; but it is neither here nor there in connection with the fifty worn-out and abandoned acres in Nowhere-in-particular which may stand for the lure of our hopeful commuter. Before he throws up his city job and chestily installs himself in his abandoned farmhouse, on his own land, he should look himself coldly in the eye and ask himself these questions: Has this man enough thousands in store to back him in this new career? Can he pay for the initial repairs (repairs is the euphemistic term) on the farmhouse; for the tools, stock, vehicles, machines, fertilizers, labor, which are needed to put these acres in commission? Does he know what he is going to grow, and where he is going to sell it, and whether, when he has sold it, he will be richer or poorer?

Some of these questions the author of "That Farm"* could have answered to his satisfaction, at the outset. Mr. Whittingham has written, or caused to be written, an instructive and often amusing account of his successful experience as a back-to-the-lander. The exhibit has little bearing upon the average case; for, in the first place, Mr. Whittingham has plenty of capital, in the second place he edged cautiously into the game instead of taking a sudden plunge, and in the third place he is evidently a man who could make a comfortable living selling shoelaces in Tahiti. He is the Yankee of fable, touchingly American, with a vein of sentiment which flows freely, out of business hours, and a strong sense of the whimsical, the clock around. He has a mission; listen to the call in the closing paragraph of his delightful book:

> When the music of the metropolis begins to grate on you, city brother, and the glittering lights of the Avenue look like signals in a tunnel, do not think that hope has been scuttled, nor that life is a joke or a tragedy. Come where the sunshine will bleach despondency and cynicism out of your heart — come through the open gateway of That Farm into the promised land.

When Mr. Whittingham approached the gateway of That Farm, he had an income of some $30,000 as head of a "going" dry-goods business, and "a bit laid by." He had been interested in the theory of farming, but his first taking to the land was by way of settling "the annual annoyance of solving the summer problem." He found a 400-acre farm, with a dwelling house which had cost $50,000, and numerous tenant houses, barns, and outbuildings, including a mill. The owner was in difficulties, and after leasing the place for a year Mr. Whittingham pared down the "asking price" of $50,000 to some $20,000 and certain worthless securities. He gives a record of his first four years on the place. The first year, under an overseer system, the profit was small—only a few hundred. Taking over the management himself and applying his business energy and sense to the problem, the owner quickly increased the returns, his net profits for the fourth year being over $22,000. This was done by sparing no necessary outlay and permitting no waste, by doing a retail delivery business in milk and garden truck, by paying good wages and commissions to his head men, and by personal supervision and attention to detail such as would be necessary in any other industry. He supplants the local milk monopoly by establishing a more generous monopoly of his own. It is all a fight, and a fight to be enjoyed by a man who is accustomed to win. Incidentally, he improves the standards of farming in his neighborhood, and shares his good fortune wherever he can within his margin of profit. In short, he has been able not only to pick up a $100,000 farm for a fifth of its value, but to "swing" his purchase. We wonder if he really fancies that many of his brothers who are tired of the music of the metropolis and the lights of the avenue could have done anything like the same thing? He has made a fascinating story of it, at all events: his Harum-like sketches of local types and incidents are worth having for their own sake.

A book such as Mr. Whittingham, with his demand for the best methods, might have consulted in remodelling his farm building, is "Farm Structures,"

*_The Garden Patch._ By Edward DuBois Flint. New York: John Lane Co. 50 cents net.

†_The Home Vegetable Garden._ By Adolph Kruhm. New York. Orange Judd Co. $1 net.

*_That Farm:_ Recounting the Adventure of a Dry-Goods Merchant Who Went Back to the Land. By Harrison Whittingham. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.

by a professional "agricultural engineer."* This is a work of severely technical sort, covering the whole ground of building material, methods of construction, heating, ventilating, and water supply, chiefly with reference to farming on a large scale. Such books are of greater importance to the man who is thinking of going back to the land than libraries of sentiment. If he is worthy of the life at all, he is bound to get more out of it than a living: but his first business is to make sure that he does not get less. H. W. Boynton.

*Farm Structures. By E. K. J. T. Ekblaw. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

COUNTRY HOMES AND GARDENS.

A LITTLE book on gardening that combines a good many merits is "The Commuter's Garden" (Crowell; $1 net), edited by W. B. Hayward. It is attractive as to page and binding, entertaining and sound in style, and it contains a large amount of information that will not mislead. Designed altogether for the beginner and the perplexed soul who has not so much as begun, in about a score of brief chapters it touches upon the main questions that are sure to beset the novice, questions relative to Planning the Garden, Your Lawn and its Care, Annuals for the Garden, How to Handle Bulbs, Vines that are Useful, The Gentle Art of Pruning. The concluding chapter, On Keeping a Cow, contains excellent advice. In general, the author confines himself to the simplest facts—which is the easier for him since he has the "dependable" views of the "old-fashioned gardener"—and avoids the danger of making his book a hybrid between a statement of first principles and a thorough gardening encyclopædia. The animated style in which it is written and which is seen at its best perhaps in the chapter on Useful Garden Tools, distinguishes it pleasantly from many other books of its kind. The sixteen full-page half-tone illustrations are excellent.

A LESS attractive and more compendious book is Tarkington Baker's "Yard and Garden" (Bobbs-Merrill; $1.50 net), which has been issued in a revised edition. The paper is of a somewhat dismal gray that mars all the abundant illustrations and renders some of them worthless. The chapters, covering about the same ground as those of the foregoing book, contain explicit and unadorned information in considerable quantity, and there are very useful planting tables in the appendix which give the height, color, cultural suggestions, etc., of a number of bulbs and annuals.

"THE Back Yard Farmer" (Chicago: Forbes & Co.; $1), by J. Willard Bolte, is composed of a mass of miscellaneous information, not so much for the gardener as for the person who keeps a cow and a horse and rabbits and bees and chickens. Owing to this extensive aim, no part receives as much attention as it deserves, and the book often surprises both by its inclusions and its exclusions. It is most detailed in its chapters on vegetables.

A BOOK full of garden wisdom, set down in a strong, simple style, is "Everyman's Garden Every Week," by Charles A. Selden (Dodd, Mead; $1.25). One need not be surprised at the style, for Mr. Selden is an editor during the daytime, and, we presume, a farmer only before breakfast and after dinner. He bought a small farm a few years ago; and he has no reason to be ashamed of the flavor of State and Government agricultural bulletins that is detectable here and there in his book, for study of these bulletins, combined with considerable enthusiasm and the help of a good hired man, made that farm a success and left Mr. Selden bursting with useful information. The most interesting thing about this book, the chapters of which were originally published in the *Country Gentleman*, is the arrangement. Save for a few introductory chapters and a few closing ones, each chapter confines itself to one week of the gardening season, the weeks being taken chronologically. At the end is a brief calendar of suggestions month by month, and at the outset a clear table of contents. Two chapters touch on flowers, and one on making good lawns; but the others have to do with vegetable gardens—that includes the art and science of canning vegetables against the winter. There is an interesting chapter on raising mushrooms. While Mr. Selden's work is packed with interesting and valuable information, and is provided with a good index to make that information accessible, it is obviously not intended to give a cyclopædic answer to every question that may enter the puzzled horticulturist's mind. Rather, it belongs to the realm of good reading. It is the sort of book that George H. Ellwanger used to write, a book so delightfully and withal so earnestly done that it makes the reader share much of the enthusiasm of the writer—and of Michaelangelo Frieri, the hired man.

FOURTEEN years ago Prof. Liberty H. Bailey wrote the preface to the original "Cyclopædia of American Horticulture." It was a monumental work in a field where there had been an almost absolute blank, and it was intended to give a comprehensive view of the status of North American horticulture as it was at the close of the nineteenth century. Several editions have been printed since that time, but the changes have consisted largely of the correction of errors. The work has now been expanded from four volumes to six, of which the first has just appeared (Macmillan; $6), and Professor Bailey declares that it should be regarded as a distinct work, so great has been the extent of the revision. The first casual inspection reveals that many full-page pictures, including a number of colored plates, have been added, and the number of drawings has been doubled; all of which is a decided improvement over the old equipment. A synopsis of the plant kingdom (78 pages), a key to the families and genera (69 pages), a glossary giving the English meanings of Latin names, and the usual glossary of botanical terms are other additions.

IN the body of the work, the articles of specialists have been revised or rewritten to keep up with the advance in horticulture and horticultural knowledge. The already excellent cultural advice has been still further improved; and many practical class-articles—on subjects such as Evergreens, Formal Gardening, Japanese Gardens, and Tree-Moving—have been added. Of course, no one who knows anything at all about the literature of gardening needs to be told that the Cyclopædia is unique so far as this country is concerned. It is the Bible and the Britannica of the garden-folk, amateur and professional alike. And the remarkable thing is that, while it is fundamentally a work of reference, full of paralyzing Latin names and botanical descriptions, it also contains limitless quantities of good reading of the sort dear to the heart of the garden enthusiast.

THE interpretation of the rather cryptic title of Frances Duncan's "My Garden Doctor" (Doubleday, Page; $1 net), is that gardening is a cure for nervous prostration. Two women, one of whom is ill, the other a nurse, retire to an old farmhouse on the side of a New Hampshire mountain, and live near to Nature. They also live next to a poetizing painter person. The cure, the departure for town, and the realization that the painter is necessary to existence all come together. It is rather a mountain idyll than a gardening handbook, pleasant in style and excellent reading. To real garden-lovers, such passages as this will give joy:

"Cutworms," she said—"cutworms; bit the stems right off."

"But what can you do for them?"

"Cuss," responded Mrs. Tarbox, briefly. "That's what folks does mostly."

ONE of an extended series of concise and useful manuals, each of which aims to tell the builder of a country home how to render that home both a thing of beauty and a practical success, is "Making a Garden of Small Fruits," by F. F. Rockwell (McBride, Nast; 50 cents net). The author gives detailed instructions as to the planting, cultivating, pruning, and spraying of the cane fruits, bush fruits, strawberries, and grapes. One chapter treats of the culture of dwarf and trained fruits with remarks on the respective merits of each. There are two valuable tables, one giving a list of fruits that the home garden should furnish, with details as to the distance necessary between the plants, the number it is wise to set out, the varieties, and the price of each. The second table covers the subject of spraying fruits of trees as well as the small varieties, and in its completeness of detail and its concise form may prove a pocket guide to victory over the legion of insects and diseases that make the amateur fruit-grower's life a burden.

THE value of "Educational School Gardening and Handwork," by G. W. S. Brewer (Cambridge: University Press), lies chiefly in the spirit in which its author approaches his subject. Not the immediate making of well-kept gardens, but the ultimate making of well-rounded men and women is the result desired from the training that he advocates. A

line quoted at the opening of chapter iii is the keynote of the author's purpose: "In the 'I made this' or 'I made that' is the making of 'I.'" The reader cannot but appreciate the good fortune of the English youngsters who were the garden pupils of so excellent a teacher. There is much of value in this unpretentious little English handbook for those who have to do with garden craft in American public schools.

FARMING AND RURAL LIFE.

HOW to increase our harvests so as to meet the needs of our rapidly growing population is the problem discussed in "Intensive Farming" (Outing Publishing Co.; 70 cents net), by L. C. Corbett. The book itself is an example of its own theories, inasmuch as in a space of but little over one hundred small pages of large type it tells a great deal about vegetable and fruit growing in general, and also much about forced special crops. In intensive writing the author covers the raising for market of onions, celery, fruits (small and large), citrus fruits, the breeding of plants, the growing of seeds, nursery growing, irrigation, the breeding of thoroughbred animals, the economics of intensive industries, and the cropping system as a unit. The material is presented entirely from the commercial and economic standpoint, and includes some interesting, even remarkable, sets of figures relative to investments and returns; also several "labor charts" whose object is to show "that if it were possible to have labor charts for each of the standard crops grown in any crop zone it would be possible to take into consideration, in making up a crop rotation, not only the returns from the crop in forage and grain, the benefit to be derived from the maintenance of soil fertility, but also the economic features of crop production bearing upon the labor supply. The labor problem on the farm involves the economical distribution of labor, and as such becomes a vital factor in the crop rotation. Crop rotation assumes a new aspect when labor distribution is added to crop returns and the maintenance of production. The ideal farm system is one which permits the economic use of a constant labor supply, and until such a system is worked out the labor problem of the farm will continue to exist."

A THOROUGH study of available agricultural dressings, including animal manures, is found in Prof. Homer J. Wheeler's "Manures and Fertilizers" (Macmillan: Rural Text-Book Series), a new volume designed for agricultural high schools and colleges. Its interest is scientific rather than practical and popular. Facts about fertilizers, always based on chemical analysis, are freely given, but their special action must be inferred. The subjects of dressings for special crops, home mixing, green manuring, and methods of curing barnyard manure, are almost entirely omitted. For these reasons the book will not take the place of Voorhees's "Fertilizers" as a popular handbook; it will, however, prove valuable for the class-room and for reference. Some excellent features are the studies of the agricultural value of seaweeds, and of lime in many forms. The introduction of calcium nitrate and calcium cyanamid, noted in these columns some four years ago, is here shown to be proceeding rapidly, though all the difficulties of manufacture and handling are not yet overcome. Such fertilizers, electrically made from the nitrogen of the air, relieve us of the prophesied danger of a nitrogen famine.

IN the same series, "The Corn Crops," by E. C. Montgomery, is a similarly scientific study of maize in its various forms. This book will prove more generally useful than the preceding in giving directions for the preparation of the land and for the cultivating and harvesting of the crop. Sweet corn, so often ignored in treatises on corn, has here its proper place. Yet the amateur will discover that the live interest of corn culture has somehow slipped away in Prof. Montgomery's handling of the subject, even Jerry Moore, the Southern boy, with his wonderful acre of corn, achieving but a place in a statistical table.

ON the other hand, "Farm Arithmetic," by Profs. C. W. Burkett and K. D. Swartzel (Orange Judd Company), is a book ingeniously planned to introduce to country children many facts of farm life which the ordinary arithmetic ignores in favor of theoretical study. The general intention of this book is to make arithmetic a living instead of a dead subject, not only by bringing it near to every-day experience, but also by making that experience itself more vital. The illustrations, often remotely connected with mathematics, are cleverly chosen to stimulate interest. The more important subjects of study are plant and animal feeding, profits from crops and animal husbandry, the cost of labor and building, and the benefits of good roads, drainage, spraying, and farm improvements. The problems are arranged to bring out the advantage of scientific planning based on knowledge of facts. Only the chapter on Farm Accounting seems slight and inadequate. Modern farm accounting (for a good system see the Massachusetts Crop Report for August, 1913), with its careful classification and close study of every department of expense, is the proper climax to such a book as this, and much more of the pupil's attention should be directed to it. Apart from this evident lack, which we hope to see remedied in a future edition, few recent textbooks seem better planned to make for a country child the dry facts of farming not merely less repellent, but even attractive.

AT the outset of her book, "Pigeon Raising" (Outing Publishing Co.), Miss Alice MacLeod shows that a real fondness for the birds and an interest in the welfare of each one is essential to success in the raising of squab. In the first chapter there is warning against inadequate housing, poor situation, and inferior stock. Then follow simple and clear-cut rules, the observance of which should insure many hatches and healthy birds. A diagram is given of the model pigeon establishment, with directions how to build it and the nests. The book also names the best breeds for mating, if market birds are desired, and tells which are most satisfactory for improving the stock. The method of feeding that is most likely to promote the health of the flock and its breeding is carefully explained. The writer finds preparing and marketing comparatively simple matters, and tells how a good trade may be acquired and kept by proper methods of killing and shipping. For one who is seriously interested in pigeon raising as a business, the concise advice in Miss MacLeod's book will be of practical value.

IN the introduction to his book, "Practical Tree Repair" (McBride, Nast; $2 net), which he describes as "a pioneer in its field," Mr. Elbert Peets states explicitly that the volume deals "with one division of the science of arboriculture. It is devoted entirely to the prevention and repair of physical injuries to the framework of the tree." To the unscientific reader whose knowledge of arboriculture is limited to "Woodman, spare," 250-odd pages devoted entirely to the theme mentioned may not sound attractive, but the fact is that "Practical Tree Repair" has not a dull page in it, even for the layman. It is a "conservation" propaganda worth reading and heeding. The tree's structure and manner of growth, its wounds and their treatment, the value and function of filling trees, and many other matters are clearly discussed. The author has also some straightforward criticisms on so-called "tree-surgery" and "tree surgeons," and with equal frankness does not hesitate to name the manufacturers of products that he has tested and found valuable.

A TIMELY treatise on the problem of rural recreation written by an authority whose expert knowledge and practical training have made him master of the subject is "Play and Recreation for the Open Country," by Henry S. Curtis (Ginn & Co.; $1.16 net). There are suggestions as to ways and means of recreation in the home, the rural school, and the country community. The last five chapters deal especially with the subject of the rural social centre. The book should be helpful to mothers and teachers in farm districts, and also to the public-spirited members of rural communities who are working through the grange or the church, or through extension classes or farmers' institutes, to raise the social standard of their locality. An unfortunate dulness of treatment is the one marring feature.

EDUCATIONAL SCHOOL GARDENING.

ONE of the chief reasons for the economic pressure during the last few years is the fact that between 1899 and 1909 agricultural production in the United States increased only 10 per cent., while the population increased 21 per cent., that the yield of wheat increased 3.8 per cent., of orchard fruits 1.8 per cent., and the production of corn decreased 4.3 per cent. In view of this, it is interesting to find Dr. Eggleston, president of the Virginia Agricultural College, and Mr. Robert Bruère, of the University of Chicago, in their joint book, "Work of the Rural School"

Burlington Public Library

Harper; $1), giving the present high cost of necessities as the reason why the public is turning to rural schools as the most important instrument to-day in the control of the food supply.

THE book deals with the essential subjects of buildings, sanitation, centralization of schools, transportation, plans of instruction, amusements, and agriculture. The great need for development in our rural communities is forcibly pointed out, and it is made plain that "the only effective way in which the rapidly growing science of cultivation, farm management, and marketing can be brought to bear upon agriculture is through the public schools." When the crudeness of inherited agricultural methods and the lack of knowledge among farmers are taken into consideration, the opportunities of the rural school-teacher seem momentous indeed; for too often the task of proper preparation for effective citizenship is shifted from the home to the school, leaving the teacher to inculcate the gospel of better farming and the economic value of efficient production.

SEVERAL cases are cited where the rural school maintains a farm as an object-lesson for the surrounding community, and where new methods of ploughing, planting, and cultivating have been introduced. These experiments in due course have encouraged project work at home, and with instructive results. One boy kept twenty-six chickens, using modern methods, and in six months showed his astonished father a net profit of $27. Another lad insisted upon feeding his father's cows with a balanced ration from November to June; and, by keeping strict account, found that the best cow netted a profit of $54, and the poorest a loss of $2.39, much to the amazement of the incredulous parent. Still another boy, becoming ambitious after his experience in the school garden, raised tomatoes, celery, and cabbage plants in a hot-bed frame, and at the end of the season was able to show his father a net profit of $35. In this comprehensive and constructive book various phases of the building-up, not only of the rural school, but of the rural community at large, are set forth in discriminating fashion.

C. A. STEBBINS'S book on the "Principles of Agriculture through the School and Home Garden" (Macmillan; $1) is adapted for use in the country or in the larger centres of population, and for children from eleven to fifteen years of age. Many older children, however, whether in school or out, will find much of interest and enlightenment in this little volume, which covers a wide range of subjects, including the beautifying of school grounds, agricultural clubs, convenient rural homes, public health, seeds and stock, etc. Each chapter closes with a list of pertinent questions and exercises, bringing out the value of what has gone before.

FOR scholars who have gone through the earlier grades in our rural schools "Soils and Crops," by T. F. Hunt and C. W. Burkett (Orange Judd Co., $1.50), will be found well fitted to prepare them for the agricultural college courses, or for practical work at home on the farm. The authors are well-known writers on agricultural subjects, and this book is interesting and useful. The lessons, forty eight in number, carry the student from the food requirements of plants through various important steps to the kind of crops suited to various climatic conditions. At the end of every three chapters a number of practical examples are given, from which the teacher may select at discretion.

COUNTRY ARCHITECTURE.

"BUILDING by a Builder" (Doubleday, Page; $1.20 net), by Mr. Benjamin A. Howes, a well-known constructing engineer and consultant, is a work that will appeal to a very wide audience; for its author speaks with the authority given by broad experience and without a trace of bias in relation to matters that must interest all who are concerned with building operations, whether as owners of dwellings small or large, or as responsible members of building committees. The book is addressed primarily to the owner and deals largely with problems which he, or she, alone can meet; but the honest builder will be glad to have the public made acquainted with the pitfalls that beset him, and the architect will surely be grateful for the sympathetic picture given of the difficulties he is compelled to overcome. The author also does good service to owners, as well as to architects, by calling attention in detail to the misleading means adopted by manufacturers of special building materials to push their wares into use by the small investor who can ill afford the loss inevitably resulting from inferiority of construction. He makes clear the differences between sound and unsound methods, and deals seriously with the conditions which at times make the "unburnable house" a profitable and at other times an unprofitable investment. Apart from the expression of some rather optimistic views as to methods of "floor heating," the author seems to suggest no modes of construction that are not proved to be of value by long experience.

THE Park Department of a city that makes unlimited appropriations will find "The Practical Book of Garden Architecture" (Lippincott; $5 net), by Mrs. Phebe Westcott Humphreys, much more practical than will the individual owner. The writer explains that her preparation for the authorship of the volume was obtained in college and in investigating the estates of other people. And there is an easy-going optimism about lakes for gardens and outdoor swimming pools for the ordinary, every-day sort of place in the country that suggests that Mrs. Humphreys has not supplemented that early training by maintaining a country place of her own. Everything is on the grand scale. The backstop of the tennis court is a combination tea-room and pergola with Florentine pottery. To give the proper touch to the wild or woods garden a yoke of oxen, attached to an old-fashioned cart, are recommended as almost essential. The oxen are shown in one of the illustrations of the book flanked by an ornate urn, no doubt imported. Bird houses become elaborate, and the dear old contraption of boards that every boy used to build in the apple tree after reading his "Swiss Family Robinson" is now a two-story structure, with almost everything in it except a ballroom, according to this recent "practical guide." Yet it is an attractive book, thanks very largely to the hundred or more good photographs taken by the author's "husband-chum."

Books and Men

LITERARY FISTICUFFS.

"From Samuel Johnson to George Bernard Shaw literary England has had a kindness for the pugilist."

The sentence is from Clement K. Shorter's new life of Borrow, "George Borrow and His Circle." The author goes on to say that Borrow carried his enthusiasm further than any, and that no account of him which concentrates attention upon his accomplishment as a distributer of Bibles and ignores his delight in fisticuffs has any grasp of the real man who wrote "Lavengro." "Indeed, it may be said . . . that Borrow entered upon Bible distribution in the spirit of a pugilist rather than that of an evangelist."

Borrow's father was a fighter, and insisted that in open combat he beat the champion of the day, "Big Ben Brain." One of his son's semi-fictitious books declares that the old man died with Brain's name on his lips. Borrow himself pretends to have put on the gloves with John Thurtell, the notorious murderer of Weare. And finally, of course, there are his accounts of his own fights with the Flaming Tinman and with Petulengro.

The battle with the Tinman is sometimes called the greatest fist-fight in English literature. I have heard it recommended as such, and I have just reread it to see if my first opinion had changed. It still seems a rather tame affair. Borrow admitted that his opponent half put himself out by hitting the tree, and this takes a good deal of spirit out of the fight. The presence of Isopel Berners does much to redeem the chapter, however—just as the presence of a woman at another fight, about which I am going to speak, added piquancy to the scene in the ring.

Bernard Shaw's contribution to the literature of pugilism is "Cashel Byron's Profession." If it were not for the plays it would seldom be read to-day—perhaps it would never have been republished. That would have been a loss, for it is an entertaining story, though we see the pugilist mostly "in citizen's clothes." Some of his friends sent it to Stevenson when he was at

Saranac in 1887 or 1888. "It is all mad, mad and deliriously delightful," he writes. And again: "It is *horrid fun.* All I ask is more of it. Thank you for the pleasure you gave us, and tell me more of the inimitable author. (I say, Archer, my God, what women!)"

Meredith's excursion into the "noble art" occurs in "The Amazing Marriage." Sir Conan Doyle has written one readable book, "Rodney Stone," and a number of short stories, including an excellent one called "The Croxley Master," all dealing with the ring. Fights in the schoolboy books are numerous, but they do not count as stories of pugilism. Jack London has "The Abysmal Brute," and he touches upon the subject in other books. There are also, to be sure, the histories of real battles—Henry Downes Miles's "Pugilistica" and the volumes of "Boxiana" and "Fistiana." These are but chronicles, the dry bones from which living literature might be made. They are comparable with the "Newgate Calendar," a work, by the way, which Borrow said taught him to write genuine English.

If I were bound for that mysterious desert island whose inhabitant is always restricted to one book, and if that one, for some reason, had to contain a prize-fight, I would leave all these, and plump for "The Virgin in Judgment," by Eden Phillpotts. There may be better fights than that fought in the bull-ring of Sheepstor by David Bowden and Bartley Crocker. It would be a pleasure to know about them. This one has all the elements which make such an encounter of absorbing interest.

The requirements are, first, that the reader should have some knowledge about, and regard for, both the principals; and, secondly, that it should be a real Marquis of Queensberry affair—not a mere wayside rough-and-tumble. The latter may be amusing, as a score of novelists have proved, but unless very brief they put too great a strain upon our credulity. The average man, after he has passed his twelfth year, does not engage in casual fights that rise above the level of a passing "scrap." Almost the only realistic description of such an encounter, one that shows how ridiculous two gentlemen may look when they resort to blows, unexpectedly, is in a novel by Anthony Hope—either "Tristram of Blent" or "Quisante."

The fight in Mr. Phillpotts's novel lives up to the requirements. David and Bartley are the chief male characters of the book. One is slow, solemn, dependable; the other quicker and wittier, a better friend to others than to himself. They are excellent foils, without being artificially contrasted. Bartley has seriously offended David Bowden in a number of ways—and at last, under circumstances of considerable temptation, by kissing Rhoda Bowden, his sister. She is the virgin who sits in judgment, not only by acting as David's second during the fight, but at a later period and in more serious events. Her temperament, which is of a polar frigidity, makes common humanity incomprehensible to her, and brings about the final tragedy of the novel.

These are the principals, and the cause of the fight. Both the men are, of course, amateurs, but they are a pair of vigorous young Devonshire men, and they go into training and practice for a number of weeks. The fight is held with a most scrupulous regard for all the rules of the prize ring, for it is under the charge, not only of the local publican, an ex-pugilist, but also of his friend and visitor, "Frosty-face Fogo."

Mr. Fogo, a real personage, flits through other novels than this. He was the "Poet-Laureet of the Prize Ring," and was at every English ring-side half a century ago—for the time of the novel is the 1860's. He assumes command of the battle, and it is due to his satanic cunning that the clergyman of the parish and the police are balked in their attempt to break up the fight. He attends church on the preceding Sunday and hears the vicar announce his determination to save the village from disgrace. During the sermon the vicar gives his hearers a picture of a prize-fight, for it appears that he had witnessed one in his degenerate Oxford days.

"One of the unhappy creatures who marred God's own image on that occasion was called Peter Crawley and known to his friends by the vulgar sobriquet of 'Young Rump Steak,'" said the clergyman, glaring at the congregation as though daring them to smile. Mr. Fogo nodded: he remembered the fight. But he announces to the vicar that he has been won over. Such burning words he has not heard since he "sat under a bishop in St. Paul's." He has seen a light; he will betray the rascals to the forces of law and order. So, early on the morning of the great day, he leads the clergyman and the constable to a distant part of the moor, to watch a veritable ring, staked out and roped off, and to await the coming of the combatants and the spectators at eleven o'clock. Then he slips back to the village, and there, at nine o'clock, "on this winter morning, one of the last authenticated prize-fights ever fought in England was duly conducted with all right ritual, pomp, and circumstance, under direction of that high priest and poet of the P. R., 'Frosty-face' Fogo."

All of which is very wrong and lamentable, making capital reading, as you have found—or may find—by looking at the story.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Poetry

"LE BYRON DE NOS JOURS."

Thine was the gift, Apollo—or the curse—
Of dream too golden for this greenback age.
So—meant like Milton or the Tuscan sage
To map anew for men God's universe—
He balks—ah, pity!—at the empty purse,
And stoops his talent to the times' sure wage:
Gushes erotic slime; slops o'er the stage:
Rhymes *belles* and *Jezebels*—God knows which worse;
Or on a spavined Pegasus of prose—
As mealy-mouthed as good Sir Hudibras's—
Tilts at sex-bogies; or his trumpet blows,
Astolfo-like, to bleed the monied classes;
Or else, uncased, in gentler, uplift pose,
Indites eugenic sermons for the masses.
Apollo, thine the ass is.
Oh, call unto thyself thy braying tribe,
Or decommercialize again the scribe!

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

News for Bibliophiles.

EARLY AMERICAN PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

An article printed in this column about a year ago (Vol. XCVI, p. 201) discussed several early American theatres, particularly those of Charleston. Since writing that article I have found some interesting data concerning the Charleston theatres in contemporary local newspapers. Limitations of space prevent the publication here of all this material, but it may be worth while to reprint some prologues and epilogues specially written for the Charleston performances. These poems deserve recognition in view of the claim made for the prologues to "The Merchant of Venice," spoken at Williamsburg in 1752, as "the first composition written for and addressed to an American audience that was preserved" (Seilhamer, "History of the American Theatre," I, 41; cf. Tyler, "Williamsburg, the Old Colonial Capital," p. 229). Certain lines from several Charleston prologues and epilogues are quoted, and, as I believe, slightly misinterpreted in Dr. Cook's recent volume, "Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers, 1704-1750" (pp. 245-249); but in their entirety they have not to my knowledge been reprinted.*

The earliest of these is taken from the *South Carolina Gazette* for February 8, 1734-5, and reads:

Prologue spoken to the ORPHAN, up-

*Since the sentence above was put in type, I have seen Mary C. Crawford's "The Romance of the American Theatre" (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., October, 1913), on pp. 56-57 of which is given a modernized version of the first prologue. But at least one line is wholly wanting, and several others contain errors.

on it's being play'd at Charlestown, on Tuesday the 24th of Jan., 1734-5.

When first Columbus touch'd this distant Shere.
And vainly hop'd his Fears and Dangers o'er,
One houndless Wilderness in View appear'd!
No Champain Plains or rising Cities chear'd
His wearied Eye.—
Monsters unknown travers'd the hideous Waste,
And Men more Savage than the Beasts they chac'd.
But mark! how soon these gloomy Prospects clear,
And the new World's late horrors disappear.
The soil obedient to the industrious Swains
With happy Harvests crowns their honest Pains,
And Peace and Plenty triumph o'er the Plains.
What various Products float on every Tide?
What numerous Navys in our Harbours ride?
Tillage and Trade conjoin their Friendly Aid,
T' enrich the thriving Boy and lovely Maid.
Hispania, it's true, her precious Mines engross'd,
And bore her shining Eutralls to its Coast.
Britannia more humane supplys her wants,
The Brittish sense and Brittish Beauty plants.
The Aged Sire beholds with sweet Surprize
In foreign Climes a numerous Offspring rize,
Sense, Virtue, worth, and Honour stand confest,
In each brave Male, his prosp'rous hands have blest,
While the Admiring Eye improv'd may trace
The Mother's Charms in each chast Virgin's Face.
Hence we presume to usher in those Arts
Which oft have warm'd the best and bravest Hearts.
Faints [*sic*] our endeavours, rude are our Essays;
We strive to please, but can't pretend at praise;
Forgiving Smiles o'erpay the grateful Task;
They're all we hope and all we humbly ask.

The spirit of these lines clearly implies that this performance of "The Orphan" would "usher in" the dramatic art to Charleston, if not to America. In the absence of contrary evidence they justify us, I think, in looking upon Otway's tragedy as the first drama offered to the Charleston public. While the author's name is not disclosed, the words "our Harbours" point to American authorship. However that may be, these verses constitute for America the first "occasional prologue" now extant.

In the same number of the *Gazette* from which these lines are taken appears a second prologue to "The Orphan," "acted at Charleston, Febr. 7, 1734-5," which runs:

Encouraged by your Smiles again we dare
Approach the good, the wise, the great, the fair,
Each gentle Look, each lovely Face betrays
Kindness, beyond our Impotence to please,
Who boast th' Intent alone.—But if to-night,
While tender Pity forms severe Delight,
Of real Spleen and formal Wisdom full
Some count it Virtue to be stiff and dull,
Much may be said in spight of the severe,
For us who dare to speak, and you to hear.
The wisest Mortal e'er beheld the Day
Confess'd a Season to unbend and play.
To our attempts such Wisdom must be kind,
Where the Amusement tends to form the Mind;
For Worth distress'd the pitying Tear to drain,
And challenge Grief from Woes which others feign.
Besides, if Pleasures oft repeated cloy,
And of itself Variety's a Joy,
I really can't discern th' important Ill,
Tho' it relieve Backgammon or Quadrille;
Or when this Muse has wept, the comic Style
Laughs off our Heats and Politicks a while:
For spight of the Objections some produce,
Ev'n merry Plays may have their serious Use:
And if they're treated hard, their Fate is such,
'Tis where they're little known, or—dreaded much.
No carking Miser of his Teeth afraid,
His shilling sinks to see the Miser play'd;
No wither'd Fool to Bloom and Beauty wed,
Admires the picture of his branching Head:
And if important Mortals, cramm'd with Thought,
Condemn what *Addison* and *Shakespear* wrote,
Fond of our Peace, averse to all Disputes,
We straight submitt and ask—the Price of Boots,
The good and wise may say "Abuse has been";
But from th' Abuse ne'er argue to the Thing:
Oft at the Tree do future Culprits spring,
And Thefts increase the more while Felons swing,
Must Convicts therefore out of Goal [*sic*] be kick'd,
And Robbers 'scape lest Pockets should be pick'd?
But howsoe're we fall,—these tender Scenes
Have mov'd the fairest Nymphs and bravest Swains;
The fair and brave shall here the scene persue,
Pathetic, simple, and to many new.
We hope your Favour much, yet scarcely fear,
That one departs for what's recited here.
With greater Risque the bitter Pangs to prove
Of wild Desire or ill-conducted Love.

The *Gazette's* heading to this prologue gives the date of the performance as February 7, 1734-5. There is reason to believe that the correct date is February 4, inasmuch as the play had been advertised for "Tuesday the 4th Inst." in the *Gazette* of January 25. February the fourth of that year fell on Tuesday, and it seems probable that the play was acted earlier in the week than Friday when we note that the prologue came out in Saturday's paper. The advertisement also announces that with "The Orphan" will be given "a new Pantomime Entertainment" of Harlequin and Scaramouch.

In the *South Carolina Gazette* for February 22 of the same year is given an "Epilogue to the Orphan, spoken after the entertainment"—apparently alluding to the "pantomimic entertainment" mentioned in the advertisement for the evening of February 4. The lines follow:

By various Arts we thus attempt to please,
And your Delight persue by different Ways;
Nor from our numerous Imports judge it fit
To banish Pleasure and prohibit Wit.
But while from Britain's wealthy Cities flow
Much for Necessity and much for Show,
From the old World in Miniature we shew
Her choicest Pleasures to regale the new.
Four your Delight and Use has *Otway* wrote,
And pow'rful Music tunes her warbling Throat,
While other Objects entertain the Sight
And we, you know, can die for your Delight.
Warm'd with th' Applause your Favour now bestows,
It may inspire the Merit you suppose;
If haply your continu'd Smiles produce
The *humble Fabrick* suited to the Use.
Then from the doubling Arch the Notes shall bound,
And Vaults responsive eccho to the sound:
Thence from their Graves pale Ghosts arising slow
Shall clear the injur'd and the guilty show.
From nobler Themes shall loftier Scenes appear,
And *Cato* urge what Senators may hear;
Or *Congreve's* Drama shake the laughing Dome,
With Wit unmatch'd by *Athens* or by *Rome*.

The little Term that Heaven to Mortals spares,
Is dally clouded with prolonging Cares;
Nor *real* Virtue blames the pleasing Strife.
To blend Amusement with the Shades of Life;
Wise, innocent, serene, she smiles at Ease,
Nor hanging Witches, nor adjuring Plays.

Dr. Cook is undoubtedly right in seeing a slap at the New England Puritans in the last line, but that other lines imply the frequent presentation in Charleston of "Hamlet," "Cato," and Congreve's plays is an assertion not beyond cavil. Rather do they promise that such dramas will be offered, provided the Charleston patronage justifies the venture. In time the promise was fulfilled.

"The Orphan" seems to have retained a strong hold on the affections of Charleston theatre-goers, for five times, at least, it was acted, and repeated almost every season of which we have record. Dryden's "Spanish Friar" was acted March 25, 1735, "for the Benefit of Monimia," evidently the actress who played the title rôle in "The Orphan."

The same actress in the beginning of 1736, when the first permanent theatre was opened in Charleston, took the part of Silvia in Farquhar's comedy "The Recruiting Officer." This fact is shown by an epilogue, which has been recently found by my colleague, Prof. R. H. Griffith, in the London *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. VI (1736), p. 288. The title runs:

"*EPILOGUE to the* Recruiting Officer, *written by THOMAS DALE, M.D., and spoken by* Silvia *in Man's Cloaths, at the Opening of the New Theatre, in* Charles-Town *in* South Carolina, in 1734."*

The author, Thomas Dale, was a Charlestonian, assistant justice of the province, and afterwards a member of the upper house in the South Carolina Assembly. He has hitherto been known to fame chiefly as the father of a more distinguished physician of the same name, whose life is related in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

One may at least guess that Dale is the author of all these prologues and epilogues. Internal evidence points slightly in that direction. But at any rate, he deserves notice as one of the earliest American writers of verse.

Robert Adger Law.

*Evidently a mistake for 1735-6. Advertisements in the *Gazette* show clearly that the New Theatre was opened with "The Recruiting Officer" on February 12, 1735-6. This epilogue was printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1736.

Correspondence

LIBRARY OF THE SURGEON-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I desire to direct your attention, and that of your readers, to what threatens to become a national calamity. As is well known to those versed in scientific matters, the Surgeon-General of the United States Army has had under his control a library commonly known as "The Library of the Surgeon-General's Office." This library is in many regards unique; its value is beyond cavil, its importance to scientific medicine is imperative, its loss or abrogation would be an unspeakable calamity. The eminence to which it has attained is largely due to its control and detailed management by properly equipped scientists. It is highly improbable, if not actually impossible, that such eminence could have been attained and maintained under a less rigid control. Through the Index Catalogue it renders a service to scientific medicine that is not paralleled by any other publication. By generous provision of those in authority its accumulated literature is made readily accessible to those in search of detailed knowledge. The existence of this library is a priceless national asset.

The autonomy of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office is threatened with early obliteration; and with the ancillary loss of scientific management, its high international value and its usefulness to scientific medicine will doubtless

suffer irreparably. This threatened peril is found to lie within the provisions of the recent Army Appropriation bill, which even now awaits final action; by which the library is to be transferred from the control of the Surgeon-General and merged with the Congressional Library.

The gravity of the situation warranted the St. Louis Medical Society in adopting unanimously the following protest at its last meeting, on April 4, and in transmitting by wire a copy of said protest to each of the Missouri Representatives in Congress:

The St. Louis Medical Society has learned with grave concern that the Army Appropriation bill just passed by the Senate of the United States contains a provision whereby the Surgeon-General's Library is to be transferred to, and become a part of, the Library of Congress.

To make the largest, best-equipped, and best-conducted medical library in the world, which through the Index Catalogue furnishes bibliographical data for all the physicians, medical educational institutions, and scientific medical associations, and which is accessible to the medical men of all sections of this country, a subordinate department of a general library is in the opinion of this Society a reactionary and unwise policy which would lower the scientific standing of the United States in the eyes of the civilized world. To rob the magnificent Surgeon-General's Library of its autonomy would prevent it from continuing its splendid work which can be done only if the library is in charge of carefully chosen scientific medical men; it would entail additional and unnecessary expense upon the people, and the usefulness of the library would be seriously impaired.

The Secretary of this Society is hereby instructed to convey this expression of our disapproval of the proposed transfer to the Missouri members of the House of Representatives with the respectful request that they make every endeavor to prevent this unjustifiable and destructive legislation.

I request that you grant sufficient space in the *Nation* for this letter and the protest above noted, in the hope that scientists generally, but especially influential bodies of medical men, will unite in a strong and prompt protest to avert, if may be, an issue which is but little short of a national crime.

NORVILLE WALLACE SHARPE.

St. Louis, April 13.

THE LATE COLONEL HALLOWELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The death of Col. Norwood Penrose Hallowell removes almost the last of the distinguished Massachusetts officers of colored troops during the Civil War, and is a fresh reminder how rapidly the remainder of the "Grand Army" is dwindling away. Of all who took service for the Union, none are entitled to greater credit than the men who volunteered with Robert Gould Shaw, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and the two Hallowells, for no one knew whether the colored troops would fight or not, and the Confederates early announced that there would be no quarter for the officers of "nigger regiments." As Col. Higginson put it, these men went to war "with halters around their necks," and the experiences of the colored soldiers taken prisoners at Fort Wagner showed that this was not exaggerated.

The South could not believe that the officers of these untried organizations were men of family, breeding, and even of scholarship, as in Col. Higginson's case. Yet this was the fact in many instances; the opportunity to ally themselves with this new venture, which was really the first Government recognition of negro manhood, made an irresistible appeal to many young Harvard men, and even to a son of the non-resistant Garrison. All in all, no finer type of young American manhood ever served our country in peace or war; Col. Shaw typifies it because of his shining personality and his tragic death. But Norwood Hallowell and his brother Edward, who succeeded Shaw in the Fifty-fourth, and succumbed soon after the war to the results of his wounds and exposure, were of as fine clay.

Curiously enough, in much Southern writing of the war the idea still prevails that all the Northern troops were mercenaries from Europe or the slums of the cities. Every Southern officer appears in the Southern novels of the strife as the personification of chivalry and every Yankee officer as a pot-house politician or a mannerless boor. There is still no realization of the fact that the best blood of the North was poured out freely, that the aristocratic families of New York and New England gave as readily of their sons as any in Southern States. Of this the death of Col. Hallowell is a proper reminder, just as it recalls his lifelong devotion to Harvard College and his helpful influence upon its athletics and the athletes in whom he became so deeply interested through the prowess of sons and nephews. G

New York, April 18.

"RELIGION WITH A PUNCH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I write to commend most heartily your trenchant editorial entitled "Religion with a Punch." As you so well said, "Noise and numbers! There it is, the old fallacy made to excuse such a treatment of religion as really tears up its deepest roots." And that ministers and other intelligent Christians can be caught in this fallacy seems well nigh incredible.

It would be refreshing to read something like this in the regular church papers. But the "noise and numbers" captivate us in religion as in other activities.

You will be glad to know that the Cleveland churches recently have twice declined to have a Billy Sunday campaign in their midst. They feel just as you have written, that while a few might possibly be reformed, untold harm would come from the coarse and vulgar handling of holy things which is Sunday's chief asset.

I wish your editorial might have a wide reading. It would stiffen the spine of many ministers who in heart loathe Sunday's methods, but because of pressure are obliged to invent apologies for him. E. C. YOUNG.

Cleveland, April 10.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a communication to the *Nation* of February 19 I find two quotations from our Federal Constitution offered as proof of the contention that the Constitution confers "upon the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional." The quotations are as follows:

The Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made . . . shall be the supreme law of the land.

The judicial Power shall extend to all Cases, in Law and Equity, arising under this Constitution, the Laws of the United States, and Treaties made.

The assertion that these passages "confer upon the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional" seems to me to beg the question. The passages say merely that the Constitution and the laws and treaties made in accordance with it shall be the supreme law of the land and that the judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity arising under that law. They do not say that one part of our three-fold government, the judiciary, shall have the exclusive power to declare finally what that law is. What seems to be meant by those passages is that the Constitution is the supreme law of the land and as such is binding upon each and every department of our Government.

When the Federal Supreme Court declares an act of the Federal Executive or an act of the Federal Legislature to be unconstitutional it exercises not a judicial power, but a political power; and it is well known that at common law the judiciary possesses no political power. Nowhere is such a power expressly given to the judiciary in the first Constitutions of the original States; nowhere is such a power expressly given to the Federal judiciary in the Federal Constitution; and immediately upon the first exercise of this power by the Federal judiciary there was well-reasoned and well-supported opposition to it.

It is argued that it would lead to disorder, perhaps to disaster, were each of the three separate departments of our Federal Government permitted to judge for itself whether its acts were in harmony with the Constitution. Such has not been the experience of the European countries, in every one of which the Legislature is free from control by the judiciary. And in our own country the control of the Legislature now exercised by the judiciary is one of the least powerful of all the checks to be found in our plan of government. It is a check that fails to reach many actions of the Legislature. Should the Legislature decline to act, even in a case where the Constitution orders it to act, the Federal judiciary cannot compel it to act; and even when an act of the Legislature is, in the opinion of the judiciary, contrary to the Constitution, the judiciary is powerless to intervene, even though the act continues in force for many years, until the matter is placed before it in

the form of a suit of which it is authorized to take cognizanee.

But this whole question of the beneficial nature of the check now exercised by the Federal judiciary upon the Federal Legislature is, in the opinion of the present writer, beside the point. The sole question is: Did the framers of the Constitution intend the judiciary to have that power? In view of the facts that such power is not expressly conferred upon the judiciary in the Constitution and that nowhere at the time the Constitution was framed was there a judiciary endowed with sueh power, the burden of proof would seem to rest rather heavily upon those who uphold the view that the Supreme Court did not arrogate that power to itself. E. M. H.

Moscow, Idaho, March 20.

BENJAMIN OSGOOD PEIRCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In these days when our universities are so frequently under criticism, when lamentations are so often heard of the waning influence of their professors, it is a pleasure to contemplate the career of one who was not only a noted scholar and scientist, but also a warm-hearted, sympathetic man, endeared to all who came in contact with him, whether students, colleagues, or acquaintances. Such a man was Benjamin Osgood Peirce, late professor of physics in Harvard University, the bare facts in whose career were mentioned in the *Nation* of January 22, but whose many-sidedness deserves far more extended mention.

Peirce was a Yankee of Yankees, born in Beverly, Mass., on February 11, 1854, descended from a long line of Massachusetts ancestors, his great-grandfather, Benjamin Peirce, having been killed at Lexington. Together with the Puritan traits and the New England conscience which were his chief characteristics, he possessed a strong sense of fun and a genial disposition, which were continually in evidence. Beverly was in those days a great seafaring town, and at the age of nine Peirce took a voyage with his parents to the Cape of Good Hope, where his observation was so careful that fifty years afterwards he was able to surprise South Africans by descriptions of what he had seen. He was educated in the public schools of Beverly, and after a couple of years, in which he learned the carpenter's trade, he decided to go to college, and prepared himself for Harvard. The liking he had for the classics, shown by his conversing with his father in Latin on their daily walks, he retained throughout his life, and was able to quote long passages from the Latin and Greek poets. Many of us still believe that such a training makes the best possible foundation for a scientist.

At Harvard he took a well-selected course, but showed so marked a talent for mathematics and physics that on his graduation in 1876 he received a travelling fellowship and proceeded to Germany, where he remained four years. In 1879 he obtained the degree of Ph.D. at Leipzig, where he had worked in Wiedemann's physical laboratory, and the next year he spent under the stimulating influence of the great master Helmholtz in Berlin. It was here that he became charmed with the beauty of mathematical physics, then hardly taught in this country, to which he devoted so much of his after-life. Returning to the United States in 1880, after teaching a year at the Boston Latin School, Peirce was appointed instruetor in mathematics at Harvard, and was promoted in 1884 to an assistant professorship. There is at Harvard no chair of mathematical physics, or Peirce would have held it; but in 1888 he received the appointment to the Hollis professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy, which perhaps gave him a freer hand, and enabled him to distribute his time as he preferred in the laboratory and in mathematical physics. The courses in the latter subject he worked up to a high degree of efficiency, the subject being, as has been stated, entirely new in this country. In the laboratory, in a similarly painstaking manner, he developed an admirable course in electrical measurements. Here he came into close contact with his students, and became a sympathetic father-confessor to many of them. At the same time he threw himself enthusiastically into the prosecution of research, which he kept up with undiminished productivity to the end of his life. This is not the place to analyze his work, which was characterized, whether experimental or theoretical, by prodigious painstaking and rare critical knowledge.

It is of Professor Peirce as a man that I wish here to speak. He was rare among American scientists for the breadth of his interests and the catholicity of his sympathies. He was a voracious reader, particularly of biography and history. He spoke French well, and German so well, including the South German dialect, as to deceive the native. For music he, like many mathematicians, had a passion, and possessed a careful knowledge of musical form and history. For several years he served on the committee on honors in music. Whether or no a musical ear makes a good linguist, Peirce possessed both gifts, and at nine years acquired the difficult Kaffir "clicks," as later he showed a nice sense for Latin metrics and for foreign accents. Painting and architecture he keenly enjoyed, delighting in Gothic, and lamenting the lack of beauty in the Harvard buildings. Everything requiring skill of hand interested Peirce. In any kind of boat he was thoroughly at home, and he had many warm friends among Gloucester captains and ship carpenters. He kept a font of type in the laboratory, and set up many of the complicated mathematical formulæ in one of his books with his own hand, while his figures were always drawn by himself, and the curves carefully made by templets filed out in sheet metal. Thus his sympathy went out to all workers, whether with hand or brain.

In 1900 too strict attention to work brought on nervous prostration, and Peirce was obliged to take two years' leave of absence. Even then health did not return, but with Spartan devotion Peirce never missed a lecture after returning to work. During the rest of his life he suffered greatly from insomnia, but he never complained. His cheerfulness was irresistible. With his intimates he adopted a style of Yankee dialect, slang, and humor that was inimitable, but with the public, whether speaking or writing, his style was beyond criticism, and marked by clearness and elegance. The writer was one of hundreds of students who felt the charm of Peirce's influence and sympathy, and to his colleagues he was an inspiration. The crowded chapel at the funeral, the dozens of letters since his death, from colleagues, pupils, and scientists, at home and abroad, and from those humble functionaries to whom Peirce's daily smiling greeting meant much, all attest the place that he had made in the hearts of men. In person as in heart, Peirce was a big man. Over six feet in height, heavy, and muscular in proportion, he was the picture of a manly man. With it he had the sensitive heart of a woman, and in him modesty was developed to an almost impossible extent. At the time of the conferring of the well-merited degree of doctor of science, President Lowell made certainly one of the most truthful of his happy charaeterizations when he called him "a scientist ignorant only of his own deserts." Arthur Gordon Webster.

Worcester, Mass., April 16.

PICTURESQUE LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In connection with an editorial in the *Nation* on picturesque language, I have thought that certain words and phrases culled from the vocabulary of a former cook, a negro woman from the mountains of Tennessee, might be of interest to some of your readers.

"Turtle," by a slight change, becomes "turkle"; "catamount," "catamouse"—surely a most natural association of ideas. The singing of birds was described as a "sweet fuss." "Poke" for "bag" was an everyday word. Many of the expressions noted either concerned, or were addressed directly to, a handsome black cat, with which she conversed constantly, apparently on terms of perfect equality. When this household pet was cross, a not infrequent occurrence, he was called "ill"; when on the contrary he showed signs of wishing to be petted, he was "pettish." Another cat, after an unsuccessful attack on ours, "shabbed [ran] away"; "he jest burned the air." "To burn the air" is certainly quite as vivid as the French "brûler le pavé." After some misdemeanor, the cat was "twiggled [beaten] good." But the pearl of the collection, a word as connotative in its way as some of those quoted in Miss Furman's admirable stories, was a verb used to describe a contemptuous refusal. "I gave Tom some milk," quoth the cook, "but he jest *snurled* up his nose at it."

Geo. N. Henning.

Washington, D. C., April 3.

Literature

A MEXICAN ON HIS COUNTRY.

The Case of Mexico. By Rafael de Zayas Enriquez. Translated from the Spanish by André Tridon. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $1.35.

The present work is interesting and typical only as an example of ordinary Latin-American political discussion; its value is that of an inspired campaign document. The author shows slight interest in literary style or structure. He opens with a long letter, covering twenty pages of the book, which he addressed from New York to Francisco I. Madero, on December 29, 1911. The inconsistency of his words to President Madero, compared with his expression of opinion in 1914, approaches closely to insincerity. Three years ago he wrote to the successful revolutionist: "You find yourself to-day at the head of the Government, to which position you were elected by a majority of the people to preside over their destinies." In this letter the author writes of Pino Suarez as a man "whom you first had elected Governor of the State of Yucatan." Later, indeed, while treating Madero's San Luis Manifesto, he asserts: "The Mexican nation never supported him personally at the polls nor during the revolution."

Mr. Zayas Enriquez then compares Madero and Porfirio Diaz. Very interesting are the charges which he repeats against the former: that his plans were mainly to stave off the ruin of his family, then heavily involved; and that by the activity of Zapata in the state of Morelos the Madero family were enabled to acquire valuable plantations at ridiculously low prices. In succeeding chapters he records the "bloody ten days," the decision taken by Gen. Huerta and the army, and the fall of Madero. He attempts to prove that the *de facto* government became a government *de jure* according to the Mexican Constitution. In chapter vi the execution of Gustavo Madero, the brother of the deposed President, is passed over without attention, and on the death of Madero and Pino Suarez he quotes Carlos Toro's "Fall of Madero" as saying: "Nobody cared to preserve the lives of those dangerous apostles of violence and anarchy, and their death was considered by their friends and enemies alike as a national necessity. The bitterness, the anger, the feuds so sedulously kept up by these two men ended with them; it was plain common-sense that demanded their extermination." Mr. Zayas Enriquez, however, agrees with the official account, on the ground that anonymous public opinion did not appear in court under a military dictator to support its charges!

In chapter vii the Mexican writer touches on President Wilson and the American point of view. He begins by saying that until recently he thought the President a pure idealist. His conclusions now are, however, that "Machiavelli would have been clay in Wilson's hands, and what is more, that Machiavelli would never have known it." The policy of Gen. Huerta and his *coup d'état* are next justified, and notwithstanding the testimony of history, Mr. Zayas Enriquez gravely affirms that "the Mexican people are not really revolutionary. Madero made them so, and they have remained so."

The characteristic prominence of the army in Latin-American politics, and the fondness of the dictators for invoking Napoleon Bonaparte are set forth in Gen. Huerta's address before his new Legislature, as here quoted, when he stated that "it will always be a high and noble duty, or at least a commendable attitude, to save a nation at the cost of all principles"; and that "the ultimate truth is to be found in that saying of Bonaparte's: 'In saving the country one does not violate any law.'"

Mr. Zayas Enriquez further characterizes President Wilson's attitude towards Huerta as a hostility which seems to be the consequence of a personal dislike rather than a political policy. He examines the various statements and acts of President Wilson in regard to Mexico, and decides that if his desires were carried out by the Mexican Government, "Mexico would have become virtually an American colony." Hasty composition, at least, appears in this work, for in direct contradiction to statements on certain pages, the author writes that the Mexican problem is "nothing more than a conflict between the Wilson Doctrine, successor to the Monroe Doctrine, and the indomitable attitude of Huerta, patterned after the attitude of our immortal patriot, Juarez." He agrees, in conclusion, with Col. George Harvey, who wrote that the sole alternative to a policy which leads only to war is the reversal of President Wilson's policy. The clearest statement of the whole work is that regarding "watchful waiting":

> The Honorable Mr. Wilson has only one alternative; either order an armed intervention, a course which he pretends he does not contemplate and which I contend he has neither the right nor the power to resort to; or rely entirely upon diplomatic action. An attitude of watchful waiting does not constitute a solution. It constitutes a real danger; it is, in the last analysis, inaction due to ignorance of whatever action should be taken.

In spite of the attempted impartial treatment of the situation by Mr. Zayas Enriquez, and his advocacy of a reversal of President Wilson's policy, there is material provided in his own book for a dissenting view. He condemns Madero thus: "Madero was not born to be a leader. Superficial in his judgments, stubborn in his capriciousness, fettered by many superstitions, he was not what is called a personality, he was merely an abnormal type." On the other hand, he acknowledges of Gen. Diaz, who was a "personality" in his sense of the word, that he "sacrificed many victims in order to establish and maintain a political system that would insure peace. A Warsovian peace it was called by many men of unbiassed mind; an educational peace, Diaz called it, for he acknowledged it as the only means of training his fellow-citizens for a life of order and labor." Nevertheless, the Mexicans were not so educated. Madero without result appealed to the ideals of democracy, peace, and harmony as enthusiastically as does Mr. Zayas Enriquez. There is no evidence which would lead one to suppose that, when these two personalities of opposite type have failed to govern the country successfully by either method, another "strong man" will be any more capable of it. Huerta at his best is not likely to approach the strength and efficiency of Porfirio Diaz.

CURRENT FICTION.

Garden Oats. By Alice Herbert. New York: John Lane Co.

This is the second novel of a writer who is, consciously, very modern and clever and sophisticated. "Emancipated" is perhaps the best word available. The whole story is a concrete argument for the equal moral and emotional rights of men and women. Olive Latimer, who tells the story, is not hampered by old-fashioned delicacy in the telling of it. She loves a spade as an epicure loves an onion. "The most complex of us," she says, "may be also the most primitive—only we taste our own primitiveness, roll it, as it were, upon the tongue." And, she might have added, we are eager to share the morsel with others. What she chiefly complains of is the male code which sets women on "an intolerable pedestal of difference," exacts of the adored one a false modesty, a pretended continence.

Adolescence in Olive Latimer involves an awakening of the senses which must be concealed. There are false dawns of passion, and then the real thing comes. But it does not set her free, her lover has a dream of her which she dares not break. She longs to be his mate, and sees that, to be happy, he must worship her as a being above and apart. Marriage does not change their relation. She knows that she has the best part of love, but it does not satisfy her; nor does motherhood. It is "l'amour" she thirsts for, the opportunity to let go, to throw herself away for the sake of one

glorious hour of—the flesh. The opportunity presents itself, and she is saved from yielding fully to it by mere chance. Her eyes are opened, the danger is past; she has an impulse to confess, to expound herself, once for all, to her husband:

"It's no good. He must have his pretty lie!" I said to Mollie.

"Make it a lovely truth!" said Mollie. "Yes, you can."

"I'll try. I swear I'll try; my wild oats are all sown."

Mollie forestalled a twentieth-century wit:

"Be thankful they were only garden oats," she said.

The chief question is whether this kind of crop is worth exposing in the marketplace. The obsolescent male, with his clumsy ideals, turns a shamefaced eye upon it. And we believe that a good many women who are not fools or hypocrites honestly feel, in reading this sort of feminine confession, what Celia felt more lightly when Rosalind's wit carried her beyond bounds: "You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate."

North of Fifty-three. By Bertrand W. Sinclair. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This is a tale of the Canadian wilds where strength and endurance are life's requirements, where man battles against nature, and nature generously repays by teaching him and providing for him. Here his success does not entail the crushing of weaker men, and his pleasures grow large, healthy, unspoiled by the pettiness of urban civilization. In Mr. Sinclair the cry of "Back to Nature" is distinctly more convincing than it usually sounds. His romance centres upon two people who have escaped to Canada from the wrongful slander of their neighbors. Hazel Weir is lost in the woods and comes to the camp-fire of "Roaring Bill" Wagstaff, notorious for miles around. He promises to take her home, but in the end determines to carry her away as his wife in modern cave-man style. Hazel must obey. Then begins the awakening of her nature in Bill's cabin in the woods filled with books and culture. She realizes the qualities of her cave-man's character, the true product of nature and the open. She loves him, yet she chafes for liberty. So Bill sets her free. But as she enters cities and civilization the woods and Bill call her back, and she returns to be his wife.

Up to this point, it is familiar romance. Mr. Sinclair removes it from that category by beginning his real story here. He compares the life of the woods and of civilization, by giving his couple one more full taste of the emptiness of conventional life before establishing them permanently in the wilds. Mr. Sinclair has a definite point that he states clearly. His two characters are exceptionally well drawn and sympathetic. His style is robust and vigorous. His pictures of Canadian life are stimulating.

Barnabetta. By Helen Martin. New York: The Century Co.

Back-country misses, daughters of illiterate tinsmiths whose brothers drive the country-stage and who have themselves been only drudges in the house, do not generally, upon being sent to college, win their way at once into the heart of the college president, particularly when he happens to be of Boston's bluest blood. Nor do they become paragons of learning and culture, with advanced ideas on Socialism and industrialism, in the brief space of little more than a year. Nor do such rustic damsels spurn an offer of marriage from their college president merely because his hesitation has indicated snobbery. Nor, in the end, do they receive a similar offer from the only other eligible man in the town, incidentally a millionaire. Yet Barnabetta, daughter of Barnaby and Etta Dreardy, of a family of Reinhartz, Pa., "Dutchmen," disproves the general rule. Once her stepmother has sent her off to college, she develops the afore-mentioned attributes with extraordinary rapidity. It is not entirely the background of quaint characters that lends compensation to the story. These are picturesque enough, particularly the brusque, "close" father, who at fifty-five provides himself with a nosegay to win the fortune of an antiquated spinster. The appeal of the story lies in its straightforwardness. The style possesses a certain natural spontaneity, an innocence that gradually wins over the reader and makes the adventures of Barnabetta seem pleasantly true.

Monksbridge. By John Ayscough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This is a quiet picture of English rural scenes and the life of gentlefolk infused with a rare humor. The time is not long after the Oxford movement, and the central incident is the conversion of a public-school lad, Perkin Auberon, from the Church of England to Roman Catholicism. But it is far from constituting the whole story, which is of the ups and downs of the Auberon family—a widowed mother, Sylvia, Perkin, and the narrator, a second daughter, gifted with rare observation. The restrained characterization is admirable. Sylvia, who is beautiful, brilliant, and snobbish, rules domestic affairs with an iron hand and marries Lord Monksbridge, not for his new title and newer riches, but—as she carefully explains—in order that her own Norman lineage may give the needed lustre to it. The mother is a quiet, sensible person, and Perkin is drawn with the right admixture of youthful fire and hardheaded logic. The unnamed narrator, as we are given to understand, is plain and insignificant beside her sister, but develops wonderful charm. Part of it is certainly exhibited in her ability to detect a subtle basis for irony in all that goes on about her, and to see in satiric light the lovers of Sylvia, the tutors of Perkin, the doddering county families.

Mrs. Brand. By H. A. Mitchell Keays. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

"Mrs. Brand" is a clever novel full of the modern spirit. It has a sophisticated, rich, and rather flippant heroine, a glorious opportunity for the reformer. It has a doctor-hero who devotes his life to ministering to the wretchedest section of the city ("if your hero has the bad luck not to have been born in the slums, he must at least have the wit to take up his habitation there as soon as he comes of age," a critic has said). It has a "fallen woman," who is introduced to the heroine by the hero, and is regenerated by both of them. As a foil to the hero, there is another suitor, a worldly and selfish but brilliant minister, whom the heroine seems for a time to prefer. To classify the novel thus is not to condemn it. In spite of its occasional sentimentality, it is well planned and crisply written, and presents two or three characters drawn with unusual skill.

AN INFORMAL PICTURE OF BURROUGHS.

Our Friend John Burroughs. By Clara Barrus. Including Autobiographical Sketches by John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

For twelve years the literary assistant of John Burroughs has, as she tells us, enjoyed "exceptional opportunities . . . of observing him." The record of her observations falls into three parts: first, two chapters in which she rambles at ease; secondly, several chapters in which Mr. Burroughs writes of himself in an equally informal style, and, thirdly, five more chapters by the author in her most nonchalant vein. The result of the plan of the book is that nothing has its proper place, and that many things are mentioned twice, with a limping "as has been said" by way of apology.

In substance, most of the book is pretty close to the ordinary magazine article on "My visit to Slabsides"; that is, it shows faithful rather than penetrating "observation," and is always likely to slip from triviality to fatuous profundity and back again. The triviality one is content to smile upon indulgently—any one, at least, who is accustomed to recent biographical writing; but the fatuous profundity is too much. Here is a fair specimen:

We brought the good things from the hearth, hot and delicious, and sat down to a dinner that would have done credit to an Adirondack guide—and when one has said this, what more need one say?

In helping myself to the celery, I took an outside piece. Mine host reached over, and, putting a big white centre of celery on my plate, said: "What's the use taking the outside of things when one can have the heart?" This is typical of John Burroughs's life as well as his art—he has let extraneous things, conventionalities, and non-essentials go; has gone to the heart of things. It is this that has made his work so vital.

As we arose from the table, I began picking up the dishes.

Such is life at Slabsides. It is hard to find, amid the throbbing hero-worship, the real John Burroughs; we are at the oracle whither come Vassar girls and Burroughs clubs, where "artists and sculptors paint and model him, and photographers carry away souvenirs of their pilgrimages"; but the oracle himself is in danger of being buried beneath so much praise and pillows and femininity, as he was on his Alaskan trip: "Up in Alaska there were a dozen or two following him around, tucking him up in steamer rugs, putting pillows to his head, running to him with a flower, or a description of a bird."

A few of the countless incidents mentioned by the writer are significant. But the value of the book resides mainly in the central section—Mr. Burroughs's "Autobiographical Sketches," which cover about one hundred pages. These sketches were written as letters to Miss Barrus at intervals between 1903 and 1912, to supply her with material in case she should some day undertake a life of Mr. Burroughs. Though not intended for publication in the original form, they are so published in order to preserve their "homely, unstudied value." This value they have; and they are, besides, full of apt description and characterization and incident—and, of course, they are heavily freighted with fact. Though put together helter-skelter, they are, therefore, a valuable—we might venture "precious," were it not for that vision of the ladies up in Alaska—addition to the writings by and about John Burroughs. It is impossible to review the contents, where so much is pertinent and quotable and all is interesting. Suffice it to say that to his father, that red-haired, naïve, emotional farmer who, we are told, probably never said "Thank you" in his life, Mr. Burroughs supposes that he owes nothing more admirable than his foot; while to his mother, a busy, devoted mother of ten children, he owes "my temperament, my love of nature, my brooding introspective habit of mind. . . . In her line were dreamers and fishermen and hunters," among them Mr. Burroughs's grandfather, who "went from the Book to the stream, and from the stream to the Book," and who even when eighty years old "would woo the trout-streams with great success, and between times would pore over the Book till his eyes were dim." Mr. Burroughs writes at length of his ancestry and of his mental and moral inheritance; the rest of these autobiographical pages he devotes to his life on the farm, to his love of nature (which, though innate, he tells us was evoked by Emerson), to his early writings and his experiences as a teacher, and to an analysis of his character and his outlook on life. What he tells regarding his early writings is supplemented by a chapter by Miss Barrus which contains a number of interesting quotations from his youthful Johnsonian and Emersonian productions.

THE NEW BANKING ACT.

The Operation of the New Bank Act. By Thomas Conway, jr., and Ernest M. Patterson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

Analysis of the operation of an important new law within less than a month of its enactment is admitted by the authors of the present work to be "unusual." The book bears evidence of careful collection and compilation of the documents and discussions which marked the progress of the new banking law through the House of Representatives and the Senate, and deals topically, but sometimes only superficially, with the different problems arising under each section and paragraph. It forms a convenient manual for those interested in the new law, whether as bankers, officials, or students; and its statements are generally accurate and temperate. From the standpoint of any one familiar with the subject, some of the discussions appear almost needlessly elementary in character, but the work is avowedly intended for the general reader. To the economic student its discussions will be suggestive, even if they are not always exhaustive.

There are some statements which are subject to challenge. It will hardly be agreed in New York or in other impartial circles that the crisis of 1907 "was almost entirely a bankers' panic," and that "there were no conditions which would cause a panic in Minnesota, in the Middle West, in the South, in New England, or in any part of the country except New York city" (page 9). The great absorption of capital into fixed forms, carelessly encouraged perhaps in New York, but going on all over the country, is thus calmly ignored, and it is even declared that when the country banks suspended currency payments, it was because they found that they could not obtain the return of their deposited reserves, and that, "therefore, they were forced to follow the bad example of New York" (page 95). This saddling upon a single city of the entire responsibility for the misdirection of capital and the general collapse of the banking system throughout the nation is going farther than even the most enthusiastic advocate of banking reform is ordinarily disposed to go.

Another statement which may be challenged, or which at least may lead to misconstruction, is the intimation that if the sum of $17,857,052, representing one-sixth of the subscriptions to the capital stock of the Federal reserve banks, "should be called for at any one time, there might be considerable difficulty in making payments without injury to business" (page 49). Apparently, the authors have no great confidence in the strength of the existing banking system if they believe that a transfer of this small amount, spread over 7,500 institutions, would have any serious effect upon the money market. They also reveal remarkable naïveté in the statement on the next page, that "the requirement that the payments must be in gold is a very valuable one, in that a considerable supply of it will thus be furnished to the reserve banks at the very start."

It needs no more than an elementary knowledge of banking to show that whether the payments into the Federal reserve banks were in greenbacks, checks, or drafts, it would require only the simplest operations through the clearing house and the Sub-Treasuries to turn them into gold or gold certificates, and that this must occur inevitably, except possibly in the case of greenbacks and silver certificates, because the entire resources of the banks at the outset must consist of cash, and cannot include in any case redeposited reserves or credits. The demand that individual banks shall sort out gold and gold certificates for making their payments is an infantile device, having absolutely no banking value.

Some surprise perhaps may be felt by Secretary McAdoo when he reads the declaration that through subdivision into districts "the country is, figuratively speaking, divided into compartments that are expected to be almost water-tight" (page 69). It was the intimation of the Secretary, during the hearings in New York, that the Federal Reserve Board would exercise a benevolent watchfulness over the various Federal reserve banks and would make such disposition of their resources and gold reserves that limiting New York to a bank of small capital would have little or no adverse effect. Water-tight compartments are not possible, even between nations—much less be-

tween sections arbitrarily marked off on the map of a single country.

There is a curious misinterpretation of the policy of the Treasury Department in the description given of the system of maintaining the gold reserve (page 195). It is set forth correctly that when legal-tender notes are presented for redemption through the gold reserve fund, it is the practice at the Treasury Department to place them among the assets in the general fund, taking from this fund an amount of gold coin or gold certificates equal in amount to the legal-tender notes so transferred. The comment is made that "thus, the letter of the law is complied with, if not the spirit." The fact is that from the beginning of the creation of the gold-reserve fund, it was felt that so long as there was a considerable amount of free gold in the general assets of the Treasury, it would be foolish to let the reserve fall below the legal limit of $150,000,000, or to issue bonds to replenish it. By promptly handing over notes which are redeemed in gold to the general fund of the Treasury in exchange for gold held there, the gold reserve has never, since the Act of March 14, 1900, appeared at a less figure in the daily balance than $150,000,000. The effect upon the public mind would have been much less favorable if the reserve had been allowed to sag below this amount to some uneven figure from day to day; and it would have been supremely foolish to employ the great resources placed at the command of the Secretary of the Treasury to replenish these small losses by the public sale of bonds. The policy inaugurated in 1900, and since steadily pursued, is quite as much in accord with the spirit of the law as with its letter, and any other course would have excited unfounded alarms and might have imposed needless charges upon the Government.

These shortcomings in the discussion, however, are of only minor importance and do not affect the general accuracy of the analysis of the scope and effect of the new law. The character of the note issue, and the weak points in the composite system which finally became law, are clearly pointed out. The provisions for the issue of notes by the Federal reserve banks, "issued under the same conditions and provisions of law as relate to the issue of circulating notes of national banks secured by bonds of the United States bearing the circulation privilege," are brought out more clearly than has been done in most discussions of the new law. These provisions are more or less of a hodge-podge, and were evidently insisted upon in conference committee, after being reduced from a much worse form, in order to guard against the contraction which might follow the retirement of the old national bank-notes. It would have been much better if the notes to be issued by the Federal reserve banks had been homogeneous in character—of one form and type—bearing the imprint of the Federal system, even if bonds had constituted a part of the general assets held against them.

The bond-secured circulation is, however, restricted in several ways. First, the total amount of 2 per cent. bonds which may be bought by the Federal reserve banks and employed for note issues is limited to $25,000,000 per year. Secondly, the bonds thus bought may be converted into 3 per cent. bonds which do not carry the circulation privilege; they may be converted into one-year Treasury notes, which are likely to prove a valuable liquid asset; or they may be held by Federal reserve banks without being made the basis of a note issue. The interesting question is raised whether the language assimilating the notes based upon bonds to the notes issued by national banks carries with it the tax of one-half per cent. *per annum* upon notes issued by Federal reserve banks. There is a provision of the law (in sec. 7) which provides that "Federal reserve banks, including the capital stock and surplus therein, and the income derived therefrom shall be exempt from Federal, State, and local taxation, except taxes upon real estate"; but this can hardly be held to override the more specific definition of the conditions under which the banks may issue notes.

It is probably in the power of the Federal reserve banks to confine their circulation to the form of Federal reserve notes, if they are able to substitute them from time to time for gold received from the public and the Government, and thus to avoid entirely the issue of notes specifically secured by bonds, without contracting the currency any more than if bond-secured notes were issued. The obviously sound policy of the Federal reserve banks will be to put out a note whenever they can do so in exchange for gold, independently of the question of expansion or contraction, in order to pile up in their vaults a reserve of several hundred millions of the yellow metal, which will give their combined reserves something of the impressiveness of those of the Bank of Russia or the Bank of France.

The authors seem to have only an inadequate appreciation of the principle that interest should not be paid on commercial deposits. Attention is called to the fact that in the law as finally enacted Federal reserve banks are not forbidden to pay interest, but the comforting suggestion is added that "it does not seem at all certain that they will do so" (page 61). It might have been added that if they should pay interest upon reserve deposits, they would fly deliberately in the face of the reasoned experience of the world. That experience dictates the payment of interest upon those deposits only which are in the nature of investments.

On such a point as the allocation of the tax to be paid upon the impairment of the reserve against notes, no light whatever is thrown, even in the way of conjecture, by the authors of the present work. They simply declare, following the language of the act itself, that the tax "is to be paid by the reserve bank, but it is required to add an equivalent amount to the rates of interest and discount fixed for it by the Federal Reserve Board" (page 149). Several questions naturally suggest themselves in regard to the allocation of this tax. Is the rate of interest to be added to all discounts made after the reserve falls below the legal minimum of 40 per cent., or only upon those where the person desiring the rediscount asks directly for notes instead of deposit credit? Is the tax to cease when other paper is paid off and the impairment of the reserve comes to an end, or is the increased tax to be continuous upon the loans upon which it is first imposed?

In referring to the Federal Advisory Council, which the national banks are authorized to appoint to confer with the Federal Reserve Board, it is remarked that "a careful examination of this grant of powers makes it evident that the influence of this Council may mean much or little" (page 83). No one is likely to dispute this safe assertion. But it does not necessarily follow that differences of opinion between the two bodies—the Federal Reserve Board and the Advisory Council—are, as our authors think, "inevitable." They rarely occur between bodies of a similar character at the European banks of issue, and they should not occur in this country if the Federal Reserve Board consists of men with open minds, ready to compare their own views with those of the trained bankers who will probably serve on the Advisory Council. The suggestion that the "only safe solution is for the Advisory Council to devote itself to the collection and presentation of facts and the furnishing of information, but never advice, except when called for," will not bear criticism. The Council is distinctly directed by the law "to *make recommendations* in regard to discount rates, rediscount business, note issues, reserve conditions in the various districts, and the purchase and sale of gold or securities by reserve banks, open-market operations by said banks, and the general affairs of the reserve banking system."

Careful analysis is made of the ef-

fect of the transfer of reserves upon the different classes of banks and of the proportion of country deposits which the New York banks now carry. There is also some discussion of the effect of the new law upon the loans made on the Stock Exchange; but naturally, this discussion is inconclusive, in view of the fact that the banks and the Stock Exchange itself have not yet been quite able to solve the problem. Upon the whole, the book is likely to prove timely for those interested in the working out of the new law, although a more complete and conclusive treatise is likely to be produced at some future time, dealing with the questions of law involved as well as those of an economic and banking character.

A MONUMENTAL WORK.

Histoire de la Langue Française des origines à 1900. By Ferdinand Brunot. Vol. IV: "La Langue Classique" (1660-1715), Part I. Paris: Armand Colin. 18 francs.

At intervals of years, the *Nation* has noticed the progressive publication of this giant work. The Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres has bestowed on it the Premier Grand Prix Gobert (1912), the highest national honor. In erudition, in logical and easy ordering of the myriad examples patiently collected, in its successful taking over of the history of language to the human history of a nation which is one in race and civilization and has, by its language, influenced profoundly the languages and literature and modes of thinking and feeling of other civilized countries, this work is, perhaps, without a rival. In particular, even the greatest works on the "classic languages" of Greece and Rome do not furnish such indications of the habits of mind and morals at the given period of history as constantly appear in these pages. The author, who is himself a brilliant product of the older humanities, has been sharply attacked in his university career for the part he is supposed to take in substituting modern for ancient and classical training. Save for reference, the present voluminous work may not enter the secondary curriculum; but for higher studies—and for the educated thinker who seeks an understanding of the evolution of humanity as well as of language—it is indispensable. Thus the present Part, with the few additions and corrections which it may call forth, supplements vitally all that has hitherto been written of the Golden Age of Louis the Fourteenth.

The author modestly excuses himself as he girds himself anew to the long toil still needed to bring his task to an end:

> Some day, perhaps, I may be able to give the public a short synthesis. . . . To-day I wish to print the documents as I have them. And it is necessary, before all else, that my book should appear. When the age of full maturity begins passing, it is imprudent to prolong too much a labor whose accomplishment still requires so many years.

For the first time, there will be found in this volume two chapters almost entirely due to others than myself. . . . I have no intention of transforming the character of my book and giving henceforward a collective work, of which I should be only the director. But, in spite of the counsel of several of my friends, I have sacrificed the vanity of doing the work alone to the hope of doing the work better. Indeed, that which is important and of general interest is not that the "History of the French Language" should be entirely my work, but that it should approximate as closely as possible to what it ought to be. Now, as may well be thought, my competence is not universal. . . . Soon my readers will profit even more largely by the interest which various men of learning have been willing to show in this history. . . . I ought to add that if the numberless quotations of my text have been verified one by one in the originals whence they are taken, it is thanks to the unwearied patience of her whose devotedness no duty, however burdensome, can surfeit; to her who has been associated with a life wholly of science and labor, and has wished to be something more than the witness of it.

At the beginning of the volume, Professor Brunot explains lucidly its aim and scope, and gives fifteen pages of abbreviations used in citing his texts. The citations themselves are not only apposite to the text as they occur, but are chosen with a skilful eye to general interest; and the same is to be said of the copious footnotes. A first book is devoted to the existing theories of language at the classic period—grammarians and the Academy, dictionaries and reasoning, writers and the public, with the general spirit of the time. The second book treats of orthography from Malherbe and Port Royal, through salons and a phonetic campaign (already!), to the action of the Academy and schools, with entertaining examples of men and of letters and court ladies. In the third book—on pronunciation—Professor Rosset of Grenoble, a pupil of M. Brunot, who has specialized himself in phonetics, has given help; the chapters on good use, Parisian and provincial, and the resistance of popular instinct are illuminating. The fourth book takes up vocabulary, in which the development of prudishness somewhat resembling Puritan English, is treated at length, with its curious transition from morality under Louis the Fourteenth to good taste under Louis the Fifteenth. The words used in each class of society are considered fully, with the "fixation" of the lexicon against neologism and in favor of that precision which is the glory of French literature. The three-column lexicological index of this Part alone comprises twenty-one pages—a single example of the satisfactory apparatus of all this learning.

Notes

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "Modern Industry," by Florence Kelley.

Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish this month "The Cost of Wings," by Richard Dehan.

Small, Maynard & Company announce for publication on Saturday "Sweetapple Cove," by George van Schaick.

The Macmillan Company announced for publication yesterday "The Secret Book," by Edmund Lester Pearson. Other volumes which will be published shortly by the same company are: "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee," edited by James Curtis Ballagh; "A Lad of Kent," by Herbert Harrison; "The Enlarging Conception of God," by Herbert Alden Youtz.

Houghton Mifflin Company's list of publications for April includes: "The Heart's Country," by Mary Heaton Vorse; "The Misadventures of Three Good Boys," by Henry A. Shute; "The Owl and the Bobolink," by Emma C. Dowd; "Stories and Poems and Other Uncollected Writings," by Bret Harte, compiled by Charles Meeker Kozlay; "Before Vassar Opened," by James Monroe Taylor; "Nurses for Our Neighbors," by Dr. Alfred Worcester; "The New Politics," by William Garrott Brown; "Religious Confessions and Confessants," by Anna Robeson Burr; "Social Justice Without Socialism," by John Bates Clark.

John Lane Company announces for publication on May 1: "The Home of the Seven Devils," by Horace W. C. Newte; "The New Optimism," by H. de Vere Stacpole; "French Novelists of To-day," by Winifred Stephens; "The Love Affairs of Napoleon," by Joseph Turquan, translated by J. Lewis May.

The Rev. C. Silvester Horne's Lyman Beecher Lectures for 1914 at the Yale Divinity School will be published in one volume by the Fleming H. Revell Company. The synopsis of the lectures is as follows: Introductory—The Servant of the Spirit; The First of the Prophets; The Apostolic Age; The Royalty of the Pulpit; Athanasius and Chrysostom; The Rulers of Peoples; Savonarola, Calvin, and John Knox; The Founders of Freedom; John Robinson and the Pilgrim Fathers; The Passion of Evangelism; Wesley and Whitefield; The Romance of Modern Preaching.

WE have received from the Harvard University Press, at Cambridge, the Harvard University Directory. It is a handsomely printed catalogue of men now living who have been enrolled as students in the University, and includes officers of instruction and administration. In this second edition (the first was printed in 1910) the number of names

has been brought to more than 35,000, and addresses, corrected to September 15, 1913, have been found in the case of all but about a thousand. There is an alphabetical list, followed by a geographical arrangement of the names. So systematized, the book should fill a large need. The price is $2.50 postpaid.

THE Phi Beta Kappa Society has delegated to a committee consisting of Prof. Clark S. Northup, of Cornell University; Mr. William C. Lane, librarian of the Harvard University Library, and Mr. John C. Schwab, librarian of the Yale University Library, the preparation of a volume of representative Phi Beta Kappa orations. Some scores of notable addresses have been delivered before the various chapters of the society since its organization in 1776. It is now proposed to publish fifteen or twenty of these in a volume of some five hundred pages, with a photogravure frontispiece, in a limited edition, through a house well known for the excellence of its special publications. As the committee must guarantee the publishers a sale of five hundred copies, it invites subscriptions, which may be sent to any of its members. The price of the book will not exceed three dollars.

THE correspondence of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1672 to 1677, is contained in many bulky volumes of manuscript among the Stowe Papers in the British Museum. Two efforts to edit them have been made in the past, but each has exhausted the editor before the task has been much more than begun. Another effort has now been made by the Royal Historical Society, and a selection covering the years 1675-1677 has recently appeared in the Camden Third Series, Volume XXIV (Office of the Society). The work is well done, though the preface is written in an amazingly poor style. The letters are of value for the constitutional history of the period, and contain a number of items that may well find place in any general treatment of the subject. One of the letters recalls the important effect that the imprisonment in 1676 of Francis Jenks, a linen draper, had upon the passage of the Habeas Corpus act in 1679, and revives the memory of a man to whom the Englishman of to-day, and no less the American, owes some gratitude. The spelling "Gynks" throws light on contemporary pronunciation. A remark made by Charles II, and here mentioned, to the effect that "women seldome understand theyre owne buissenesse," adds somewhat to our appreciation of the royal sense of humor, for probably the King knew whereof he spoke.

THE author of "In the Old Paths: Memories of Literary Pilgrimages" (Houghton Mifflin) has fallen into neither of the traps which lie open for the writer of a book of this kind. Mr. Arthur Grant has not made a mere topographical and historical chronicle; nor has he produced a series of sentimental maunderings amid old literary shrines. Instead, his book is one which could have been written only by a man who knew the old paths, the old villages, with their dwellings and churches, and knew them well. At the same time, he skilfully offers his reader a great deal of their charm. Some of his subjects are: Hertfordshire Revisited; Wheathampstead and Charles Lamb; England's Pennsylvania—Penn Village and Stoke Poges; The Homeland of the Disraelis; Memories of Lichfield; Oxford and the Cotswolds; Amid the Haunts of Cowper. The essay on Lichfield is in the right vein, and there are two on Shenstone—From Arden to Arcady, and Shenstone, a Poet of Arcady—which are both delightful.

"LANDMARKS OF LITERATURE" (McClurg), by Arthur E. Bostwick, the librarian of the St. Louis Public Library, is based upon some lectures spoken before the training classes of two or three large libraries. In eighteen brief chapters the author discusses such matters as The Nature of Literature, Special Literary Forms, The Structure of Literature, Some Formalities in Written Speech, and The Preservation of Literature. All is in good sense; if there is a little obviousness the author's lively style saves it from banality. Dr. Bostwick says that the subjects are not treated in any other one place in a style to make them interesting to the general reader. This is doubtless true, and yet one feels that the book will be most used by the library student. One also feels that such a work from a man who knows the needs of aspiring librarians is in the nature of a confession that his colleagues of the future are not very securely grounded in some of the essentials of their profession.

A TIMELY and interesting book of an historical nature is Percy F. Martin's "Maximilian in Mexico" (Scribner). Unlike some recent works, it is more than its title indicates, for of its 480 pages, over 150 are given up to Maximilian's earlier career, and to the conditions in Europe and Mexico that led to French intervention. Mr. Martin has travelled widely throughout Latin-America, and written many books, besides countless articles in the newspapers and journals which he has represented on his travels. His "Mexico of the Twentieth Century" has for some time been the standard work in English on the economic resources of the republic as it was under President Diaz. Some of Mr. Martin's books have been very dull, but this one is readable. The author has a strong sympathy for his hero, and a fairly clear comprehension of his subject. An impressive bibliography, which will probably be of greater value to future historical students than it seems to have been to the author, contains relatively few references to books published in this country. Like most journalists, Mr. Martin writes readily, and rarely fails to publish anything that he has written. He also has the strong prejudices of the British newspaper corespondent, and is, as a rule, unwilling to think well of the United States of America. His animus is constantly cropping out, but it is so perfectly obvious that it makes his books interesting and instructive. It is often "good medicine" to read the criticisms of a prejudiced English traveller.

IN the present disordered state of our diplomatic service, the chapter dealing with the United States representatives in Mexico, during the last part of Maximilian's life, is peculiarly significant, and deserves to be widely read. The Campbell affair is one which may well cause us to blush for shirt-sleeved diplomacy. "It has to be remembered that whereas Mr. Campbell was appointed Minister to Mexico, in May, 1866, he did not take up his duties until December, while he resigned in the following June, of 1867. During the whole thirteen months, he had journeyed but once to the Republic of Mexico, and had never visited the capital at all. He had not met, nor had he troubled to meet, a single member of the Mexican Administration; his letters of credence had remained in his portfolio until delivered by a deputy, and beyond a number of crudely composed and badly translated dispatches addressed to the Foreign Minister, the Mexican Government had no official cognizance of his existence." It is Mr. Martin's opinion that "Mr. Lewis D. Campbell should never have been in the diplomatic service of any country — especially that of the United States. It is doubtful whether any other government would have employed such an officer." Naturally, Mr. Martin does not spare Campbell's reputation, and presents only one side of the case; but at best there is little justification for an episode which, if it did not actually cost Maximilian his life, has left an indelible stain on the records of our State department. The book is illustrated by many good portraits.

NO READER of Mr. Arthur Symons's "Knave of Hearts" (John Lane) can entertain a doubt of its author's rare poetic accomplishments, his possession of subtle melody, phrasal suggestiveness, and a vibrant sensibility which reaches the nerves, if not the hearts, of his hearers. The opening for the skeptic lies elsewhere—in the insubstantiality of the work as the poetical outcome of fourteen years of the mature life of an able man. These poems are the mere exhalations—here and there the effluvia—of vague and melancholy moods, from which the author has conscientiously refused to extract either truths or incentives or discipline. If a man substituted the odors of food for food itself—and this typifies pretty clearly the aim of the symbolists—the strongest aromas would no doubt come to be preferred, and a recourse at times to horror or sensuality is the price Mr. Symons pays for carrying the etherealization of beauty to excess. A like reaction is evident in certain wilful interruptions or distortions of the obvious course of the metre, in conformity to the latter-day doctrine that a calculated roughness is the finish of finish. The author uses and abuses the word "dream," and his poems suggest that half-waking state in which realities float dimly upon a surface of hallucinations. Indeed, many qualities in this work, its vagueness, its plaintiveness, and its fleshliness, suggest that the very traits which were once regarded as the disabilities of adolescence have here been set up as the standards of maturity. The collection embraces two powerful brief dramatic scenes from the life of Nero, and a truculent sonnet against women rioting for their rights. More than half

the volume consists of translations, chiefly from Verlaine and Catullus, in which the virtuosity of Mr. Symons meets hard tests successfully, and sometimes reaches a mastership which all but refutes the favorite dogma of the untranslatability of verse. While it is true that English—even an English lightened by Mr. Symons—is too slow and too massive to reproduce the lightness and celerity of a French aerated by Verlaine, the translations are remarkable both for sensibility and for execution.

DR. ARTHUR S. WAY has turned a prodigious amount of Greek verse into English verse, with somewhat uneven success. His "Argonautica," in Morris's flowing ballad lines of six accents, seemed to us an excellent reproduction of the original, though it did not suit the taste of some critics. Certainly his Quintus Smyrnæus, in blank verse, recently published in the Loeb Library, was a masterly bit of translation. But his Euripides, revised for the same Library, was on the whole a commonplace piece of work, and his Sophocles, the second part of which, containing the "Aias," "Electra," "Trachinian Maidens," and "Philoctetes," has just been issued by Macmillan, will not increase his reputation. It is scholarly, it follows the original closely without being servile, it has many virtues, but too much of it bears the brand of "mechanic exercise." A specimen will confirm this judgment—the first words of the chorus:

> Electra, hapless child
> Of mother sin-defiled,
> Why in insatiate mourning dost thou pine
> For him who long erewhile
> Ensnared by treacherous guile
> Of thine own mother's impious design,
> Died by her felon hand?
> Ruin seize them who planned
> And wrought the deed!—if such prayer may be mine.

We submit that this sort of jigging rhyme would not give a non-Grecian reader the slightest notion of the lyrical parts of a Greek tragedy. Elsewhere, particularly when he uses a long free metre, Dr. Way is decidedly more successful, as, for example, in this noble reply of Electra:

> Oh, if the dead is to lie dust, nothingness, ever forlorn—
> Oh, if on traitor assassins shall dawn no retributive morn,
> Out of men's hearts must all honor, all fear of the Gods be torn.

There is something of the swing of the original in that, a little of its spirit, too, although as a matter of fact Dr. Way has allowed himself rather more license here in filling out with conventional poetic words than in the passage before quoted. Perhaps the point is just there. To reproduce the effect of the less ornate lines of Greek poetry it is virtually necessary to heighten the tone, so to speak, by developing the metaphorical or emotional vocabulary; otherwise what is nervous and elegant in the original becomes flat and prosaic in the translation—such is the difference in the genius of the two languages. Dr. Way has not employed this art with uniform cunning—but neither has any one of his predecessors. Sophocles still awaits a translator.

THE death occurred on April 15 of George Alfred Townsend, the newspaper correspondent, novelist, and poet, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Gath." Mr. Townsend was born in Georgetown, Del., on January 30, 1841, and graduated from the Central High School, Philadelphia, in 1860. His first experience of journalism was in the same town, but in 1862 he became war correspondent for the New York *Herald*, and later in the year went to England, where he lectured on the war and wrote for English and American publications. In 1864-5 he served as war correspondent for the New York *World*, and in the following year described for the same paper the Austro-Prussian war. For forty years subsequent to 1867 he resided in Washington and wrote daily correspondence for a number of papers, among them the Chicago *Tribune* and the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Mr. Townsend was the author of "The Bohemians," a play, 1862; "Campaigns of a Non-Combatant," 1865; "Life of Garibaldi," 1867; "Real Life of Abraham Lincoln," the same year; "The New World Compared with the Old," 1868; "Poems," 1870; "Lost Abroad," 1870; "Washington Outside and Inside," 1871; "Mormon Trials at Salt Lake," 1872; "Washington Rebuilded," 1873; "Tales of the Chesapeake," 1880; "Bohemian Days," 1881; "The Entailed Hat," 1884; "President Cromwell," a drama, 1885; "Katy of Catoctin," 1886; "Life of Levi P. Morton," 1888; "Tales of Gapland; Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton," 1887; "Columbus in Love," 1892; "Poems of Men and Events," 1900.

CHARLES S. S. PEIRCE, logician, mathematician, and philosopher, who died on April 20, was born in Cambridge, Mass., on September 10, 1839, the son of Prof. Benjamin Peirce, the foremost American mathematician of his time. His mother was the daughter of United States Senator Mills, of Massachusetts. He was graduated from Harvard in 1859. He was connected with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for a number of years, and for several years was lecturer on logic in Johns Hopkins University. It was in this subject that his most original work was done, his papers on the algebra of logic and on the logic of relatives being pioneer work, and giving him an international reputation. His most conspicuous contribution to the philosophical thought of the time was the idea of pragmatism, afterwards developed and modified by William James. In 1887 he retired to Pike County, Pa., to devote himself completely to logic. His only companion was his wife, who, before her marriage, was Juliette Froissy. Mr. Peirce was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He was the author of "Photometric Researches," and of numerous articles upon logic, history of science, metaphysics, psychology, mathematics, gravitation, astronomy, map projections, color-sense, chemistry and the cataloguing of libraries. He contributed a large part of the scientific definitions to the Century Dictionary and some of the chief articles on logic to Baldwin's Dictionary of Psychology and Philosophy. During many years, Mr. Peirce was a highly valued contributor to the *Nation*, his reviews of mathematical and other scientific works being of unusual interest and brilliancy.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD CROCKETT, the novelist, who died on April 20 in Scotland, was born in Duchrae, Galloway, September 24, 1860. He was educated in Edinburgh, Heidelberg, and at New College. In 1886 he entered the Free Church of Scotland and was minister of Penicuik for several years. It was at this time that he turned his attention to journalism. In 1893 he wrote "The Stickit Minister," his first and possibly his most successful novel. Among his other novels are "The Raiders," 1894; "Mad Sir Uchtred," 1894; "Cleg Kelly," 1896; "Lochinvar," 1897; "Sir Toady Lion," 1897; "The Red Axe," 1898; "The Black Douglas," 1899; "Ione March," 1899; "Kit Kennedy," 1899; "The Stickit Minister's Wooing," 1900; "The Dark o' the Moon," 1902; "An Adventurer in Spain," 1903; "The Bloom of the Heather," 1908; "Love in Pernicketty Town," 1911, and "The Moss Troopers," 1912.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THE so-called "federal solution" has occupied a prominent position of late in Parliamentary discussions of the Home Rule bill. Its chief attraction for party tacticians is that nobody knows anything about it, and therefore there is little or no opposition to the idea. Some Liberals are inclined to look kindly upon it in the hope that it may conciliate the Opposition, and on the other side some Unionists see the chance that the prospect of a federal settlement may be used to postpone actual home rule in Ireland until the Greek Kalends. The need of elementary instruction in the subject may be realized from the fact that one member of Parliament actually expressed his preference for a federal system on the ground that it would set up an undivided sovereignty in place of a divided sovereignty.

ALMOST the only voice raised in warning is that of Mr. Erskine Childers, who cautions Liberals against proposals to "federalize" the Home Rule bill by making it conform, without the smallest regard to the special needs and claims of Ireland, to some nebulous plan—undiscussed in the country, unsanctioned even in principle by the country—for the future reorganization of the United Kingdom. He further objects that the suggestion is a return to the vicious attitude of putting English interests first and Irish interests second. "Our business," he declares, "is to give Ireland home rule because it is an act of justice, and to give her the kind of home rule which suits her needs, not the kind which suits British convenience."

ONE never knows in what eccentricity the new enterprise of the *Times* is going to break out nowadays. Here is its latest bid for advertisements: "The capital outlay charged to insure the appearance of an 'In Memoriam' announcement in the *Times* annually in perpetuity is £15 for four lines, and pro rata." No

doubt, while their grief is fresh upon them, many bereaved persons of means will avail themselves of this offer. One of the Labor papers, however, has had the impertinence to work out a sum in arithmetic to find out what this means. The interest on £15 at 5 per cent. per annum is 15 shillings. The advertiser, therefore, in addition to making the *Times* a capitalist to the extent of £15, is paying it 15 shillings for a four-line In Memoriam notice. But the ordinary every-day charge for a single In Memoriam notice in the *Times* is 7 shillings and 6 pence—just half that sum—for anything up to six lines.

MR. EDWARD MARSTON, whose death occurred recently in England, in his ninetieth year, deserves remembrance on other grounds than his longevity. The publisher who brought out Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White," Charles Reade's "Hard Cash," R. D. Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," William Black's "Daughter of Heth," James Payn's "Lost Sir Massingberd," and the early books of Thomas Hardy, certainly played an active part in the production of English fiction of the Victorian period. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louisa M. Alcott, and Harriet Beecher Stowe were among the American authors whose English editions were issued by Mr. Marston's firm. Mr. Marston was one of the few survivors of the special constables enrolled to assist in the keeping of the peace at the time of the Chartist troubles in 1839.

THE site of the supposed villa of the poet Horace has been excavated by order of the Italian Government with the following result, according to a report from the French School of Rome. The buildings which have been cleared were of three epochs: (1) the beginning of the Empire, when they were part of some rich man's house; (2) the end of the first century of the Christian era, when they were baths; (3) the second century, also baths. Nothing has been found to confirm the tradition of Horace's villa.

SEVERAL years ago the *Nation* had occasion to notice the valuable work done by Nahum Schlousch in his theses for the French doctorate of letters—on the history and literature of the Jewish colony of North Africa, of which he is himself a native. He has now reported to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres the results of the Government mission with which he has been charged in Morocco. Dr. Schlousch crossed through the Glaoua, the mountain passes at a height of 8,500 feet, and came down in the hitherto inaccessible zone of the East by the course of the Oued Dads. He classifies his explorations: (1) Cave shelters of the Great Atlas; (2) so-called Roman ruins; (3) monuments of Berber architecture; (4) historical documents. He has analyzed for the Academy ten collections of manuscripts in Hebrew and Jewish Arabic, relating to several centuries of Moroccan history and revealing many unknown events. Thus, a Christian principality still existed in the Upper Draa after 900 A. D. Also, the Jewish population of the Mellah in the high mountain region is shown to have been of native and not Spanish origin, as commonly supposed, by Hebrew inscriptions of the Great Atlas extending from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries.

Science

THE COSMOS OF "PARADISE LOST."

Milton's Astronomy. By Thomas N. Orchard. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

This volume is devoted mainly to an exposition of the many choice passages in Milton which embody astronomical allusions. Mr. Orchard, by way of a suitable background for such interpretation, begins with a brief historical sketch of astronomy, from the time when primitive man first directed his attention to the study of celestial phenomena down to the death of Milton in 1674. Even during his lifetime astronomy made vast progress: the telescope was invented, making possible the discovery of spots on the sun, moons of Jupiter and Saturn, phases of Venus, the stellar composition of the Galaxy; and the definite substitution of the Copernican system for the Ptolemaic, which utterly revolutionized the progress of human thought.

Milton was alive to all this and fully conversant with it. Mr. Orchard's sketch of astronomy, while hardly satisfying from a practical astronomer's point of view, and making overmuch of the picturesqueness of Horrox, nevertheless well indicates the atmosphere of Milton's time; but it is even more important to remember that several years of the poet's young life, while he lived at Horton in Buckinghamshire, were devoted to the study of a type of physical science now known as cosmography, or cosmology. A lengthy chapter deals very fully with this, making it clear how the momentous events of "Paradise Lost" take place in the four regions of universal space, as he conceived it: the Mundane Universe, Hell, Chaos, and the Empyrean.

Students of the modern cosmogony will find much that is suggestive in Milton's poetic fancies. Mosaic and Hesiodic in origin, they improve on Ovid's conception by personifying Chaos, and likening the tumult of the elements, as Mr. Orchard says, to the heat-tormented streams within a molten planet:

> Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
> Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
> And surging waves, as mountains to assault
> Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole. vii. 212-15.

By a happy anticipation he points out the direction in which modern research has definitely tended: that there is really but one kind of matter in the universe, and that cosmic changes through the lapse of ages may return systems of worlds to the primordial condition of chaos.

No poetic or philosophic system of the Miltonian era would have been acceptable with the infernal regions left out; and in order to localize Hell, the poet partitioned off the lowest depths of Chaos for his Inferno:

> A universe of death, which God by curse
> Created evil, for evil only good. ii. 622-23.

All the Early Fathers, and Dante also, put Hell within the earth, and St. Thomas was quite right in declaring that nobody without a special revelation can say exactly where it is. Milton, by placing it far outside the Universe and at the nether side of Chaos, favored rather the ancient classical and mythological conception.

Upward and out of Chaos sprang the Mundane Universe: matter rolled into whorls and vortices that condensed into suns and systems of worlds, comprising a countless multitude of shining orbs, the fixed stars and spiral nebulæ of the present age. Of course, Milton adopted the Ptolemaic system of concentric spheres in localizing all the known bodies of his Universe, which, as a whole, were pendant by a golden chain from the floor of the Empyrean. These several spheres revolved, earth-centred, with a

> Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails. viii. 38.

Outside the *Sphæra Stellarum*, or eighth sphere of the Universe, there was nothing save the two huge hollow spherical shells added to the Ptolemaic system by the astronomers of the Middle Ages: the ninth *Crystalline* Sphere, and a tenth or *Primum Mobile*, "the wheel of day and night," which, as Professor Masson says, "strongly shelled us in" against the frightful warfare of the elements which was perpetual in Chaos.

Mr. Orchard makes a most interesting chapter of Milton's brief residence in Italy, especially in relation to the "Tuscan Artist," whom he visited at Arcetri, just out of Florence. "There it was," wrote Milton, "I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner of the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Francisian and Dominician licensers thought." There can be little doubt that their conversation led the poet to inquire into the merits of the new Copernican system. Milton must thoroughly have understood all the arguments for and against the heliocentric system, as is minutely set forth in the philosophic colloquy in Book viii of Adam, Raphael, and the Angel.

Our present-day knowledge of the stars, and their mysteries, of the doubles and multiples, and clusters and

nebulæ, are amply set forth in Mr. Orchard's volume. All these objects in Milton's day were regarded as small and unimportant in magnitude, compared with the sun and the moon, and more distant than the outermost planet, though not excessively remote. It seems not a little remarkable that no individual star is mentioned by name anywhere in his poems, and only the dog-star and one other indirectly. It was not thought in Milton's day that anything could by any possibility be ascertained concerning the physical constitution of the stars; the era of the Herschels had not even dawned.

Very abundant are the allusions to Venus, as both morning and evening star; to the Pleiades, and to the Galaxy,

> that Milky Way
> Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
> Powdered with stars, vii, 574-81.

which fairly sums up our knowledge of it, after three centuries of interrogation with lens and mirror.

Quite contrary to what we might expect, there are but two cometary allusions; and meteors more often took the poet's fancy, as the Attendant Spirit in "Comus":

> Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star—
> C. 80.

Mr. Orchard is at his best in this scholarly volume, portraying Milton in his more lengthy and numerous astronomical descriptions, from that of Creation in "Paradise Lost" to the contemplative serenity of the concluding lines of "Il Penseroso":

> And may at last my weary age
> Find out some peaceful hermitage,
> The hairy gown and mossy cell,
> Where I may sit and rightly spell
> Of every star that heaven doth shew,
> And every herb that sips the dew;
> Till old experience do attain
> To something like prophetic strain.
> 167-74.

The careful index is a great help, and might well have included first lines of citations. The few obvious printer's blemishes (pp. 48, 287, "Dr. Wallis, Savilian Professor"; p. 118, "colure is still in common use"; p. 126, "Medes and the Lydians"; p. 152, "Ptolemaic theory"; pp. 203, 284, "Houzeau") are worth correction in later editions.

Dr. George William Hill, the astronomer, generally acknowledged the foremost man in the world in the field of celestial mechanics, died on April 16 at the age of seventy-six. Dr. Hill was born in New York. He graduated from Rutgers College in 1859, and subsequently received honorary degrees from Cambridge, Princeton, Columbia, and Rutgers. In 1861 he became assistant in the office of the *American Ephemeris* and *Nautical Almanac*, and later succeeded to the direction of this publication, but resigned to become lecturer on celestial mechanics at Columbia University. In 1887 he received the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, on account of his researches in connection with the lunar theory, and in 1898 he gained the Damoiscan prize of the Paris Academy of Sciences. In 1909, he received the Copley medal of the Royal Society, the highest honor awarded by that body. The preëminence of his work in mathematical astronomy was recognized by the Carnegie Institution in the publication, undertaken some years ago, of his "Collected Mathematical Works." A more extended notice of Dr. Hill will appear in the *Nation* at an early date.

Drama

THE NEW SPIRIT OF FRENCH DRAMA.

PARIS, April 2.

The Paris theatrical year is at its turn. Plays have risen, fallen, lived, and died, and lasted. In spite of imported foreign fashions, of new social layers rising to the level of theatre-going, of physical and consequent mental changes in the living of the educated and the rich who furnish theatres their chief public, the Paris stage ever returns to the natural play-acting of the French race. This is never all tears nor all laughter; and a good deal of sermonizing is endured. A hundred years ago Tom Moore did not really believe, as his quotation marks show, what he felt himself obliged to write for English readers:

> I have the bliss
> To date to you a line from this
> "Demoralized" metropolis.

At the two state theatres and at the two dozen other theatres properly so-called which the Paris critic is supposed to follow, the atmosphere is less cosmopolitan or international and more French than it has been for many years. One would almost think that French society—the *bourgeoisie*—were pulling itself together and turning from Bohemian and exotic and doctrinaire pastime to more congenial play. Brunetière worked out his criticism by the evolution of literary forms. Now, plays in France are literature, with forms well defined; and this is a chief reason why Parisians have been unable to support very long the formless, indefinite, unliterary plays of late years.

Not that the Paris stage is becoming a safe moral or social mentor in anything except pronunciation. *Comédie-bouffe*, like *opéra-bouffe*, will always hold its own. I should imagine that "La Belle Aventure" of Robert de Flers and A. de Caillavet at the Théâtre du Vaudeville must be the best money-earner of the year, with the exception of Wagner's "Parsifal" at the Opéra. The theatre's name, of course, has nothing to do with the distorted and vulgarized American use of the word "vaudeville." Twenty years ago it had another very French success in Moreau's "Madame Sans-Gêne," but that was history piquant and well acted. "Le Roi," by Flers and Caillavet, also had a notably long run at the Théâtre des Variétés, which for a century has been the very home of Bouffe. The conversation is always a little free for the Anglo-Saxon who has still to do violence to his Puritanism; and religious men might find, as Bossuet did in all things theatrical, that the temper is too Greek.

> All is laughter, all is dust, and all is nothing!

So the Anthology said, but the Greeks, too, had Prometheus. Of all places in the world, Monte Carlo has just produced at its theatre a new French piece quite as serious. George Rivollet, who gave two successful verse-plays from Euripides to the Comédie Française, has exhaled in it the religious tragedy of certain souls of to-day in devious pilgrimages through "Jerusalem." It is there a skeptical Irish widower in public life, George Lesly, travelling with his young daughter, encounters the widowed Italian princess Domitia. In her intense piety, their mutual love is accompanied by the imperious necessity that he shall be converted, that they shall not be for ever separated by death. At the Holy Sepulchre, with her forehead bowed on the Rock of Calvary, she prays for the victorious grace. At her request he allows his daughter to walk in procession with other young girls clad in white and bearing lighted candles in their hands. Her veil catches fire, and she dies. The Italian woman whose prayer has thus been strangely answered revolts; but the stricken father bows his head in submission, because, if such things happen, there must be a God to make them right some time, somewhere. And he who is comforted by this grace of faith, in turn, has to convert her. She becomes his wife, while others—and the public—moralize. This may or may not be good theology; but the cry of helpless human sorrow is given in real words that are also high poetic tragedy in language and form. If, as is expected, the play should be produced at the Théâtre Français, it would be another sign that Jerusalem still co-exists with Babylon, which is true elsewhere than in Paris.

A mistake might be made from the slow but sure vanishing of the psychological and sociological plays which so long have cumbered the ground of dramatic art. A like death from exhaustion is

noted in the French novel. The old problem play went first. Soul analysis, different from characterization, which is drama's quintessential, still lingers on. It was but yesterday we had the problem transferred from the individual to the undramatic collectivity in such plays as Paul Bourget's "Le Tribun"; and this, too, is going. A moderate success only has met "Un Grand Bourgeois" at the Théâtre Antoine, which was the first stage of the New Art that is already old. It is by Emile Fabre, whose other pieces have proclaimed his narrow but powerful outlook on new-rich society. Here we see the second purse-proud generation between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves. The founder of the money-making business is still alive and has kept the essential temper of a workman, in sympathy with the Social Revolution. He has given over the administration of his fortune to his son, who is eager for power and willing to sweat labor, and who breaks on a rock in the third generation of these sudden riches—his daughter. She refuses to marry the man necessary to the combinations of the *parvenu* Crœsus and fixes her heart on a salaried employee. The grandfather, in the name of the Revolution of 1793 and of 1848 and of the Commune, in all of which the family had a part, has to step in and take the reins again to put all in sociological order. The solution of the sentimental question would be accepted everywhere nowadays; and the playwright's supposition that forced marriages have an air of reality in the French world of to-day is an unconvincing part of his work. In the Labor question, with all the power of his story and human talk, there is mingled a bitterness which also seems rather the resentment of a *bourgeois* with a doctrine than that of a genuine workman. With only faint praise from the Parisian public, but high appreciation of critics and probably foreign favor, it is another sign of French seriousness. This, of course, does not prevent the usual year's production of successful pieces comic in situations wherein Smollet would have revelled, like Paul Gavault's new play at the Variétés, "Ma Tante d'Honfleur."

What folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear Dolly!

S. D.

Since I wrote the above, a sensational event has happened—the resignation of M. Antoine as director of the second French state theatre, the Odéon of Paris. Whether and how far this confirms my observation of changing dispositions in the French theatrical public is a serious question, not to be answered at a moment's notice. In thirty years, Antoine has done more than any other Frenchman to lift the stage from lifeless routine and to direct it along new lines. These sometimes led back to classic French traditions, sometimes forward to New Art—and again toward exoticism. After ten years of struggle at the Théâtre Libre and ten more of fair success at the Théâtre Antoine, he has now passed eight years at the state-subsidized Odéon—and failed from a money point of view.

M. Viviani, Minister of Public Instruction, in these last closing days of Parliament, had obtained for Antoine another $25,000, but it was not enough. Antoine's last production was Molière, Corneille, and Quinault's "Psyché," with Lulli's music and ballet, to the unanimous admiration of critics in the press—and $440 as a nightly receipt! Yet Antoine's direction had brought the annual subscription receipts from $4,400 when he took the theatre to $20,000 for the present year. All this proves that no theatre can subsist on subsidies and subscriptions alone without a regular volunteer public. Why M. Antoine has not secured this also is a problem to which many answers may be given. The case is the same—but not the answers—for the American venture in Paris a year ago.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

The True Ophelia and Other Studies of Shakespeare's Women. By an Actress. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

This is a very clever little book, and particularly interesting as the product of keen and original observation quickened by professional experience. The author, of course, has nothing to offer that is subversive of long established ideals. She writes as a theatrical expert rather than as a commentator, and it is quite possible to disagree with some of the details in her conceptions—sound as these generally are in the bulk—but she always gives reasons for the faith that is in her, and exhibits notable, sometimes excessive, ingenuity in extracting support for them from the text, of which she has evidently been a most conscientious and intelligent student. Plainly, she is not one of those performers content to abide by stage traditions and acting versions. Of the modern spectacular productions, in which dramatic proportion, well-balanced characterization, and the true spirit of the play are too often sacrificed to scenic necessities or the aggrandization of the star, she speaks with sane and vigorous contempt, illustrating, by pregnant examples, the manner in which subordinate but important personages are reduced to meaningless nonentities by unintelligent compression. This is an ancient grievance, but she gives fresh point to the expression of it.

Her chief weakness as an expositor of character arises from her tendency to over-emphasize every word or phrase which can be twisted to fortify her own view and a certain unscrupulousness in arguing from imaginary conditions, wholly unwarranted by the text, if not altogether inconsistent with it. And in her interpretation of certain passages she is occasionally led astray by her desire for theatrical effectiveness. But, in the main, her reflections and conclusions exhibit as much sagacity as independence. Although the essay on Ophelia occupies the place of honor in the volume, it is inferior in interest and value to several of the others. It is not possible at this late day to say anything new about that unhappy lady and to the one vexed question about her, she does not allude. But she tells her story prettily and with very complete appreciation of its emotional and pathetic possibilities. If she ever acted it along the suggested lines, her impersonation must have been worth seeing, but the intimation, in her adopted title, that it was left for her to reveal the "true Ophelia" smacks of presumption. That was done long ago by Ellen Tree, Kate and Ellen Terry, and Helena Modjeska, not to mention others, but it is unfortunately true that the part has often been belittled by most incompetent pretenders.

In her analysis of Lady Macbeth our anonymous actress not only displays fine imagination and intuition, but possibly affords a clue to her own identity. In any case, she rehearses the views and seems to speak with the tongue of Clara Morris. That great actress did not, indeed, fully embody the ideal here set forth—for the simple reason that her technical efficiency was unequal to the task imposed upon it by her artistic inspiration—but she did succeed in making the intellectual intent of it clear, and in establishing its plausibility, if not its correctness. There has always been a critical controversy—which is not likely to be settled—concerning the relative responsibility of Macbeth and his wife for the crimes in which they were mutually engaged. In the theatre the question is apt to be decided by the dominance or popularity of the male or the female performer. Any theory making Lady Macbeth the primary instigator of the plot is plainly untenable. Macbeth conceived it upon the first hint from the witches. But it was she who applied the spur to his faltering purpose and goaded him to action. In this sense she became the leader in the enterprise, developing a nature and will essentially masculine. Charlotte Cushman, with her rugged power—and other famous actresses of similar type—could embody this conception successfully, and

helped to make it traditional. But it involves certain inconsistencies. Would an Amazon of this kind have provoked the tender terms of endearment—"dearest chuck," etc.—which Macbeth addressed to her, or would she have been liable to feminine collapse?

This actress—like Clara Morris, who, indeed, could have portrayed no other—conceives a Lady Macbeth direfully ambitious, subtle and unscrupulous, but with the external fascinations of her sex, beautiful, alluring, guileful as the serpent. Mrs. Siddons is known to have approved this interpretation—while adopting one better suited to her own style and personality—and there is much to be said in its favor, as all candid readers of this book will acknowledge. But it does not dispense with the necessity for tragic force in the great climaxes, and it was the absence of this quality that was the fatal defect in Miss Morris's bold and thoughtful performance.

The chapter on the Queen Mother in "Hamlet," having for its chief object the rehabilitation of that unfortunate lady, is full of sound and acute criticism. The thesis that Gertrude was an innocent, simple, well-meaning woman, the victim of circumstances altogether beyond her control, is argued with convincing skill. And there is a capital dissertation on the character of Portia and the really strong legal point in her defence of Antonio, not the quibble about the "jot of blood," but the fact that, by his refusal to provide a surgeon, Shylock was convicted of a "conspiracy against the life" of a Venetian, and thereby brought himself under the terms of the statute. Her interpretation of the moral of "The Taming of the Shrew" will find cordial acceptance with her own sex. She does not believe in the least in Petruchio's triumph or Katharina's conversion. She holds that Katharina delivers her marital sermon with her tongue in her cheek, stooping only to conquer, and that in the end Petruchio will find out that it is he who has been tamed. The book is very good reading.

Arthur McKee Rankin died in San Francisco on April 17 at the age of seventy-three years, nearly sixty of which had been spent on the stage. Mr. Rankin was born in Canada and first appeared on the stage at Rochester, N. Y., under the name of George Henley. In the sixties he played in London under his own name, and his first appearance in New York was in 1870, when he played with Lydia Thompson. He was associated with the Continental Theatre Company in Boston, other members of which were E. L. Davenport, his daughter Fanny, James Lewis, and Kitty Blanchard, whom Rankin afterwards married. Later, when A. M. Palmer formed his stock company at the Union Square Theatre, Rankin was engaged and established a sound reputation in heavy parts. Probably his greatest success was as Jacques Frochard in "The Two Orphans." Together Mr. and Mrs. Rankin produced "The Danites," founded on Joaquin Miller's novel "The First Families of the Sierras," and "49," another Western drama. They built Rankin's Theatre on Third Avenue, which was opened in 1883 by Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." Recently Mr. Rankin had been associated with Miss Nance O'Neill in Shakespearean productions.

Music

WAGNER'S UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

(The Withdrawal of "Tannhäuser.")

Much has been written about the celebrated fiasco of the first performance of "Tannhäuser" at the Paris Opera House, which occurred just half a century ago this spring. In this connection was published some years ago a letter to Wagner, in reply to one from him, written by the Minister of State of the time, Count Walewski, who, during the Second Empire, had under his control everything pertaining to the subventioned theatres. These, of course, included the Opera House, where "Tannhäuser" was produced, on March 13, 1861. But the text of the letter to which Count Walewski's is the reply has never been made public. Thanks, however, to Mr. J. G. Prod'homme, the Paris musical critic, we are able to give an English translation of this document, even before the French original has appeared in print. The draft of the letter as finally sent was found recently in the archives of the Paris Opera House. The chirography is, of course, that of Wagner, who knew French very well, though there are some changes, in the writing of his warm friend and librettist, Nuitter, who was then archivist of the Opera. The occasion was so important that Wagner had recourse to his collaboration, but in the translation given below, the text of Wagner has been followed, which, it may be stated, has undergone but a few minor modifications by the pen of Nuitter. It may be added that Walewski's reply to Wagner's request was a decisive negative, in consequence of which, and the turmoil of the public at the first performances, Wagner decided simply to withdraw the opera, though all the seats were sold ahead for a dozen nights:

Since, by order of his Majesty, "Tannhäuser" has been admitted to the répertoire of the Opera, it is scarcely necessary for me to assure your Excellency how profoundly grateful I am for this honor. I must add, too, how touched I am by the zeal and talent with which the administration, the heads of the different departments, and the artists themselves, of the Opera have seconded me in this undertaking. Up to the last moment, I felt that the performance would be quite worthy of the high favor with which I have been honored by his Majesty. But there is one point to which I feel I ought to call the attention of your Excellency. I refer to the leadership of the orchestra.

When at the beginning of this affair, M. Royer, director of the Opera, asked me if I would lead the orchestra during the first performances, I declined this honor on the ground that it would be more natural and more in the interest of the opera itself if I were to initiate the regular leader into all my intentions, and in this way make sure that the piece would be well executed, whether I were present or not. So I have made every effort to accomplish this end, and have furnished every possible explanation. But, notwithstanding all this labor, I am now convinced myself and stand ready to convince likewise a committee of artists, that the leader who is going to conduct this opera is not yet in a position to perform this difficult task, which cannot be mastered in a few months. When I am not immediately at hand to aid him, when I leave the stage and sit in the auditorium, I am struck at every moment by his incompetency, his lack of memory, and his inability to keep up the indicated movements; while the singers, who are left to take care of themselves, feel that they are not supported by the leader and the orchestra. Under such circumstances, the performance is sure to be but a mediocre success, which will not repay all the effort put into it. This is a serious risk to run for a work which makes no concessions to ordinary tastes, and which can force attention only by means of perfect execution, which could be had if I were at the head of this so justly famous body of musicians.

This favor, which I at first declined, is everywhere considered a composer's right. When I declined it, I never dreamed that my right to exercise it would be questioned at the last moment when circumstances made me feel that I should exercise it. But now I find it impossible to get M. Dietsch, the leader of the orchestra, to grant me this favor.

In venturing to ask your Excellency to come to my aid in this matter, I am the first to recognize the difficult position in which I place your Excellency. If I were in the ordinary situation of an author in relation to his theatre, I should simply withdraw my opera from the stage before the first night. But it would be impossible for me to act in this way on this occasion, when I have been treated with such high favor. Yet, as matters now stand, I find myself on the eve of a first-night where success seems very doubtful. Consequently, the only course left for me would seem to be to have nothing further to do with this affair, whose direction is no longer in my hands. But before withdrawing, I have felt that I should send your Excellency this protest against the presentation of my work under such conditions, and should declare that I reserve the right to protest also to the public, if what happens in the near future calls for such a protest.

Paris, March 7, 1861.

REAL MUSIC TEACHING.

Musical Interpretation. By Tobias Matthay. Boston: Boston Music Co. $1.50.

Piano Playing with Piano Questions Answered. By Josef Hofmann. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.

For serious students of the pianoforte there is probably no more helpful book than Tobias Matthay's "The Act of Touch." Although its style is not remarkable for lucidity, it throws much light on obscure questions of prime importance to all players. The author, who is professor at the Royal Academy of Music in London, has written several other books of instruction that are much used. His latest work, "Musical Interpretation," includes a series of lectures repeatedly delivered by him. While dealing with the subject mainly from the pianist's point of view, the principles formulated concern also the players of other instruments, including even the operators of mechanical pianos.

Liszt, the greatest teacher as well as the greatest pianist that ever lived, never gave a real "lesson" in his life. He confined himself entirely to hints as to interpretation, to playing examples, and to arousing enthusiasm for the good in art and contempt for the meretricious. A similar result is evidently aimed at by Professor Matthay. While he believes that really great artists are born, he is convinced that even the most talented can be greatly helped by wise counsel, because it prevents their wasting years in futile experiments. The trouble with most teachers is that they do not know how to impart helpful advice. They tell a pupil to "play more sympathetically" or "more rhythmically," without pointing out precisely how it is to be done—many of them for the good reason that they do not themselves know how to do it. Professor Matthay does know, and therein lies the value of his instructions. He makes perfectly clear the difference between mere cramming and real teaching, as well as that between merely directing pupils to "do things" and teaching them to think—to ponder the reason why. This way of imparting information also makes work infinitely more agreeable to the teacher, who, as the author pathetically remarks, not infrequently hears a pupil whose performance is "appallingly unmusical—sometimes enough to make him almost shriek with the downright misery of it."

There is one chapter in this book which cannot be as cordially endorsed as the others, although the author evidently is particularly proud of it. It is concerned with The Element of Rubato. While it is gratifying to find him maintaining that the rubato is applicable not only to Chopin and other modern composers, but also to the classical writers from Bach to Beethoven, one is disappointed to find that Professor Matthay adheres to the absurd old notion that if the player dwells a little on one note, he must shorten those that follow sufficiently to atone for the extra time thus given—a rule as preposterous as it would be to ask an actor, if he dwells on a word or two at the beginning of a line, to accelerate the following words so as to deliver each line of a stanza in exactly the same time.

That is not the way the great pianists play. Their rubato consists in frequent slight accelerations or retardations of the pace, without any regard for the metronome or the mechanical steps of the dance-hall. Yet some of them, while instinctively using the poetic freedom of pace, parrot that same old æsthetic police regulation about restoring in one place the time "stolen" (rubato) in another. There is such a thing as that, but it is of very slight importance compared with the real rubato, about which Paderewski has written so eloquently.

The greatest of Paderewski's colleagues, Josef Hofmann, makes that same mistake in his book on the piano. The first edition of this book appeared six years ago. It is now reprinted with the addition of 175 pages of answers to questions which were first printed in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* As in the case of Professor Matthay's book, the pages on rubato are the only ones to which one can take exception. It is needless to say that Hofmann does not live up to that maxim; he plays poetically, not metronomically; indeed, he repeatedly "speaks disrespectfully" of the metronome, which "kills the vital expression in playing." Hofmann was a pupil of Rubinstein, to whose method of teaching he devotes some pages. The multiplicity of topics touched on by him is indicated by the fact that the index covers sixteen columns. A few of the subjects discussed are: Starting on a Concert Career, Afraid to Play Before People, Can Music Be Studied in America? How to Get Music Published, How to Use the Pedal, International Pitch, Individual Teacher or Conservatory? Organizing a Musical Club, Sex of the Piano Teacher, Watch Your Breathing, Why the Piano Is So Popular.

HENRY T. FINCK.

"Mona Lisa" is tho name of a new opera by Schillings, which is to be produced at the Imperial Opera in Vienna next season.

The object of the new Music League of America is to help talented young musicians to obtain professional engagements of a remunerative character. There has been in recent years a surprising growth of interest in music and a steadily increasing demand for singers and players, but the plums have more often gone to those who have business instincts than to those who are musically the most gifted. The main object of the League is to correct this state of affairs by bringing deserving artists into touch with the clubs and private parties requiring their services. Orders for the services of artists, amounting to several thousand dollars, have already been received. Singers or players, unless already well known, must be passed on by a jury of experts before they will be endorsed. The League is backed up with abundant capital, the officers being Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, Mrs. Willard D. Straight, Mrs. Otto H. Kahn, Mrs. Linzee Blagdon, Mr. Alvin Kroch, and Mr. Dave Hennen Morris.

During the thirty-nine weeks of the first season of the Century Opera Company twenty-six operas were sung in the following order: "Aïda," "La Gioconda," "Tales of Hoffmann," "Lohengrin," "Jewels of the Madonna," "Madame Butterfly," "Tosca," "Lucia," "Samson and Delilah," "Il Trovatore," "Thaïs," "Faust," "Bohemian Girl," "Carmen," "Louise," "La Bohême," "Romeo and Juliet," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Manon," "Hänsel and Gretel," "The Secret of Suzanne," "Tiefland," "Martha," "Natoma." All the operas were sung in English. The experiment of giving one performance in the original language was soon abandoned. Some of the operas named were sung more than one week; it is pleasant to note that Humperdinck's charming fairy opera, "Hänsel and Gretel," holds the record, having been sung, in conjunction with the International Ballet, twenty-nine times. "Aïda" and "The Tales of Hoffmann" also proved very popular, being sung seventeen times each, while "Madame Butterfly" and "Thaïs" each had sixteen performances, and "Louise" had fifteen. It is worth noting that with the eight performances given last week Victor Herbert's "Natoma" has been sung thirty-eight times altogether, which is a bigger success than any other American grand opera has won. The Century Opera House is to be rebuilt during the summer to make room for 40 per cent. more of the cheaper seats, for which there has been the largest demand. Better translations of librettos are promised for next season, which is to be considerably shorter than the first, because the house will be taken for a time by Mr. Dippel and his operetta company.

Ernest Schelling, on his last tour in America, did a good service in making his audiences acquainted with some of the masterworks of the "Spanish Chopin," Enrique Granados. The Schirmers have just published four of the latest compositions by this original writer: a "Valse de Concert," "A la Cubana," "Danzas Espagñolas," and "Marche Militaire."

The conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society, Mr. Stransky, and the conductor of tho Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, Dr. A. S. Vogt, have made a plan for repeating in New York in 1915 or 1916 the programmes of the music festival to be held in Berlin on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Kaiser's reign.

Edgar Stillman Kelley has been invited by the Liszt Society to conduct his New England Symphony at their festival in Altenburg on April 27.

Art

HOW HISTORY IS NOT REPEATED AT THE BRITISH ARTISTS'.

LONDON, April 9.

Probably there never was a time when the English artist relied so implicitly upon precedent to establish his claim to greatness. The sedulous students of Matisse and Picasso find themselves ridiculed and refused; the Pre-Raphaelites and Whistler, they say, were ridiculed and refused, but are now accepted as masters; therefore, we who are exposed to the same treatment must also be masters. The belated Impressionist remembers the years when Manet and Monet and the others of the group could not sell their pictures; he cannot always sell his own pictures as fast as he would like to; therefore, he is convinced he, too, must be a genius misunderstood. Something of the same reasoning has been used in connection with the recent appointment of Frank Brangwyn to succeed the late Sir Alfred East as president of the Royal Society of British Artists. Whistler, the critics recall, revolutionized the Society when he was elected to the same post, and he, with his followers, infused fresh life into it, with such success that in the end the British Artists themselves could not endure it and got rid of him; therefore, the critics argue, Brangwyn, who is an independent, even though an associate of the Academy, must save the Society again from the slough of commonplace.

Before the opening of the first show under his presidency great stress was laid upon the fact of his own independence, of the new members and exhibitors he was bringing with him, of the reforms he meant to initiate, and it really seemed as if the British Artists would a second time take a new lease of life from their president and be prepared to carry on the traditions of independence in art that the New English Art Club has outgrown, and the International all but forgotten; as if the historic gallery in Suffolk Street would again be the headquarters of all that is most alive and promising in English art, and, in its accomplishment, a dangerous and much-needed rival to the Academy.

Let me say at once that, now it has opened, it is a disappointment. History has not repeated itself, for the simple reason that it has not the same material to deal with. Whistler not only reorganized the Society and introduced new methods, but by his presence he gave it a distinction it had never had before and has never had since. Brangwyn, it is already evident, is also ready to reorganize the Society and run it on his own lines. Like Whistler, it is clear that he has due respect for the arrangement of an exhibition and that he believes pictures and drawings and prints should be placed upon the wall with some feeling for harmony and dignity—not crowded together, as many as the wall will hold, with the idea that the more there are the greater the chance to replenish the bank account of the Society and the pockets of the exhibitors. But Brangwyn, though he has the sense to understand the importance of the proper presentation of a work of art, has not Whistler's talent for decorative arrangement. Whistler could make a gallery beautiful; Brangwyn cannot quite do that. The best he can do is to make the British Artists' rooms pleasanter to the eye than they have been for some years past.

Brangwyn, himself, sends to the exhibition only one painting, The Bridge, Avignon, described by the catalogue as unfinished—a large canvas that might be part of a series for mural decoration. An arch of the bridge stretches high up across the composition, its midway tower seen at the far end with an indefinite indication of architectural forms on the farther side; below, a great barge and a confused group of people, with, close by, boys bathing; beyond, framed by the arch, a suggestion of country, but no suggestion whatever of Avignon or Provence in it. The first impression, as in all Brangwyn's work, whether painting, etching, or lithography, is of bigness; the second, of exaggeration, of the sacrifice to this bigness of all finer and subtler qualities, all local characteristics and atmosphere. It is the bigness of the scene-painter, color and design and detail used, it would seem, for their theatrical value. It is immensely able and clever, it abounds in the vigor which is so deplorably lacking in most paintings nowadays. But Brangwyn has not the art, or apparently the application, to hide his artificiality. Moreover, he is in danger of inventing a hard and fast formula, and a formula, no matter how vigorous, is always a serious obstacle to the artist. The danger is perhaps more seriously felt in his etchings and lithographs, but there it is, without question, and a formula cannot take the place of renewed study and inspiration; it must exhaust itself in the course of time.

Another of the more prominent newcomers is James Pryde, who has achieved of late a surprising popularity. He works on a smaller scale than Brangwyn, but on his small canvas he, too, aims at expressing architectural bigness; he, too, grows theatrical; he, too, threatens to reduce his expression of bigness to a formula, if he has not already. Recently he showed at the International an interior in which the upright posts and curtains of a great four-poster rose to colossal heights out of all proportion with the bed itself and the other detail in the room. Now he follows it up with A Sinister Interior, in which the same extravagant effect of height is strained after, and the lines of a door in the background are carried up and up, until one feels, not the desired effect, but the straining to produce it, and the figures dwindle into pigmies, and the rest of the dark and dimly seen room is reduced to an excuse, a peg upon which to hang an exercise in sensationalism.

More unexpected is the presence of George Henry, who many years ago, as one of the Glasgow School, helped startle London, but who, as an Associate of the Academy, has, in the way of most revolutionaries turned into Academicians, ceased to startle or rebel. He sends a portrait which he calls Cherries, appropriately, for the fruit, piled on a plate set in the centre of a white-covered table, is so excellently painted that the eye is drawn to it rather than to the figure of the woman who fills the other side of the canvas and who is only less sweet and pretty than the pretty and sweet women of Frank Dicksee. G. Spencer Pryse, known as a member of the Senefelder Club, has a large lithograph, a triptych, for a poster, Labor the subject, printed in three or four colors, that is one of the best things in the exhibition. It does what a poster should do—it tells on the walls, the lines and masses used to good decorative purpose, the figures well grouped, while it is free from the mawkish sentiment with which artists too often approach similar themes. Pryse is young, he shows power in his drawing, he can work out a large and spacious design, but he seems disposed in his lithographs to rely upon the same color scheme, the same types, the same effects, rather than to seek the new problems and experiments by which the artist develops himself and his talent. However, after his triptych, little else stands out with a genuine note of individuality. Bertram Priestman, who also, I believe, comes in with Brangwyn, and one or two others—now the way has been pointed out to them—seek to express their appreciation of the pictorial possibilities of work in their landscape. But with this short list I have exhausted the special interest of the exhibition; that is, of any new signs it gives of vitality in the present or renewed life in the future. Whatever achievement, whatever encouragement Brangwyn at the British Artists' may hold in store for a world sadly in need of both, he offers little promise as yet. History may repeat itself in supplying the same conditions, but conditions alone do not create the artist.

N. N.

Finance

"WAR MARKETS."

When the news came suddenly over the wires from Washington, on Tuesday of last week, that the fleet had been ordered to Tampico, to insist on Huerta's making apology in due form for the Mexican insults to our sailors, the stock market was already declining on the news of the President's announcement that the new "Trust legislation" would be pressed. The arrival of this warlike news at once suggested a further and far more violent decline. This did not happen; the afternoon market displayed greater steadiness than that of the forenoon.

Next day the morning newspapers were crowded with black head-lines, pictures of the warships, measures of the naval force, and its belligerent capacity. People came downtown, shaking their heads and declaring that now we were "in for war." The stage was apparently set for a "war market" on the Stock Exchange. But if Wednesday's market answered that description, it foreboded very little concern about the war. When stocks went down, they fell not by points but fractions, and nearly half of them closed at a slight advance. The actual news of Huerta's refusal to submit to the terms imposed by our Government came in last Sunday. Monday's Stock Exchange market, opening slightly lower, promptly recovered all its loss, and showed every sign of coming to an expectant halt. It declined at the close, on the notion that President Wilson's address to Congress, later in the day, would bring on the crisis; but on Tuesday, with the Presidential speech on record, prices recovered all of Monday's loss.

This was at least an enigmatical "war market"; but then the war news itself was an enigma. No one has felt altogether clear in his own mind as to what kind of war this war would be, how long it would last, or how much it would cost.

There is little with which to compare the present episode, as regards the possible bearing of a war with Mexico on the financial situation. Our earlier Mexican War of 1846 throws the least imaginable light on it. Taylor commanded barely 3,600 United States troops when he crossed the border from Texas into Mexico, that year. Scott captured Vera Cruz and Mexico City, during 1847, with an army of 12,000. Our War Department's expenditure increased only $4,700,000 in the first year of that war and only $15,400,000 more in the second, and the total increase in the public debt, between the year, 1846, when war was declared, and the year, 1848, in which peace was signed at Gaudalupe Hidalgo, was only $31,500,000. But those were days of military operations with small armies, and of warfare whose expense was a trifle compared with nowadays, when even the two years' Transvaal War cost England, on the average, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's subsequent report, $1,000,000 per day.

The composure of the Stock Exchange has been variously ascribed to the fact that even war would not make the financial position, as regards Mexico itself, worse than it was before, or to continued skepticism as to whether the war would actually amount to much in the long run. But stock markets, though often accurate in forecast, do not always display good judgment as to the probabilities at such a time.

In the Cuban war, they did. When our people began to talk of war with Spain, at the opening of 1898, the market was falling rapidly. The blowing up of the Maine in Havana harbor, during February, caused a violent decline; in March, when Spain asked the withdrawal of Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee, prices went lower still. Then all activity seemed to stop, awaiting the actual declaration of war. That came on April 21, and on the same day an advance on the Stock Exchange began, which was hardly checked during the rest of 1898, and which led the way to an outburst of activity and strength a few months later. The market had correctly foreseen a short and quickly successful war.

With the Boer War of 1899, the case was different. That war had similarly been preceded by some months of falling English markets—largely due, however, to tight money and an over-extended speculative position. Kruger's ultimatum brought on active hostilities in October. London Stock Exchange prices declined with considerable sharpness, and the bank rates rose, in England and on the Continent. But the stock market, after this first decline, recovered rather promptly. It was to be a small war; a remote war; a short war, and a war without foreign complications. This impression lasted during the two first months of fighting—after which, in December, the defeat of two English detachments under Buller and Methuen suddenly roused the markets to appreciation of the fact that the war would be long and expensive, and that the gold mines of the Transvaal would in the meantime be blockaded. Then the prolonged decline on the English Stock Exchange began.

When the Japanese fleet attacked the Russians at Port Arthur, in February, 1904, the European markets had been weak, though mainly in connection with the world-wide liquidation of 1903. The French market, where prodigious amounts of Russian bonds were held, and where it was clear that St. Petersburg would have to borrow for its war expenditure, was attacked with great violence on the war news. There was a day of panic; a heavy break in Russian bonds, and then the thrifty "country investor" of France appeared upon the scene. His purchases brought about immediate recovery on the market, which was not thereafter subjected to any violent decline.

How much of the worldwide disturbance of the markets of 1913 was due to the Balkan War itself; how much to fear of "complications between the Powers"; how much to the extravagant heights to which public and company borrowing on those markets had risen, is a still unsettled question. The one certainty of the case is that Europe, when the war broke out in 1912, said that it would be "isolated" and would not be far-reaching in its consequences, but that the event proved somebody to have badly misjudged the matter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Blundell, J. Oh, Mr. Bidgood! Lane. $1.25 net.
Curle, R. Life is a Dream. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Henry-Ruffin, M. E. The Shield of Silence. Benziger. $1.35 net.
Jones, D. E. Peter Piper. Philadelphia: Jacobs. $1.25 net.
Palmer, F. The Last Shot. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Pickthal, R. The Comic Kingdom. Lane. $1 net.
Roberts, Isabel J. Polly Day's Island. Benziger. 85 cents net.
Wayside Neighbors. By the Author of Wayside. Longmans. 90 cents net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Callahan, J. M. Semi-Centennial History of West Virginia. Semi-Centennial Commission.
Crow, C. America and the Philippines. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Havemeyer, John Craig. Life, Letters, and Addresses. Revell. $1 net.
Macaulay's History of England. Illustrated. Vol II. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
McClure, W. K. Italy in North Africa. Philadelphia: Winston. $3 net.
Miron, E. L. The Queens of Aragon. Brentano.
Nepean, Mrs. E. On the Left of a Throne. Lane. $3 net.
Newton, A. P. The Colonising Activities of the English Puritans. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
Pennell, A. M. Pennell of the Afghan Frontier. Dutton. $3 net.
Phillips, W. A. The Confederation of Europe. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Strachey, R. A Quaker Grandmother. Revell. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Fillebrown, C. B. Taxation. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
Ilbert, C. The Mechanics of Law Making. Columbia University Press.
Mecklin, John M. Democracy and Race Friction. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

POETRY.

Arensberg, W. C. Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Comrie, F. M. A Little Book of Verse. Private edition.
Dowden, E. Poetical Works. Dutton. $4 net.
Fail, C. G. The Soul of the East. Boston: Old Corner Bookstore.
Selection of Latin Verse. New Haven: Yale University Press. 75 cents net.
Tagore, Rabindranath. The Post Office. Macmillan. $1 net.
Untermeyer, L. Challenge. Century. $1 net.

TRAVEL.

Bosanquet, Mrs. R. C. Days in Attica. Macmillan. $2 net.
Duke of Mecklenburg. From the Congo to the Niger and the Nile. Philadelphia: Winston.
Goodrich, J. K. The Coming Hawaii. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.
Fyfe, H. The Real Mexico. McBride Nast. $1.25 net.
Pears, C. From the Thames to the Netherlands. Macmillan. $2 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ade, G. Fables. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Altham, E. A. The Principles of War. With Maps. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Bohn's Popular Library: Trollope: Small House at Arlington. Vaughan's Poetical Works. Trelawney: Adventures of a Younger Son. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Cowles, J. D. The Art of Story-Telling. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Heath's Modern Language Series: Montaigne, Poèmes and Chants de France. Pages Choisies de Calvin. Heath. 90 cents net.
Lake English Classics: Shakspere: The Tempest. Ed. by W. A. Neilson. Chicago: Scott Foresman. 25 cents net.
Loeb Classical Library: Tacitus. Macmillan. $1.50 net each.
Thwing, C. F. The American College. Platt & Peck. $2 net.
Turnbull, U. P. Chessmen in Action. Dutton. 60 cents net.

SCIENCE.

Byrd, M. E. First Observations in Astronomy. Concord: Rumford Press.
Guillaume, C. E. Mechanics. Doubleday Page. 50 cents net.
Houston, A. C. Studies in Water Supply, Mec. Science Monographs. London: Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Lusk, G. The Fundamental Basis of Nutrition. New Haven: Yale University Press. 50 cents net.
Philip, A. The Reform of the Calendar. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Smith, E. F. Chemistry in America. Appleton. $2.50 net.
White, Lazarus. The Catskill Water Supply of New York City. John Wiley & Sons. $6 net.

ART.

The Studio Year-Book of Decorative Art. Lane. $3 net.
Year-Book of American Etching. Lane. $2 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Drama League Series: The Great Galeoto by Echegaray. Doubleday, Page. 75 cents net.
Parrott, T. M. The Comedies of George Chapman. London: Routledge.

REFERENCE.

Catholic Encyclopedia. Index and Reading List. Encyclopedia Press.
Faxon, F. W. F. Dramatic Index 1913. Boston: Boston Book Co.
Roberts, K. L. The Clubwoman's Handy-book of Programs and Club Management. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1914.

Summary of the News

The crisis in Mexico, which by Tuesday of last week, when the naval forces under Admiral Fletcher commenced their occupation of Vera Cruz, had developed into actual warfare, was relieved on Sunday by the offer of mediation on the part of the republics of Chili, Argentina, and Brazil. The offer was promptly accepted by the Administration, with the stipulation that any plan suggested must include the elimination of Huerta and the proviso that in the event of an act of aggression by Mexico the United States should take what military measures it deemed necessary. Huerta's formal acceptance of the proposal for mediation was received by the Spanish Ambassador in Washington on Monday night, and was unconditional. It is understood that considerable pressure was brought to bear on the Federal leader by Great Britain, France, and Germany, as well as by the Powers of South America, to induce him to accept the proposal. The envoys of the mediating Powers began their labors in Washington by a conference on Tuesday.

The occupation of Vera Cruz was effected, with the loss of seventeen Americans killed and more than sixty wounded, by noon of April 22, General Maas and the Mexican garrison retiring to a point some fifteen miles from the city. The civil authorities were invited to continue their customary functions, and the inhabitants to resume their ordinary avocations. It was necessary, however, on Sunday to declare martial law for the proper government of the town, as the civil authorities were reluctant to assume control. The sensation of the week, from the point of view of the Administration, was the message from General Carranza protesting against the occupation and demanding the withdrawal of American troops from Mexican soil, the President and the Secretary of State having inclined to the belief that the assistance of this country in eliminating Huerta by forcible methods would be welcomed by the rebels. As a result of Carranza's attitude the embargo on arms was reimposed on Thursday. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, the United States Chargé d'Affaires, received his passports from General Huerta on Thursday, and arrived at Vera Cruz with his family and the personnel of the Embassy on Friday. A number of American refugees from Mexico City also reached Vera Cruz the latter part of last week, but many more remained or were detained in Mexico City, and until the mediation proposals were accepted considerable anxiety was felt for their safety. Dispatches to Washington on Monday gave the information that nearly 2,000 American refugees from interior points in Mexico had been sent to ports whence they could obtain transportation to the United States.

The Volunteer Army bill, designed to remedy defects in the law of 1898, hastily passed three days before the outbreak of the war with Spain, has been passed by both houses of Congress and signed by the President. We deal elsewhere with the provisions of the new law, one of the most important of which is that regulating the term of enlistment, which is not for a fixed period, as previously, but is ended when the emergency that called for the enlistment has passed.

Fighting of a more serious character than any that has engaged the American troops in Mexico has taken place during the past week in Colorado between the State militia and the striking miners. The strike area embraces a radius of some twenty-five miles from Trinidad, and since September, when the strike was called, it is estimated that not less than three hundred persons have been killed. During the past ten days pitched battles have been fought, the area of violence has extended to the northern mining districts of the State, more than a score of persons were killed last week and nine more on Tuesday. The outstanding cause of the strike is the refusal of the owners to recognize the union, and the passions of the men have been inflamed by the importation of strike-breakers. The State militia is apparently entirely powerless to deal with the situation, and the financial question involved by keeping it in the field has become a serious one. On Tuesday it was decided, after a Cabinet meeting, to dispatch Federal troops to the strike zone, which Gov. Ammons on the same day proclaimed to be in a state of insurrection. On Monday, at the President's request Chairman Foster, of the House Committee on Mines and Mining, had a conference in New York with John D. Rockefeller, jr., representing the interests controlling the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, with a view to effecting a compromise with the strikers, but without result, Mr. Rockefeller presumably maintaining the position he took in giving evidence before the House committee of investigation, when he insisted upon the right of workers to engage in employment without reference to a union.

A convincing message from Colonel Goethals was read at the hearing on the Panama Canal Repeal bill on Friday, putting himself on record as favoring the repeal of the exemption clause on financial grounds.

The results of the elections held in Venezuela on April 19 to elect a President of the Provisional Government only became known on Thursday of last week. Dr. V. Marquez Bustillos, Secretary of War, was elected President, and Dr. J. Rojas Fernandez, Vice-President. The outgoing President, Gen. Juan Vicente Gomez, was elected Commander-in-Chief.

Official announcement was made on Monday that the Japanese Government would participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition, for which purpose an appropriation of $600,000 was made as long ago as last May.

Preparations for active resistance to the Home-Rule bill continue to be made in Ulster, and counter-preparations by the Irish Nationalist Volunteers. On Friday night and Saturday morning the Ulster volunteers succeeded in landing 40,000 rifles and half a million rounds of ammunition, which have since been distributed by means of automobiles, and on Monday night the Nationalist organization retaliated by landing a consignment of arms, said to have come from America, at a remote spot on the coast of Donegal. There have been persistent reports that the Government contemplates taking some drastic step (the rumors that Sir Edward Carson would be arrested have been revived), and, according to dispatches from Belfast, five warships arrived off Larne, seventeen miles from Belfast, on Monday night. Despite official denials, the statement is repeated that regiments in Dublin are in readiness to be moved to the north. In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. Asquith was plied with questions on the situation. Concerning the gun-running of the Ulster Volunteers, which he denounced as "a grave and unprecedented outrage," he declared oracularly that the Government would "take without delay proper steps to vindicate the authority of the law and to protect the officers and servants of the King and his Majesty's subjects in the exercise of their duties and in the enjoyment of their legal rights."

The third reading of the bill for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales was passed in the House of Commons on April 21 by a vote of 349 to 245.

The result of the French general elections held on Sunday was to return definitely only 351 of the 602 Deputies. In 251 districts where no candidate obtained an absolute majority, a second ballot will be held on May 10.

The King and Queen of England paid a state visit to Paris, the first since King George came to the throne, on Tuesday of last week, returning to London on Friday. The cordiality of their reception testified to the firmness of the *entente*. It seems clear, however, from the terms of an official note issued from the British Foreign Office on the exchange of views between Sir Edward Grey and M. Doumergue, that there is no present disposition to turn the triple *entente* of England, France, and Russia into a more formal alliance, as the two last countries would desire.

The deaths of the week include: Judge James B. Holland, April 24; Count Khuen-Hedervary de Hedervar, April 25; Very Rev. Dionysius F. Best, George F. Baer, Thomas J. Barratt, April 26.

The Week

During April, in the almanac-maker's phrase, look out for war. Of our chief wars, only one, if we consider that the War of 1912 virtually began with Madison's ninety-day embargo on April 4, has failed to date from that month. Our last entanglement completes a series of coincidences that extends even to the day. April 19, 1775, Parker met Pitcairn at Lexington; April 19, 1861, the first blood was shed at Baltimore; April 19, 1898, the joint resolution with respect to Cuba passed Congress; April 19, 1914, the ultimatum to Huerta expired. The one exception is the first Mexican war. Ezekiel Biglow dated his enclosure of his son Hosea's first poem, with its picture of Boston recruiters rattling away on kettle-drums, to "Mister Eddyter," in "june, 1846." But even that conflict had features appealing to the unretentive memory of schoolboys. The first blood had been shed by Taylor, April 24, six weeks before the actual declaration of war; while Scott fought Cerro Gordo April 18, 1847. The purely mathematical probability of a continuance of April's distinction may be slight; but if peace societies should choose to interpret this train of events as a peep into our Sibylline leaves, they might be forearmed to take special precautions during the third week of the second month of spring.

The National Bureau of Labor Exchange, proposed by the Commission on Industrial Relations, is in line with the recommendations of the recent Conference on Unemployment in New York. While the Bureau would have jurisdiction over all private employment agencies doing an interstate business, its most important service would be the gathering and distributing of information regarding the labor market, and the establishing of free public employment offices. As Professor Pigou, of Cambridge, remarks in his recent volume on "Unemployment," the efficacy of labor exchanges is especially great when they are organized "as an interconnected national system, and when they act, not merely as bureaus of information, but also as centres for the actual employment of hands." In accordance with our general policy in this country, we have hitherto left such matters pretty much to private management, only a few States having undertaken even to supervise the work of private bureaus in any thoroughgoing manner. Students of the problem feel strongly that the time has arrived for more scientific grappling with it on the part of individual States, and also of the nation. The Commission is not rushing into the new ground recklessly, but is to hold public hearings in New York and elsewhere before it attempts to draft a bill for presentation to Congress.

In contrast with the hysteria which has tainted some of the talk emanating from high railway quarters, is the quiet, but none the less forceful, statement of the cardinal factors in the railway-rate question made by I. L. Lee, executive official of the Pennsylvania. It is upon this plane of sober and comprehensive discussion that the subject should be treated by all three of the parties in the case—the railway companies, the Government, and the public. And so far as the public is concerned, certainly so far as the intelligent public is concerned, we believe its desire is altogether for a handling of the question in a spirit of fairness, and of regard for distant consequences no less than of immediate effects. That is the spirit invoked in Mr. Lee's remarks. He points out that we have entered upon a new era in operating railways, "an era demanding elimination of grade crossings, demanding improved railroad stations, steel cars, automatic signals, higher wages to the men, better accounting, and numerous other similar details"; but that we are not giving corresponding attention to the problem of "providing for the cost of these improvements." To maintain the standards exacted by modern conditions and modern opinion in these matters, the railways must have at command a big stream of new capital; and, says Mr. Lee, "there is to-day no established policy on the part of the people or the Government concerning the railroads which enables a man putting his money into a railroad investment to know the kind of treatment he is going to receive."

George F. Baer, who died on Sunday, was one of the ablest, and, in his personal traits as well as his personal achievements, one of the most remarkable, of the men who gave meaning to the title of captain of industry. He combined the talent of a great lawyer with the skill of a great organizer, the expert knowledge of a thorough railway man, and the iron will and fixed adherence to sound business principles which are necessary to make these qualities productive of real success in such an undertaking as he assumed when he took the helm in the affairs of the Reading Company. To him is due the transformation of that railway from a condition of chronic bankruptcy to a condition of assured prosperity. This he accomplished, not only by skill as a manager and power as an organizer and administrator, but by steadily resisting all kinds of pressure by financiers to conduct the road upon stock-jobbing instead of railway principles. He put blood into the road instead of sucking it out. The Reading under Baer fared like the Union Pacific under Harriman, in contrast with the Missouri Pacific under Gould, the 'Frisco under Yoakum, or the New Haven under Mellen. Baer placed the road where bankers would come to it, instead of placing it where it would have to go to bankers. His work as a railway manager must be accounted as remarkable, not only for ability, but for soundness.

There is nothing startling about the scheme developed by employees and officials of the New York Edison Company for investment in the stock of the company by persons in its service. But every movement of this kind is to be welcomed, both as good in itself and as an indication of a tendency which many hope may become general and may assume a character of very great importance. There is, in one respect, more significance in a simple and modest plan like this than in one that is of dazzling attraction; for what it lacks in greatness of immediate effect it supplies in the evident fact that it is capable of imitation in almost any soundly established industrial enterprise. Under this scheme it is free to every employee to invest or not, as he pleases; and the mechanism provided is that of an "Employees' Investment Company," to the stock of which subscriptions of the smallest amounts may be made, these being applied by the ancillary company to the purchase of stock of the Edison

Company itself. The result, in the course of years, says one of the Edison Company officials, will be to "make of the persons working for the electric company one of the most formidable groups of stockholders, and they will have power to make rulings and laws affecting their own business welfare." It is along lines like these that many serious students of industrial conditions hope to find the development of a more wholesome relation between capital and labor.

One of the duties of the Governor of Massachusetts is to veto the annual bill giving the "veterans" of the Spanish War preference over civilians in appointments to the civil service of the State. The effect upon the quality of work done for the State is, of course, beneath consideration. What impresses the outsider is the persistence with which the bill is introduced and passed, only to be vetoed. For a series of years every Governor of Massachusetts, Republican or Democrat, has had the privilege of disapproving it. Do the members of the Legislature secretly hope that he will take upon his shoulders the responsibility of preventing its enactment, while they shake their heads in apparent sorrow over his obstinacy? It must be admitted that the "veterans" of all our wars have never shown reluctance to jog our memory of their sacrifices.

American moralists on the false pride of denominationalism have never had need to go to Kikiyu for a text. A plain one is revealed in the John F. Slater Educational Fund's examination of church schools for negroes in the South. In the cities and towns of twelve States it reports fifty cases of the flagrant duplication of effort by denominational schools; in some, four or five are weakly but eagerly competing with one another or with the public schools. The tactful administrators of the Fund appeal to a sense of denominational expediency. One coöperative school, founded on that at present strongest, should generally suffice. Each church might put the money saved "into some strong, central college or industrial institute, whose graduates would be fitted to carry forth the particular faith. . . . Or if no one church school might be left with the work, especially in primary education, might not all withdraw to advantage and coöperate with the public-school authorities in providing better facilities?" No one thinks money for negro education can be made to go too far; and the churches could recite with more fervor the immense need for contributions if their own failure to coöperate were not in part responsible for it.

The health of Jacob A. Riis, it is stated, has become so impaired as to require his retirement from the activities to which he has been devoted. He is as yet only on the threshold of old age, being not quite sixty-five, and there are not many men in the country who have more fairly won the good wishes of all "men of gentle will" for many years of quiet happiness after a lifetime of active effort. Mr. Riis was one of the vanguard of that army of men and women who, in the past five and twenty years, have been laboring to improve the lot of the least fortunate of their fellow-beings, and have quickened the national conscience in this whole domain of thought and feeling and action. In his work, and his talk, and his writing, about conditions in the slums of New York, there was a quality of heartfelt sympathy, made all the more moving by a kindly and genuine humor, which was peculiarly contagious. A certain simplicity of mind, which in some matters that he touched was not to his advantage, only strengthened him in what he said and what he did about the wretchedness of Five Points, the crying need of downtown playgrounds and parks, and other concrete things that he fought for and won in behalf of the poor of New York. He can take to himself, in his retirement, the satisfaction that goes with having done good work himself, and having been the cause of good work, and of good feeling, in others.

If anything is more wonderfully fraught with chance than history, it is undoubtedly the collection of historical materials. The rich mine in which Assistant State Librarian Swem of Virginia has been delving for manuscripts concerning the Old Dominion, Kentucky, and the Northwest is calculated to make the growing tribe of Western antiquarians green with envy. His zeal and industry in tabulating the mass of material that he discovered in the basement of the Library are undeniable; but how its exploration was left for him is a story paralleling the finding of the Jesuit Narratives and Kaskaskia Records. Mr. Swem's report, "A List of MSS. Recently Deposited in the State Library by the State Auditor," enumerates among the accumulated State and county papers of a century and a half nearly 700,000 pieces of value. Records of property alone are estimated "to constitute the most authentic and comprehensive source material for the economic and social history of Virginia from 1782 to the close of the war between the States." Items abound scarcely less interesting than the following: "Clark, George Rogers. 70 packages of letters, accounts, orders, captured papers, and miscellaneous documents concerning George Rogers Clark and the Illinois country, 1778-1783. 300 pieces per package." Nothing of more interest to the growing army curious concerning the opening of the Ohio and Mississippi country has been recently brought to light; though the work of investigators among buried materials has been a rising monument to the ability of a new historical perspective to bring forth new Columbuses.

How unresponsive to the spirit of the time it is possible for a community to be is illustrated by Indianapolis, which, according to the latest reports, is not to have a "clean-up week." Not to have a clean-up week is worse, if anything, than not to have a "slogan" or a plan for a civic centre. But the Indianapolis Board of Public Works takes the position that the city is cleaning the streets and alleys all the time, and that a special week for that purpose is unnecessary. If citizens have any complaints about the work as at present conducted, they are invited to state them. This line of reasoning may sound well, but it overlooks the main point. What is the purpose of a clean-up week? To clean up? Of course not. The purpose of this institution is to arouse the spirit of coöperation among the citizens, to get them off the beaten track for a few days, to set everybody doing something that he is unused to doing. Clean-up week, in a word, has the same end as reading poetry or listening to a Chautauqua speaker. It makes one feel that one is a part of the great uplift of hu-

manity now everywhere staged, and at the same time it is a novel form of recreation.

Federal Commissioner Claxton holds that the schools should provide instruction through "what is now, in most cities, a long, wasteful vacation." The Chicago *Tribune* supports local educators in pronouncing the three months "an unnecessary waste, and worse than waste." Whether the vacation ought to be shortened may be arguable either from the point of view of the revolutionary schedule of Dr. Claxton, involving completion of eight years' primary work in six, extension of secondary studies to comprehend early college work, and the advanced specialization of the universities, or from that of city residents to whom the long vacation seems an outgrown rural institution. But opposition has heretofore been effective, in a feeling that even slight *ennui* at home was not harmful, if thereby the return to school was made something not to be contemplated with loathing.

A new magazine which challenges the public with such a title as the *Unpopular Review* must expect to stand on its mettle. But if the January issue left any lover of "disagreeable truths" doubting whether this particular quarterly was likely to justify its name over-well, his doubts have probably been removed by the solid substance and brilliant execution of the second issue, now out for April-June. On inspection the truths turn out to be fairly agreeable. Their nature may be gathered from the opening articles of the current number. Thus, the initial paper deals with the "Soul of Capitalism": "a broader and more liberal humanity than the world has known before—such, after all, is the evolving soul of capitalism." It will pass away, being "none too responsive," but in its place will come neither unbridled individualism nor a socialistic regimentation. As a pendant to that thesis stands the article on "Natural Aristocracy," which argues that "the remedy for the evils of license is not in the elimination of popular restraint, but precisely in bringing people to respect and follow their right leaders. The cure of democracy is not *more* democracy, but *better* democracy." Meanwhile the writer of the essay on "A Sociological Nightmare" makes excellent fooling of the wild scramble of theorists who are turning society into an "addled Parliament" of tongues; another essayist, with genial gallantry, rallies the women on their presumed "Right to Be Amused," and still another speaks with grave concern of "Social Untruth and Social Unrest," as seen in the careless, or wicked, habit of exaggerating actual evils in such a way as to promote a revolutionary propaganda rather than a salutary reform.

There is abundant other matter in the *Unpopular*, but from these opening articles its main intention is clear—to laugh the follies of the day out of court, and to stand stanchly for what has been proved and found good; to distinguish between the giddy eddies of conceit and the advancing current of order; to look below the surface glitter at the deeper meaning of the age; to be wise and merry at the same time. To such a quarterly the *Nation* extends the right hand of fellowship. And for Mr. Henry Holt, who is at once the editor and publisher, we desire the success that he merits and all the enjoyment that he is sure to find in his new undertaking. His friends will hope that a goodly number of men and women who have never heard his voice may come, through the pages of the magazine of which he is the animating spirit, to share with them the ripe wisdom of his years and experience.

If the victory of the Oxford relay team at the Pennsylvania games does not excite a shout of gratulation in England, it will be at least "a thought," in Mr. Pecksniff's words on a like occasion, "which is very soothing." The less noise is made over it, of course, the more readily will some Americans correct an exaggerated impression that athletic decadence has been the introspective topic served with British luncheon, dinner, and breakfast for months. Nothing lacked to make the triumph complete. The single American Rhodes scholar among the runners made the poorest race, in comparison with his opponent, of the four. The eight-inch margin at the tape, the pluck of the English runner, who closed up fifteen yards in the last mile and collapsed, the virtual record for a heavy field, united to distinguish the result.

Charges of conspiracy and falsification are steadily hurled against Mr. Asquith, and if Mr. Bonar Law, when brought to the point, will mitigate and explain and postpone, that does not seem to stand in the way of the same accusation being brought forth with the same degree of violence on the next occasion. The Unionist indictment was challenged last week by Mr. Asquith, who offered to set a day for debating the conspiracy charge; whereupon Mr. Bonar Law embattled suddenly became Mr. Bonar Law judicial, asserting that he could not fling himself into the fray for King and country until he had read a Government White Book on the subject.

The personnel of the new French Chamber of Deputies, returned by the general elections held on Sunday, will not finally be determined till after May 10, when there will be a second plurality turn for the 251 districts which gave no absolute majority. It is probable, however, that the Radical and Socialist majority will remain in power, although on Sunday's voting the groups led by ex-Premiers Briand and Barthou, and known as the Democrats of the Left, have made some gains. The murder of the editor of *Figaro*, followed by unpleasant disclosures regarding the close connection between high finance and men high in political power, may have affected the outcome in isolated instances, but it will hardly have broken the established ascendency of the radical elements. The murder of M. Calmette led to the resignation of two Cabinet members and might have overthrown the Doumergue Ministry if the elections had not been so close at hand. The advantage of being in power during a general election is recognized in France as in other Latin countries. The issue which has been most debated during the campaign is the proposal for an abandonment of the three years' military service law, which was enacted almost the other day under the influence of the German war scare. At that time there was every sign that the nation, with the exception of the Socialists, was united in favor of the longer term of service. The fact that a return to two years has now been found a popular election cry shows to what extent national "upheavals" may be exaggerated as the result of manipulation.

MEXICO.

The week that has passed has been one of grave and sobering experience for this country. We have been, not on the brink of war, but actually in armed conflict with another Power—call that power Huerta or Mexico—and while there was on all hands a determination, if the worst must come, to do what must be done, there was evident in the mass of the American people a profound distaste for the whole sorry business, a conviction that somehow, somewhere a blunder had been committed, and that we were going to war for no just cause and with a people against whom we had no just quarrel. Nobody will rightly accuse President Wilson of insincerity in contending that our operations have been directed not against the Mexican people but against Huerta, but the reply of Carranza to the amiable overtures of the Secretary of State is sufficient demonstration of the view that the people of Mexico as a whole take of our action.

The plain facts of the case are these: that the Administration has undertaken hostile operations against a man whom it has refused to recognize as *de-facto* President of Mexico, because he temporized about making reparation to this country for an insult to the flag in the precise form prescribed by international usage. It was not even that an apology had been refused, for it had not. Huerta had made an apology; more, he had undertaken to salute the flag in the manner demanded, the only stipulation being that the salute should be returned and that a protocol to this effect should be put into writing. That was the occasion for the undertaking of an enterprise the end of which no man can foresee, but which has already exacted its price in the lives of Americans and Mexicans. And the reason for the refusal of the protocol? Because it was not in accord with diplomatic usage? But what has diplomatic usage to do with a private individual whose official existence we do not recognize? Or because the mere signing of it might involve that recognition which we have so studiously avoided? So, we may talk to a man through our accredited diplomatic agent in Mexico, but rather than correspond with him we will go to war. It is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

These are the official reasons advanced for our action in Mexico. Nobody pretends that they are the sole reasons. If they were, our justification for the extreme measures that have been taken would appear even more miserably inadequate than it does. Huerta has pursued a policy of pinpricks exceedingly trying to the patience of the Administration, galling to the pride of any but a nation that is truly great and secure in the consciousness of its national honor. The lives and property of American citizens have been in danger in Mexico, and to protect their lives is one of the first duties of a government; but in the part of Mexico controlled by Huerta Americans have enjoyed heretofore a greater security than in those districts which are in the hands of Villa and the rebels. Yet, be it remembered, it is against Huerta, and Huerta alone, not against Villa, not against the Mexican people, Federals or rebels, that all the armed resources of the United States have been arrayed.

These, we think, are the kind of reflections that have been in the minds of many thoughtful Americans during the past week. It is because the majority of the American people realize, perhaps vaguely, the inconsistency which has marked the policy of the Administration, the inadequacy of the grounds on which war has been threatened, that there has been a notable absence of the jingoistic spirit.

The same temperate spirit which made the American people view with distaste the prospect of a war in Mexico has made it welcome with a sense of profound relief the announcement on Sunday of an offer of mediation by the republics of Brazil, Chili, and the Argentine, and the acceptance of the offer by our Government and by Huerta.

Confessedly, the difficulties still confronting us are many and great. Whichever way one looks at it, the Mexican situation appears formidable. The chapter of accidents may go fatefully against the plans of the Administration and of our mediating friends in South America. But a good and hopeful beginning has been made, and the thing to do now is to press on with courage.

Already much has been accomplished. In accepting so promptly, even if with due reservations, the good offices of Brazil, Chili, and the Argentine, President Wilson gave the very best proof of his sincere desire for peace. One needs only to recall the difference in 1898. Then the British Ambassador made a proffer of friendly services, on the part of European Powers, to prevent the war with Spain, but it was politely declined by President McKinley. Mr. Wilson could, in consistency, do no less than welcome the approach of the South Americans. He and Mr. Bryan have been negotiating a series of treaties aiming to bind the nations to agree to a certain "pause" for inquiry and reflection, before passing from a cause of hostility into actual war. The offer of such a breathing space was immediately accepted by the Administration, and President Wilson must have seen how ready his countrymen are to support him in every reasonable effort to ground arms in Mexico.

Most welcome, also, is the instant effect of his action throughout South America. It came in the nick of time; for ugly things were already beginning to be said about us in the Argentine press and in Brazil. In Montevideo, anti-American demonstrations had actually begun. It is evident that a strong feeling against the United States would soon have been manifesting itself in all those countries. If war with Mexico had been resolved upon, for whatever reason and with whatever disavowals of selfish purposes on our part, we should have been denounced up and down South America as a nation of hypocritical land-grabbers. But now all this will be stilled; for it is in the hands of South Americans that we have, as it were, placed the keeping of our honor, with the task of avoiding war with Mexico, if that be possible. The effect will surely be to create a great and favorable revulsion of sentiment in South America.

Even in distraught Mexico, the result must be to revive confidence in the forbearance and good will of the United States Government. The present, surely, is the moment for intelligent and patriotic Mexicans to assert themselves. They must see that here is a last chance to prevent their country from either bleeding to death or being overrun by a foreign invader. In the fact that mediation is now offered by nations of their own race and speech, they ought to see the happiest auguries. The advances made to the Mexican people by the South

American mediators are certain to be sympathetic. So, too, will their advice be intelligent and candid. Now, if ever, there ought to be a great rallying of the better-class Mexicans in the hope of working out a plan that shall at once stay a desolating civil war, put a stop to threatened foreign hostilities, and give promise of a permanent restoration of law and order.

Any suggestion of this kind must perforce be at present only tentative. The great thing is that time for thought has been gained, time for negotiation, time for the humane instincts to reassert themselves. The fighting has been checked. Opportunity for reason to utter its voice has been obtained. The whole Christian world will look on with devout hope that the effort now making to find a peaceful solution may in the end succeed.

THE ARMY AND THE WAR.

Our aggression in Mexico finds the regular army in vastly better condition for a campaign than it was in 1898. Then its authorized strength was 27,164, but its actual numbers considerably less. Many of its officers were incapacitated by dry-rot and advanced years. Many regiments had never met as a whole, and only two or three generals had ever manœuvred a division, much less a corps. The lieutenants and captains of 1898 are the colonels and generals of to-day. Whereas Gen. Shafter was physically incapacitated for active service and sixty-three years of age, Gen. Funston, our senior brigadier, is not yet forty-nine, and of a vigorous and alert personality. To-day the authorized strength is 100,000, and the actual numbers close to 90,000, including the Philippine Scouts. Of the total, 65,000 are in this country, the rest being in Panama, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. These figures include the Coast Artillery.

No one would, of course, contend that our army has reached perfection. The inertia of a body of officials with permanent positions is greater than those unacquainted with it can imagine. There is an almost paralyzing lack of initiative; officers sit at their desks and too readily become the victims of conservatism and of red-tape regulations. Hence, if a large mobilization should be necessary, we should see a good deal of the confusion of 1898, and certainly much of the delay repeated, particularly as the Volunteer Army bill has only just passed. There has been great slothfulness in working out detailed plans for the mobilization of the militia, although most elaborate programmes for the invasion of Mexico by the regulars have been in hand for several years. But for two years many regulars have been in camp in Texas or patrolling the border, between 17,000 and 18,000 being so employed to-day. There probably never were American troops in better physical condition for service, and 4,000 of them were promptly sent by water to garrison Vera Cruz. While Shafter's army was a splendid aggregation of small units, admirably officered as to captains and lieutenants, the present regiments are far better armed and equipped, and their officers have had a much broader training and far greater variety of service, notably in large bodies. Fifty per cent. of them have seen active service in Cuba or the Philippines, and the average age of the officers of every rank is much lower than was the case in 1898, while their physical condition is superior.

But should all of Mexico turn against us, these men would be merely a drop in the bucket. Indeed, the best-drilled militia, like that of New York, would, in the event of hostilities actually developing, do well to expect an immediate call to arms. Somebody would have to take the place of the regulars on the Texas border, even if our operations were confined to the Huertistas. Forts must be garrisoned to relieve the Coast Artillery, which would have to do infantry duty, as it did in Mexico before, and as it did in the Civil War. This use of the militia would be of great service, and would be within the Constitution; the Attorney-General has ruled that, in accordance with the specific terms of that document, militia cannot be sent across the borders of our country. Insistence by certain militia on their right to fight on their own territory was the cause of one defeat in our war of a hundred and two years ago. Under the proposed new volunteer law, State militia regiments will be allowed to volunteer as a whole—which was the principle for which the Seventh New York stood up in 1898 and for which it was so outrageously ill-treated by an unthinking public. But even the New York regiments cannot all go until, in accordance with our Constitution, 10,000 militia are raised to take their place. These would be partly officered, as in 1898, by men who for physical or for family reasons are not able to go to the front.

As for the troops, many would drop out for similar reasons. All talk of the 112,000 militia being ready for war as a whole is nonsense. The regiments would have to be made over largely, as in 1898. Volunteer regiments of wholly new material should come into being, now that the new bill is law, under far better auspices than in 1846, 1861, or 1898. For instance, it will provide a system of recruiting regiments in the field from recruit depots, instead of the wasteful practice of the Civil War of recruiting new regiments when the veteran organizations melted away. It provides for the appointment of staff and general officers; it makes easy the passage of regular officers to the highest places in the volunteer regiments, and provides temporary substitutes for the officers thus detailed away from the regulars. It prescribes that the President, instead of the Governors, as heretofore, shall appoint all volunteer officers, and that preference shall be given to men of experience and training in the army, the militia, the volunteers of 1898, and the military schools of the country. There is also an excellent provision for eliminating unfit or vicious officers. Under this law there should be no payment of bounties and no short-term enlistments, both great evils in 1861-65. Finally, the President is authorized by the law to call out 200,000 men as he sees fit.

But it is an open secret that as time has gone on the army authorities have steadily raised their estimates of the number of troops needed to "pacify" all of Mexico. Originally, the estimate was 250,000 men and five years. To-day some generals estimate as high as 500,000, and an expense of a million dollars a day is expected by all. Should all Mexico be arrayed against us, the country would have to be prepared for terrible sacrifices of men and money. Only two or three of our active generals have commanded a brigade during hostilities; their worth would have to be tested in what one of them has called the "best guerrilla country in the world." The cost of it all might easily be staggering.

THE RIGHT TO PUNISH.

There appeared in the newspapers a short time ago an item to the effect that in Rhode Island a former convict has brought suit for the recovery of wages which he says are due him for labor performed by him while a prisoner under the convict-contract system. The suit is based on the fact that the Constitution of Rhode Island, which contains a prohibition of slavery, does not expressly declare that the prohibition is not to be understood as covering labor, or involuntary servitude, exacted as a punishment for crime. The language of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction." But we have no desire to enter into the judicial question brought up in the Rhode Island case as such.

What does interest us very much is the attitude that appears to be adopted towards the matter by certain advocates of prison reform. With the general aims of the constantly growing numbers of earnest workers in this field we are in hearty sympathy. There is a tremendous task before us in the direction of improved methods of treatment of criminals, not to speak of the extirpation of outrageous abuses and flagrant inefficiencies in the administration of existing methods. But along with a great deal of admirable endeavor, both in the way of constructive criticism and of intelligent experiment, there is rife nowadays a great deal of crude dogma and dangerous sentimentality. It is stated that this convict's suit is backed by persons interested in prison-labor reform. The case for his claim, as seen by them—and apparently approved by the editor—is thus stated in an editorial in the Chicago *Record-Herald:*

> The theory is that a convict should be paid decent wages, and that his family or other dependents should have the benefit of his toil. Of course, if the convict is a slave, he has no rights that anybody is bound to respect. If he is not a slave, the wages of his toil and conditions of his employment in or out of prison require proper regulation in the interest of justice. It is to be hoped that the Supreme Court of Rhode Island will not seek or find some technical loophole through which to escape, but will tackle the issue in its vital bearings and rejoice in the opportunity to hand down a memorable opinion.

Undoubtedly, the question of a convict's wages and of the conditions of his employment is one that requires "proper regulation." It may be that to give him the full net proceeds of his labor would be a wise policy; it is almost certainly true that some approximation to such a course would be most beneficial to the community as well as to the convict. But to say that he has a right to such treatment simply because he is not a "slave," is to reduce to absurdity the whole idea of criminal justice. Where are you going to draw the line? If he possesses the ordinary rights of a freeman, he possesses the right to come and go, to enjoy the society of his wife and children, to work as much or as little as he pleases. Is he to be mocked with mere wages, to be enjoyed perhaps only after years of waiting, and in the meanwhile to pine away in loneliness and confinement? Is the withholding of wages the only deprivation which the slave endures? Is it the bitterest of the pangs he is called upon to suffer? Is the loss of liberty nothing, so long as a daily dole of money is added to the daily dole of food?

We ask these questions not by way of legal argument on the Rhode Island case, but on account of their bearing on the whole subject of criminal law and criminal administration. Those who undertake to settle the fundamental issues of that subject by an appeal to the mere catchwords of an abstract dogma of human rights are only saved from sinking in a quagmire of impossibilities by failure to carry their dogmatizing and sentimentalizing to its legitimate conclusion. The abstract right of a man to the ordinary prerogatives of a freeman is either forfeitable by crime or it is not. If it is not forfeitable, we have no right to deprive any criminal of his liberty. If it is thus forfeitable, the nature and limits of the deprivations to which he may be subjected must be determined by considerations of public expediency, and not by the dicta of any abstract theory of human rights. Let unnecessary harshness be abolished, by all means; but let it be abolished because it is shown to be unnecessary or ineffective. Let encouragement to thrift be given the convict; but let it be given because there is sound reason to believe that it will promote his reformation, or succor his dependents, and will not injure the community.

We grope sadly, to be sure, in the treatment of these matters. We have given them scant attention; we have blundered in regard to them; we have suffered venality and incompetence to work untold evils in relation to them; we have even been shamefully niggardly in supplying the means for a proper administration of the system we have. To mend all this—slowly if we can do no better, rapidly if we can arouse the community to a sense of its full duty—is an urgent task. It is being carried on by men and women who devote their lives to this unattractive and often thankless work. But with all its faults and shortcomings the system of criminal justice has performed a function absolutely indispensable to the carrying on of civilized life. It has done its work wastefully, stupidly if you please; but it has done its work, and that work continues to be as essential as ever. In order to maintain it, it is necessary to hold, with clear conviction, without tremor or apology, that the right to punish rests on the solid foundation of the highest public expediency. Those who indulge in such talk as we have here been criticising can find no logical stopping-place short of a complete denial of that right as so founded. And that way madness lies.

THE LONELY HEIGHTS OF SCIENCE.

Looking under the name "Hill," in the Encyclopædia Britannica, we find "Hill, Ambrose Powell, American Confederate soldier," "Hill, Daniel Harvey, American Confederate soldier," "Hill, David Bennett, American politician," and other Hills, American and English, but not Hill, George William, American astronomer. Nor did the death of George William Hill, a few days ago, evoke from the American newspaper press anything more than perfunctory notice. Yet he was one of the extremely small group of men in this country whose scientific work was of the highest order. His researches in celestial mechanics will rank permanently among the memorable achievements of the human mind in a domain in which some

of the greatest intellects of the race have exerted their utmost powers. One of the many notable testimonials to his rare eminence was the publication, several years ago, by the Carnegie Institution, of his "Collected Mathematical Works," with an introduction by Henri Poincaré, the most illustrious French mathematician of the last two generations. In this introduction, Poincaré gives an outline of Hill's researches, and discusses their relation to what had been done by his predecessors, and their bearing on the future development of celestial mechanics.

So remote are labors like these, not only from the ordinary interests of mankind, but from the possibility of even a dim apprehension of their nature on the part of any but mathematicians, that it is not surprising that the man whose life is given over to their pursuit gains none of the glittering rewards, such as they are, of popular notice. And in the particular case of George W. Hill, it would be peculiarly inept to treat the absence of such notice of him, alive or dead, as a personal grievance. For Hill was, by deliberate choice, a recluse, a solitary, even in relation to the small circle of the elect who were capable of fellowship with him in the special intellectual field to which he was so exclusively devoted. And yet one can but feel that, in one way or another, the consciousness of this kind of high endeavor and achievement might well be more widespread than it is; and that if it were, the result would be a reciprocal benefit—a benefit to the man of science and a benefit to society at large—of no small value. In the case of an almost freakish simplicity and self-withdrawal like that of Hill, it may be that nothing of the kind would be possible; but his case is highly exceptional. It is not many years since there died an American mathematical physicist of similar scientific eminence, a man whose work is acknowledged to be in the first rank, and who was during his entire career professor in one of our leading universities; but how many Americans knew the name of Willard Gibbs? How many persons in New Haven—how many Yale students even—were aware that this modest scholar was one of the world's leaders in a great field of scientific thought?

It is something of a coincidence that within the few days since the death of Dr. Hill, another American man of genius has been taken away who, different in almost every possible way from Hill, was like him in that his life had for many years been passed in extreme seclusion. A man at once of extraordinary acumen and originality, and of a phenomenal range of intellectual interests, there was in Charles S. Peirce a vein of the erratic, perhaps one may say the unstable, which seems to account for his achievements having fallen far short of what might have been expected of his unquestionably splendid powers. Even as it is, however, he left his mark on at least two branches of the intellectual activity of the age. In that modern development of the science of reasoning which is usually designated by the name of Symbolic Logic, his work well deserves to be called *bahnbrechend;* the leading German writer on the subject, Ernst Schroeder, makes it the foundation of his extensive treatise. And it is from Peirce that William James derived the name "Pragmatism," and the doctrine for which that name stands in James's work; though, in the interest of accuracy, it is necessary to add that Peirce repudiated James's development of his seminal idea. But the concrete fruits of Peirce's labors, many as are the fields in which he worked, are small in comparison with what those who came into contact with him could not but feel would have fallen into his hands if he had but possessed that something—constancy, balance, or whatever it may be—which nature seems to have denied him.

That there might be—that there has been in other times and other countries—an atmosphere more genial and friendly even for those whose labors carry them to those strange and lofty heights in which dwells the mathematician or the abstract philosopher, we have already intimated. But these almost self-condemned exiles from "the kindly race of men" are not the only scholars who suffer from an intellectual isolation that is deplorable, and to the nature and consequences of which we seldom or never give attention. That free-masonry of the intellect which has played an inestimable part in the higher culture of Europe is almost wholly absent, as yet, in our university circles.

Foreign Correspondence

THE BRITISH CIVIL SERVICE—RECOMMENDATIONS OF A ROYAL COMMISSION.

London, April 17.

The British Civil Service has had a hard task to live down the reputation given it by Charles Lamb. His rhyming account of the problems that occupied him daily from ten to four, and his practice of making up for late arrival by going away early, have left a widespread impression that Whitehall is almost a synonym for Lotus Island. But Lamb retired from the East India Office in 1825, and nowadays the interiors of the large buildings that stretch from Trafalgar Square to the Houses of Parliament show little resemblance to a land where it is always afternoon. Indeed, the pressure upon the more responsible Civil Servants when bills relating to their own departments are passing through the House might be compared to that upon the station masters of the big railway terminals during the excursion season.

Not only is the daily round of the Government clerk far more strenuous than a hundred, or even fifty, years ago, but, at the same time, the gate into the service has been narrowed by the modern custom of filling so many of the appointments by open competition. In 1853 it was declared by the Commissioners chosen to report on the existing system of appointment by nomination that "admission into the Civil Service was greatly sought after, but it was for the incompetent and the indolent and incapable that it was chiefly desired." The Government departments then were regarded "as a means of securing a maintenance for young men who have no chance of success in the open competition of the legal, medical, and mercantile professions."

That scandal, at any rate, has been brought to an end. A Royal Commission on the Civil Service that has been sitting for more than two years has recently published its recommendations, based on four considerable volumes of evidence. It finds that the fundamental principles on which the Service is based are sound, and that its organization is, in the main, efficient. There are some defects of considerable importance, for which remedies are suggested, but the Commissioners recommend that the principle of open competition should be adhered to, and, whenever it is applicable, extended.

One of the reforms now proposed is due to the recent agitation against "blind alley" employments. At present, there are about 2,600 "boy clerks" who are recruited between the ages of fifteen and sixteen. Some of these have a chance of getting a permanent clerkship, but most of them are dismissed at eighteen. It is recommended that this class be entirely abolished, and that, in future, the lowest class in the official hierarchy shall be a "junior clerical class," recruited at sixteen, from boys who have completed the intermediate stage in secondary schools. Appointments to this class will be permanent.

Perhaps the most hotly contested question that has demanded the attention of the Royal Commissioners has been the relation of first division clerks to second division clerks. At present the first division is a *corps d'élite* of about 450 officials. They enter the service through the door of one of the most difficult examinations in the British Isles. With few exceptions, the successful candidates are men who already have gained high university distinctions.

The higher status and better prospects of first division clerks are keenly resented by many members of the second division. These are men who enter the service at the age of eighteen or thereabouts, after an examination of a much less advanced type. Their demand is that at least the first division should be largely recruited by promotions from the second, so that a young man who enters at this earlier age, after no more than an ordinary secondary education, should have a chance of some day rising to the highest post in his department.

Some of their most prominent advocates have weakened their case by an absurd attack upon the first division as the apanage of a privileged caste. This is sheer nonsense. Most of the first division men are, in fact, men without private means, who have made their way through a university by scholarships. Some of them, it should be noted, come of working-class families, and have climbed the educational ladder from the lowest rung, by winning scholarships in the first place from the elementary to the secondary schools, and afterwards from the latter schools to the universities.

The Commissioners emphatically reject the proposal that the first and second division clerks should ultimately be merged into a single class. They reach the conclusion that the best education, taken in conjunction with the training and formative influences of university life, produces the best type of public servant. This opinion is confirmed by Sir Francis Mowatt, permanent Secretary to the Treasury from 1894 to 1903. In an interview in the *Times* he points out that "experience in comparatively routine work, industry, and trustworthiness—qualities which distinguish the second division in a high degree—though they are justly entitled to the description of merit, do not of themselves qualify for the higher duties of control and administration."

It is, indeed, a most short-sighted policy to attempt, in the supposed interests of democratic equality, to break down the barrier between the first and second divisions. A young university graduate who has to keep himself by his own earnings finds his great difficulty when he has completed his course at college and is looking round for a career. The scholarships that have hitherto kept him have now dropped. At this point the civil-service first-division competition comes to his aid. If that is to be abolished for the sake of improving the position of youth who enter the service at eighteen, the chief sufferers will not be members of the aristocratic caste, but the ablest sons of middle-class and working-class homes. H. W. H.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT—LEADING PERSONALITIES IN FRENCH POLITICS.

PARIS, April 17.

Five of the six Republican leaders of the past four years are likely to remain the protagonists of the new Parliament which will assemble in June as a result of the general elections on Sunday, April 26. Leaders of the Conservatives and of the Monarchist remnant do not count. All fairly represent a high and not uncommon type of member of Parliament in France.

Raymond Poincaré is fifty-four years old, and has been removed from active politics by his election to the Presidency of the republic. He was elected against the utmost endeavors of Extreme Radicals and Socialists, for, as Prime Minister, he had been directing French interior and foreign policy along other lines than theirs. He belongs to a family distinguished in science, and his cousin Henri Poincaré was the greatest mathematical genius France has produced for a century. He is a man of complete university education, a lawyer occupying a foremost place in the exclusive Paris bar, and a member of the French Academy. He entered Parliament at twenty-seven, was Minister of Public Instruction at thirty-three, and was twice a particularly able Finance Minister; and he was a power in European councils when Foreign Minister during the Balkan troubles.

Alexandre Millerand is fifty-five years old, and is also a leading Paris lawyer. He first appeared in politics as one of Clemenceau's young men on the famous *Justice* newspaper. He was in Parliament at twenty-six, but did not enter a Government until he was forty. Then, from 1899 to 1902, he was Minister of Commerce in the Government which Waldeck-Rousseau organized to settle the Dreyfus affair. He was known as the first Socialist that ever held a post in a French Government.

Like Briand, who came later as chief of Government, he has been repudiated by the Unified Socialist party of Jaurès. In the Poincaré Cabinet he was Minister of War, and he is credited with having prepared the return to the three years' compulsory military service, which has been so opposed by Extreme Radicals and Socialists. His power is in his intelligent, serious, and patient labor.

Aristide Briand is fifty-two years old. He took his university degree in law, but entered politics early as director of the Radical Socialist journal, *La Lanterne*. He was forty before he was elected to Parliament, where he sits as an Independent Socialist for the strong workingmen's constituency of the manufacturing city of Saint-Etienne. He took a leading part, conciliatory as far as possible, in the preparation of the law of separation of church and state. He became a Minister with Clemenceau at forty-four, and he has since been twice Prime Minister.

The French Parliament has perhaps never had a greater master of debate in patient reasoning, ready answer, and warm, persuasive voice. He has also great power over popular assemblies; and his instantaneousness of thought is said to be the result of frequent participation as a college student in the cabaret politics of his native seaport. He is accused by Radical Socialists of leading the republic straight toward Conservative reaction. He will not soon be forgiven two famous words summing up volumes of political argument—that the present Parliamentary constituencies are "stagnant pools," and that the great need of the country is "appeasement." These have damaged vitally the Extreme Radical position. As for Socialists, they have shown themselves capable of alliances with other parties when these advance their peculiar aims.

Louis Barthou is fifty-two, a lawyer of the Paris bar and a writer. He entered Parliament at twenty-seven and Government at thirty-two; and at thirty-four he held the important Ministry of the Interior in the Moderate Republican Méline Cabinet. Beginning with Clemenceau, he has been a member of several Radical Governments in late years and was Prime Minister after Briand until November of last year. Then Extreme Radicals and Socialists, led by Caillaux in an unexpected combination, succeeded in overturning his Government and the "appeasement" policy with it. They accuse Barthou of Opportunism with a Conservative trend, dangerous to the Simonpure republic.

Joseph Caillaux is fifty-one years old, and was the real leader of the Extreme Radicals until the unhappy shooting of his political enemy, Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*, by Mme. Caillaux. This, however, is not likely to keep him from political life. He is the son of Finance Minister Caillaux, of that Broglie Government which all but pushed the young republic into Conservative reaction towards monarchy, and which was overthrown by Gambetta and the Radicals of that time. He has gone to the opposite extreme of Radical Socialism, after specializing in finance. He entered Parliament at thirty-five, and Government the year after, with Millerand and Waldeck-Rousseau. He was again Finance Minister with Clemenceau; and he was Prime Minister at the difficult moment of the German aggression of Agadir. He ceded Congo that France might have a free hand in Morocco. Caillaux is the Radical most feared by Moderates and Conservatives, because of his recognized ability, joined with daring and violent policies, and an apparent willingness to take gamblers' risks.

Jean Jaurès, who is the best known of all abroad, is fifty-five years old, and a university professor of philosophy by profession. He belongs to a family of distinguished naval officers, and certainly has nothing of the workman about him. He was a member of Parliament at twenty-six, and sat in the Republican Centre. He has never been in Government, for he migrated rapidly to extreme Collectivist Socialism. Twice he lost his election, and so skipped two Parliaments; but, in and out of Parliament, he has been leader of the Socialist party. He is inferior as a debater to Briand; but he is by far the most noted orator of France, both popular and Parliamentary, with a voice and chest equal to any strain. S. D.

Clinical Teaching.

DR. JANEWAY TO GO TO JOHNS HOPKINS.

The announcement that Dr. Theodore C. Janeway, Bard Professor of Medicine in Columbia University, and recently elected director of the medical department of the Presbyterian Hospital of New York, has accepted the professorship of medicine in the Johns Hopkins Medical School—the position once held by Sir William Osler—marks the completion of the reorganization of the main clinical departments of the Johns Hopkins Medical School on the full-time or university basis. The origin and significance of the new organization, now for the first time put into effect anywhere, may be stated as follows:

The Johns Hopkins Medical School opened in 1893 with two novel features: in the first place, it possessed an adequate endowed hospital under full university control—the trustees of the Medical School having the complete right to select the hospital staff; in the second place, the professors of the so-called laboratory subjects, anatomy, physiology, pathology, and their assistants, were all full-time men—teachers, that is, devoting their entire time and energy to instruction and research. Hitherto full-time laboratory teaching had not been entirely unknown, but the instances were rare and sporadic.

The full-time basis in laboratory teaching has succeeded so well that nowadays it is everywhere accepted as the only possible arrangement. It has greatly improved the quality of teaching in the laboratory subjects, and greatly increased the volume and quality of scientific research in these branches.

The endowment of the Johns Hopkins Medical School was not, however, large enough to extend the university arrangement to clinical chairs. Nevertheless, the advisability of a full-time experiment in the teaching of medicine, surgery, and other clinical subjects has been favorably discussed from time to time. The arguments in its favor were very substantial. In the first place, as the full-time anatomist and physiologist had amply justified themselves, there was good reason to suppose that the full-time arrangement would be even more advantageous in case of the still more difficult and complicated clinical branches. There is, however, an additional reason arising from the increasing distractions incident to a successful medical or surgical career. For the university professors of medicine and surgery, by reason of the eminence of their academic position and its implication of superior knowledge and skill, are likely to be more and more deeply absorbed by the demands of practice, just at the time when their opportunities for teaching and research are largest.

In response to a request from the trustees of the Johns Hopkins University, the General Education Board in October last made a gift of $1,500,000 to the Johns Hopkins Medical School, to be known as the William H. Welch Endowment for Clinical Education and Research, the entire income thereof to be used for the support of full-time teaching and research departments in medicine, surgery, and pediatrics. It was stipulated that, in reorganizing these three departments, the professor, his associates, and assistants should hold their posts on the express condition that they be salaried university officials and that they should themselves accept no fees for any medical or surgical service that they might render. The university medical or surgical teacher is, of course, in charge of the hospital wards and out-patient department; but over and above his work in the public wards, he is free to render any service required in the interest of humanity and science; he can see any patient that he cares to see. Should these be of the usual private patient type, they would pay the university a reasonable fee. But the time and energy of the professor is fully protected, not only because his salary eliminates financial interest on his part, but because he is himself sole judge as to whether a particular case should or should not command his attention. In order that the time and energy thus safeguarded may be profitably employed under favorable conditions, the endowment was made large enough to provide professors and assistants with well-equipped laboratories, books, and other necessary facilities.

The full-time plan is an appeal to the scientific interest and devotion of the clinician; and it is significant that the first three full-time posts created have been filled by men of conspicuous professional standing, who have all gladly made great sacrifices in order to procure ideal conditions for clinical teaching and investigation. Dr. Janeway, who becomes professor of medicine, is a New Yorker by birth, son of the late Dr. Edward Janeway, himself one of the most distinguished and influential teachers of medicine of his generation. Indeed, the elder Janeway was one of the pioneers in introducing into America the modern conceptions of pathology and histology contributed to medical science by Virchow; he occupied the chair of medicine in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, and subsequently in the consolidated University and Bellevue Medical School. The younger Janeway, who now becomes leader in another step forward in medical education, was graduated as doctor of medicine of Columbia University in 1895; he was an instructor in bacteriology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1895-96; an interne at St. Luke's, 1897; instructor and lecturer in the University and Bellevue Medical College, 1898-1906; associate in clinical medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1907, and professor of medicine, 1909. He has also served as visiting physician to St. Luke's, the Presbyterian, and the City Hospitals. Dr. Janeway is a member of the Board of Scientific Directors of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, of the Association of American Physicians, and other scientific bodies. His incumbency of the chair of medicine at Columbia University has been notable for the close relationship established between the Presbyterian Hospital and the University, and the institution in the Presbyterian Hospital of the single-service organization, headed by the University professors in the several branches. It is only fair to say that the conditions brought about in the Presbyterian Hospital and the College of Physicians and Surgeons represent the most desirable type of relationship between hospital and medical school.

The chair of surgery at the Johns Hopkins on the full-time arrangement will be occupied by Dr. William S. Halsted, most of whose brilliant surgical career has been passed in the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Like Dr. Janeway, he is a graduate in medicine of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, serving afterwards in succession as surgeon to the Presbyterian, Bellevue, and Roosevelt Hospitals of New York city. Called to Baltimore on the establishment of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Dr. Halsted has ever since been its surgeon-in-chief and professor of surgery.

The chair of pediatrics will be occupied by Dr. John Howland, also a New York man. Dr. Howland graduated as doctor of medicine at New York University in 1897 and at Cornell in 1899; he was a house officer at the Presbyterian Hospital, and subsequently in charge of the Children's Clinic at Bellevue Hospital. He has been associate in pediatrics at Columbia University and professor of pediatrics in Washington University, St. Louis. Dr. Howland was called to the Johns Hopkins a year ago to be physician-in-charge of the Harriet Lane Home for Invalid Children—this institution being the pediatric clinic of the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

One more remark ought to be added. The full-time scheme in medicine and surgery calls for an endowment adequate to support professors, assistants, laboratories, etc. Each department requires a complete organization, and each member of the organization requires facilities adapted to his particular kind of work. The large sum involved makes it improbable that the scheme will be at once generally instituted.

Church as a Social Force

A SYMPOSIUM ON THE QUESTION: HAS THE PROTESTANT CHURCH LOST GROUND IN ENDEAVORING TO MAKE ITSELF A SOCIAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL FORCE?

I.

A CHURCH OF THE CLERGY OR OF THE PEOPLE.

The answer to the question proposed depends upon what is meant by "The Protestant Church." Is it not true that usually when people speak of "The Church" they mean the *clergy*, and that they are somehow obsessed with the idea that an ordained priesthood or ministry is the sole channel by which a church expresses itself? That, to my mind, is a most discouraging error. If the laymen and the laywomen of the Protestant churches do not regard the work of the churches as their own, but are content to do their duty by proxy, then it is a sad day for the Protestant churches.

If, then, by the Protestant Church you mean the ministers, I am inclined to believe that, while there may be sometimes a temporary gain in numbers and notoriety, there is usually a loss of influence and efficiency in the churches whose ministers become known primarily as social agitators. Ministers are very rarely trained to expert knowledge or to sound judgment about social problems. They ought to be, but they are not. They are apt to speak upon such problems without adequate acquaintance with the subject, and thereby to bring themselves and the cause which they represent into deserved ridicule and reproach. One of the perils of our industrial situation is the "valor of ignorance" which tempts impatient and ill-equipped ministers to rush in where the more experienced tread with caution.

A minister cannot wisely compete with politicians, economists, and financiers. His function is to keep alive the fires of faith and hope and love, and to set forth abiding principles. He can show that in all industrial disputes the first necessity is justice. He can declare that the true principle of liberty is freedom, not to do what one likes, but to do what one ought. He can show what equality means, not equality of distribution, but equality of consideration, and that the first principle of fraternity is that "we are all members one of another." His special opportunity is to proclaim the prophetic vision, to preach the spiritual optimism and practical idealism which will induce his people to put principle into practice and transmute vision into service.

If, however, by "The Protestant Church" is meant the *people* of the Protestant churches, then I believe that the most progressive and influential churches of our day are those where the application of Christian truth and principle to social problems is most direct, intelligent, and persistent. The real test of a church nowadays is not its doctrinal accuracy or its sacramental authority, but its practical efficiency. The churches that count for something in the life of this generation are those that are showing their faith by their works. They are the churches whose adherents are helping to solve the problems of education, of charity, of intemperance, of the care of the dependent and delinquent, of the administration of justice, of international law and peace. They are the churches whose people are concerned with the saving of neglected children, in the amelioration of the conditions of labor, in the prevention of poverty and disease, in the promotion of good laws and the enforcement of existing laws, in providing playgrounds, public parks, and village improvements, in making libraries, art, music, and the drama add to the happiness of the people. Such enterprises are not only a high privilege and a plain duty, but also in them has been and will be found the salvation of many a languishing church. The passion for social service is the logical carrying out of the New Testament teachings. It is a return to the ideal that was central in the teaching of Jesus Christ, the bringing on earth of the kingdom of God. That is the most vital mission of the churches to-day. The absorbing social interests of our time must be made to disclose their deeper significance and brought into vital connection with the religious hopes and aspirations of men.

Social regeneration, we have been told, may proceed from without, by schemes of legislation and by the machinery of organization, or it may proceed from within, through the creation of individual character. It is evident that the attention of the present generation turns chiefly to the former method. Never before were there such multiplicities of committees and societies and meetings for the amelioration of social conditions. These movements may be a blessing, yet it is already evident that at best they can do nothing more than provide the mechanism through which deeper and more permanent powers can work. What we need to-day is not only an improved social mechanism, but "a power that can run through that mechanism and make it leap into effectiveness." That is the power that the ministers and people of the churches working together can provide. The Protestant churches will rise to their real power when they more and more make it impossible for men to settle down to the gains and ease of the self-indulgent life. They will take their rightful place when they summon and encourage men to the ventures of faith, the crusades of righteousness, the pilgrimages of peace and good-will.

SAMUEL A. ELIOT,
President American Unitarian Association, Boston.

II.

SOCIAL SERVICE BY THE CHURCH STILL EXPERIMENTAL.

The Church has, in my opinion, greatly strengthened itself by its excursions into social fields. I shall express my opinion more honestly if I say that by its adventures in social service the Church has arrested a decline of power and influence that had aroused in many thoughtful minds grave fears for the future of Protestantism.

Social service by the Church is still tentative and experimental, and it must remain so until the highest councils of the several denominations devise and support a definite policy and plan of work. The timidity of the representative assemblies in dealing with this question has not been reassuring. It still seems to be left to individual ministers to undertake social work or let it alone, as they choose. Unity is Protestantism's great need, and until this is effected, with its resulting economies of money and energy, no great victories for social betterment through religious agencies may be expected.

Where there are instances of failure in the effort to socialize the Church, they are, I think, attributable to causes not in themselves discouraging. They are often due to hasty plunges after novelty—efforts to rally the wavering line by abrupt and ill-considered experiments. The man who has been allowed to assume that he is satisfying every requirement of religious obligation by saying prayers and giving alms to the poor must not be warned too suddenly that he is not promoting his soul's health by loving his neighbor as himself at long range, but that he has a personal responsibility for his brother's peace and happiness.

I became aware, on printing two years ago an essay on the question, "Should Smith Go to Church?" that there exists a great deal of antagonism to the democratizing and socializing of the churches. There remain many valiant defenders of the old orthodoxy, and of the once-a-week church system, who view with apprehension the reorganization of the Church to bring it into touch with the social needs of the twentieth century.

The position of the clergy in this transitional period is one of great embarrassment and difficulty. The prosperous laity are quite often hostile to the discussion of social problems from the pulpit. It is much safer for a minis-

ter to defend points of faith than to speak of social injustice in his own community. Clergymen among my own acquaintance have been severely criticised for offering to act as mediators in labor troubles, when they were animated by the noblest civic and Christian motives. Manifestly, without strong support from the laity, the pulpit is powerless to assert itself greatly along social lines.

A ministry specially educated for social work is imperatively demanded. Specialization is quite as proper in the training of clergymen as in any other profession. It is absurd to expect a man to preach eloquently on Sunday when he is hard-driven all week administering to social needs. The "department" church, which I believe to be the church of the future, will require many kinds of talent for its administration.

A great weakness of the institutional church, as we now know it, lies in the fact that it is usually the fruit of one man's labor, and that his death or transfer to other fields leaves his charge in the air. The first institutional church of which I had knowledge passed utterly with the man who created it, though it had been planned on broad lines and brought to a high state of efficiency. We shall see many lapses and failures until the denominations stand behind such work authoritatively and provide a continuing line of trained men to carry it forward.

The difficulties of this whole matter have been greatly increased by the gradual relinquishment to secular agencies of tasks imposed by Christianity. Social service was seized upon only when Protestantism, deprived of its old appeal to the supernatural, suddenly found itself dying for lack of means to interest the people. In social service lies, I think, Protestantism's main hope of regaining its lost prestige. When Protestantism shall present, as it ultimately must, a united front to a world that sorely needs Christianity, its security and permanence will rest upon an intelligent system of social service, and the Church will regain its power over men's imaginations and become a living testimony to what Arnold calls "the greatest and happiest stroke ever yet made for human perfection."

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

III.

THE PERIL OF THE COMMONPLACE.

The question, "Has the Protestant Church lost ground in endeavoring to make itself a social and sociological force?" calls for an answer in fact as well as in theory.

As a matter of fact, those churches that have wisely considered the economic and physical life of human beings have added greatly to their influence. Again as matter of fact, those churches that have ignorantly handled economic and social conditions, and have substituted zeal for knowledge, have so far fallen from the respect alike of genuine reformers and of sound citizens. The answers to the questions of gain or loss depend upon the previous question whether the advance has been in wisdom or in folly. When looked at from that point of view, the Protestant Church has gained here and lost there in endeavoring to make itself a social and sociological force.

Two things only should arrest the advance of any church in seeking influence in the evolution of a better social order. The first is incompetence; the second is failure to annex this new human interest to the ultimate sources of religious power, the appeal to God for ideal light in the inner life of the human spirit. There is in preachers no inherent disqualification for social service. They may render themselves competent to deal with this great interest; at the same time they may refuse to accept the commonplace moralities of the market.

One great example may be cited, that of Dr. Chalmers, the Scottish preacher. At the age of twenty-six he published a book that showed rare insight into economic conditions; at fifty he published a Political Economy which a generation later commanded the praise of J. S. Mill. Further, when at the height of his fame as a preacher, he turned the attention of the good people of Glasgow to the problems of poverty, ignorance, and vice. He built schools, organized his parish of 11,000 persons into twenty-five districts, appointed superintendents and visitors for these districts, did away with the state tax for the relief of the poor, originated the voluntary system of help, reduced the expenditure on this system from $7,000 a year to $1,200, and by the action of intellectual and moral forces raised to a new level of independence and efficiency the whole parish. The eloquence of this preacher has shrunk to a tradition; his sermons, then the amazement of his countrymen, are no longer read; but his method of social enlightenment and relief, taken up into the wider human movements of our day, remains a living influence.

A general reason here appears in favor of the church that allies itself with the great distresses of society. It was not the few churches which exposed the social iniquity and inevitable racial demoralization of negro slavery in the United States that lost ground, but the many churches which winked at the evil or undertook an apology for it, that went bag and baggage to the moral rear of the nation. When Wendell Phillips said in his eulogy upon Theodore Parker that while orthodox preachers in their prayers moved cautiously round the subject of slavery, this heterodox preacher flamed against it in his speech to God, and when some one in the audience named three or four orthodox preachers who struck hard at the gigantic wrong, the retort of the orator brought a sense of shame to multitudes of religious men: "Three or four orthodox ministers in the whole country who did not pray that way! Not enough to save Sodom!" The church that detaches itself from the cause of the oppressed may gain in wealth and for a day become the playground of fashion and power; but that church is doomed.

Nevertheless, social service is attended by the two serious perils already mentioned. It is apparently easy; to make some show of devotion to the higher interests of men, unusual intellectual power and character are not an obvious necessity. What if a man is no scholar, no thinker, no preacher, commonplace in mind and spirit, he may still organize his people for social service, arrange Dorcas societies, cry out vociferously for more of the institutional church, belittle the function of the prophet, and plead for the treadmill of unillumined and ill-advised sociological service. If the new passion of our day for closer contact with the conditions of the working and suffering world should encourage these unfit persons to enter the ministry of the Protestant churches, these churches would cease speedily to serve the soul of man anywhere. The peril here is real. Inferior men are a menace alike to social service and to religious insight.

Even where the social worker is not incompetent, he may be uninspired. The earthly life of man should never be separated from the heavenly. Social service is particularly likely to take a limited view of the human being. The physical conditions and distresses, the social and temporal disabilities are apt to dim the sense of the august relation of the soul to its Maker.

These are dangers through which the Protestant Church must pass in her closer and profounder care for the temporal life of men. The Hebrew prophets undertook a similar task; the moral leaders of the Western world have so conceived their duty; the faith of all true Christians has ever been that ultimately the kingdoms of this world would become the Kingdom of our Lord and his Christ. The humanity of Jesus is matched against the inhumanity of the nations; while others abandon him for it, the Church called by his name should refuse to follow the example of treason to the loftiest of man's ideals; it should stand by him against the entire immemorial evil custom of the world.

GEORGE A. GORDON,
Minister Old South Church, Boston.

IV.

THE NEED OF TRAINING FOR THE NEW FUNCTION.

This is one of those questions to which no direct answer can be given. Some churches have lost ground, and some have not. Those which have lost ground have lost it because of the incapacity of the individual church, or group of churches, under the charge of a single minister, to do this social work. The minister is ordained primarily as a preacher. His mission is to "fill the pulpit." The service of preaching requires his whole strength. If to the preaching be added sociological work, it will be found that the preaching has become so ineffective that the Church has lost ground, unless the minister himself is trained for the sociological office and function.

That is the significant condition. Most ministers are not trained; they are unable to meet the existing demands of the practical profession of sociology. They know little of the diverse forces which are included in "associated charities." Tenement-house inspection and reform, the place of play and of playgrounds in the life of the boy or girl, the duty of the city or town towards the health of its citizens, public health nursing, these and many other forms and forces of public welfare are foreign to them. It is no wonder that they are foreign. For the minister has been trained in a professional school which still declares itself as a school theological or a school of divinity. Such a school has its place, and a most important place. But the point is that, if the minister trained on the theological side only attempts social and sociological work, he is attempting a delicate and complex task in which, usually, he is foredoomed to failure, and his church with him.

It would appear, therefore, that there are three paths, any one of which the Church may follow: (1.) It may train its clergy in both theology and sociology. The theological training is, of course, a *sine qua non*. Theology is the science of which religion is the art. If the minister be lacking here, the lack is fundamental. But in addition to such education, he should be educated in social service. Most churches, be it said, are able to support only one minister. Most churches, too, are obliged to undertake social service, be they situated in either town or country. Therefore, it is evident enough that the Church should give to its clergy this two-sided education.

(2.) A second path is open to a few churches, and to a selected number of clergymen. The church large in membership and filling many functions in the community should be provided with a staff of workers, of which one part should be concerned with the preaching and one part with the sociological work. Through this practical method, let man's reformation be achieved. Let the social settlement, or the college settlement, be made an annex to the church. Let clubs and scouts, leagues and societies, associations and organizations, represent the methods and the means which the minister of this type shall use for human betterment. Other members of the church-staff shall preach and "administer the Christian ordinances."

(3.) The third method consists in the Church keeping itself closely to the traditional lines of service—a conservatism of interpretation and of office of which the Catholic Church is a most impressive example to the Protestant. Let it, moreover, accept the leadership and help of all social and sociological organizations in carrying forward its own work of this type. Let it coöperate with all such associations. Let it, for instance, not seek to employ its own nurses for its poor and sick families, but transfer to the Associated Charities or to the Visiting Nurse Association of its city the families to whom such ministries should be offered. Such coöperation is economical and effective.

Which of these three methods is the more useful is largely a local question. The first is better fitted for the ordinary church; the second can be used only in and by the church of large membership and abundant means; the third may prove to be peculiarly adapted to the ordinary church in the ordinary city, a church having an annual budget of not less than four, nor more than seven, thousand dollars.

CHARLES F. THWING,

President Western Reserve University, Cleveland.

V.

THE SUBSTITUTION OF SERVICE FOR CREED.

I would rather ask, "Has Protestantism lost ground?" for Protestantism of right includes a large body of men who are deeply religious, who are influenced by the spirit of Jesus, who are seeking to pattern their lives on His teaching and example, and who yet are so profoundly discontented with the present forms of Protestant orthodoxy that they rarely attend church. Their parents were stanch church-members, and they themselves will be found seeking membership in the Protestant churches again just so soon as those churches shake themselves free from the entanglements of creed and invite all who wish to follow and obey the teaching of Christ to join their society.

If the question is so understood, I would say that Protestantism has greatly gained in its effort to socialize itself. Indeed, it has no future at all, unless it returns to the simple and more human gospel which Christ brought to men. He was the greatest of all Protestants; His life, His teachings, His actions were one embodied protest. He protested man's inalienable right to turn for himself to God, no man, no institution barring his way; and He declared man's supreme duty to believe in a Fatherly God, and to prove that belief by service to his brother man. He found Judaism, which had been the cradle of a pure monotheism, "bound around with grave clothes," and He sought to loose it and let it go. The national religion had been, as He said, the bottle which held a precious vintage, the wine of a true religious life, in trust for all men. But bottles grow old and rotten. They are but the outward forms, the conduits at which men drink; they are not the living draught of religious life itself. Good men, in His view, were so intent on the bottle that they forgot the inherent properties of the wine that made it valuable.

Many things written about Him may perhaps be questioned, but none can question this, that He cared for the multitude, that He lived among and for the poor—He cared for men's bodies as well as for their souls, and He left to all who are willing to follow Him an "example that they might follow His steps."

On sociological matters He is so explicit that any doubt as to His teaching is out of the question.

He will have no one follow Him or claim a place in His band unless one profess oneself willing to try, at least, to follow His example.

He is the great Servant, and all Christians must be servants, too.

In answer, then, to the question proposed for discussion, I would say that Protestant churches must succeed or fail just in so far as they stand or do not stand for what the great Protestant stood for: man's open unobstructed way to God, and man's supreme duty of service to his fellow-man.

In the 1,900 years of our era there have been many Protestant movements. Many of them seemed to die down and fail; some, perhaps, through errors of leadership; some through persecution. But in the end the principles of Protestantism must win, for they are eternally true, they are the principles of Jesus Himself. In seeking to socialize itself to-day, to substitute Christ-like service for Christian creed, Protestantism is only feeling its way back to the great Master's side, only attempting in newer times and with newer machinery to do as He would have done.

For like a child sent with a flickering light
To find his way across a dusky night,
Man walks the world—again and yet again
The lamp must be by gusts of passion slain
But shall not He who sent him from the door
Relight that lamp once more and yet once more?

W. S. RAINSFORD.

Books and Men

COMPULSORY BELIEF IN FAIRIES.

All of us, I am sure, admire Mr. Donald Calthrop for his efforts to give the London children a good time, and to inject a little romance into their lives. There must be some personal inconvenience, even for an actor, in putting on, in broad daylight, the costume which he wears as Puck in Mr. Granville Barker's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," cavorting about Kensington Gardens (home of Peter Pan), springing into trees and out again, turning flip-flaps, and trying, in general, to make it as easy as possible for the boys and girls to believe in fairies. No other motive inspires him, I hear. He thinks that the English child needs more fairies in his every-day existence, and he is trying to supply the want.

But I cannot help wishing that Mr. Calthrop had been more fortunate in the choice of the photograph, which has been reproduced in some of the illustrated papers, showing him in action. There he is, cutting didoes before a group of six children. Five of them are gazing at him with a curious mixture of toleration and uneasiness, while the sixth—who is nearest the actor—is plainly bursting into the loud boo-hoos of simple terror. If Mr. Calthrop's Puck should suddenly spring out from behind a bush and confront me as I was crossing, say, Central Park, it is certain that I should feel like Jim, when Huckleberry Finn inquired about his attitude towards Frenchmen.

"S'pose a man was to come to you," suggested Huckleberry, "and say *Polly-voo-franzy*—what would you think?"

"I wouldn't think nuff'n," replied Jim; "I'd take an' bust him over de head."

Is not the actor's dubious success in his attempt to give the children a treat rather typical of the many endeavors to please and instruct children? Actors and playwrights who seek juvenile applause, artists who try to catch the childish fancy, and especially the authors and publishers, teachers and librarians, who urge certain books upon children—all these folk seem amazingly confident of the acceptability of their efforts. Doubtless they are often justified in their confidence; doubtless, also, the child sometimes says he likes the play, the picture, or the book, because he is too polite, or too crafty, to disappoint his elders. There was a painful amount of truth in the picture in *Punch* which represented a perspiring gentleman skipping about with a fool's cap on his head, in order to entertain a children's party.

"Don't feel so bad about it, old fellow," whispers one of the guests (aged twelve) to the son of the house, who is sitting dejected at the back of the room; "don't feel so bad about it: my governor made just such a bally ass of himself last Christmas!"

There is a great gulf between what adults think children ought to like and what they really do like. Sometimes, it seems, children believe in fairies; sometimes they pretend to the belief in order to "play the game." They are often more sophisticated, more self-conscious, than we think. When Miss Maude Adams, as Peter Pan, steps forward and asks all who believe in fairies to clap their hands or wave their handkerchiefs, and thereby save the expiring Tinker Bell, there is almost invariably a small girl or boy who adds immensely to the general merriment by crying out: "I do!" This is very effective, but if you compare notes with other persons who have been to the play, you will find that the thing happens with an uncanny regularity. It may be a genuine testimonial to the powers of the dramatist and the ability of the actress. Or it may be—the suspicion will arise, even in the most innocent breast—it may be that somebody has been coaching.

In the field of books the problem is a very real one. It may be that some people believe the average young lady if she likes to declare that her favorite book is the Iliad, or her favorite author is John Milton. Persons of experience reflect that there is hope of forgiveness, even for Sapphira, and say nothing. The same spoonful of salt must be taken with many of the utterances of children about books. They soon learn what books the teacher or the librarian wishes them to enjoy, and they "aim to please." The shrewd librarian thinks more of the evidence of thumb-marks, and the broken backs of certain popular books, than of any number of sweet assurances that one of her young readers "just loves" the Nibelungenlied.

Other librarians, not less well-intentioned, but more credulous and "optimistic," find it too painful to think that children do not always care for what a conscientious committee of elders has decided is best for their good. It is rather bad form, they think, even to suggest that you can lead a child to the classics, but cannot always make him read.

"'Treasure Island' is approved by all the authorities," a librarian wrote to me a few weeks ago, "and so we keep a large number of copies on hand all the time; but I do not notice that they are read very much." Yet, in other libraries, there is unmistakable evidence that Stevenson's novel is one of the most popular of all stories for boys. This is a case, plainly, where the tastes of communities differ. Such differences are not always taken into account, though surely it is important that they should receive consideration.

Perhaps the game is up; perhaps it is too late to declare for a compulsory belief in fairies. Mrs. Eddy abolished Santa Claus—it may be that the scientific age is upon us, and that Mr. Calthrop's cantrips in the London park are but a last, hopeless endeavor to revive the age of foolish faith. Mr. Maurice Hewlett told the electors that it was senseless for them to agitate for old-age pensions and workmen's insurance when they were deprived of the really important things of life, of jousts and tourneys, of feudal suzerains and over-lords, of battlements and donjon-keeps, and everything else which made life tolerable in the one happy period of the world's history—the Middle Ages. But he did not get into Parliament upon that platform. Tennyson declared, thirty or forty years ago, that there were no longer any children—only over-educated young prigs. This was because his pointing out a "fairy-ring" to some children was met with an astonished explanation: "Why, don't you know? Those are only mushrooms—the fairies don't dance in them; there aren't any fairies!"

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Poetry

"PADDED POETS."

How long, as through the groves of Academe
I wandered, had I sought thee, perfect word!
And sought in vain—till late, amid the scream
Of Brown's department store, my soul was stirred
As with a trumpet, and my eager heart
Warmed to thee, triumph of the critic's art!

The "Padded Poets!" I had known them long,
And by their gentle muse been lulled to rest;
Or, mildly wakeful, had foretold their song,
As one who knows, when some familiar guest
Crosses the threshold, just what he will say,
Because, forsooth, he said it yesterday.

And all the while, despite the willing ear,
Which I had ever lent their prolix strain,
I knew not what to call them, and the drear
Incertitude had gone against the grain—
Until my mental "table of contents"
Grew rich with "Padded Poets, Fifty Cents."

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

News for Bibliophiles.

LITERARY FINDS.

I.

A FRAGMENT OF KEATS.

A nine-line fragment of Keats's "Otho the Great," cut by Severn from the poet's autograph manuscript and given to a Boston lady in 1862, has recently come to light. It contains a speech of Ludolph (Act V, scene 2), noted by the editor, H. Buxton Forman, as missing from the main body of Keats's manuscript of the play ("The Complete Works of John Keats," Glasgow, 1901; Vol. III, p. 126; see also p. 36), and reads as follows:

Ha! there, there, O thou Innocence!
I see it all, he is the Paramour.
There, hug him—dying, O Barbarian,
Shrive him and comfort him at his last gasp.
Kiss down his eyelids—was he not thy friend?
Wilt thou forsake him at his lastest (sic) hour?
Keep fearful and aloof from his last gaze,
His most uneasy moments, when cold death
Stands with the door ajar to let him in?

The first three words are written over the cancelled reading, "There he is"; in line 7, "Keep" takes the place of a cancelled "Stand."

Comparing this fragment with the standard text—first printed by Lord Houghton in 1848, from Brown's copy—one notes several variant readings: nine lines instead of the eight of the printed version; "shrive" (line 4) and "friend" (line 5) in place of "shrine" and "love" of Lord Houghton's text.

While the condensing of the first three lines of the beginning of the speech in the autograph to the two of the printed version, and the later reading "love" for "friend," may represent the poet's revision of the text, the reading "shrive" of the autograph, instead of the meaningless "shrine" of all the printed editions, is obviously the only correct one.

GEORGE B. WESTON.

Harvard University.

II.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "WILLIAM AND HELEN."

The original manuscript of Scott's translation of Bürger's ballad of "Lenore" was given by Scott to Mr. Dugald Stewart. Stewart's grand-niece married a member of the Morris family, of Philadelphia, but did not live long, and her little daughter was sent to England to be educated by her relatives. She received from an aunt the manuscript of "William and Helen." This little girl afterwards married Sir Samuel Romilly. She gave the manuscript, along with a miniature which *may* be of Scott as a young man, to her cousin, Miss Caroline Nourse, of Washington, who married Commander Bladen Dulany, U. S. N. By her the manuscript was bequeathed to her grand-daughter, Miss Rosa Dulany Chew, now Mrs. Richard C. Williams, of Baltimore.

The manuscript of "William and Helen" is of importance as the first poem, except the merest fragments, that Sir Walter Scott wrote. It has been described as a "rough draft," but this is hardly the case, though there are in it numerous corrections and additions which it is the purpose of this notice to record. It is rather a "fair copy," made for presentation, upon which many changes have been entered. The poem is written upon fifteen small sheets, upon one side only, with various additions on opposite pages. The ink is of faded brown; some of the corrections are in another and darker ink. The pages are tied together with a green ribbon. Upon the outside is the title: "William and Helen / from / the German / of / Burger." At the top, in pencil, is written, "Sir Walter Scott's Manuscript." Scott's own autograph signature does not occur.

The chief variations between the manuscript and the published version of so famous a poem are not without interest. Where the change has been very slight I have not thought it worth while to record it. References are by stanza and line. In several cases an original reading has been crossed out and the reading of the accepted text substituted.

II, 3. "Judah's *shores,*" erased and "wars" substituted.

IV, 4. "The *mark* of victory," erased and "badge" substituted.

VII, 2. "She sought *each breast* in vain," erased and "the host" substituted.

VIII, 2-4. *"Rent"* and *"wept,"* erased and "rends" and "weeps" substituted.

IX, 3. *"Broken vows,"* erased and "fleeting heart" substituted.

XI, 3. The manuscript reads: *"No pity is in God for me."*

XII, 2. *"Pious"* crossed out and "affrighted" substituted. The published version returns to "pious." The manuscript version of this stanza was afterwards used for stanza XIX.

XIII, 2. *"O pray for heavenly grace,"* erased and "O turn to God and grace" substituted.

XVI. The manuscript reads:

O take the sacrament my child
And cease this desperate woe
Implore our father good and mild
To wipe these tears that flow.

XVII, 1-2. The MS. reads:

No sacrament can slake this fire
This bosom's scorching pain.

After the seventeenth stanza of the published version there follow three stanzas now for the first time printed:

"Perhaps, my child, thy fickle knight
In Zion's distant land
Has pledged his troth to a new new love
And knit the nuptial band.

"Despise my child the worthless loss
Nor sorrow thus in vain.
A perjured lover's fleeting heart
No tears recall again."

"O Mother! Mother! Gone is gone
And lost for ever lorne
Death only Death can succour me—
O had I ne'er been born!"

XVIII reads in the MS.:

"O break my heart, O break at once
O drink on my life Despair
No pity has our God for me—
For me has heaven no share."

Lines 3 and 4 were crossed out and the following substituted:

"Since heaven has dealt so hard with me
I scorn each idle prayer."

These in turn were erased and the lines as printed inserted.

XX, 4. *"An earthly love replace,"* erased and "Convert thy bale to bliss" substituted.

XXII, 1. MS. reads: *"Despair has fired her maddening brain."*

XXVII, 4. MS. reads: *"Arise! arise! my fair."* This whole stanza was crossed out and the form in which it was published inserted in a different ink.

XXXIV, 1. *"The black barb snorts—* the moon shines clear," erased and "Look here, look here" substituted.

After stanza XXXIV there comes in the MS. the following lines, part of which occur later in the published version:

"Say William whither must we go?
And where thy bridal bed"—
" 'Tis distant far"—"Still short and stern"—
"And narrow trustless maid."

XXXVI, 1. The MS. reads: "Strong love prevailed. *Fair Helen* bounes."

XLIV. This stanza is not in the MS.

XLVIII. The MS. has many small changes and erasures in this stanza (which apparently gave trouble) that are not worth recording.

LXII, 2. *"Martial* steel," erased and "casque of" substituted.

LXVI. This last stanza is not in the MS. The original ending after stanza LXV is, I think, better.

S. C. CHEW, JR.

Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

American Oriental Society

BOSTON, April 18.

The 126th meeting of the American Oriental Society was held in Boston and Cambridge April 16 and 17. The attendance was somewhat smaller than usual, though all the leading institutions at which Oriental studies are carried on were represented. The two sessions on Thursday and the one on Friday morning were held in the handsome quarters of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, admirably adapted for gatherings of scientific bodies, while the session on Friday afternoon was in the Phillips Brooks House at Harvard. Preceding the reading of papers there was a short business meeting, at which various reports were read and the more important correspondence with foreign scholars and institutions during the year.

On the conclusion of the business meeting Prof. Paul Haupt, of the Johns Hopkins University, delivered his address as president of the Society, choosing as his topic "Armageddon"—or Harmageddon, as the Revised Version has it—mentioned in the Book of Revelation, xvi, 16, as the place where the Kings of the earth will be gathered for the "last battle of the race." Interpreting the name as "Mount of Megiddo," Professor Haupt traced the ideas associated with Armageddon to the great struggle of the Israelitish clans, c. 1200 B. C., at the beginning of their national history against the Canaanitish groups under the leadership of Sisera. The

victory of the Israelites is commemorated in the celebrated song of Deborah, in the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges. This production, being contemporaneous with the event, is therefore one of the oldest, if not the oldest piece of poetic literature in the Old Testament. The reference to Megiddo in the poem is an indication that it was there that the decisive battle was fought —because of its position as a strategical point at the entrance to the plain of Esdraelon. The event, marking as it did the beginning of Israelitish independence, never faded from the memory of the people, and Megiddo thus became the name around which there grew up the conception of a great final rallying-place in the contest against the powers of evil. The second portion of Professor Haupt's address was devoted to a critical analysis of the Song of Deborah, the text of which requires considerable emendation in order to obtain a satisfactory interpretation. The metrical translation of the poem which he made on the basis of the restored text, and which in conclusion he read, was marked by great beauty and poetical vigor, bringing out the elemental grandeur of this remarkable production of a semi-barbarous age. Professor Haupt's analysis of the poem was full of suggestions, one of the most striking of these being the evidence advanced for regarding Deborah as the personification of the clan that led in the struggle. The title of Deborah as "a mother in Israel" he regards, in accord with Oriental parlance, as the designation of a tribe or a clan and not of an individual.

Of the thirty-seven papers announced only some twenty were read, the authors of the others not being present. The Indo-Iranian communications predominated this time over those in the field of Semitics. Most of them were exceedingly technical in character, dealing with textual criticism of passages in the Sanskrit literature or with questions of grammar. Of more general interest was the announcement of Professor Edgerton, of the University of Pennsylvania, regarding the progress of a great *corpus* of variants in the Vedas in preparation by Professor Bloomfield, of the Johns Hopkins University, and himself. This work when completed will be an invaluable aid in the interpretation of parallel passages in the Vedas, and in deciding questions of priority as between variant readings in different Vedic texts. It will be published in the Harvard Oriental series edited by Professor Lanman, who has at present some ten volumes of texts and translations in press or well under way—a significant evidence of his editorial activity.

Dr. Ogden, of Columbia University, discussed a passage in the famous Behistun inscription of Darius, which he showed formed a secure basis for the chronology of the events narrated by Darius.

A feature of interest was the active participation in the meetings of two Japanese scholars, Professor Asakawa, of Yale University, and Professor Anesaki, of Tokio University, who is the Harvard exchange professor this year. The former presented a valuable communication on the origin of feudal land-tenure in Japan, which he traced back to the period following upon the great Reform of the seventh century. Professor Asakawa distinguished two main sources of the *Sho*, as the landed estates in Japan are called, (a) lands specially granted by the Emperor, and therefore immune from taxation, and (b) illegally acquired tracts of land, for which after the tenth century charters of immunity were granted. By the twelfth century the immune *Sho* had become more numerous and powerful than the lands that still remained in control of the state. In the course of his paper Professor Asakawa dwelt on the interesting parallel presented between the growth of feudal lands in Japan and western Europe, which, while presenting some minor differences, was in its main features strikingly similar. Professor Anesaki gave an interpretation of two stone carvings from China, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, one dating from the middle of the sixth century A. D. and representing a dedicatory offering for the security of the throne and the national welfare; the second of later date, with sculptures illustrating popular Chinese tales of a Buddhistic character.

Professor Barton, of Bryn Mawr College, presented two communications, one on an important cylinder inscription in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, which dates from the dynasty of Agade (c. 2600 B. C.), and which commemorated the rebuilding of the temple at Nippur after a plague that had swept over the land. The other dealt with an investigation of the religious conceptions underlying Sumerian proper names which clearly demonstrate the identity of religious views held by the non-Semitic population of the Euphrates Valley with the Akkadians or Semites, who eventually obtained the control in both Babylonia and Assyria.

The Rev. Dr. J. B. Nies, of Brooklyn, placed before the Society some of the results of his investigations on the original pictures underlying cuneiform signs of Babylonia and Assyria—an exceedingly difficult task on which he has been engaged for some time. He showed in a very interesting manner how, *e. g.*, the sign for honey arose from a picture of a bee in a bee-hive; and the form of the bee-hive in the oldest cuneiform script still shows in its outlines the form of bee-hive used at the present time in Palestine and in other parts of the East.

Mr. F. A. Cunningham, of Merchantville, N. J., discussed the very puzzling problem of the so-called Sothic cycle, *i. e.*, a cycle determined by the Heliacal rising of the Dog Star Sirius, known to the Greeks as Sothis. Mr. Cunningham's solution for the difficulties encountered in Egyptian chronology proposes that the use of the Sothic Cycle began in 3000 B. C., but that two changes were introduced in the course of time with a view of harmonizing the 365 solar days with the actual solar year of 365 days and a fraction. The first change was made in 1774 B. C. under Asseth, adding fifteen days to the year, and a second adjustment in 1321 B. C.

Among the Semitic papers mention should be made of Dr. Worrell's demonstration by means of a Röntgen-ray apparatus of the pronunciation of the Arabic sounds *h* and *kh*. The investigation was made by Dr. Worrell in the Colonial Institute of Hamburg, with natives of Egypt and Yemen as the subjects.

The session on Friday afternoon was devoted to papers on the history of religions and to other papers of a more general interest.

Professor Haupt set forth new evidence for his view that Magan and Melukhkha, occurring frequently in old Babylonian inscriptions, were designations of Egypt and Nubia, respectively, and not, as is held by many scholars, territorial sections in the Peninsula of Sinai.

Professor Jackson, of Columbia University, spoke of a recently acquired manuscript of the quatrains of Omar Khayyam, dating from the year 1340 A. D., and therefore of great value in the study of the genuine quatrains as distinguished from those which represent imitations of Omar Khayyam.

Mr. Schoff, of the Commercial Museum of Philadelphia, presented a paper of striking interest on some aspects of the overland trade routes to the Orient at the time of the Christian era, in which he pointed out the causes that led to the abandonment of the older route from Antioch to Seleucia, thence north of the Persian desert to the Pamirs and the upper Indus, in favor of an independent one, with its terminus in Petra at the head of the Gulf of Akaba, in northern Arabia; thence by caravan or sailing around Arabia to the head of the Persian Gulf, and overland south of the Persian desert to Kabul. The prosperity of this route was due to states not acknowledging Parthian sovereignty (which controlled the older route), coöperating with a power then controlling the passes to India and China, which appears to have been the well-known Kushan monarchy. Through the Roman conquest of Petra

at the end of the first century A. D., the Parthian conquest of the Persian Gulf states and the Chinese conquest of the Pamirs (which overthrew the power of the Kushan monarchy), this trade-route was broken up. Chinese records now come to our aid in confirming this explanation and in establishing the period 50 B. C. to 50 A. D. as the height of the Kushan power in Asia.

Professor Jastrow closed the afternoon session by a paper on the relations between medicine and magic in Babylonia and Assyria, from which it appears that, despite considerable progress in medical treatment, the primitive theory of a cure being effected through the driving out of the demon of disease or exorcising him out of the body continued to prevail. The beneficial effects of certain drugs and of other methods of medical treatment is assumed in the medical texts of the Euphrates Valley, just as in the incantation texts reverting to a very early period, to be merely a consequence of their *real* purpose to disgust the demons by ill-smelling compounds and concoctions or to induce them, by agreeable odors, to leave their victim.

On Friday evening the members and their ladies assembled for the annual dinner in the Colonial Club of Cambridge which marked the close of the sessions. New York was selected as the place of meeting in 1915, and Professor Jastrow was elected president for the ensuing year. J.

Correspondence

THE NEW "NATION."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As an old and veteran reader of the *Nation* I wish to express my satisfaction at its recent expansion. I consider the improvement momentous. There is no need of specifying the features, all of which are apparent to your coterie, but way out West is an old war-scarred relic very much pleased at the new parturition. L. B. Crooker.

Mendota, Ill., April 20.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The action taken by the Bibliographical Society of London at the annual meeting in January will be welcome news to American libraries and collectors. Following the suggestion of the Hon. Secretary, A. W. Pollard, that (to commemorate the Society's coming of age) the membership roll, which was fixed at 300 in 1894, might be reopened for a few months, it was unanimously voted that, during the year 1914, the council be empowered to elect members irrespective of the number already on the roll, and that the rule restricting the roll of English and American members of the Society to 300 be for this period suspended.

A rare opportunity is thus given to those who have hitherto been unable to obtain the publications of the Society, which are distributed only to members. The stately series of illustrated monographs in large quarto, the latest of which, R. B. McKerrow's "Printers' and Publishers' Devices in England and Scotland, 1485-1640," was recently reviewed in the *Nation*, includes such works as Ashbee's "Iconography of Don Quixote," Haebler's "Early Printers of Spain and Portugal," Macfarlane's "Antoine Verard," Proctor's "Printing of Greek in the Fifteenth Century," Bourdillon's "Early Editions of the Roman de la Rose," and De Ricci's "Census of Caxtons," to mention only a few. The series in small quarto includes, besides the eleven volumes of Transactions, a number of works almost indispensable to students of English literature, such as Greg's "List of English Plays Written Before 1643," and his supplementary "List of Masques, Pageants, etc.," Miss H. R. Palmer's List of English Editions and Translations of Greek and Latin Classics Printed Before 1641," Esdaile's "List of English Tales and Prose Romances Printed Before 1740," Duff's "Century of the English Book-Trade, 1457-1557," continued by McKerrow's "Dictionary of the Printers and Booksellers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1557-1640," and Plomer's "Dictionary of the Printers and Booksellers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1641-1667," these three covering very fully the personnel of the English book-trade for a period of two hundred and ten years. The latest issues in this series are Wise's "Bibliography of the Writings of S. T. Coleridge," and the fourth and final part of the "Handlists of Books Printed by London Printers, 1501-1556," completing the preliminary survey for the study of English types in the first half of the sixteenth century; the object of these lists being to put on record all the known books of each printer as a basis for further work.

For the year 1914 it is proposed to issue Volume XII of the Transactions, which, in addition to the papers read in the last two sessions, will contain "Notes on Bibliographical Evidence for Literary Students and Editors," by R. B. McKerrow; a volume containing Gordon Duff's "Catalogue of English Incunabula"; and, if funds permit, Gray and Palmer's "Abstracts of Wills of Cambridge Stationers." Since its foundation, the Society has been able to spend very nearly its whole income from subscriptions on paper and prints, its other expenses being defrayed from entrance-fees, sales of publications to new members, and the interest on invested life-subscriptions; and, without any solicitation on the part of the Society, it has recently received a grant of £100 from the Treasury, mainly to help the publication of Mr. Duff's book. A fuller statement of the objects of the Society, with a list of the books it has printed, can be obtained from either of the Hon. Secretaries (A. W. Pollard, 40 Murray Road, Wimbledon, London, S. W., or R. B. McKerrow, 4 Phœnix Lodge Mansions, Brook Green, London, W.), to whom also names of candidates may be sent. The Hon. Secretary for America is E. D. North, 4 East 39th Street, New York.

George William Harris.

Cornell University, April 16.

REVOLT OF THE ENGLISH OFFICERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a former contributor to and present reader of the *Nation*, I have been in the habit of relying on statements made editorially. But the article in the issue of April 2 under the caption "The English Army Mutiny" has given my trust in the paper's reliability a severe jar.

How it happens that the serious and accurate *Nation* asserts that a brigadier-general and fifty other officers "impudently" told "the Government what orders they would and what they would not obey" is explicable only on the assumption that the writer read only the "scare heads" of Radical journals, and neglected to read the declarations of the Liberal Ministers in both houses of Parliament, to the effect that there had been no refusal to obey orders on the part of any officers or men. Sir Edward Grey was not the only one to emphasize this.

The fact, as stated in the House, is that the Government, through the Secretary for War, ordered the commander-in-chief in Ireland to put to the officers two alternatives: to take part in active operations in Ulster—then, as now, perfectly peaceful—or to be dismissed from the army. The choice was to be made at once. Then, and only then, did Gen. Gough and the fifty officers accept the second alternative. It was the Government, not the officers, that introduced politics. The officers never did "protest against the orders coming to them from the duly constituted authorities," as it is further put in your article. Consequently none of them were "mutineers," as you term them, and if "a deadly blow" has been "struck . . . at the army, both at home and abroad," it has been by the Government, not by any of the officers or men.

Your article says "the War Office had acted without Government authority." Again it would have been well to read what Lord Morley said on this point in the House of Lords, for his statement does not tally with yours—and he spoke as a member of the Cabinet.

The repudiation of an important memorandum you do not touch upon, nor on the farce of Col. Seeley's resignation, which he knew was already refused by the Prime Minister.

All grace and truth are not the exclusive property of the Liberal party, and the *Nation*, of all American papers, might well be expected to show itself impartial as between the British parties, at least in questions which do not affect the United States. F. C. de Sumichrast.

London, Eng., April 11.

[What occurred after the date of our correspondent's letter is perhaps a sufficient answer to it. The Secretary of State for War later avowed that he had

acted without the sanction of the Cabinet, and his resignation was accepted. —Ed. The Nation.]

THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAMBOAT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 25, 1913, your correspondent Herbert Joseph Fitch contends that John Fitch invented the steamboat. He mentions the claim made in England that Symmington built the first practical steamboat in 1802 and speaks of the credit given to Robert Fulton in America, but does not mention the name of James Rumsey, who from evidence given in various records appears to have been the real inventor. I give a few quotations which support this contention.

From an article in the *Engineering Magazine*, August, 1895, page 878, by James Wier, jr.:

The man who, in America, first discovered a method of successfully propelling a vessel against wind and tide, with steam as the motive power, was James Rumsey. The Government of the United States has recognized this to be an established fact, for in 1839 Congress ordered a medal to be struck in his honor, commemorative of this brilliant achievement. James Rumsey was born of Scotch parents in 1754. Maryland was his native State, but he removed to Shepherdstown, Va., when about twenty years of age. . . .

Machinists were rude and unskilled in their profession, and Rumsey was forced to plan, model and make his own machinery. He even did his most important casting himself, making the moulds and running off the metal with his own hands. Testimony adduced before the House of Representatives in 1839 shows that Rumsey had conceived the idea of steam navigation as early as August, 1783 (*Congressional Record*). Laboring under very adverse circumstances, he succeeded in the autumn of 1784 in making a test of some of the principles of his engine and propelling apparatus.

He wrote to General Washington, about 1784, communicating to him the principle of his invention. General Washington wrote of Rumsey's invention to Gov. Johnson, of Maryland. This letter was produced before the Committee of the House in 1836, at which the resolution was offered and passed, awarding to James Rumsey, jr., the son and only surviving child, a suitable gold medal, commemorative of his father's services and high agency in giving to the world the benefits of the steamboat.

In January, 1785, Rumsey obtained a patent from the General Assembly of Maryland for navigating the waters of that State. In 1786 he successfully navigated this boat on the Potomac at Shepherdstown in the presence of hundreds of spectators. The experiment was eminently successful, as was proven by the affidavits and personal testimony of numerous witnesses who testified before the above-mentioned Committee of the House in 1839.

Rumsey's letters to Mr. West, his brother-in-law, show that he and Fulton were on intimate terms in London. It is definitely known that Fulton never gave a thought to the steamboat until after Rumsey's death.

From Appleton's Encyclopædia of American Biography, Volume V, page 347:

He went to England, where a society similar to the Rumsey Society of Philadelphia was formed, and he obtained patents for his inventions in Great Britain, France, and Holland. A boat and machinery were built for him, and a successful trip was made on the Thames in December, 1792, but he died while preparing for another experiment.

Martha Rumsey Simonds.

Chicago, Ill., April 9.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the course of a review of Knut Hamsun's "Shallow Soil" in the *Nation* of April 2, your reviewer, following the publisher's announcement, says: "Yet he [Hamsun] is now first introduced to the English-reading public." As a matter of fact Hamsun was introduced to the English-reading public at least as early as June, 1899, when Smithers, of London, published George Egerton's translation of "Hunger." I remember reading the book in the autumn of that year.

Fred Newton Scott.

University of Michigan, April 6.

Literature

THE POWER OF THE COURTS.

The American Doctrine of Judicial Supremacy. By Charles Grove Haines. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The purpose of this volume, the author tells us, is to trace the development of the American Doctrine of Judicial Supremacy, in the law of the United States, and to indicate its importance in the political history of the country —a purpose which has been accomplished in a manner worthy of praise. In these pages is found no plea for the view that our courts of justice attained their position as guardians of our written constitutions by a "great conspiracy" or by "usurpation of authority." On the contrary, abundant proof is offered that the principles upon which the doctrine of judicial supremacy in this nation rests had gained clear recognition before the Federal Constitution was adopted. Chapter iv contains a valuable discussion of colonial precedents and State cases, prior to 1789, while the following chapter deals with State decisions, rendered after the Federal Constitution went into operation and before the great opinion of Judge Marshall in Marbury v. Madison (1803, 1 Cranch 137). The author's careful examination of these precedents leads him to the conclusion (in which every fair-minded student must concur) that the American Doctrine of Judicial Supremacy was well established by State decisions prior to its classical exposition by Chief Justice Marshall. "In practically every case where there was resistance to judicial decrees invalidating legislative acts, the Court's opinion and judgment were ultimately accepted and vindicated. Impeachment proceedings and legislative censure only tended to strengthen judicial power." Slowly but surely other departments of government acquiesced in the doctrine of judicial supremacy, which had won popular approval. "The way was prepared for the general adoption of the practice of judicial control of legislative acts, before the Federal courts were factors to be reckoned with in the law of the United States."

Chapter vi contains an interesting account of a device set up by several States to protect the fundamental law by a council of censors instead of by judicial decision. The plan "failed signally in Pennsylvania, accomplished very little in Vermont, and was not a successful check on the Legislature in New York." Its failure was so conspicuous that "it merely tended to strengthen the cause of those who favored judicial guardianship of Constitutions."

After tracing the development of the doctrine of judicial supremacy, the author proceeds to consider its importance in our political history. In his opinion, its growth and general acceptance during Chief Justice Marshall's term of office were due in large measure to the popular distrust and fear of legislative power. The people had embodied in the Federal and State Constitutions their ultimate conception of a fundamental law. They had committed the guardianship of these legal principles to the courts, whose decisions were to be rendered, not during the heat and partisanship of a political campaign, but in the orderly course of a legal proceeding between litigants, whose interests were affected by legislation which was attacked as violating constitutional guarantees of personal or property rights; decisions reached after full and free argument by counsel and deliberate consideration by the courts.

The triumph of Jacksonian democracy aroused a spirit of opposition to the practice of judicial supremacy both in the Federal and State courts. With the accession of Chief Justice Taney Professor Haines discovers a change of attitude on the part of the Supreme Court and a disposition to interfere as little as possible with Congressional action. In the Charles River Bridge case (1837, 11 Peters 420) he finds the new Chief Justice departing from the doctrine of judicial supremacy, and forestalling the views of present-day progressives, touching judicial interference with public-welfare legislation. Chief Justice Taney was disposed to confine judicial decisions to "those subjects only which are judicial in character and not to those that are political." He was opposed to the tendency in courts to legislate by means of judicial decisions.

The supremacy of the judiciary was challenged from another quarter dur-

ing the War of the Rebellion and the reconstruction period. President Lincoln is represented by our author as "holding a modified form of the Jacksonian doctrine." Congress went very far during President Johnson's term in asserting its supremacy over the executive and the judiciary. At the end of that term, according to Professor Haines, indications pointed to an abandonment of the doctrine of judicial supremacy. After 1870, however, popular distrust of legislative power revived, and the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment gave to the courts a splendid opportunity to become again the champions of personal and property rights against the aggressions of hasty and partisan legislation.

In the opinion of our author, the courts have gone further than was wise for them to go in this championship. He attributes much of the present opposition to the judiciary to its undue extension of the power of annulling legislative acts. It has failed, he thinks, to observe always the distinction between the wisdom and the constitutionality of a particular piece of legislation. This may be true. It probably is true. But the soundness of Professor Haines's judgment upon particular cases is sadly impeached by his remarks about the Jacobs case (1885, 98 N. Y. 98). He follows Mr. Roosevelt in asserting that this decision "set an almost impassable barrier in the way of tenement legislation"; an assertion that has not a shadow of justification in fact. The law was declared unconstitutional because it was not, in truth, a law to protect the health of tenement dwellers, or of cigarmakers, or of the public, but was a piece of class legislation. It was not aimed at all tenement houses, nor at any tenement houses outside of New York and Brooklyn. It neither prohibited the manufacture of cigars in the living rooms of all tenements, nor such manufacture anywhere for sanitary reasons. It was aimed at a class of cigarmakers who were competing with union men. Mr. Roosevelt has said the act was crudely drawn. It was as insincere as it was crude. The judges, both at General Term (See 33 Hun, 374-383), and in the Court of Appeals, were careful to distinguish this statute from an honest attempt to obtain healthful conditions in tenement houses; and the act was not framed nor advocated by those interested in tenement-house betterment. The decision has been characterized as one made by judges who did not know life. On the contrary, it was because these judges—Davis, Brady, and Daniels, at General Term; Ruger, Andrews, Rapallo, Miller, Earl, Danforth, and Finch, in the Court of Appeals—did know life, that they were not tricked into accepting a piece of class legislation for an honest health statute.

CURRENT FICTION.

Under Handicap. By Jackson Gregory. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is a tale of cowboys and the wild West. Mr. Gregory's purpose, however, extends beyond the mere exposition of the actual conditions of ranch life. He takes up the question of life's handicap and proves to his readers that he is not handicapped who must struggle for food and the elements of an education, but rather he who, born in the life of luxury and receiving every advantage, has learned to enjoy his dependence. For the latter is no man, but only a man's son.

Yet one such "man's son" is made a hero by Mr. Gregory, in whose capable hands he rapidly returns to the field of the worthy poor. "Greek" Conniston en route for San Francisco with the last check the whim of a rich father will advance him, is astounded by the horsemanship of a young girl trying to board the train. He follows her to her father's ranch and enlists as a cowboy to be near his lady. He is goaded on to making a man of himself by the taunts of the latter, and in the end is instrumental in reclaiming a barren tract of land in the Half-Moon country, in which the girl's father has sunk his last dollar. The real romance, however, centres upon the reclamation fight with the waterdam as heroine. Never was bride so eagerly courted or more pursued by villains. For had the reclamation plant not been ready at a given date, the villains, in the form of a rival company, would have reaped the spoils and ruined the original projectors of the scheme. In the end, however, the righteous conquer, the desert is reclaimed, and the man's son becomes a man.

Rung Ho! By Talbot Mundy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Now the gist of the thing is: Be silent.
Be calm.
Be awake. Be on hand on the day.
Be instant to heed the first note of alarm.
And—precisely—exactly—obey.

When we find gnomic verses of this sort as chapter headings in a story of India, we know where we are. It is interesting to see a literary convention getting started. Perhaps all future stories about India will have to include similar little oracles in verse; and all because Mr. Kipling happens to be as clever at verse as at prose. Anyhow, it is a pleasant custom; and on Mr. Mundy's part it seems to be a sort of courteous acknowledgment of his debt to his master. He is by no means an unworthy pupil. "Rung Ho!" is full of color and of swift and varied action. The scene is in northern India, in the days preceding the Mutiny. The real hero is Mahommed Gunga, the splendid swaggering Rangar chieftain, who in the darkest hour rallies his tribesmen to the English cause and provides them with a leader. Foreseeing the need, he takes young Cunningham, a raw subaltern, the son of his old chief, and trains him to be his father's successor. In the course of this training the reader is made to see through the young Englishman's eyes the astonishing contrasts and paradoxes of Indian life. There is a series of stirring adventures, with the suggestion of a love story; and the book ends with a glorious fight.

Somebody's Luggage. By F. J. Randall. New York: John Lane Co.

An amusing farce involving a confusion of yellow trunks (*Anglice*, boxes) and their owners. The boxes are precisely alike, the product of a big London shop. They all cross from Calais to Dover on the same boat. One of them contains a lottery ticket worth fifty thousand francs; a second contains a letter concerning a fortune; the third belongs to a professional thief; and the fourth to a young Cockney bounder. It is the bounder who becomes the chief person in the action, a foolish and cowardly figure, and rather delightful in his way. He gets the wrong box at Dover. His own box, bearing his name, is supposed to have belonged to a man lost overboard during the crossing, and our Mr. Hopper finds himself advertised as dead. As he has recently lost his job and his sweetheart, he determines to let himself be dead. Then he finds in the trunk a letter about a legacy, addressed to the man who really went overboard. He takes it to the firm of lawyers who have written it, intending to tell the truth. But this is his one independent act; from that moment he becomes the passive hero always dear to farce. How he is forced to impersonate the heir, confounded with the owner of the lottery check, bullied by an hereditary servant, pursued by supposed relatives and real detectives and criminals, and comes out of it all much more comfortably than he might have done—all this makes up a very passable bit of fooling, and might conceivably be adapted to a theatre audience by a skilful hand.

Stories of Red Hanrahan; The Secret Rose; Rosa Alchemica. By W. B. Yeats. New York: Macmillan.

The method and speech of the first six tales here collected are of the Irish peasantry, and they leave a pleasant sense that the legendary material has been but slightly rounded and elaborated. Any the reader chooses will evoke George Moore's vignette of Yeats perched like a great blackbird on some country stile, while Lady Gregory invaded a poor cottage in search of folk stories for the poet to refashion. Hanrahan

was a hedge schoolmaster of misty period, tall, strong, red-haired, with irresistible poetic speech. The main tradition parallels the German story which gave basis to Rip Van Winkle; how Hanrahan entered a cottage a young lover, was tempted forth by an old man whose magic turned a card-pack into a fox-hunt, and slept on the mountains while the world whirled his contemporaries into old age. Of more poetic qualities are stories with so little movement that some seem chiefly designed to mount scraps of Yeats's poetry. There is the song Hanrahan made by the fireside of a wayside hut of Cathleen na Houlahan, till a blind beggar "shook his rags with a sob"; his rhymed curse on Old Age; his vision of times past, before Norman entered Ireland, and his lonely, impressive death. The tales outside this Hanrahan cycle are more dramatic, full of color and clash, with original action plainly added to the wistful beauty of the peasant conceptions. Most have mediæval glamour, with castles, kings, cruel abbots who crucify minstrels, and a brutish peasantry; but for all this objectivity of material, they waver before us like images in shadowy waters. Languorous mysticism has its fullest sway in "Rosa Alchemica," which stands apart from the rest as an unsuccessful excursion into the realms of Poe and Hoffmann.

THE LAST OF A GREAT AGE.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson: The Story of His Life. By Mary Thacher Higginson. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00.

Mrs. Higginson's memoir of her husband, though in good taste, is not altogether without the defects which seem almost inevitable when a biography is undertaken by one of closest relationship to the subject thereof. It is also apparent that it adds little new matter to what he himself recorded in "Cheerful Yesterdays." Yet the volume has considerable charm and was well worth doing, for Col. Higginson was one of the most attractive figures of the great New England age of which he was the last eminent survivor. His life was a remarkable blending of literary productiveness and of personal achievement during the crisis of the nation, both inspired by the highest ideals. It is a career upon which every American can dwell with pride, and Mrs. Higginson has well brought out its simplicity, its unselfishness, and its never-failing cheer. Indeed, it is characteristic of the man that he wrote and named his "*Cheerful* Yesterdays" while propped up in bed during a year's serious illness when three score and ten. His faith in American democracy never waned, but waxed as long as he lived, and his humor survived. There are many instances of it in this volume, and some delightful anecdotes of himself and his friends, taken in large part from his correspondence.

There is, of course, no attempt at a critical estimate of the man or his work; to our mind, not enough attention has been given to Col. Higginson's association with John Brown and the struggle for Kansas, thus compelling the student to go to the Colonel's own writings and such books as Villard's "John Brown" for a real picture of his dauntless bravery and moral courage at this time. Of all the New England John Brown conspirators, Higginson alone stood firm when the Harper's Ferry raid came and the others fled to Canada or took refuge here and there. In the Boston Public Library there is a remarkable letter of the Colonel's as yet unpublished in full, flaming with indignation at one of the conspirators who seemed to be showing the white feather. It truly reveals the Colonel's fine character. Higginson stood four-square; he let all the world know where he was, including the United States officers of the law, just as he had during the Anthony Burns excitement. But the pro-slavery forces and their Northern sympathizers in office were careful to let him alone. He was not even summoned to appear before the Mason Investigating Committee of the Senate, although he alone had preserved his correspondence with Brown in full, to the great profit of later-day historians. He was even left free to plan an effort to rescue Stevens and Hazlett, then in the Charlestown jail, which would have been attempted had it been in any degree possible. Naturally, this militant clergyman was the man above all others to command the first negro regiment raised on the Atlantic seaboard. The story of it he has himself recorded for all time; but the heroism he and Shaw and the Hallowells, and the other officers of these negro regiments displayed in going to war with a "halter around their necks," since they were at first foredoomed to death if captured, cannot easily be estimated.

After the war this man of action became purely a man of letters, of steadily growing prestige, and a never flagging and ever-welcome reformer, profoundly influencing all with whom he came in contact. In his every aspect he was a model citizen of the republic. When John Brown died, George Hoadley prayed that God might "give us a little of his courage, piety, and self-sacrificing spirit." It is impossible to lay down this memoir of Brown's brave friend without echoing this wish in connection with Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The volume contains a most useful bibliography which demonstrates anew Col. Higginson's extraordinary range of journalistic activity. We are happy to note that his long connection as a valued contributor to the *Nation*, from 1877 to 1904, is recorded therein.

RELIGION AND ECONOMICS.

The Reformation in Germany. By Henry C. Vedder. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

Of making many books about Luther and his work there seems to be no visible end. This latest contribution by Professor Vedder, of Crozer Theological Seminary, makes somewhat extraordinary claims to a hearing. In his "Foreword" Dr. Vedder informs us that the student "will look in vain, in books accessible to him, for the idea that the great religious struggle of the sixteenth century was only a phase of the social revolution then going on in Europe," and that "momentous economic changes were the underlying cause of political and social movements." We had supposed that precisely these ideas had become the current coin of thoughtful writers on the Reformation from Ranke and Häusser down; but all the same we are prepared to welcome an attempt to bring them out into new significance. This is one of Dr. Vedder's justifications for his book; but there is another, which, if we may be allowed to guess, was at least equally important to him. He has wished above all things to avoid the dry-as-dust style which he seems to associate with the scientific method while at the same time he proposes himself to follow that method.

The result is certainly a readable book. Dr. Vedder has selected with good judgment the telling points in the development of the German reform, and has dwelt upon these without unnecessary detail. He has a certain sense for the dramatic, which at times is in danger of getting the better of him. It is a little too much, for instance, to speak of "the new Luther" after 1521, and to describe him as having "drunk the new wine of popular applause" and thus acquired an "insatiable craving for still deeper draughts." There was pain and struggle enough already in sight for the young reformer to make the vision of power anything but one of "sweets."

But what we miss more than anything else is any adequate treatment of that social and economic situation which the author has declared to be the most important aspect of his subject. Only in one chapter, that on the peasant revolt, do we find specific reference to economic questions, and this does not rise above the most ordinary commonplace without serious discussion. The peasants were oppressed and revolted and were crushed—that is about all.

One cannot resist the impression that Dr. Vedder's judgment of the Lutheran Reformation is largely dictated by his

own religious connections. The warmest approval expressed for any religious group is reserved for the Anabaptists. They alone saw the issue clearly, unbefogged by any practical considerations whatever. "If," says Dr. Vedder, "these groups could have . . . won reception for this real Gospel of Jesus, . . . three centuries of struggle and bloodshed and martyrdom would have been made unnecessary, and the world would have been by so much advanced further towards social justice than it stands to-day. The Anabaptists were silenced, trampled into the mud, destroyed; and the clock of civilization was set back three hundred years." Now, one might as well say that, if only men were something other than men, history would be something other than what it is. A similar apology might be made to-day for the doctrines of "scientific anarchism." If men were so made as to need no government, then obviously no government would be necessary; but we can hardly be accused of holding back the clock of time because we do not abdicate in favor of the anarchist party. It is a gross exaggeration to say, as Dr. Vedder does (p. 345): "The Anabaptists were the real reformers, and the only real reformers, of the sixteenth century." It was easy enough then, as it always is, to make logical programmes for the Christian life; the difficult thing was so to present the cause of a true Christianity that society, as it was, would even appear to accept it and so to prepare the way for a fuller and freer acceptance by generations to come. It is to be regretted that Dr. Vedder, with his unusual preparation, did not see fit to develop much further this side of the reform movement, with its manifold reactions upon the more conservative parties. Such a presentation can be made without the continual and, in a very true sense, unhistorical minimizing of the Lutheran contribution towards ultimate religious liberty which marks the present volume throughout.

RELIGIOUS FEMINISM.

Tantra of the Great Liberation: A Translation from the Sanskrit, with Introduction and Commentary by Arthur Avalon. London: Luzac & Co.

Hymns to the Goddess. Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur and Ellen Avalon. London: Luzac & Co.

The worship of the Supreme Spirit as a female power, and, conversely, the recognition of the female element as supreme, are not traits peculiar to the religious spirit of India. Many savage tribes recognize a grandmother-spirit as one above the gods and the worship of the *magna mater* at Rome was but a weak expression of the full significance of the original idea as held by the Orientals from whom this worship was derived. In India the cult of the female power is much older than would appear, for in its grosser form it gave rise to no permanent literature, while the hymns to the goddess derived from the "right-hand" cult do not date from more than two thousand years ago. In theory, this cult supersedes that of the Vedas and represents the only true religion of the present age.

It was a happy thought on the part of "Arthur Avalon" to present the chief works of this ancient religion in English dress. Both he and his wife are carefully trained Sanskrit scholars of the English school, and their interpretation of the hymns selected for translation is generally unimpeachable. Of these a few only have been translated before, while the "Tantra" now appears for the first time, as the complete text has not yet been published, even in the original. The learned introduction consists largely in a well-ordered explanation of the strange terms used in Tantric worship, knowledge of which is indispensable to any one taking up the subject for the first time. If, as is asserted in the Gayatri Tantra, the cult in this form was first revealed by Ganesha to the Devayoni, it is an involuntary admission of the fact that the literary side of Tantrism must have been a late development.

Nor does the character of the hymns, interesting as they are in themselves, do anything to vindicate a great antiquity for the higher cult. Hymns attributed to Shankara-acarya cannot be very old, and the Durga hymns of the epic are among its latest additions. In some cases the evidence that the mother-cult is forcibly intruded into the epic narrative lies palpably before one. Thus the goddess saves a hero who lauds her and yet has to be saved again by some other means the moment the hymn is finished. In other cases the lateness of the production may be judged from the language and verse.

It is no criticism of these two very welcome additions to our store of translations from the Sanskrit to say that mother-worship is here represented at its best, and that some obscenities are decently veiled. To the ordinary worshipper the female principle was represented as a naked woman, with whom and in the cult of whom nameless orgies were carried on as a religious ritual. Even in the later epic the goddess is preëminently the "naked" Kotavi, and in the ordinary cult the philosophy of the Tantra was practically nonexistent. It was, and is, as crude a cult as was probably the actual worship of the corresponding goddess in the West. Nevertheless, it is an extremely fascinating phenomenon which is presented in the books here translated. That God as mother appeals to higher instincts than any degradation of the cult would imply, may be inferred from the fact that even in this century one of the great ascetic saints of India worshipped God under this form exclusively; not to speak of the tendency in the Christian church to substitute the Mother of God for other manifestations of divinity. The extreme Tantrist, however, holds not so much that the goddess is a form of divinity as that the female element is the only real divine element, the forms of gods being her inferior manifestations. Thus as the older religions derived the goddess *shakti* of Shiva from him as male, so the Tantrist derives Shiva from the goddess, all gods being but manifestations of her. It is religious feminism run mad, of course; even the Hindu poet sings: "She is the goddess who exists in all things, even in the form of error." We are glad to learn that Mr. "Avalon" purposes to translate more of these Tantras. Very few scholars have the training to attempt the task. But why does the author conceal his identity under a pseudonym?

Notes

Dodd, Mead & Co. have in the press: "International Perspective in Criticism: Goethe, Grillparzer, Sainte-Beuve, and Lowell," by Gustav Pollak.

The sixth edition of F. X. Garneau's "Histoire du Canada" (Vol. I), revised and edited by Hector Garneau, has been published by the Librairie Alcan, Paris, The second volume is in the press, and will be published shortly.

The Macmillan Company announces the forthcoming publication of "The Strength of the Strong," by Jack London; "The Return of the Prodigal," by May Sinclair; "Faith Tresilion," by Eden Phillpotts..

The following numbers of a series of Romance monographs will be issued by the Johns Hopkins Press in June or shortly thereafter: "Flaubert's Literary Development in the Light of His 'Mémoires d'un Fou,' 'Novembre,' and 'Education sentimentale,'" by A. Coleman; "Sources and Structure of Flaubert's 'Salammbô,'" by P. B. Fay and A. Coleman; "La Composition de 'Salammbô' d'après la correspondance de Flaubert," by F. A. Blossom.

THE Harness Prize Essay for 1913, "Elizabethan Drama and its Mad Folk" (Cambridge: Heffer), by Edgar A. Peers, is a creditable review of the maniacs and melancholics, the victims of delusions and the pretenders of madness who haunt our early drama. The author wisely sticks close to his texts and to contemporary notions concerning mental troubles and their treatment; he brings to his subject no modern medical or ethical prepossessions. What emerges very clearly from this study of whips, chains, and darkened rooms and of ravings usually intended and no doubt accepted, though the convention is now somewhat outworn, as comic, is the su-

periority of Shakespeare over his contemporaries. This is not merely because Shakespeare in a few striking cases contrives to make madness tragic; it is because throughout he is here as elsewhere a more sensitive recorder of the facts.

A TRANSLATION, with a few slight alterations and thirteen charming illustrations of Charles Bastide's "Anglais et Français du XVIIe Siècle" which appeared in 1912, is published by Lane under the title of "The Anglo-French Entente in the Seventeenth Century" ($3 net). It consists of a miscellaneous collection of essays on the lives and activities of French travellers, merchants, literary men, and refugees in England from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of Queen Anne. Here one can learn of the various routes from Paris to London in the age of Louis XIV, and the duration and expense of the journey, or the details of the sojourn of Shakespeare in London from 1598 to 1604, at the house of the Huguenot wigmaker, Christopher Mongoye. The careers of such men as Guillaume du Gard, editor of the French weekly newspaper—the *Nouvelles Ordinaires de Londres*—which was published at the English capital from 1650 to 1657, and Thémiseul de Saint-Hyacinthe, the first French translator of Robinson Crusoe, are pleasantly described. There are some amusing and significant specimens of Frenchmen's English, and two more weighty chapters on "Huguenot Thought in England." The accurate preservation in the present volume of the lucidity, grace, and precision of the original French is apparently largely due to the fact that M. Bastide has been his own translator. He is thus more than justified in quoting on his title-page the famous words of Roger Ascham, "Even as a hawke flieth not hie with one wing, even so a man reacheth not to excellency with one tongue."

A FEW weeks ago—March 5—we noticed the first volume of the illustrated edition of Macaulay's "History of England," the first illustrated edition of this work ever published, edited by C. H. Firth, Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford (Macmillan; $3.25). The second volume has now appeared, and bears out the splendid promise of the first. It is a rich treasury of reproductions of paintings, letters, cartoons, broadsides, medals, and the like pertaining to the subject under treatment. The frontispiece is a reproduction in color of the painting of the Duke of Monmouth, by Sir Peter Lely, in the National Portrait Gallery, and among the other full-page plates in color are those of James II, Queen Mary of Modena, Dryden, and, as prophetic of the Revolution, William III as a child. Military critics will be interested in the sketch-plan of the battle of Sedgemoor, taken from the Pepysian library, and in the "part of a plan of the camp at Hounslow," from an engraving in the Sutherland collection; literary antiquarians will wish to see "Monmouth Routed" and "Rebellion Rewarded with Justice," both from the Roxburghe ballads; while a wide circle will enjoy "The Pope and Devil: the Fool and Cardinal," "Calvinism on Its Death-bed," and other caricatures. Between one and two hundred of these illustrations are scattered among the five hundred pages of the volume, virtually all of them contemporary with the events whose vividness they heighten.

AN anthology of the verse of English Canada ("Oxford Book of Canadian Verse"; Oxford University Press) incurs the necessary disadvantage of representing neither a whole race nor a whole country; it expresses a section of a race and a section of a country. The reader of this volume gathers two main impressions of Canadian life, those of health and of sequestration. Everything is pleasantly suggestive of a grave, manly, and sound people, but suggestive, no less decidedly, by the limitations in theme and sentiment, of a national inexperience comparable to that attributed by Professor Wendell to the earlier centuries of American literature. The limitation is felt even in the able work of the better poets—in the lustihood and ebulliency of Bliss Carman, the penetrating if fitful imagination of Wilfred Campbell (who edits the volume), the sinewy picturesqueness of Charles G. D. Roberts, the lustrous and marmoreal finish of Archibald Lampman, and the quivering suggestiveness of Ethelwyn Wetherald. The pursuit of completeness, the feeling that variety of names, even when unsustained by variety in idea or method, is preferable to maintenance of quality, is responsible for the inclusion in the anthology of many poems which neither amiable sentiment nor facile verse can raise beyond the level of mediocrity. Skill in rhythm is much commoner than power of phrase, and the metrical aptitude is more evident in making the most of the normal beat of the measure than in the coinage of felicitous variations. A subdued and austere, but vital and speaking, landscape serves as the frequent theme and the continuous background or undernote of the verse, and nowhere are the artistic capacities of the writers more happily evinced than in the sureness with which, in this field, they achieve the combination of poetical worth with realistic accuracy. Points meriting a slighter notice are the sufficient body of agreeable patriotic verse, the scarcity of urban and social lyrics, the surprising subordination of the sexual passion even in its most delicate forms, and the savoriness of a few lyrics by William H. Drummond in the French Canadian's dialect English.

THE fourteenth volume of the "Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts" (published for the Society) not only maintains the high level of interest attained by its predecessors, but surpasses some of them in the novelty and value of the communications printed. Five articles appear that are noteworthy contributions of fact and reference. The paper by Francis Apthorp Foster on "The Burning of Harvard Hall, 1764" contains lists of student losses that are so minute in the details furnished as to arouse suspicion in the mind of the reader. Prof. Kittredge's essay and supplement on "Cotton Mather's Election into the Royal Society" put to rest forever all doubts that have been held from Mather's time to the present as to his right to the letters F. R. S., though they show at the same time that he never was a fellow in the technical sense, having never undergone the formality of a ceremonial admission. The same writer's contribution of letters from Samuel Lee and Samuel Sewall to Dr. Nehemiah Grew contains a wealth of learned annotation upon a score or more of *curiosa*, from apothecaries to raccoon grease. Chester N. Greenough's admirably critical study of "John Dunton's Letters from New England" is an extraordinary disclosure of plagiarism, and emphasizes "the necessity of extreme caution in accepting as a fact or as original anything attributed to Dunton or claimed by him as his own." Samuel E. Morison has added a sort of preliminary chapter to his "Life of Harrison Gray Otis," by taking up the question of "The Property of Harrison Gray, Loyalist," and narrating as his most interesting topic the efforts of Gray to recover from John Hancock a debt of nearly £1,000, with the result that he failed to obtain a farthing from Hancock in his lifetime, and left to his grandson the task, as it happened, of procuring two-thirds of the debt from the Governor's widow. The volume includes many shorter communications of consequence, upon only one of which is comment necessary. Albert Mathews, in his remarks upon Henry Newman, would have rounded out Newman's career more fully had he noted the fact that Newman was colonial agent for New Hampshire for many years, and left a large collection of papers that are now in the Bodleian Library.

FROM Mitchell Kennerley we have received "The Fair Haven" and "The Humour of Homer and Other Essays," by Samuel Butler. The latter volume contains a biographical sketch of Butler by his friend H. Festing Jones. The Homer essay gives in epitome Butler's favorite notion that the "Odyssey" is virtually a satire against mankind composed by a clever Sicilian spinster. The eleven other essays contain, besides some delightful fooling, two sketches of the Lombard Alps, the territory covered in "Alps and Sanctuaries," and three essays "The Deadlock in Darwinism," in which Butler attacks with characteristic wit and cogency the theory of a mechanical natural selection. The volume represents Butler's main predilections, is free from his occasional *longueurs*, and may be recommended as a beginning to those who wish the easiest approach to the great thinker and baffling ironist of "Erewhon." "The Fair Haven," on the contrary, is only for the adept, and difficult enough for him. Written in 1873, when theological discussion was rife, it purports to be the eirenicon of a thoroughly emancipated Christian. The imaginary author, John Pickard Owen, a thin disguise for Butler himself, proposes to save Christianity by proving its cardinal miracle, the resurrection. In this vindication he gives the rationalistic skeptics their entire point of view and half their case. Setting side by side the views of orthodox Christianity and of the skeptics—an analysis

made with unsparing candor—he endeavors to find a common ground of understanding. The book ends disappointingly with what can only be called a burlesque substantiation of the resurrection from the equally difficult miracle of the ascension. Some of Butler's most brilliant pages are in this book. It is one of the strongest anti-dogmatic tracts ever penned. Yet the whole effect is unsatisfactory. The blend of seriousncss and irony is baffling in the extreme. At the time "The Fair Haven" was reviewed as a notable work in apologetics and as an insidious manœuvrc of an atheist. Butler, who was at bottom neither apologist nor atheist, was satisfied with the ambiguous effect he produced. His reader of to-day will hardly share such satisfaction. One likes to know where an author stands, particularly when religion is involved. Still the general point of view is highly prophetic. All that Butler says about the spiritual value of historic uncertainty and in general about the right kind of legend as superior to any sort of mere fact might be put in the mouth of any Modernist, and no Modernist has pursued the anti-dogmatic course with anything like Butler's ability and raciness.

THE subjects of Horace B. Samuel's essays, "Modernities" (Dutton), range from personages as comparatively remote in time as Heine, Stendhal, and Disraeli, to Strindberg and Frank Wedekind. The author believes them all reasonably characteristic of the modern movement which started with the French Revolution. Other studies deal with Nietzsche's "Genealogy of Morals," "The Weltanschauung of Miss Marie Corelli" (!), Arthur Schnitzler, Emile Verhaeren, and "The Future of Futurism." The essay on Miss Corelli, by the way, contains a delicious comparison of her work with that of Mrs. Elinor Glyn. Of course, the writer might have chosen De Musset, Ibsen, Gorky, Sudermann, and Shaw for his essays, and have been no more put to it to explain why he grouped them in one volume, and why he called the book "Modernities." As it is, he acknowledges his difficulty, but thinks that his chosen ones possess a "spirit of energy, of fearlessness in analysis, whose sole *raison d'être* and whose sole ideal is actual life itself." This is saying very little. As a matter of fact, Mr. Samuel had written a number of acute, and sometimes ironical, studies of writers who interested him. He thought he should like to put them between book covers. This he has done—and a well-informed book is the result.

THE excellent series of popular handbooks published by B. G. Teubner of Leipzig, under the common name "Aus Natur und Geisteswelt," has been enriched by a revision of the volume entitled "Henrik Ibsen, Björnstjerne Björnson und ihre Zeitgenossen," by the late Professor Bernhard Kahle. In its revised form this little book is nothing short of admirable for lucid simplicity. The outgrowth of a series of popular lectures delivered in Frankfort in 1907, it is conclusive proof that a German critic can be intelligible when he chooses. It has the unpretentious form of a rapid re-telling of the substance of each critic's works in their chronological order. Biography, criticism, and all generalization are for the most part incidental, yet there is enough of unobtrusive comment to place each writer definitely and to qualify his merits and defects very sharply. If ever a series of essays on literary masterpieces were in any sense a substitute for the books discussed, it is true of the essays that make up this little volume; yet no one who reads it can fail to find his appetite whetted for the books described. Besides Ibsen and Björnson, there is detailed treatment of Jonas Lie, Kielland, Amalie Skram, Garborg, and Knut Hamsun.

"CHAUCER and the Roman de la Rose" (Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature: Lemcke & Buechner), by Dean Spruill Fansler, gives us a useful conspectus of the influence of the great French poem upon Chaucer. The ground has been so thoroughly worked that one is not surprised to find that the author has to offer nothing new that is of importance, but the definite classification of the various forms of influence on Chaucer's reading, style, situations, descriptions, etc., makes the debt of the English poet to his French originals clearer than ever. Dr. Fansler sifts with good judgment and sobriety the immense number of parallels which have been suggested by previous scholars, and he adds a few of his own, as, for instance, in the Manciple's Tale, where the lines on the necessity of reining the tongue are traced to the "Roman de la Rose" rather than to Albertano of Brescia, as different commentators have assumed. On the other hand, he suggests that in his description of the God of Love and his train of ladies Chaucer was following Machault's "Dit du Vergier," and not the "Roman." The suggestion, however, does not strike us as convincing.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

PHILATELISTS, in the course of this year, will have the pleasure of new French colonial issues of postage stamps. For Djibouti, in East Africa, the seaport of the route up to Abyssinia, designs have been made by the painter Montader. They are oblong in shape. One represents goats browsing on rocks, with a native tambourine player framed between. Another, in gray-blue on rose color, is the railway bridge of Hollé-Hollé. A third, in black and green, is a young Arab girl of Djibouti. Other stamps are to be issued for the French Congo and Madagascar. It is expected that their artistic quality, added to novelty, will help to an end not postal—but not to be neglected in postage-stamp issues since the collecting craze has so developed—the sale to amateurs. Such sales in certain cases have gone far towards covering the expenses of the issue.

THE attempted revival of the famous opera balls in Paris has at least recalled their place in French literature and art. They were begun by the Regent in 1716 and were at their highest in Balzac's time. In 1830, the great orchestra leader Napoléon Musard transformed the "cancan" into the "galop infernal," which Daumier illustrated. That which is bound, in spite of all protest, to go down as the Pope's dance—*la furlana*—appeared there, taken from "La Muette de Portici," which Auber produced at the Opéra in 1828. Alfred de Musset danced and Alexandre Dumas, the romancer, brought his son, the future playwright, to see. Gavarni's text to one of his cartoons of the opera ball is still remembered: "What a lot of women—and to think they eat every day! That's what gives a swagger idea of man!"

Science

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WASHINGTON, April 24.

The National Academy of Sciences held its annual meeting in Washington on April 21-23. A year ago the Academy celebrated its semi-centennial, and there are many reasons for believing that in the half-century now entered upon it will develop an importance and usefulness greater than that already attained. One of the outward evidences of this tendency is the foundation by Dr. George Ellery Hale, the distinguished foreign secretary of the Academy, and his brother and sister, of the William Ellery Hale memorial lectures on the various aspects of the theory of evolution. These were successfully opened at the present meeting by two lectures by Sir Ernest Rutherford, F.R.S., upon the "Constitution of Matter and the Evolution of the Elements."

In his first lecture on Tuesday Sir Ernest described recent work on the nature of molecules and atoms, dealing first with Perrin's remarkable work on the Brownian movement. This is shown under a powerful microscope by very small solid particles immersed in a liquid, which are seen to be in perpetual motion of an absolutely irregular kind. It has been conclusively demonstrated that the motion of these particles, one one hundred thousandth of an inch in diameter, is due to impacts against them of the molecules of the liquid. They strike them on all sides at random and drive them hither and thither in a manner which, although irregular, conforms in so remarkable a way to the laws of probability that we may calculate the number and size of the molecules.

Another discovery of the last two years is that of the law of reflection of the X-rays by crystals, investigated by Laue and Knipping in Germany and by Bragg in England. It has long been assumed that the properties of crystals are due to the arrangement of their atoms or molecules in simple geometrical order, and investigation of the geometry shows that there are over two hundred possible ways of grouping. It is found that a beam of the invisible X-rays from a vacuum-tube produces on

the photographic plate a large number of spots distributed with great regularity around a central image. The assumption is that these spots are due to the setting in vibration of all the atoms, which send off radiations in all directions. The rays cause an interference like that produced by ordinary light, so that from the measurement of the photographs may be determined not only the wave-length of the X-rays, until now unknown, but even the distances by which the atoms are separated one from another.

Leading up to the subject of the electron, or particle, proved by Sir Joseph Thomson to be 1,800 times lighter than the lightest atom, that of hydrogen, Sir Ernest conducted the beautiful experiment of the beam of cathode rays, made luminous by a fluorescent screen. The beam, being deflected by a magnet held near, is shown to be composed of small particles charged with negative electricity. The discovery of radioactive substances, his contributions to the knowledge of which have won for Sir Ernest Rutherford the Nobel Prize, has made clear that these bodies emit radiations known as beta-rays, which are found to be composed of small particles moving with great velocity and to be identical with the negative electrons of the cathode ray in the vacuum tube. It was suggested that the atoms of all the elements are composed of these primordial electrons, but Rutherford's own work has demonstrated the corresponding importance of the alpha rays, composed of much heavier particles than the beta particles, travelling at a much slower speed, and *positively* charged. It is by means of these alpha and beta particles that the evolution of the radioactive elements, a series which now contains about thirty members, is explained. At intervals an atom explodes with great violence, emitting an alpha or beta particle, and changing its atomic weight and chemical nature. These atomic changes are more violent than any known chemical reactions, and it is to them that the extraordinary properties of the radioactive bodies are due.

In spite of the enormous number of alpha particles emitted per second, Rutherford has accomplished the apparently impossible task of counting them, and the lecturer concluded with a brilliant experimental demonstration of this remarkable feat. A minute tube of radioactive gas, so powerful as to cause fluorescence in a crystal bright enough to be seen by the whole audience, was held near a tube having a fine hole through which the alpha particles might enter, and affected by its electrical action a sensitive electrometer. This instrument, composed chiefly of a very thin fibre, projected by a powerful microscope upon the screen, enabled the audience to count the alpha particles entering the hole, one for each kick of the electrometer fibre.

In the second lecture Sir Ernest prefaced his own theory of the atom by showing the wonderful photographs of C. T. R. Wilson, on which may be seen the actual tracks of the alpha and beta particles, made visible by their action on the droplets of water produced in a fog-chamber. These trails, though in general straight, show sudden angular changes of direction, which are explained as impacts with atoms. The changes of direction are so sudden that they must be caused by enormous forces, an observation which has led Rutherford to his construction of the atom as a positive, very small nucleus, surrounded by rings of negative electrons, like planets around an infinitesimal sun. Through this system the foreign particle penetrates and is strongly deflected by the central nucleus, in a manner comparable with the experiment wherein a magnet, hanging as a pendulum from the ceiling of the room, was suddenly deflected by a fixed vertical magnet under it.

The lecturer described the experiments of his own pupil, Mosely, on the reflection of X-rays and gamma rays from radioactive substances by the different chemical elements. It was long ago shown by the chemist Mendelejeff that if the elements are arranged in the order of their atomic weights certain properties periodically recur, but the reason for this has been very dubious. The spectra found by Mosely have led to the startling generalization that there may be attached to the atoms of the various elements certain characteristic numbers far more regular than the atomic weights, in that they change from one element by the same whole number. Thus the elements fall naturally into a table in which there are only three gaps, indicating elements for the chemists still to discover. What do these atomic numbers represent? According to Rutherford, they denote the number of unit positive charges in the central nucleus, to each one of which corresponds an electron in the planetary ring. This daring generalization, if proved to be true, may well entitle the physicist, Sir Ernest Rutherford, to be considered the Œdipus of the riddle of the chemical sphynx.

Only a few of the remaining thirteen papers which were read in the session of Wednesday can be here reported. W. H. Howell, of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, in a paper on "Causes of the Clotting of the Blood," stated that the fundamental process in the clotting is a chemical reaction between a protein called fibrinogen in the blood with an enzyme called thrombin, which causes the fibrinogen to set into a jelly, as was demonstrated by the speaker by mixing the two colorless and limpid fluids. To the question of the origin of the thrombin it is replied that calcium salts are essential to its production, but it is not clear why the blood does not clot while in the blood-vessels. Dr. Howell does not believe in the "tertium quid," which has been supposed to prevent the reaction, but he has succeeded in separating out a protein compound which has no action on fibrinogen, but which on being brought into contact with calcium is converted into thrombin. There is in the blood a substance that prevents the reaction, which is found in the salivary gland of the leech. Howell has found that a liquid can be obtained from the corpuscular elements in the blood which will not clot. The reason that the protection from clotting ceases when the blood is shed is that when the corpuscles touch solid substances they disintegrate, and from them comes a new material which with the calcium makes the thrombin.

Jacques Loeb, of the Rockefeller Institute, in New York, in a paper on "Heterogeneous Hybridization," undertook to answer the question why the sperm of one species does not fertilize the eggs of another somewhat remote from it. Loeb believed that if some means could be found of forcing the spermatozoa of one species into the egg of another, then fertilization would take place. A controlling influence seems to be exercised by calcium salts in the solution enveloping the egg. When the jelly surrounding the egg of the sea-urchin was removed by acid, the egg could be fertilized by its own sperm, but not by that of the star-fish, but in the presence of calcium the eggs were fertilized by that of the star-fish, and all developed.

W. H. Humphreys, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, in a paper on the "Relation between American Temperatures and European Rainfall," premised by stating that changes in the earth's temperature are due to changes in the sun's surface and the earth's atmosphere. When sun-spots are numerous we have low temperatures, and conversely, when volcanic eruptions cause dust to rise above the highest clouds the dust acts as a screen against the sun's rays and we have lower temperatures. The rainfall changes with the humidity in the atmosphere; for when more water evaporates more must fall to keep the balance. In a hot year much water evaporates and there is more rain, while the cold years are dry, contrary to current opinion. In order to confirm this reasoning Mr. Humphreys has considered the Atlantic Ocean, over which winds blow generally from the west, so that hot weather in America may be expected to evaporate much of the water which falls abundantly in England. The averages of rainfall in England, displayed graph-

ically in curves compared with the American temperatures at corresponding times, show a striking agreement.

Henry F. Reid, of the Johns Hopkins University, in considering the "Movements of Magnets Caused by Earthquakes," attempted to determine whether the observed movements of magnetic indicating instruments are due to changes in the earth's magnetism during the earthquake, or merely to mechanical shaking. Mascart attempted to settle this question by suspending a bar of copper of the same size and shape as the magnet, and since it did not oscillate, while the magnets did, he concluded that the disturbance was magnetic. Reid, however, calls attention to the fact that in the case of the magnet a counterweight is necessary to counteract the tendency of the earth's magnetism to tip the magnet from the horizontal, and that the displacement of the centre of gravity causes an entirely different mechanical effect. By an ingenious examination of the mechanics of such systems he shows in an apparently convincing manner that the shaking of the supports of the magnet will produce all the observed motions.

The annual dinner of the Academy was rendered memorable by the presentation of a new medal, endowed by Mrs. Helen Hartley Jenkins, of New York, in memory of her father, Marcellus Hartley, and given by the Academy for "Eminence in the Application of Science to the Public Welfare." The first award of the medal was to Col. George Washington Goethals for his work in the construction of the Panama Canal, and to his colleague, Surgeon-General William Crawford Gorgas, for his work in sanitation that made the construction of the Canal possible.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

The expedition to Dutch New Guinea by Mr. A. F. R. Wollaston, whose entertaining account of it is given in the *Geographical Journal* for March, has made a substantial addition to science, notably that of ethnology. The hill natives, who were most carefully studied, are an absolutely primitive people, apparently without a religious idea. Among the natural history collections made were sixteen new species of rhododendrons and eighteen species of birds of paradise. To the concluding part of Prof. J. W. Gregory's answer to the question "Is the earth drying up?" is added the interesting discussion of it by noted scientists. There was a general acquiescence in his conclusion, fortified by a remarkable collection of evidence, that "in historic times there has been no world-wide change of climate." Among the other contents are a paper on "Relief in Cartography," by Capt. H. G. Lyons; "Physical Characteristics of the Siachen Basin and Glacier System," by Dr. W. H. Workman, and a statement by Sir E. H. Shackleton as to the composition and aims of his proposed Trans-Antarctic Expedition.

Drama

CHRIST AND THE CHURCH.

The Master. By W. G. Hole. London: Erskine Macdonald.

This little two-act play, by W. G. Hole, who has already won a conspicuous place among modern poets and dramatists with his "Queen Elizabeth" and "The Chained Titan," is a work of singular power and beauty, remarkable not only for the dignity and spiritual insight with which it treats a subject of great delicacy, but for compactness of construction, tenseness of dramatic situation, and felicity of literary description. Bold in conception and development, unflinching and logical in demonstration, it is absolutely free from mere emotional sensationalism. Stephen Phillips, in an appreciative "foreword," calls it a "severe masque," but it is a veritable tragedy, unsuitable indeed for the theatre, except before a very special audience, but in all technical respects capable of effective reproduction in action. He lays stress upon the charm of its natural imagery, and very justly, but its preëminent distinction is to be found in its trenchant exposition of the irreconcilable differences between the creed and practice of a dominant ecclesiasticism and the essence of the Christian faith as taught by its Founder. It proposes a problem, but unlike most problem plays, it does not shrink from giving the answer. What, it asks, would happen if Christ came on earth again to-day, as He came before? And the reply is that He would again be crucified if the Church were his judge. The scene, to be sure, is allotted to the seventeenth century, but the moral, in its application, is clearly intended to be contemporary.

The first act occurs in the open space before the cathedral of a great city, whither the Master has come attended by a great crowd of the common people who, as of old, have received him gladly. In the foreground various minor characters discuss the incidents that have accompanied his appearance, until interrupted by the entrance of the Cardinal Prince Bishop, a very frail old man, with his Secretary of State, Gaspardi; his almoner, Silvanus, and his guard. Gaspardi, a clerical zealot of the inquisitorial type, urges the Cardinal to proceed against the alleged Messiah as an impostor and enemy of the Church, but the Cardinal, more devout and statesmanlike, and harassed by a sense of responsibility, is inclined rather to heed Silvanus, a simple priest, who has been listening to the mysterious stranger and been impressed by the magic of his eloquence. In a vivid piece of descriptive verse he depicts the apparently miraculous transformation of a fallen woman of which he has just been the witness, and boldly asks the Cardinal, how, if this should be the Christ, he would choose to meet Him, as a servant bearing office, or one of the crowd? Gaspardi, in a fine speech, impetuously declares that the Church's head would necessarily be greeted with all the Church's pomp, to which Silvanus replies in a passage which contains the gist of the play and is worth quoting as a fair sample of Mr. Hole's work:

What if, as you would have it, at the sign,
The great doors flinging open of themselves,
Bells pealing and the organ pouring forth
Fit welcome for the master of the world,
And in high state the hierarchs of the Church,
Blazing in ordered pomp about the porch,
The Pope, a vassal prince of vassals, ready
To pay low homage—what if then approached
From out the common crowd a common man:
A carpenter with shavings in his beard
Smelling of resinous wood new sawn, or, say,
A strange blue-jerseyed fisherman, his hands
Sodden and chafed from handling midnight nets?
What then would happen, think you? Would the Church,
Her splendor so apparent and her pride
So justified, with joy transfigure him
And make his glory greater than her own?
Or would she fling her wealth aside—that wealth
She has indeed so wisely striven to gain
Else had she failed—slough all her splendor off
And humbly fit herself for such a master?
It must be one or other—this or that.

But Gaspardi is unshaken. He insists, against the protestation of the Cardinal, that the pretensions of the Master, who has been brought to the front, shall be put to a crucial test. Let him prove his divinity by restoring life to the dead child which a poor widow has laid at his feet. The scene which follows is one of rare pathos and dramatic intensity. Throughout it, as throughout the play, the central figure is mute, but his disciple, Melchior, protesting his own faith, avows his wonderment that Gaspardi, after all that he has seen and heard, should demand a special miracle to strengthen his. The colloquy is conducted with fine terseness and point, and the suspense culminates in the final hysterical appeal of the woman for compassion and help, the curtain falling at last upon a tableau of the sorrowful but silent master, the deeply perplexed Cardinal and the triumphant, mocking Gaspardi.

The second act is devoted chiefly to a remarkably subtle analytical study of

the character of the Cardinal, a character intrinsically noble, in which the original instincts of simple devotion have been blunted or confused by the intricacies of theological speculation and pride in the glory of the Church. Utterly opposed as he is, in character and principles, to the fiercely intolerant Gaspardi, he yet finds himself impelled by what he deems the inexorable logic of circumstances to agree with him in the conclusion that the Christ, in whose divine identity he now believes, must die. To his confidant, Silvanus, who has confessed his own conversion, he compares himself with Caiaphas—whom he represents as the predestined instrument of Heaven's will—and argues that the whole scheme of redemption would have failed if his judgment had been other than it was. This leads up to a scene of startling originality and boldness, but so inspired by grave intellectual and spiritual purpose as to offer no offence to the religious. The Cardinal, confronted alone with his prisoner, tells him that he is recognized, and then proceeds, with a really extraordinary grasp of the imagined situation, to expound his case. His argument is too long to be given in detail here, but it is no less remarkable for sophistical skill than for eloquence of literary expression. In effect, it is a plea that the reappearance of a peasant Christ would be a virtual disavowal of all that the Church—meaning ecclesiasticism in general, not necessarily any one particular division of it—has been, and done, through the ages. To go back to first principles, to acknowledge that the whole fabric of modern ecclesiasticism was based on a radical misconception of the true Evangel, would be to shatter faith and work irreparable mischief and ruin. Therefore, argues the Cardinal, I, as Caiaphas, like him a predestined instrument, and, like him, perhaps, incurring damnation, must condemn you to a second Calvary, but a Calvary without publicity—and thus, by your second sacrifice, confirm and strengthen the Church which you originally came to establish. But, at the last moment, the Cardinal, quailing before the steady and silent regard of his captive, is shaken by doubts, and, assuming the attitude of a suppliant, dies, as he asks whether "it is yet too late."

The moral of the parable is clear enough. Whatever variety of opinion may be possible concerning its validity and justice, there can be no question of the literary, imaginative, and dramatic power with which it is conveyed and illustrated.

Small, Maynard & Company announce for publication on May 2 the 1914 edition of "Who's Who in the Theatre."

The Gymnase Theatre in Paris has produced "Pétard," a new play by M. Henri Lavedan.

Music

VALUABLE HINTS FOR SINGERS.

The Lost Vocal Art and Its Restoration. By W. Warren Shaw. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

Self-Help for Singers. By David C. Taylor. New York: H. W. Gray Co. $1.

How to Sing. By Lilli Lehmann. New York: Macmillan Co. $1.75.

The loss of the Old Italian method of singing is often deplored as the greatest calamity in the history of vocal music. Teachers believe that if its secrets could be recovered, all present difficulties would be overcome, and there would be no more theoretical strife and discord. The decline in vocal instruction was, in the opinion of the author of "The Lost Vocal Art," coincident with the beginning of what is now known as scientific voice production, based on the investigation of physiological facts. Garcia's discovery of the laryngoscope started this method of instruction; but it is significant that, although in his printed works physiological details are dwelt on, in practice he soon ignored them. Santley remarks that in all his conversations with that great teacher he never heard him say a word about larynx or pharynx, glottis, or any other organ used in the production and emission of the voice. Furthermore, no evidence has been found that the old Italian masters called the attention of pupils to the physiological phenomena involved in the art of singing. The physiological method lured later teachers and pupils away by promising a short cut to vocal glory; but the results were disastrous.

Mr. Warren is not one of those who deny that our generation has produced great singers. Individual teachers have trained great vocalists, but their methods have not been made the common property of instructors. What is needed is a movement to standardize voice culture; and this movement should not be along physiological lines, but along the psychological lines followed, in all probability, by the old Italians. Our teachers should train the voice and thereby train the vehicle, instead of training the vehicle in the hope of thereby training the voice. The ear must be taken as guide—and here lies the gist of Mr. Warren's book. Students as a rule have to be taught what is, and what is not, good in the sounds of their own voices. They are therefore dependent at first on the judgment of the master. Gradually, under his guidance, they learn how to detect in the sounds of their own voices and those of others the desirable as well as the undesirable tones. How to avoid the latter and improve the others the author attempts to show in Part II of his book.

David C. Taylor's book on "The Psychology of Singing" is repeatedly cited by Mr. Warren, who, in truth, got some of his main arguments from it. He does not, however, endorse Mr. Taylor's ideas as to the importance of imitating the voices of great singers, because that tends to destroy individuality. However that may be, Mr. Taylor's book is one of the most important treatises on the vocal art ever published. As a theoretical work requiring close attention it is not, however, adapted to the needs of the average vocal student. The author has, therefore, issued his "Self-Help for Singers," a little volume of 64 pages, in which the main lessons of the larger work are set forth concisely and lucidly. It is a most suggestive and valuable treatise, which no teacher or student can afford to ignore. Its scope is indicated by the chapter heads: The Correct Use of the Voice and How It Is Attained; Ear Training for the Purposes of Artistic Singing; Musical Imagination and Its Influence in Singing; The Technical Training of the Voice; Exercises for Developing the Middle Voice; Coloratura Singing.

In 1902 the Macmillan Company published Richard Aldrich's lucid and trustworthy translation of Lilli Lehmann's admirable book on her vocal art ("Meine Gesangskunst"), under the title of "How to Sing." The demand for it was so great that it had to be reprinted in five subsequent years. It is now issued in a new and revised edition, in which some of the points that had remained obscure in the first edition are expressed more intelligibly. It is worth noting that Lehmann, who has possessed the gift of the true bel canto as taught by the old Italians, nevertheless uses physiological directions, even to the extent of printing colored diagrams. Throughout the book the technical instruction is agreeably varied by autobiographic gossip and references to other great singers of her time, and their peculiarities. No other singer has ever described her art and her methods so fully as Mme. Lehmann has hers. At the age of sixty-six she still enchants audiences. To know what she has done thus to preserve her voice should surely be of superlative interest to all teachers and students. She is very severe on the methods by which artists are now "turned out in factories, that is, in so-called conservatories, or by teachers who give lessons ten or twelve hours a day."

HENRY T. FINCK.

Thirty-six different operas have been sung during the present season, eighteen of them in Italian, thirteen in German, four in French, and one in English. Of these thirty-six operas, 154 performances were given at the Metropolitan. This includes fifteen double bills and two benefit performances, in each of which four acts of different operas were presented.

Fourteen of the operas were also sung in Brooklyn, ten in Philadelphia, one in Albany, while Atlanta, this week, will hear eight. In the number of performances Wagner leads (as always) with thirty-six, Puccini coming next with thirty-one. Verdi had sixteen, Humperdinck twelve, Strauss and Leoncavallo nine each; Wolf-Ferrari, seven; Moussorgsky and Mozart, six each; Charpentier, Montemezzi, Victor Herbert, and Ponchielli, five each; Massenet, four; Mascagni, Gluck, and Donizetti, three each; Offenbach, two; Gounod, one.

One of the features of the Cincinnati music festival (May 5 to 9) will be the singing of Bach's B minor Mass, with the assistance of one hundred girls, who will sing the second soprano part, leaving the regular soprano choir of the big chorus undivided. The great May festival chorus of adults is under the personal training of Dr. Ernst Kunwald, who will conduct the entire festival. The Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra will be used, Cincinnati's two famous musical institutions being thus combined. The soloists will be Alma Gluck, Florence Hinkle, Schumann-Heink, Margaret Keyes, Evan Williams, Daniel Beddoe, Pasquale Amato, Henri Scott, and Douglas Powell. "The Damnation of Faust," of Berlioz, will be the opening programme on May 5. On May 6 the Bach B minor Mass will be sung. On Thursday there is a matinée orchestral programme, with Amato and the children's chorus, and the following evening the Verdi "Requiem" will be given. On May 9 the festival will close with two performances. At the matinée Schumann-Heink will be the soloist, and the children's choir will sing in the Mahler symphony, and in the evening Alma Gluck will be the soloist; the closing number will be the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven.

In Monte Carlo, where several of Massenet's operas had their first hearing, a monument to him has been erected. It is the work of the sculptor Bernstamm, who also made the Berlioz monument in that city.

"Czerny: Perfection in Style" is the name given to the twenty-five characteristic études or finishing studies of that famous pupil of Beethoven and teacher of Liszt, issued for the first time in America by Schirmer. It is edited by Sigmund Herzog, who has done his work well. Attention is called to the fact that some of these studies (notably 5 and 22) foreshadow Chopin.

Among the singers who will be heard in Paris in the performances of the Boston and the Covent Garden Opera Companies in the ten weeks beginning last Monday are: Emmy Destinn, Louise Edvina, Mary Garden, Melba, Nielsen, Maggie Teyte, Bender, Schaefer, Margarete Matzenauer, Ferrari-Fontana, John McCormack, Martinelli, Johannes Sembach, Pasquale Amato, Scotti, de Segurola, Marcoux, and Malatesta. The operas to be performed are "L'Amore del tre Re," "Les Masques," by de Lara; "Un Ballo de Maschera," "Il Barbiere di Sivviglia," "Don Giovanni," "Manon Lescaut," "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Figaro."

Art

OLD TIMEPIECES.

English Domestic Clocks. By Herbert Cescinsky and Malcolm R. Webster. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $10 net.

To collectors and students of American furniture this book is valuable; to those whose range is international, indispensable. Clocks are notoriously hard to classify, explain, and assign to definite periods and influences. The authors of this sumptuous work have collated and interpreted their data in a painstaking and discriminating spirit.

The advantages of their collaboration are obvious. Mr. Cescinsky, also author of "English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century," has made exhaustive researches among clock cases and their accessories. Mr. Webster is a practical clockmaker, the importance of whose qualifications is not easily overstated. Much current writing on old clocks lacks precision and authority because the writer knows the clock solely as a piece of decorative furniture. Much more than that is, of course, required. Cases are often earlier or later than the mechanism in them. A name-plate may bear the name not of the maker, but of a repairer. To fix a date, even approximately, means to include several factors. All brass lantern, or "Cromwellian" clocks, for example, are popularly supposed to be very old. Yet they really were manufactured, especially in provincial districts, well into the nineteenth century.

The development of the English clocks prized by the collector may be said to begin with the introduction of the pendulum as regulator. This is the point from which Mr. Webster's illuminating chapters on clock construction start. Anent a familiar dispute that concerns the invention, the safe statement is made that "the date of the pendulum as applied to English domestic clocks is approximately about 1660, and the honor of the invention has been variously attributed to Richard Harris, Christian Huygens, Ahasuerus Fromanteel, or Robert Hooke. It is certain that its use was common in Germany and Italy earlier than 1660." The new type of regulator was directly responsible for the long case clock, since protection was required for the pendulum, which, for recording time in seconds, must be nearly 40 inches long.

The date of the appearance of the "grandfather clock" in England our authors are inclined to set back from 1680 to about 1670. Nothing is said regarding much earlier references in American inventories to this kind of timepiece, the existence of which is positively asserted by Miss Esther Singleton and more cautiously urged as probable in Mr. L. V. Lockwood's 'Colonial Furniture in America." Whereas one well-known handbook tells us that the first English tall clocks were made by William Clement about 1680, Messrs. Cescinsky and Webster illustrate a very fine long-case clock signed by "Johannes Fromanteel, Londini," which, on internal evidence, they assign to 1670-5, saying that it "is perhaps the very earliest example of a long-case clock which was ever made."

The book consists largely of descriptions of typical clocks in English collections, private and public. One notes with interest the late introduction of mahogany, probably not before 1760, as the fashionable wood for clock cases. This coincided with the beginning of a decline in standards of workmanship and design, culminating in the gigantic and ugly Yorkshire clocks. The terms "Chippendale" and "Sheraton," as applied to clocks, are, it is shown, often meaningless or misleading. It has never been settled whether the designs of these great artists were actually used by clockmakers. Neither of them certainly knew much about clocks and their manufacture, and the authors give reasons for believing that their published designs must have been derisively received by the trade.

The manufacture of English long-case clocks and other clocks of artistic design languished in the nineteenth century, when even the best of the old work was neglected. Their restoration to honor came, apparently, a little later than in this country, for it is stated that "only during the last twenty years have these masterpieces of the old clockmakers been greatly esteemed and cherished; they were frequently relegated to lumber rooms during the Victorian era, to moulder or rust, the cases broken up, and the movements sold as scrap metal."

"Flanders," by Max Rooses, in the Ars Una series (Scribners), has the merits which characterize these miniature and fully illustrated histories of art. The little volume is densely packed with information, yet written with enthusiasm and very readable. Few readers perhaps will share Mr. Rooses's admiration for certain of the Antwerp Romanists. It seems premature, in a general handbook, to accept any exact identifications for the Maître de Flémalle. Rooses takes Hulin's view, for which the evidence is at best merely circumstantial, that the Maître is no other than Robert Campin of Tournai, teacher of Rogier de la Pasture and of Jacques Daret. The value of the fairly full bibliographies is lessened by the absence of logical classification—a not infrequent defect in this series. A third of the entries arranged by artists would be much more useful, and some notation for especially important articles would be welcome. The proofreading has not been the most careful. These are minor blemishes in an excellent and useful work.

Finance

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE MEXICAN NEWS.

If the movement of prices on the Stock Exchange, at the outbreak or during the progress of a war, were governed by nothing but events in the one direction, it would provide an invaluable index to the trend of affairs. But a stock market cannot cease to "reflect" other influences because it is also measuring the probabilities of war, and therefore there are often perplexing cross-currents in a war-time market. One of these has already occurred in the present episode.

Until Friday of last week, the New York Stock Exchange had stubbornly refused to show the expected signs of dismay and demoralization over the thickening horizon of our Mexican situation. That heavy selling of securities, by home investors, bankers, and speculators, which traditionally accompanies outbreak of hostilities, seemed to be wholly lacking. The market was expectant and apprehensive, but not disordered.

Suddenly and without warning, on Friday, selling orders in our securities were executed for European account, in such quantity as to break prices with great rapidity. It was inferred at once that financial Europe was either drawing conclusions which our own markets had not drawn, or had received news which had not reached our markets. But the cabled news which followed showed that the home securities on the London and Continental markets—notably British consols—were suffering more severely than our own securities. Private dispatches from the foreign financial houses presently set forth the unexpected view that the cause of this selling lay in Europe, not in America. What the trouble was, did not plainly appear. One European market reported that it was the shipment of arms from the Continent to Ulster; another, that it was Russia's accumulation of gold, with a view to military preparations; still another, that it was the illness and approaching death of the old Austrian Emperor, and the political confusion which might be expected to follow.

But the effect of the selling on our own stock exchanges was not altered by the explanation; and in Wall Street the conclusion continued to be drawn, despite the cables, that the Mexican situation lay at the bottom of it. Prices on the New York Stock Exchange, therefore, ended the week with every semblance of a "war market," and, in fact, the market's action provided a very accurate mirror of the mood and feeling of the entire community, in regard to the successive occurrences in the Mexican affair. It is probable that the news and rumor of Sunday, when the Stock Exchange was closed and newspaper "extras" in New York published wildly extravagant stories of what was happening in Mexico, would have thrown the market into still greater demoralization. In the light of what followed, the incident recalled those early July days in the war of 1898, when the stock market closed on Saturday with disquieting news from the army before Santiago, when the dispatch from Gen. Shafter came on Sunday, stating the probability that he would have to draw back his troops, and when only on Monday morning did the country learn of Admiral Sampson's destruction of the Spanish fleet.

Something like this occurred in the present instance, when, following the gloom and despondency of Sunday, the Monday morning newspapers reported Huerta's acceptance of the Latin-American mediation and contradicted the stories of wholesale pillage and murder practiced in Mexico against the American residents. Beginning with an advance in the early London market for American securities, prices advanced with great violence at Monday's opening, rose further that day, and advanced sharply again on Tuesday.

Such a sequence of movements on the Stock Exchange leaves the inference, as to just what is predicted for the Mexican affair, more perplexing than usual to trace. There are three general possibilities in this Mexican adventure. The crisis may be surmounted by some extraordinary accident of good fortune—such as Huerta's unreserved withdrawal, and the assent of Carranza and Villa to a general adjustment—which would presently terminate hostilities. The campaign may be short, effective, and entirely successful. Or we may have a long and arduous struggle in defeating Huerta, destroying or capturing his army, and pacifying the country.

The third of the possible results is not altogether pleasant to consider, even by the very numerous people who have believed that our intervention in Mexico was inevitable. The probable effect on the country's financial and industrial fortunes, however, even of such an outcome, can easily be exaggerated. Nothing has been more certain, throughout all the recent reaction in finance and industry, than that the country's position was fundamentally sound. This war situation, whatever its ultimate result, has not come on a business position inflated by a "credit boom" or on markets overextended with speculation. Such a condition prevailed when the Boer War broke out, and when the Balkan War began, and a good part of the business strain and financial disorder, which accompanied and followed both those episodes, was a far more direct consequence of the pricking of a bubble than of the simple cost of war.

This country's present situation has no resemblance to that which prevailed in 1899 and 1912. To use the market's familiar phrase, we are thoroughly "liquidated," and the liquidation has not even been a consequence of intrinsic weakness. Business and finance have been taking in sail during fourteen successive months, in which the underlying conditions—in the United States, at any rate—would amply have warranted spreading out more canvas.

The reaction of the past two or three months has been largely due to sentimental or imaginary causes. It is difficult to suppose that it has not been greatly overdone. It has ignored what at the moment is an extremely favorable position in that most important in all the fundamentals of prosperity, the outlook for the harvest. All these things being so, it is reasonable to assume that, even if it were to be our ill fortune to find ourselves confronted by a costly war, we should be better prepared to meet the strain than was any nation that has gone to war since we went to war ourselves in 1898.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1914.

Summary of the News

Negotiations for a settlement of the Mexican situation have hardly advanced beyond the preliminary stages, but the general outlook is not unpromising. Following a conference between Villa and Carranza came the news on April 29 that the latter accepted the proposals of mediation. An armistice was arranged the following day between the United States and the Huertistas, and strenuous efforts were made to induce Carranza also to agree to an armistice between his forces and the Federals. In a statement issued on May 3, however, he declined explicitly to suspend hostilities, asserting that to do so would be only to the advantage of Huerta.

The impression that Gen. Huerta's downfall or voluntary retirement is near has gained ground both in Washington and at Vera Cruz. Reports have been current of dissatisfaction with the Huerta régime in Mexico City, and his demand for the resignation of his Foreign Minister, Señor Portillo y Rojas, has given color to rumors that there are dissensions in his Cabinet. In the meanwhile, Villa on Sunday commenced a general advance on Saltillo. The number of the rebel force was stated to be 18,000 and that of the Federal garrison 12,000.

At Vera Cruz on May 1 the civil government under Robert J. Kerr, which had been set up by Admiral Fletcher, was superseded, by direction of Secretary of War Garrison to Brig.-Gen. Funston, by a complete military government. Secretary Garrison assigned as his reason for taking this step that it was desirable, since the city was under martial law, that all officers concerned in its government should be directly responsible to the War Department. A disquieting incident occurred on May 2, when a small force of Mexicans appeared at the waterworks at Tejar, nine miles south of Vera Cruz, and demanded the surrender of the place. The demand being refused, the Mexicans retired after firing a few harmless shots. The garrison at the waterworks has been increased, but some anxiety is felt for its safety. The city is entirely dependent on these works for its supply of water, and it is feared that in case of a determined attack by Mexicans in force the pipe lines might be so seriously injured as to cut off the supply.

The dispatch of Federal troops to Colorado has resulted in a decided improvement in the general situation. The strike zones have been patrolled by the troops, and since their arrival practically all of the Colorado National Guardsmen have been withdrawn. The original dispute between the mine owners and the men is no nearer a settlement than it was this time last week, but at least respect for law and order has been enforced by the presence of a body of trained and well-officered men. Interest for the moment centres principally on the conduct of the State militia, who have been charged not only with having exhibited gross incompetence, of which there appears to be no reasonable doubt, but also with the deliberate slaughter of women and children at the burning of the tent colony at Ludlow. Concerning the latter charge, however, the report of the State Military Board, which has recommended a court-martial of "all officers and enlisted men" who participated in the affair, says also that when the tents were set on fire "it could not be supposed that any women, children, or other non-combatants remained in the colony."

Announcement was made on Monday that President Wilson had selected Richard Olney, formerly Secretary of State in the Cleveland Administration, to be Governor of the Federal Reserve Board, and Paul M. Warburg, of New York, to be a member of the Board.

The Clayton bill, which embodies the anti-Trust legislation favored by the Administration, was reported on Saturday by the House Committee on the Judiciary. It is expected that difficulties will arise when section 7, which relates to labor unions, comes up for consideration. As the bill stands, the legal status of labor unions is recognized, but they are held liable to prosecution for any acts they may commit in contravention of the provisions of the anti-Trust statutes. The Labor group and Progressive leaders of the House will press for an amendment excluding labor unions and voluntary associations of farmers from the operation of the Sherman act.

The Senate anti-Trust bill, entitled "Interstate Trade Commission bill," which was made public on May 1, is of a more drastic character than the House legislation, giving broad inquisitorial powers to the Trade Commission, which is authorized to investigate the "organization, business, financial condition, conduct, management, and its relation to other corporations" of any corporation engaged in interstate commerce.

Little hope is entertained for the rescue of the 172 men who were entombed as a result of an explosion in the New River Collieries Company's mine at Eccles, W. Va., on Tuesday of last week. In the area so far explored numbers of bodies have been recovered and conditions in the mine are such as almost to preclude the possibility of any survivors being found.

Announcement was made last week by Premier Borden that the Canadian Government had decided to guarantee $45,000,000 in bonds of the Canadian Northern Railway. Considerable opposition is expected to the plan, but confidence is expressed on behalf of the railway that it will go through.

It was announced in Washington on Sunday that Alfredo Gonzalez had been elected President by the Congress of Costa Rica. The new Administration will be inaugurated to-morrow for a term of four years.

Prospects of a peaceful settlement of the Home-Rule question appeared to be brighter last week than for some time. In the debate on the vote of censure on the Government, introduced by the Opposition, Mr. Winston Churchill, in particular, adopted a conciliatory tone, inviting Sir Edward Carson to state frankly the amendments he considered necessary to safeguard the interests of Ulster and thereafter to use his influence with his followers to effect a settlement. Mr. Churchill's statement, though entirely personal, was subsequently endorsed by Mr. Asquith, and the vote of censure was defeated by 344 to 264. Meanwhile, destroyers continue to patrol the eastern coast of Ulster, and the inhabitants have extended a cordial welcome to the vessels whose purpose presumably is to check their gun-running exploits. Talk of further "conversations" has been renewed and there seems to be a general feeling in England that an agreement may yet be reached. On the other hand, it is recognized that there is danger of the Ulster "Covenanters," under the influence of religious fanaticism, breaking from the control of their leaders and precipitating conflict by attacking their Nationalist neighbors.

The annual budget was introduced in the House of Commons on Monday. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George, stated that he had to meet an estimated deficit for 1914-15 of $26,650,000. He estimated the nation's total revenue at $1,003,275,000, while he placed the expenditure at $1,029,925,000.

The trouble in northern Epirus, due to the disinclination of the inhabitants to be included in the new state of Albania and their desire to be annexed to Greece, is assuming a serious aspect. On May 2 it became known through dispatches to the Governor of Durazzo that the Epirote insurgents had attacked and captured Kolonia, the garrison of which had been weakened by the transfer of gendarmes to reinforce Koritsa. It was reported also that there had been a massacre of the inhabitants and that the town was burned. King William announced some time ago that he would head an expedition to suppress the revolt, but it would appear rather doubtful whether the military resources of the kingdom of Albania are adequate to the task, and further intervention by the Powers who assigned northern Epirus to Albania may be necessary.

The deaths of the week include: Wilfrid de Fonvielle, April 29; Dr. Paul Ehrhart, April 30; the Duke of Argyll, Prof. Bazley Lee, May 2; Major-Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, Rev. C. Sylvester Horne, Prof. Newton H. Winchell, Harrison Van Duyne, May 3.

The Week

There is no reason to be surprised at the reports from Washington that a big fight in Congress is threatened over the "labor" clauses in the new Anti-Trust bill. What those clauses are doing in that galley at all, it would be hard to explain. Intricate and conflicting provisions about injunctions and picketing and boycotting read very queerly in a Trust bill, and especially in one aiming to reduce the "debatable area" around the Sherman act. Here is a challenge to a thousand fresh debates, and the first one is apparently going to come in the House itself, or at least among its Democratic members, over the wisdom of including any such matter in the proposed bill dealing with Trusts. As the clauses stand, they are a fine mixture of ambiguity, meaningless phrases, and dangerous stuff. It looks as if a dozen different pens had been at work in drafting the measure. Each sought to get in a favor or guard against a peril, with the result that the whole appears to give with one hand what it takes away with the other. This satisfies nobody, least of all the labor-union leaders. They know exactly what they want, and are breathing out their usual threats of punishment at the polls if their demands are not conceded. If the entire labor hodge-podge in the bill, with its resulting animosities, should cause the Democrats such disgust and political apprehension as to lead them to throw the whole thing into the Potomac, no harm would be done.

The outlook for passage of the Panama tolls-exemption repeal bill, at an early date, is now extremely promising. Whether the Simmons amendment, approved last week by the Senate Interoceanic Canals Committee—the vote standing 8 to 6—is to be incorporated in the bill is as yet an open question. That amendment reads as follows:

> Provided that neither the passage of this act, nor anything therein contained, shall be construed or held as waiving, impairing, or affecting any treaty or other right possessed by the United States.

If the incorporation of this statement in the bill is necessary for the quieting of doubts or fears which may be troubling the minds of some of the Senators who are in opposition or who are hesitating, we see no great harm in giving them that satisfaction. Those who have been urging the repeal do not wish to waive, impair, or affect any treaty or other right that the United States possesses. To deny that the bill does so is to deny what nobody asserts. It is highly satisfactory to note that an amendment having somewhat the color of an assertion of the specific right to exempt our coastwise ships was voted down in committee by 10 to 4; and this though it did not actually make that assertion, but merely declared that the repeal act was not to be "construed as an admission that the United States has no right to exempt its coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls." Both in and out of Congress, the signs point straight to an early settlement of the tolls question, and a settlement in the right way.

Senator Borah's proposal that the question of Panama tolls be "referred to the people" can hardly be intended seriously. It appears like an attempted shift by the minority in the Senate, possibly for delay, possibly in the hope of putting somebody in a hole. The moment one asks for the ways and means of taking a popular vote on tolls-exemption, the fantastic nature of the plan appears. Should there be a special election? If so, under what Constitutional power could the national authorities call one? If the matter were to be voted upon at a general election, everybody knows that tolls-exemption would be mixed up with so many other things that no clear decision could be got. And in what form would the question be submitted? All would depend on that. Senator Borah would doubtless like to put it in this way: "Shall Americans surrender their rights and truckle to England?" But the other side would insist upon some such form as this: "Shall the United States keep its word solemnly given?" Plainly, Senator Borah is merely trying on a tricking little diversion. When this is brushed aside, the Senate will do its obvious duty and itself decide the question, one way or the other.

The possibilities of the right of petition have surely never been so exemplified as in some petitions from Medford, Petersham, Gloucester, and other places in Massachusetts which Senator Lodge presented to the Senate a few days ago. They protested against legislation closing barber shops in Washington on Sunday. Washington itself seemed unaware of the menace, and but for the timely assertion of the right to petition might never have found it out. Another illustration of the almost uncanny omniscience which the existence of this right confers upon our freeborn citizenship is found in remonstrances that have been made against a supposed proposal to alter the shape of the flag. No one in Washington appears to have heard of such a proposal, but the protests against it which the right of petition facilitates should be enough to prevent any Congressman who has been nourishing so treasonable a design from attempting to carry it out. The Massachusetts petitions suggest that we have never used this right as we might have done. If Medford and Petersham feel called upon to express themselves upon the matter of barber shops in Washington, why should not Yonkers and New Rochelle put their convictions with regard to Sunday baseball before the legislators of Madison and Jefferson City? Interstate petitioning must take its place beside the initiative, the referendum, and the recall as a neglected weapon of our democracy.

The Medical Society of the State of New York has passed resolutions petitioning Congress to provide for the mental examination of arriving immigrants by experts in the United States Public Health Service; for the detail of American medical officers on vessels bringing immigrants to this country, in order that their welfare may be safeguarded and those with mental diseases or defects discovered; for the assumption by the Federal Government of an equitable share of the burden of caring for dependent aliens, and for the safe and humane return to their own homes of such aliens in our public institutions as may desire to return. There is doubtless good reason for each of these proposals; and in that relating to the sharing of the financial burden by the Federal Government the State of New York is interested in a special degree. But concerning the extent of the evils in question, it is easy to fall into serious error. The case, as stated by Dr. Thomas W. Salmon—and as usually stated—is as follows:

> Last year there were confined in the State hospitals for insane in this State

31,624 patients. Of these, 13,700 were foreign born, and 9,244 were aliens.

It cost the State of New York about $2,500,000 to care for those 9,244 insane aliens who do not belong here.

Now, of the population of this State above twenty years of age, 41 per cent. are foreign born; and 13,700 is 43½ per cent. of 31,624. Accordingly, reckoning in all those "9,244 insane aliens who do not belong here," the foreign-born population contributes only the least shade more than its proportion to the State hospitals; while, if we left out those 9,244 "who do not belong here," we should have the foreign-born contributing only one-third of their share. Evidently, therefore, the matter requires closer examination; the thing to be ascertained being chiefly how long these aliens who are committed to the hospitals have been in the State, or in the United States.

According to the House Committee on Printing, it is not for cheap fiction alone that pine forests are criminally swept away. The report filed last Friday shows that there are 1,000 tons of useless documents in Government storerooms, and that the last six years have seen 6,000,000 uncalled-for volumes "printed at enormous expense." This is apart from the estimate that $100,000 a year can be saved simply by curtailing the "leave to print" anything in the *Congressional Record*, from an extension of remarks to complete instalments of "Progress and Poverty." By the common-sense plan of appointing a Joint Committee on Printing to govern the supply by study of the public demand, $850,000 a year can be saved. But it is not money figures that will so impress the nation as the fact that evidence of intellectual waste and of official credulity in the enlightening power of the press is to be estimated in the huge totals of tons. Reports of bureaus and commissions, of field operations and investigations, have been printed in thousands to feed no circulation at all; and others have been issued in thousands where scores would have sufficed.

Oregon is not alone in having Commissions which serve mainly by standing and waiting; but as the State which contemplates dispensing even with a Senate, she logically leads the onslaught against them. In the heat of the gubernatorial primaries, the newspapers are shadowing forth what the *Oregonian* calls "an earnest and widespread demand for consolidation of many State boards and for abolition of others." One candidate promises to sweep away the Immigration Commission, the Commission to Investigate Rural Credits in Europe, the State Architect, the Commission for Licensing Sailors' Boarding Houses, the Nurses' Examining Commission, and the State Tax Commission; while he would merge four different bodies into the Industrial Accident Commission, three into the Land Board, three into the Veterinary Board, and two into the Railroad Commission. Even the most conservative aspirant, while pleading for a cautious survey, has "no doubt many are useless, though some cost very little and others are self-sustaining." This is a spirit which has lately been reflected even at Washington. But the remarkable feature in Oregon is that so many permanent bodies are under fire; while it is not so much a demand for economy as for efficiency that prompts the movement.

It has been deemed that there was an impassable gulf between social equality of the whites and negroes, but the members of white labor unions, in voting to affiliate with members of negro labor unions, have made the first move to bridge that gulf.

So, according to ex-Gov. Brown, of Georgia, even industrial equality must be denied the negro, because, like political equality, it casts before it the awful shadow of social equality. The ex-Governor's array of evidence shows that substantial progress has been made in the South towards such industrial equality. Last autumn all the members of the white 'longshoremen's union at Mobile quit work in order to enforce the demand of the 2,000 negro 'longshoremen for more pay; and in various places occurred difficulties between white and negro workmen over the question of the affiliation of the unions of the latter with those of the former, the white laborers urging such affiliation. This is a new attitude, and indicates a growth in the feeling of solidarity among workingmen in the section where such feeling has hitherto been weakest. For the negro, this development introduces another element of perplexity. If he does not affiliate with the white unions, he incurs the hostility of the white workingman who belongs to the union; if he does affiliate with them, he incurs dislike from other classes in the South. Fortunately for his peace of mind, unionism has never made great progress in that section; but these utterances of an ex-Governor emphasize the unique obstacles that confront him even in the elemental problem of making a living in the place where he and his fathers have made it.

The death of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles will undoubtedly serve to revive one of the oldest and bitterest controversies of the Civil War—the question of the handling of his corps at Gettysburg. While his partisans insist that his action was a stroke of genius, the great mass of military judgment is heavily against him. It is usually accepted as true, too, that the loss of his leg at that battle was the only thing which prevented his court-martial. All in all, he was a typical representative of the untrained man who worked his way to high rank by means of politics, and also by undoubted aggressiveness and force of character. If future generations shall wonder as they read the history of the Civil War how Mr. Lincoln could have appointed so many politicians, there was little or nothing in our handling of the war with Spain which indicated that we had advanced much beyond the idea that the army might be sacrificed in order to keep some political fences intact. With the death of Gen. Sickles there survives now but one Northern corps commander, the gifted Grenville M. Dodge, of Council Bluffs, who as soldier and citizen stands high in public esteem. Another brilliant general who survives is James H. Wilson, of Wilmington, who bears the unique distinction of being the only general of our time to take a fortified city by the use of cavalry only. Gen. Nelson A. Miles is, perhaps, the only other survivor of the Civil War whose name stands out, now that the late Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine, a real hero of Gettysburg, has also joined the great majority.

How slowly we emerge from partisanship in matters that are essentially non-political is being shown in Maryland. Steps towards a thorough reform of the prison conditions in that State have recently been taken, and yet we read that,

with the naming by the Governor of three new members of the Board of Managers of the House of Correction, this institution will pass into the control of the Republican party by a majority of one. This change in the political aspect of the Board is apparently not due to excessive partisanship on the part of the Governor, but is the only way by which he can insure the introduction of his ideas of prison management? Why? Because the institution has so long been regarded as one of the opportunities for political patronage. There are as many as twenty-six places, big and little, to be filled by the Board. While it is all very well to talk about what a capable Board could do in the direction of making the institution a model of its kind, there has always been the larger question of who was to have these twenty-six places. The Governor's action is a makeshift. He must know that there is no such thing as enduring prison reform without elimination of "politics."

Senator Poindexter's courage in making himself the champion of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, as he did in the Senate last week, is peculiarly admirable in that he flies in the face not only of the general judgment of intelligent men the world over, but in particular ranges himself in opposition, on this question, to the leader of his party. Col. Roosevelt's recognition of Peary's achievement, and rejection of the Brooklyn man's story, must be well known to the Senator from Washington; and even those who are not Progressives would cheerfully admit the Colonel's special qualifications for judging the merits of a question of exploration. We do not, however, attach any political significance to the episode. The desire to show that the Progressives are not a one-man party has taken many curious shapes, but we cannot believe that an assertion of the authenticity of Dr. Cook's amusing observations of latitude and longitude is one of them. Mr. Poindexter's resolution proposed that Dr. Cook be given the thanks of Congress for his achievement. Congress, of course, will do nothing of the kind, but there can be no doubt of Mr. Poindexter's receiving the hearty thanks of Dr. Cook.

The Filipinos continue cruelly to persecute their ex-ruler, Dean C. Worcester. Only the other day we recorded the passage of a law forbidding the photographing of naked Filipinos for exhibition purposes. Now the mail brings the news that the Commission has passed a law "prohibiting, among other things, the taking or transportation of any member of a non-Christian tribe or entering into any contract with the same for the purpose of exhibiting him either in the Philippine Islands or any other country." A fine not exceeding 10,000 pesos, or imprisonment for not more than five years, is the penalty for violating the act. We submit that this can only be intended as a deliberate slap at Mr. Worcester, whose exhibition of Igorrotes was so successful at St. Louis for all but the Christian Filipinos. Such is the ingratitude of the dependencies of republics. Of course, the Harrison Administration cannot prevent Mr. Worcester's continuing to give his moving-picture lectures in this country on the wild tribes. But we warn it that this last act will inevitably fortify Mr. Worcester's belief that the Philippines are going to the dogs, now that a new Governor-General is in charge and a new policy under way.

What the press dispatches call the "Government announcement" that Canada will guarantee a $45,000,000 bond issue for the extension of the Canadian Northern marks the carrying of Borden's long-awaited proposal through the Conservative caucus. From the magnitude of the sum involved, it has met opposition even within party ranks. Yet it continues a long tradition of state aid to Canadian railways, and in making it possible for the C. N. R. R., on the credit of the Dominion, to raise approximately half the amount required for the completion of the company's transcontinental line, is but another step in the scheme of development long pursued by the country. Only three weeks ago the National Transcontinental ran its first train into Prince Rupert on the Pacific, the 1,480-mile section from Winnipeg having been built through the Government's guarantee of bonds to the extent of 75 per cent. of construction cost. The Canadian Northern can now complete its stretches from the Rockies westward, and to Hudson Bay. The opposition of the Liberals will take the ground that economic policy is being sacrificed, in the Government's exchange of financial aid for a certain control over the railway, to its desire to court the company as a political ally.

When Sir Edward Carson drops his 'Ercles vein and expresses the hope that the new Dublin Parliament will be so successful that Ulster will be glad to come under its rule; when Mr. Balfour admits that Home Rule for Ireland is now inevitable, though it means the shattering of his life-work against it; when Bonar Law affirms that a settlement by consent must be earnestly sought in order to prevent the prestige of the Empire from being further lowered in the eyes of Europe—surely the end which all parties are seeking ought to be readily attainable. Mr. Asquith has not as yet enlarged his offer respecting Ulster; and the working out of a solution by means of applying the Federal principle all round is only in the air. If the Unionists, however, are at last ready to abandon their main contention for twenty years past, a way out may fairly be said to be in sight. It is now so obviously the desire and the interest of all concerned to reach a peaceful settlement that the terms of it should be speedily forthcoming. The old English instinct for political compromise is now asserting itself strongly.

The new Constitution for the Republic of China, promulgated last week at Peking, certainly does not realize the ideals of radical and almost socialistic democracy which the party of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen in the first flush of victory over the Manchus dreamt of imposing upon China. But it is premature to speak of a dictatorship in the person of Yuan Shi-Kai. The Parliament is retained in the form of a single-chamber Assembly, elected, it is true, upon a restricted franchise, but possessing wide legislative functions, even though the President exercises an absolute veto on its acts. China's Parliament may be regarded as exercising about the same authority as the Russian Duma. Its functions, to be sure, fall short of the parliamentary ideal, but nevertheless serve a useful purpose as a check upon the autocracy and a rallying ground for public opinion. The nucleus of representative government remains, and that, after all, is about as much as one could expect.

AN AMERICAN CONCERT OF THE POWERS.

The public has had to hear a good deal of rather unseemly and certainly futile disputing over the question who is entitled to the honor of first suggesting joint action in Mexico by the larger American nations. It matters very little. In its essence, the idea of Pan-American Union goes back nearly a hundred years. Various actual developments have helped or hindered it; but its strength has been, on the whole, increasing through the past two decades. It was much furthered by Secretary Root's journeys in South America; and has also been aided by some things that Mr. Roosevelt has said, both while President and later. Thus the sudden and fortunate coming forward of the A. B. C. countries, in the endeavor to find the path of peace for Mexico, may be thought of as a practical application to a given state of facts of a principle long ready to become fruitful.

Without entering into the debate about priority, we may recall a significant article by Prof. Theodore S. Woolsey, of Yale, which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in March, 1909. This was at least an early grasping and statement by an authority on international law of the possibilities for peace and better government which lay in common action by the stronger and more stable American republics. Professor Woolsey suggestively gave his article the caption: "An American Concert of the Powers." The reference to the European Concert was obvious. His main point was that good will and coöperation on this Continent might do much to check revolutions and repudiation of national obligations; and even help in bringing the weaker and more frequently disturbed nations forward along the road of orderly government. The plan was, in general, of a more or less definitely organized "American police force" that might not only prevent wrongs but establish rights. Professor Woolsey did not make light of the difficulties in the way. There would be suspicion and jealousy to overcome. It might even happen that, as in Europe, a general agreement would be displaced by a general conflict. But the scheme of an American concert was well worth considering and striving for, Professor Woolsey maintained. It would not bring on the millennium unawares, but it might easily do great good in unforeseen emergencies. Professor Woolsey stated his conclusion in words some of which have almost a prophetic sound to-day:

> Unity of action too strong to be opposed; peace as a result, instead of revolution and war; the dictator at a discount, since no one will recognize him; political friendship and commercial sympathy instead of suspicion and jealousy; a premium set on stability and solvency, since to be in the concert rather than outside of it would mean so much to the minor states, would be so well worth while; a trade mutually profitable based on mutual good-will; an influence larger in world policies than any one state could aspire to. Such results as these, even if not realized, are at least worth aiming at. Are they not more profitable if the United States joins hands with its fellows on this continent, than they could be if it plays the game alone?

What is uppermost in all minds today, in connection with the mediation undertaken by Argentina, Chili, and Brazil, is the immediate thing sought. But any one can see that out of this movement for a definite and practical result, a large policy may come. Thus far, the plan has worked with gratifying success. Hostilities have been stayed, and an armistice agreed to by Huerta and our Government. The negotiators have been listened to with great respect by all the elements in Mexico. Their efforts are heartily seconded by the Administration at Washington. European nations are impressed, and are lending all assistance within their power. Never did a novel international undertaking start off under happier auspices or give better promise of achieving its objects. These grow under the hands of the mediators, and now include not only the averting of a threatened war, but the restoration of order and legal government in Mexico.

While these main ends are worked for, a by-product of great value is already being attained. A feeling of deep satisfaction and pride is evidently spreading through all South America. Even the meagre cable dispatches make this clear. It came partly as a revulsion in sentiment. The South Americans were on the point of believing the worst of the United States. There we were, in the face of all our virtuous professions, about to invade and despoil Mexico. But suddenly the scene shifted, and it was South Americans who appeared, with the ready acquiescence of the United States, at the front of the stage, charged with the duty of seeking peace and obtaining for Mexico a stable government. The entire effect cannot be other than wholesome. This apparently chance development, in addition to easing the Mexican strain, puts a wholly new aspect upon our relations with the countries to the south of us. It ought to be an easy task for statesmanship in the future so to enlarge and strengthen these new bonds on this continent as to make a Concert of American Powers more than a name—a reality which will also be a blessing to humanity.

THE COLORADO PUZZLE.

It is difficult to recall any great public issue of late years in which the facts have been so difficult to ascertain as is the case with the "war" in Colorado. The public is, we believe, thoroughly puzzled. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, jr.'s, statement had a ring of genuine sincerity about it, yet his assertions are categorically denied by the representatives of the miners. Where does the exact truth lie? Is Mr. Rockefeller misinformed by the men he trusts in Colorado? Or are the miners misrepresenting the situation? What makes the tangle all the more intricate is the fact that a Congressional committee of inquiry has just visited the scene of disturbance, without, however, throwing any light on the merits of the controversy. Even Congressman Foster, who called on Mr. Rockefeller on behalf of President Wilson, is quoted as saying that he does not know just what are the real merits of the case. If he does not, how can the public be expected to understand sufficiently to form an intelligent opinion?

Nor do the newspapers seem able to help in the matter. The most careful statement does little more than marshal fragmentary assertions of both sides, or, rather, of the three sides, there being three parties to the controversy: the so-called militia, the operators, and the union miners. Nobody seems to be speaking for the non-union miners. Almost certainly, there is much to criticise on all three sides. Where the field to be covered is so vast, the mass of witnesses so great, and the occurrences extend over a long period, it would take any judicial investigators, any commis-

sion which might be appointed, like Mr. Roosevelt's Anthracite Coal Commission, months to measure out the exact blame, or even to ascertain whether the declared policy of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in such matters as check weighers, store purchases, and an eight-hour day has been carried out by the superintendents.

Amidst all the confusion and conflict of testimony one thing is clear: the total collapse of the authority of the State of Colorado. Its militia has obviously been a disgrace to it and to the country. There appears to be no doubt that at times the armed guards of the companies, comprising in some cases the roughest elements of cities like Pueblo and Denver, have been company guards one day and State militia the next. Their total lack of discipline and control is indicated by the calm refusal of a lot of them to continue to serve because they were dissatisfied in not getting their pay when they wanted it! Again, there seems to be no doubt that they assailed encampments containing women and children, in one case burning the tents over their heads. In short, they appear to have been everything soldiers ought not to be; at least, they have infuriated the strikers by their aggressions, and their total failure to keep the scales even between the other parties at issue, as the regulars now on the spot can always be depended upon to do. Thus, as has so often been the case in our history, social strife has been fomented or intensified by bad government—in this case by the total breakdown of government.

The armed guard invariably makes matters worse. But what is a property-owner to do, if a State, by reason of inadequate or incompetent militia and the absence of a proper State police, is unable to protect him? It is not going to help the strikers if he abandons his property, to have it wrecked by casual passers-by or by lawless elements among the strikers. Many people will recall the mischief done by the Pinkertons during the Homestead strikes, which, if we remember aright, led to a law forbidding the use of private detectives in Pennsylvania, and helped towards the establishment of the admirable Pennsylvania State Constabulary. To this we have often called attention. It has handled the various strikes fairly to both sides, though not without loss of life in its ranks and those of the strikers. No State ought to be without such a body of men, particularly a State like Colorado. The armed guard is a wretched substitute, for he is a partisan, and too often a lawless character himself, and bitterly hostile to the men he is called on to oppose.

Against one bit of confused reasoning, which has appeared, curiously enough, in the *World*, there should be protest: the holding of Mr. Rockefeller responsible for the shameful acts of the militia. That is to assert that he is the government of Colorado. The wild assertion has even been made that he holds the Government of the United States, as well as that of Colorado, in his hands. This is absurd, of course. Whether he has done wisely in refusing to arbitrate, whether he did not needlessly intensify the situation by his statement in Washington that he and those with him would lose their all in Colorado before surrendering on the question of unionizing their men, are matters for discussion upon which there will be two sharply diverging opinions.

THE AMENDING OF CONSTITUTIONS

The farcical vote by which, at the special election of April 7, a Constitutional Convention for New York State next year was decreed has been the subject of much comment. The total vote was 305,000, about one-sixth the normal vote; the majority in favor of the proposal was 1,353, and but for Tammany's ability to muster a comparatively solid array of its followers and allies at the polls, the proposal would have been snowed under. In other words, that "imperative demand" of the people, the assumption of which had all along been the main-spring of the project, proved to be non-existent; and yet the project has gone through.

To draw general conclusions from the mere figures of so peculiar a case would be quite unjustifiable. But it may well serve as a reminder of the dangers attending a loose way of thinking on the general subject of the amending of Constitutions, and especially that of the United States. The adoption of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Amendments has disposed, once for all, of the notion that the Constitution cannot be amended except through some national convulsion like the great Civil War. It is not easy to introduce into the United States Constitution any change on which the sentiment of the country is not fairly general throughout all sections; but with this condition fulfilled amendment presents little difficulty. The passing of the amendment by a two-thirds vote of each house of Congress almost insures its enactment. In any State Legislature only a majority vote is required to ratify. To obtain this ratification in three-fourth of the States is a requirement easy of fulfilment in any matter in relation to which the country is fairly homogeneous. Especially is this true if, as is generally thought, a State may vote to ratify after it has voted to reject, but may not vote to reject after it has once voted to ratify; the possibility of ratification being thus held open indefinitely, with every favorable change of opinion counted and every unfavorable change of no effect.

The moral is that in the process of amending a Constitution, whether State or national, it is dangerous, as well as absurd, for those charged with a decision at any stage to regard their part as merely perfunctory. When an amendment to a State Constitution is proposed, its advocates are apt to raise the cry that those opposed to it are "afraid to leave it to the people"; in other words, they want the amendment to be adopted with much less real consideration, and much less certainty of what even the popular desire of the moment may be, than is the case with an ordinary legislative proposal. Reference of an amendment to the people for approval is manifestly intended as a check upon the Legislature's action, not as a substitute for it; the object is to obtain a *more* deliberate judgment than is obtained in ordinary law-making, not a less deliberate one. And similar considerations apply—in some respects with even greater force—to the responsibility of Congress in regard to amendments of the Constitution of the United States. If the requirement of a two-thirds vote in House and Senate shall ever cease to be regarded as laying upon each member a solemn obligation of conscientious and patriotic duty, the Constitution will become the play of every passing wind of doctrine, its amendment little more than a matter of chance.

There is now pending in Congress a proposed amendment to the Constitution which, whatever its actual prospects, bids fair to present in an acute form the question we have been discussing. Although the prohibition amendment has not yet been reported out of committee, the plea has already been advanced in its favor that Congress should leave the matter to the States. Even if leaving it to the States meant leaving it to a majority vote of the people, the objections to such a course would condemn it in the eyes of any thinking man, whatever his views on the particular issue of prohibition; for they rest not on the merits of that issue but on the fundamental principles of rational government. But as a matter of fact, leaving it to the States would mean something quite different from leaving it to the people, and something even less defensible. It would mean that if the Legislatures of thirty-six States should, each by a mere majority vote, declare in favor of national prohibition, the people of the other twelve States, even though they might far outnumber those of the thirty-six States, would have to submit.

Now, however great may be the differences of opinion on the subject of prohibition, there is one thing about it upon which there is no room for difference; everybody must agree that it is a question of great importance. National prohibition would mean an experiment to which the world furnishes no parallel, or even approach. Long as State prohibition and local option have been with us, we have never yet so much as attempted to prohibit the sale of liquor in any of the great centres of population; and elsewhere State prohibition has been very different in its working from what national prohibition would be. Whether we shall enter upon a scheme so tremendous in its bearing upon the lives of millions of people, is a national question of the first magnitude. Apart from everything else, it involves an extension of Federal power in a domain hitherto regarded as peculiarly belonging to the States. It may be right to do this; but it is certainly not right to do it without the full satisfaction, in good faith, of all those requirements which the Constitution has prescribed as a safeguard against ill-considered innovation in the fundamentals of government. To insist on a *bona-fide* test of the issue in Congress is the duty of all who, whatever their views on the liquor question, are faithful to the spirit of American institutions.

BELOW THE SURFACE.

The experts of science who have devised amazingly delicate instruments for measuring the length of light waves, the minutest of variations in temperature, and the velocity of radium emanations could do nothing more useful than give us some machine for measuring the speed of the age we live in. We need exact information. "No age has ever moved so fast," says a writer in the May *Atlantic*. His subject is "The Cult of the Passing Hour," and his concern is with the social good and evil we may expect from an age which has grown superbly indifferent to what happened before the present body of first-voters was born. "Never before," says our writer, "has the past receded so rapidly, or has the eclipse of its works been so speedy and overwhelming. We have established a new provincialism, the provincialism which substitutes a slit of time for a nook of space, and the parish of 1914 circumscribes our ideas and interests." This sentence makes it clear why we need a social speedometer. The furious rate of modern progress has become such a commonplace that even those who deplore the tendency do not stop to ask just how fast we are really going and whether the speed of the ship is commensurate with the piercing shriek of the whistle. Altogether, too much generalization in this field has been done on the basis of newspaper "specials," and very little on the basis of the original sources.

Take the case of literature as cited by the writer in the *Atlantic:*

> The reading of the great past literature has become a specialty, abandoned with obvious relief by the general reader to the conduct of the select few. . . . Tested by range and power alike, the spell of Dickens was perhaps the most potent ever exercised by literature, and its appeals were to elementary and perennial instincts; but the youth of to-day are impervious to that magic which fifty years ago counted Dickens among the reasons for being glad to be alive.

This is plausible, and it isn't so. Scan the literary columns of to-day, and the impression cannot be avoided that Wells and Shaw and Masefield and Bennett not only have more meaning to us than Dickens has, but that Dickens has really no meaning at all, for the reason that he died before a great many of those who write and read literary columns were born. But this is what we have called generalizing from newspapers. For that matter, it is unjust to the newspapers. For, by turning from the leading literary articles to the minor literary notes, and, better still, to the book advertisements, we shall find that Dickens is not dead. If we supplement our researches in the publishers' catalogues with statistics from the circulating libraries, we shall find that the magic of Dickens is far from vanished. It would be a perfectly safe wager to make that Dickens has many more readers than Shaw or Wells or Bennett; and that he moves them with greater potency.

No; the reading of the great past literature has not been abandoned by the general reader. The critic who would maintain this, in face of the plainest facts, simply shows that he is himself a victim of the passing cult of the hour, mistaking speed for depth and mere assertion for reality. The publishers of the Everyman's Library have sold dead authors to the extent of millions of volumes. The publishers of Dr. Eliot's famous five-foot book shelf assert that they have disposed of very dead writers by the million. The encyclopædias, concerning themselves as they do with a vast mass of dead literature, dead history, dead art, dead religion, nevertheless continue to sweep the country. We have never been inclined to take too seriously the immense commercial vogue of the standard "sets," the near de luxe editions of the Jane Austens, the Trollopes, with the Balzacs and Voltaires. We have regarded the primary appeal of those long lines of handsome volumes as largely in the nature of wall decoration. Yet even of this immense body of subscription library furniture a very considerable portion cannot in the nature of things fail to become something more than that. Bought as so many yards of gay binding, it ends by being discovered as literature in thousands of homes.

Undoubtedly there is a passing cult of the hour. The only question is to what extent the ardent and fleeting enthusiasms among the small minority of the intellectual youth are representative of the forces and tastes that rule the great body of citizenship. Among the

masses the sense of continuity with the past is not dead, for the simple reason that the present cannot divorce itself from the past, even if it would. Theories and schools flash by on the film, but to the extent that they possess reality they draw their strength from a few simple, slow-changing sentiments and beliefs. We may cite an example to illustrate what we have in mind. To the reader of Socialist literature nothing is more striking than the rapidity with which Socialist theory is being continually modified. With almost every new book from the press the philosophy of the Socialist movement is reconstructed. The writers of such books pride themselves on dealing with the facts of the moment, and not for them is the authority of Socialist thinkers who, whatever they may have been in their day, are now dead. Yet we need only consider such actual manifestations as the I. W. W., Paterson, Lawrence, Colorado, to see that unrest among the workers expresses itself in a few elementary formulas. The soap-box orator for Socialism is not concerned with the influence of Bergson on Socialist philosophy. His appeal is to the fundamental appetites and wrongs which have been the bases of working-class discontent since time immemorial.

FILLING IN THE MAP.

Upon the basis of the dispatches from Manaos, where Col. Roosevelt has emerged from the Amazonian forest, it is impossible to decide whether, with true Roosevelt luck, the distinguished traveller has really found an unknown tributary of the Madeira River, stretching over eight degrees of latitude, or whether he has traced the unknown upper course of a river already known in part to the map-makers. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt's own dispatch to Professor Osborn, of the Museum of Natural History, is characteristically free from doubt:

> We have also put on map a river running from north of thirteenth degree to south of fifth degree, the largest affluent of the Madeira, the upper part hitherto unknown to any one, and lower part utterly unknown to cartographers.

Now, the lower part of a branch of the Madeira River would be that part of the branch stream stretching from its entrance into the Madeira back into the interior. It is hard to see how, being the largest feeder of the Madeira, this newly discovered river could have escaped the attention of the chart-makers, who, whatever their deficiencies with regard to the hinterland, have succeeded in mapping literally dozens of tributaries of the Madeira, at their points of debouchment. We are asked to assume that a river between six and seven hundred miles long cuts such a poor figure at the point of its junction with the parent stream that it has been dismissed by the cartographers as not worth while putting on the map.

Simultaneously with Col. Roosevelt's own dispatch comes a press story from Manaos which seems directly to contradict his assertions:

> The river Duvida, or "River of Doubt," was found to be unquestionably the river Gyparana. The party followed this river from the end of the telegraph line to its junction with the Madeira, a distance of about 630 miles.

It is plain that having sailed down the Gyparana to its junction with the Madeira, Mr. Roosevelt's party could not have sailed down any other stream that debouches into the same river. The distance given, 630 miles, would be just about the length of a stream covering between seven and eight degrees of latitude—"from north of thirteenth degree to south of fifth degree." The Gyparana is not only well known to the geographers, but its course on maps extant for some time is traced for hundreds of miles, along its upper reaches, where it takes the name Rio Machado and Rio Machadingo, to an indefinitely unknown stretch in the uplands of the Matto Grosso, west of Cuyaba, on the river of the same name, the last civilized settlement of any dimensions that Col. Roosevelt encountered before striking out into the wilderness, according to the map of his route published in the April *Scribner's*. Thereafter, Mr. Roosevelt was in a great watershed region cut up with streams running northwest to the Madeira, north to the Tapajos, another tributary of the Amazon, and south to the Paraguay and the La Plata. There, indeed, was virgin soil for the map-makers.

Mr. Roosevelt's experiences are a reminder of what great spaces of the earth's surface still await the work of the explorer. Putting aside the Polar regions, where we can hardly be said to have yet passed from the period of discovery to the period of exploration, the Amazon country is the most extensive field for detailed investigation. Not only are there countless tributaries to be traced to their source, but the origin of the mighty mother stream is not yet established beyond dispute. Dr. Wilhelm Sievers believes that he has found the ultimate source of the Amazon in the Lauicouchar, the most important of the three affluents of the Marañon, which he traced to its ultimate springs in the cordilleras of central Peru; but there is difference of opinion among the experts. Among the great rivers of Asia, the sources of the Brahmaputra are still an unsolved problem, in spite of additional knowledge cast upon the geography of eastern Tibet in the course of the British expedition against the Abors in 1911. A region comparatively so near at hand as the Gulf of St. Lawrence has its tasks for the explorer. In the summer of 1912 Henry G. Bryant, president of the Geographical Society of Philadelphia, gave us virtually a new river in the St. Augustine, which he traced from its mouth in the Gulf on the Labrador shore to its source 140 miles in the Height of Land.

In Asia the geographers' interest has shifted for the time being from the great central plateau to the Arctic coast. A number of Russian expeditions have been at work in Kamtchatka and in the region between the Kara Sea and the Gulf of Obi, almost on the dividing line between Europe and Asia. School-day familiarity with the picturesque name of Spitzbergen tends to give one a wrong idea of our knowledge of the interior of that region, as the fate of the recent German overland expedition testifies. The conquest of Tripoli has brought the enormous Libyan territory within the purview of the cartographers. Here the Italians have set to work on a task that will take years to complete. A region that will wait long for detailed examination is the interior of Australia, so great are the difficulties which confront the explorer and so little promising the practical results, while the romance that hovers over the Polar regions is lacking. When the easily accessible portions of the globe have been exhausted there will remain the immense desolation of the Polar regions. Stefansson's second attempt at mapping the coastland east of the Mackenzie seems at the present moment to have received a serious check. Greenland has its problems. In the Antarctic there is the unknown heart of a continent.

Foreign Correspondence

FRENCH OPINION ON MEXICO—COMMENT OF THE PRESS—THE MEXICAN COLONY.

PARIS, April 25.

Now that we seem to have embarked on an adventure in Mexico, it will be well to state clearly French opinion—so far as there is any opinion in the matter—from all the different points of view. We are too great a nation to show ourselves thin-skinned to current observations which are sure to be made in every country—even at home.

The Government does not dream—now less than ever—of changing its deliberate policy as stated by Prime Minister Doumergue in the declaration to Parliament: "Like other European Powers, the Government of the French republic has refrained from all intervention in the domestic affairs of Mexico—thus giving credit to the policy of the Cabinet of Washington, which is more particularly interested in the reëstablishment of order on its southern frontier."

No small confidence in the United States—or else a strong sense of powerlessness under the circumstances—is required of a Government like the French to remain faithful to such a policy. By every mail it is obliged to hear the despairing appeals of its 4,000 citizens who were prosperously established in Mexico and are now threatened with utter ruin; and it has to watch over the interests of Frenchmen who unsuspectingly invested more than $1,000,000,000 in that country while it still had an air of settled law and order.

As to the Paris press, it was to be expected that strong criticism of President Wilson's policy would be made, just as it is at home. This is the unavoidable penalty of any "waiting" policy, of which the end never comes to relieve nervousness until one day it turns out different from what was expected. In France also, as nearer home, much apparently responsible newspaper work is perfunctory, written day by day without any keen sense of the interpretation which may be given to chance sayings abroad. On the whole, the Paris press has not complained or argued or condemned or protested too much.

No one doubts President Wilson's painful sincerity, although he is often called a theorist. Of course, the general impression here, as throughout Europe, is that it would have been better to recognize Huerta from the start as the lesser of two evils—and this goes along with the prevalent notion that no "constitutional" government is possible in Mexico without a President-despot like Porfirio Diaz. Another prevalent idea that American money started Madero and the Constitutionalists going and so upset all the work of Diaz had its origin in American and English newspapers.

The further idea that Americans wish to annex territory, or at least to establish a virtual protectorate with business predominance in Mexico, is frequently put forward; but it is not expressed so crudely as by the German press. Col. Watterson's declaration published yesterday in Paris, "If our flag goes up across the Rio Grande, it will never come down," is unlikely to mitigate such ideas.

Among the weightier Paris journals, the *Débats*, which once represented the now defunct Liberalism, has taken sides frankly against Washington. "We do not know if the United States, from the point of view of their interests, are acting with foresight. But we believe ourselves sure that they are committing an evil action." The Moderate *Temps* recognizes that "the United States, before the aggravation of Mexican anarchy, was very near being forced to this dilemma: either to acknowledge Gen. Huerta in accord with the Powers and, in concert with them, to give him the means of reëstablishing order, or to intervene by force. . . . Although the last word is bound to remain to the enormous mass of men and wealth represented by the United States, it is easily understood that the American Congress and people manifest but a relative enthusiasm for an adventure which answers to no popular ideal and is contrary even to that policy of Pan-American fraternity on which the Americans pretend to base their Continental system." The military *Echo de Paris* opines that "President Wilson did not engage himself so far without having reassuring news from Tokio!"

As to the opinion of the French people, it is enough to say they have none. Those who have a right to an opinion, that is, those who have invested their money in Mexico, certainly consider that in the United States is their only hope for the final protection of their property and interests. They are showing this now at the Bourse, no matter what judgment they may pass on what has happened before. They have no confidence in Mexico ever pacifying itself.

Correspondents have been doing their utmost since the occupation of Vera Cruz to get expressions of opinion from prominent Mexicans resident in Paris. Their success naturally has been mediocre, as no one wishes to compromise himself. All, of every party, observe the watchword "All Mexicans will unite to face foreign invasion." In undertones there is a pretty unanimous reprobation of Huerta as an impossible President of a united Mexico. I have been unable to find much sympathy with Constitutionalists, although they keep an agency here.

There is a small, but relatively important, Mexican colony in Paris. It is made up exclusively of rich families many of which would be Parisian altogether were it not for their fortunes, which are still in Mexico. Señor de la Barra, the present Minister, is a newcomer; but his predecessor has been a lifelong resident; and one of the secretaries has held his post thirty years. The rich families have had their children marry here or in Spain; and it may be doubted how far they still represent Mexicans at home, even those of the moneyed class. They very nearly resemble the old time absentee colony of our own Americans, which Goldwin Smith said was a prima-facie justification of anarchy. Well, anarchy has come to Mexico—and France will not prevent the United States finding a way out of it, if she can.

S. D.

THE CHANGE OF MINISTRY IN ITALY—REASONS FOR GIOLITTI'S RESIGNATION—THE NEW PREMIER.

ROME, April 22.

Many reasons have been given to explain the Ministerial crisis that led to the resignation of the Giolitti Cabinet; some of them general—the financial problem, and the condition of the Treasury after the war; others particular—the violence of the personal attacks of the extreme Socialist Left upon the Prime Minister, and the difficulty of an understanding at the present moment between the Socialistic groups in the House and the Radical party, which aspires to unite with them in future.

I may affirm absolutely that the determining cause lies solely in the will of the ex-Prime Minister. If he had believed that his remaining in power was indispensable or useful to his country, not all of his opponents put together would have been sufficient to cause the crisis. He believed that he had accomplished his task and that another should now take his place.

Giolitti is perhaps too much the representative man of the middle generation, which grew up in Italy after the revolution—somewhat skeptical, a little greedy, pressed by many needs, by scanty salaries, and the dear cost of living. This generation was prone to compromise, and none too scrupulous, dragged here and there by its necessities. But we must not forget that Giolitti's political education was formed at the time in which the men of our revolution, noble and high-spirited, were still in Parliament. By contact with them, and by their example, in the most secret corner of his mysterious heart, there was planted a constant personal disinterestedness, and a superior conception of politics, which neither the defects nor the errors of the Parliamentary system of the last years in Italy could entirely destroy.

I know that from the day when Parliament reopened Giolitti's firm purpose was to leave the Government. He denied it, and appeared to resist; he oscillated between sickness and health; he wished to give credit to the report that he would remain in power, provided that the Radical party should not be detached from his Parliamentary majority. But these were expedients intended to allow him the liberty of leaving when he desired. And this he did as soon as the discussion concerning the expenses of the war in Libya was ended.

In carrying out his plan, Giolitti, grateful to the Radical party, and desirous of leaving it free to work out its future destiny, begged it to separate itself from him, so as to leave him in a minority in the House. In this way the Liberal and Radical coalition, upon which his Ministry rested, would fall, the Radicals would remain free to arrange their plans in accordance with those of the extreme parties, and the inheritance would belong to the Conservatives. All of which has happened, and we have had the Ministry of Salandra. It would thus seem as if we had a Conservative Ministry after a Ministry both Liberal and Radical, but things have turned out otherwise.

Mr. Salandra is a man of knowledge and cultivation, a professor of public law in the University of Rome, and, by origin, a Conservative—one of those true Conservatives of southern Italy, educated in the school of philosophy of Bertrando Spaventa, the expounder of Hegel in Naples. In politics, he followed the financial theories of Sella and Minghetti; but this did not prevent him from often embittering the existence of Luigi Luzzatti, who is the pious custodian of all the memories of those great men of the old Right, that is, the Conservatives. Salandra was also for many years a constant follower of Mr. Sonnino, until the day when some of his friends, finding Sonnino too imperfect a Conservative, attempted to choose Salandra, willing or unwilling, as head of the new Conservatives. According to appearance, therefore, while Giolitti was head of the Liberal party, and Sonnino was aspiring to succeed him at the time when the Liberal party, devoted to Giolitti, should be purified, Salandra was the head of the New Conservatives.

Instead of this disposition, however, during the period of the last elections, Salandra unexpectedly made a decided step towards leadership of the future majority that Giolitti would probably obtain. He managed to make people forget the name of Chief Conservative, which some of his friends had inopportunely given him, and regained the first place in order of Liberal succession, ahead of Sonnino. Salandra knew Giolitti's purpose of leaving the Government after the elections, and he knew moreover that Sonnino preferred leaving to others the task of reorganizing the Liberal party.

It is necessary to explain that all the political parties, since their programmes are not clearly formulated, have something in common. In the new Italian life, many things are still in formation, pushed this way and that by the inheritance from the past and the hopes of the future. The difference between parties is often more nominal than real, excepting always between those parties which have antagonistic principles, as, for instance, the monarchical and republican parties. Thus it is that Salandra, who was a true Conservative yesterday, desires, by virtue of a brief electoral preparation, to be a Liberal to-day.

In Italy, it is said that the Ministry of Salandra will last as long as Giolitti wishes. And this would be true if Giolitti desired to return to the Government, as he did at the time of Luzzatti's Ministry, which sprang into being at his pleasure and collapsed at his bidding. But again I shall say something which would not readily be believed in Italy: This time Giolitti will not allow himself to be induced to reassume the power, except if an impelling duty should be imposed upon his patriotism. Besides his strict political duty, one ambition only might draw him from the tranquil repose of his home at Cavour into the open field, that is, if a fusion of all the democratic elements in the country should loudly call for him; for he is still vulnerable on this side. These two events, however, appear to be neither near nor probable.

MICHELE RICCIARDI.

AUSTRIA'S TRADE IN THE BALKANS —ART AND MUSIC.

VIENNA, April 16.

The question of commercial supremacy in the Balkans has been much discussed in central Europe during the last fortnight. Much indignation has been aroused by the attacks made on Austria-Hungary in German journals. It is stated that Austria has only herself to blame for her failure to retain the commercial territory which belonged to her exclusively until the outbreak of the Balkan war. She is accused of unloading her damaged wares on the ignorant Balkan folk, and Austrian commercial men are told that they are ignorant of the first principles of business, and do not even trouble to manufacture goods to suit requirements of trade in the Balkans. Long replies to the accusations have been printed, but from the controversy there emerges the plain fact that Austria-Hungary is losing her trade, both in the Balkans and in the Levant.

Every effort will now be made to retain that trade and to prevent German and Italian merchants from wresting the supremacy from Austria-Hungary. She has already begun to take measures to facilitate transportation in the south. She has concluded a railway loan for $54,000,000 for the building of Bosnian railways. There is no doubt that these railways are being built for strategic purposes, in the first instance, but their commercial importance must also not be overlooked. The greater part of the money, raised by a 5 per cent. loan, will be used for laying broad-gauge lines, to take the place of the narrow-gauge, which meant the unloading of goods on the Hungarian frontier, and entailed great delay in transport. New railways connecting various points of the country are also to be laid down, and efforts are being made to encourage agriculture and increase the prosperity of the annexed provinces. Sunday courses in agriculture were held for farmers and others last season, when more than one hundred instructors travelled throughout the country on their missionary work. The courses were attended, for the most part, by youths who had been pupils at the elementary schools and were working on farms, but 46,000 of the pupils were older men.

Dr. Karl Patsch, in a lecture, said that the Government was beginning to carry out an extensive scheme of draining and irrigation in Herzegovina. He attributed the presence of rainless districts, not to the Venetians, who are reported to have cut down the trees and thus ruined the land, but to the carelessness of the inhabitants themselves and to the Turkish Government, that was wasteful everywhere. The Herzegovinians had cut down the forests at random without replacing the trees. He said that the soil was fit for the growing of tobacco, vines, and maize, while the Government intended to introduce silk-worm culture into the country. He referred to the baleful influence of emigration on the inhabitants of Herzegovina. The relations of men who went to the States were so well supplied with money from their relatives abroad that they did not take any interest in the hard toil, for low pay, which was the rule there. Returned emigrants, too, were inclined to invest their money in inns and general stores and neglect the cultivation of the land.

The Vienna Künstlerhaus and the Secession have both opened their doors for their spring shows. The Künstlerhaus, at which the more conservative artists exhibit, and which keeps up a very high standard of artistic merit, includes 100 pictures sent by the members of the Hungarian "Müveszshaz," a fine collection of oils and specimens of architectural designs, including a portrait of the Emperor-King, Franz Josef, which he intends to present to the former British Ambassador in Austria-Hungary, Sir Fairfax Cartwright.

The "Secession," where the "mad" artists, as they are called, formerly exhibited cubist and "secessionistic" pictures, is very quiet this year. Their vogue seems to be at an end. Such "futurist" pictures as were on view were snow pieces, mere blurs, good examples of impressionism, but too indistinct to leave any definite memory. There were also pictures of the severely decorative type without shading of any kind, the light and dark lines being merely drawn in broad and thick, without intermediate graduation. The fairy-tale friezes were very pretty, and have formed a specialty of the exhibition each spring. The general impression was one of great restraint, probably due to changing ideals and an uncertainty as to what the next thing will be.

The Vienna Männergesangsverein recently gave its 1,000th concert. It counts 428 active members, who carry on trades and professions during the day and meet for singing in the evening. The Society has travelled over Europe and to America, and is well known throughout the civilized world. There was considerable disappointment that the Emperor could not be at the concert, but he was represented by Archduke Karl Franz Josef and Princess Zita of Parma. A prologue, by Benjamin Shears, written for the occasion, was recited by Alfred Gerasch, of the Vienna Burgtheater. The Philharmonic Concert Company played the overture to Weber's "Beherrscher der Geister" and other compositions. These, with songs and ballads, rendered by the Männergesangsverein, formed an interesting programme which was concluded by the presentation of wreaths of flowers from various musical and artist societies in Vienna.

The répertoire at the Vienna Court Opera is not satisfactory to many of the Viennese, and recently the Union of Music and Literature in this city presented a memorial to Director Gregor, begging him to put on the old favorites more frequently and objecting to his preference for foreign composers. They say that "Fidelio" was only played once this season, while Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" was put on twenty-four times. In Vienna there are no long runs at the Court theatres, and the public objects to anything that appears to tend this way. Consequently it is keeping a strict watch on Gregor, whom it suspects of introducing "business" methods into the opera.

L. R.

Poetry

A MINOR POET.

The firefly, flickering about
In busy brightness, near and far,
Lets not his little lamp go out
Because he cannot be a star.
He only seeks, the hour he lives,
Bravely his tiny part to play,
And all his being freely gives
To make a summer evening gay.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

A WELL-BRED POET WHO SINGS OF THE WELL-BRED CLAN.

The conviction gains ground that there is no virtue left in the great Anglican church of poetry, and no honor to be had by those who cling to the decorous but obsolete vestments of its priesthood. The poetic revival appears to be in the hands of Dissenters. How quaintly "academic" sound to-day the old master's words on the conduct of the poet's life: "He shall be like a priest shining in sacred vestment, washed with lustral waters, who goes up to make augury before the jealous gods!" We know that the office-seeker who treads warily in the steps of his predecessors may become poet-laureate; but we also know that we shall never read him. We know that life in the high lonely tower, communion with the sages, select reading and society, and sustained reflection upon the passionate history and destiny of man, will never produce anything but a respectable upholder of an outworn aristocratic tradition. We have closed our history and opened our folklore; turned from the philosophy of Plato to the wisdom of the peasant; symbolized our imaginative impulse in the playboy that cleaves his father to the "breeches belt." Who cares to hear what the well-bred poet says or sings of the well-bred clan? Has not the very language of our classical literature been formally declared bankrupt? He who would now write a living line must forge himself a new instrument of the dialect of Dorset or Yorkshire, or adopt the new hand-made idiom of Dublin, or enrich his vocabulary by familiar converse with publicans and sinners. He must sweat the civility out of his blood by tramping with tramps, cursing with stevedores, sleeping in dugouts, sailing before the mast, or, happily, meditating the mystery of justice behind prison bars. So, in the exhausted society of our times, may he hope for a fresh vision and a new birth of passion. So may he wake the silent harp of Erin or chant in fluent Billingsgate beside the ale-house door. So, in these topsy-turvy days, are the celestial Muses wooed and won.

Only to readers who, unconvinced by the foregoing considerations, occasionally suspect, like the profane Lord Byron, that "we are all upon a wrong revolutionary poetic system, not worth a damn in itself"—only to such readers can be commended the recently collected poetical works of Margaret L. Woods.* So far as the new poetry-reading public is concerned, Mrs. Woods has nearly everything against her. Daughter of a late Dean of Westminster, and wife of a sometime president of Trinity College, Oxford, she responds to the august appeal of great traditions with a loyalty of spirit which involves a certain fine exclusiveness of thought and feeling. She sounds no note of revolt; voices no vagrant gypsy yearning; chimes in with no vague popular enthusiasms. Her poetic life moves and has its being within the ideals and institutions accepted by the normal cultivated Englishwoman. For twenty-five years she has been writing novels, dramas, and poems which have won high approval from English critics: "A Village Tragedy" was declared by Mrs. Humphry Ward worthy to rank with George Eliot's work; "The Princess of Hanover" was named by Thomas Hardy as the most interesting production of the year 1902; "'Aëromancy,'" said Mr. Mackail, "embodies the inmost spirit of Oxford." And now, as the skeptic will say after a glance at the title-page, she has her appropriate reward, she is a member of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature. Aside from the professional followers of English verse, how many on this side the water know as much of her as that? I confess that the comment on her work with which I am most in sympathy is this by Frederic Harrison in the *Nineteenth Century:* "I have found a new poet." After I had followed her fresh singing voice a little way into the volume, I came upon three lines at a stanza-end which have haunted me since:

Return and tell how all the unfooted pathways
Are white with dew, and deeper in the forest
Dwells the enchanted bird.

I.

Mrs. Woods is intensely English. The American whose sensibilities are outraged by the suggestion that he is of Anglo-Saxon stock will hurry through the Oxford pieces, and the grave commemorative poems of the earlier pages. But the American who, treading the dusky aisles of Westminster Abbey, instinctively bows his head, feeling himself in the presence of his canonized forefathers, will linger with kindred feelings over "The Passing Bell," "The Builders," and "High Tide on Victoria Embankment." One lingers over the first of these pieces because it is so difficult to find any among our morbid singers who has the power to speak worthily of the dignity and the splendor of death. "The Passing Bell" was occasioned by the death of the author's father, Dean Bradley: a sombre revery on the merging of the counted years of a man's life with the infinite past—a revery sombre but broken at regular intervals and gradually brightened to a starry peace by the deep traditionary voice of the Abbey bell tolling—*Justorum animæ—in manu Dei sunt—Non tanget illos tormentum mortis—Pax in æternum Dei.* Less audibly but not less truly religious in its ultimate meaning is "The Builders," of which the occasion was a special service held in the Abbey at the time of King Edward's coronation for a body of Colonial troops who had fought in the South African war. If there were nothing but imperial pride in unhiving the heroic memories of the Abbey in this piece, and in weaving the gorgeous tapestry of empire in the third, we could not resist the magic of single lines and isolated passages like these in "High Tide on Victoria Embankment":

Solitary ships moving in waste horizons,
Out of the wide, lonely dazzle of water and air,

There where the wind-worn bastions
And crumbled towers of Cornwall darken over the Atlantic,
Where southward wild Finistère flashes on the night,

or the superb tribute to Sir Cloudsley Shovel and the old mariners of England in "The Builders":

That footfall passes
Over the old grim conquering Admiral's body
That once ran on the swift Atlantic surges
Hither and thither, tossing rudderless,
To reach the inhospitable Scillian shore.
And many another keen, indomitable,
That swept in thunderous battle long ago
Round England's ocean marches;
Men that have loved the salt spray's buffeting game
Better than sport and better than the dance,
To ride with the slant deck and mark the measure
Of the sluicing scupper's wash and the clap of the sail.

But the imperial pride of Mrs. Woods, springing from faith in the high destiny of the English and exulting in men who have proved their "race," is chastened by such dark visions as trouble the mothers of infant sons and the sweethearts of soldiers in the field. It is a pride more than half composed of pure love, an awful hope, and a fiery prayer

**The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods.* New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

that those we have set our hearts upon may be reckoned among the just souls that are in the hand of God. It has the lift of the ancient chivalry in it, and it tunes the spirit up to the concert pitch. In a half-dozen shorter lyrics and ballads—"Young Windebank," "To the Forgotten Dead," "The Mariners Sleep by the Sea," "A Song of Homecoming"—the poet mingles with the eternal pathos of farewells and the praise of the beautiful death of those who die for their country a feminine note of thrilling wistfulness. She kisses the sword with a passionate grace which should make a young lieutenant rush upon a forest of Ashanti spears, and die smiling.

II.

World-without-end love between men and women is recognized by modern critics as an essentially feminine invention of that ingenious Victorian Age which also set up for the first time the monogamic standard for marriage. It is perhaps "going out," with the other derided products of the Black Walnut Period. Mr. Galsworthy, who is in the Movement, has recently published a novel from which it may be inferred that modern love must always be feasting and that sacramental bread palls upon its cloyed appetite. Better in verse hark back to the Cavalier mood which is gallantry, or to the Queen Anne mood which is cynicism, or to the Continental mood which finds its afflatus in revery upon past satisfactions of the senses, than to the Victorian mood which is religious devotion. Mrs. Browning was the arch-priestess—

> I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,
> As once Electra her sepulchral urn.

Now Mrs. Woods is Victorian; she seems still to entertain the feminine Victorian prejudice that the love which makes the face of the world fair and fires the poet's heart results rather from the restraint than from the indulgence of passion. Its symbol is not Dutch bundling, but the sundering sword of old romance. Under a ban and a vow it spiritualizes itself. It knows how to fast till its appointed hour, numbers its renunciations with its ecstasies, and brings its spikenard with tears and adoration to the beloved's feet. Of this paradisiacal passion the sweetest lyrics, alas, in this bad world, are cries of anticipation before the disenchanting dawn of experience and dirges at eventide.

In the lyrics of love rather sparsely scattered through Mrs. Woods's collection there is no very noticeable color of individual feeling. Indeed, a reticence with regard to peculiar and personal emotions is a part of her distinction. Yet here are the breathlessly reverent touch, the right throb, and the authentic rapture. The sequence is mine:

1.

When the world's asleep
I awake and weep,
Deeply sighing say,
"Come, O break of day,
Lead my feet in my beloved's way."

When the morning breaks,
When the world awakes,
Then a dream too dear
Haunts me like a fear,
And as one in sleep I linger here.

If some star of heaven
Led him by at even,
If some magic fate
Brought him, should I wait,
Or fly within and bid them close the gate?

2.

With thoughts too lovely to be true,
With thousand, thousand dreams I strew
The path that you must come. And you
Will find but dew.
. . . . . .
I break my heart here, love, to dower
With all its inmost sweet your bower.
What scent will greet you in an hour?
The gorse in flower.

3.

Cover, O eve, the world with mist
Till we two shall have kist and kist!

Linger, O morn, in the Western skies,
Till we have looked in each other's eyes!

Whisper, O wind! we shall not speak,
Heart upon heart and cheek to cheek

Drown, wild dawn, the stars in fire!
We shall have had our heart's desire!
—Sung by Königsmarck in "The Princess of Hanover."

4.

We have emptied the cup of the earth,
And I break it here at your feet;
What else could hold were worth
The savour of hours so sweet?

III.

Though Mrs. Woods has a poem on "The Eternal" and two spirited songs to the Earth, her work is not burdened with cosmic philosophy. She seems to have accepted her universe blithely and by a happy instinct rather than by the grave and slow processes of reflection. She perceives the Eternal in the image of a "mighty and jubilant heart," and is moved rather to dance than to debate before the Lord. If I were to indicate the relations of her thought to that of the greater Victorian singers, I should say: A woman of the fair outlook and high mettle of George Meredith's heroines has often conversed with Tennyson, Swinburne, Arnold, Browning, and Meredith on many a May-morning jaunt over green English hills and beside the sea. She has not returned with mere hollow echoes of their discourse. She has a clear voice of her own and an independent life, rich and spontaneous. But in this high association she has found directive and sustaining power. She has been helped by Tennyson's long faith to a vision of the Weaver behind the shimmering unfinished web:

One indestructible soul,
Sleepless, unwearied that brings
Order from chaos at length,
Out of the fading and weak infinite splendor and strength.

She has been stirred by the bugle notes of Robert Browning. Indeed, her farewell to Earth, "Vale atque Ave," of which I shall quote the close, is an impassioned development of the theme given in the epilogue to "Asolando":

Up, not to fall again
Into the welter;
Up, see, this urgent
Life of me pushes,
Swings now on white wings where the wave dances
Rhythmical, pipes in the coppice-wood shelter
Low, with strange sweet hesitancies
Till a song floods full on the night of Maytime.
With the galloping rhythm of hoofs it rushes,
Leaps in some merry brown beast at its playtime,
Suffers and dies one way or another,
Learning the lessons that life must learn.
But I shall still blindly fumble and wait
Till the true door open, the true voice call again;
And back to the human high estate,
Back to the whole of the soul, resurgent,
O Earth! O dearest! I shall return,
I shall return to thee, Earth, my mother.

She has been upheld in her imperial pride and in her passion for the sea by the fiery pæans of Swinburne, and in her praise of Earth by the dewy gusto of the voice in the Woods of Westermain. Her delight in the natural has not shaken her loyalty to the civil order. With Arnold she has felt the beauty of the august in character and the uplifting power of high classical traditions in university, state, and church. She has sympathized, too, perhaps even more keenly, with the less frequently emphasized element in Arnold—his exquisite sensibility to the idyllic in nature, to the romantic in history, and to the subtle drifting fragrancies of old poetic memories.

If I were asked to illustrate the quality of Mrs. Woods's non-dramatic verse by a single specimen, I should select "March Thoughts from England." Though in this piece there is a breath of the spirit of all her companions, the enchanting harmony of the poignant *utinam*, the soft dreaming mood of the evocation, and the shining clarity of the images is her own. There has been nothing in English more nearly approaching perfection in its kind since—I had almost said, since the odes of Keats. At any rate, I make an extract from it as reluctantly as I should abbreviate the "Ode to a Nightingale":

O that I were lying under the olives!
So should I see the far-off cities
Glittering low by the purple water,

Gleaming high on the purple mountains;
See where the road goes winding southward.

. . . . . .

O that I were dreaming under the olives!
Hearing alone on a sun-steeped headland
A crystalline wave, almost inaudible,
Steal round the shore; and thin, far off,
The shepherd's music. So did it sound
In fields Sicilian, Theocritus heard it,
Moschus and Bion piped it at noontide.

O that I were listening under the olives!
So should I hear behind in the woodland
The peasants talking. Either a woman,
A wrinkled grandame, stands in the sunshine,
Stirs the brown soil in an acre of violets—
Large, odorous violets—and answers slowly
A child's swift babble; or else at noon
The labourers come. They rest in the shadow,
Eating their dinner of herbs, and are merry.

Soft speech Provençal under the olives!
Like a queen's raiment from days long perished,
Breathing aromas of old unremembered
Perfumes and shining in dust-covered places
With sudden hints of forgotten splendour—

IV.

Mrs. Woods gives us two tragic dramas: "Wild Justice" and "The Princess of Hanover." "Wild Justice" is set on a windy island off the Welsh coast in the early years of the nineteenth century. It tells how the wife and the children of Gryffith Gwyllim, the lighthouse builder, driven to frenzy by his savage brutality, contrive to sink him one night in the quicksands, and how the children in the execution of the deed are swallowed up by the sea. "The Princess of Hanover," of which the nucleus is a familiar historical mystery, is set at the Hanoverian court at Herrenhausen in the last decade of the seventeenth century. It tells how Sophia Dorothea, neglected and abused by her husband, afterwards George I of England, plans to escape with her lover, the Swedish soldier of fortune, Philip von Königsmarck, and how he on the night of the elopement is trapped by the jealous Madame Platen, murdered, and walled up in the masonry of the castle forever.

After the fragments given of Mrs. Woods's verse, I hope it is unnecessary to say that "Wild Justice" and "The Princess" are poetic. An enthralling ballad is the overture to each of them, recurring in a weird undertone at intervals in the play. Lyrics besprinkle them. The blank verse, though not always victorious, though occasionally too frankly reminiscent of Shakespeare, quivers with musical feeling to the extent of tempting one at times to sing rather than to speak it. The "atmosphere" is tense with passion and terror and beauty and doom. These things are "poetic." But all these things can the Irish playwrights do—and Maeterlinck, and the rest of us who are upon the "wrong revolutionary poetic system."

If space permitted, I should like to show, first, that "Wild Justice" and "The Princess" are dramatic, and then that they are tragic, and finally that, whatever their incidental faults, they are constructed upon the *right* poetic system, to which we must return if we are to have a poetical drama of more than ephemeral interest. I should remark in passing that these plays, though poetic, are written in English—for the most part in verse that is simple, swift, supple, hot, and with the pointed accent observable in excited human intercourse. I should add that instead of symbolical vessels of vague emotion, we find here for persons characters—with various internal organs and quite discernible moral lineaments. But I should dwell chiefly upon the presence here of genuine dramatic action—human antagonist pitted against human adversary; upon the flaming restoration of "poetical justice"; and upon the tragic exhilaration of seeing blood shed once more, and a heart fairly and squarely broken, upon a broken law.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

News for Bibliophiles

JUDGE WOODWARD.

In August, 1817, Judge Woodward, Chief Justice of the Territory, caused to be passed by the legislative machinery "An act to establish the Catholepistemiad or University of Michigania." The bill was drawn by Judge Woodward.

Augustus E. B. Woodward in 1805, the year of his appointment to the bench of the new Territory of Michigan, was a resident of Alexandria or of Washington, the Federal city. It is recited in a deed recorded by him in the District of Columbia, temp. 1797, that his birthplace was in Rockbridge County, Virginia (*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, XXIX, 664). In 1801 the philosophical Thomas Jefferson came to the White House; during that year young Woodward (b. 1775) published at Washington a small treatise entitled "Considerations on the Substance of the Sun." Woodward's business was the law, and Mr. Jefferson sent him out to Michigan to be Chief Justice of the Territory. Judge Woodward was a managing man, of numerous strange fancies. He may have bullied most people—Gov. Hull, Gen. Proctor (during the British occupation of Detroit); his colleagues, his subordinates, the public. Intricacies of the ground plan of Detroit to-day are due to Judge Woodward's liking for the methods of L'Enfant at Washington.

Judge Woodward's mind was of the speculative sort, but he had a strong impulse for application. He was publishing small or large books from time to time almost to the end of his life, in 1827, on such topics as "The Executive Government of the United States," "The Open Trade with China" (Michigan, doing much with furs, was in a sense very near to China), "The Erie Canal" (by a different channel), "The Republic of Letters," "The Presidency of the United States." His most ambitious literary work, the "Encatholepistemia," was left unfinished. In this he remarks (Vol. I, p. 10): "To us of this age and of this country knowledge is presented in rich and copious stores, abundant in materials, defective principally in arrangement." To offer a system was the purpose of the work.

It is not easy to come at the title of the "Encatholepistemia." The book itself, in quarto, 371 pp., is a fine example of the printer's art of Philadelphia a century ago. Beginning at the stamping on the back, we read merely: "Encatholepistemia Volume I." The title-page stands: "A System of Universal Science. Philadelphia. Published by Edward Earle, Harrison Hall, and Moses Thomas. Printed by William Fry, 1816." Then, next following: "Considerations on the Divisions of Human Knowledge and on the Classification and Nomenclature of the Sciences." What might be called the Preface is at the end of the book:

> The fourth part of this investigation, relating principally to an American National Institute, must necessarily be deferred. The Supreme Court of the Territory of Michigan commences its annual session on the sixteenth day of September, and there remains barely time for the performance of the journey. A. E. B. WOODWARD.
>
> Philadelphia, August 31st, 1816.

Inserted at the back cover are tables that Judge Woodward followed closely the next year in drawing his bill for the establishment of the University of Michigania:

> The catholepistemiad, or university of Michigania, shall be composed of thirteen didaxum or professorships: First, a didaxia, or professorship, of catholepistemia, or universal science, the didactor, or professor, of which shall be president of the institution; second, a didaxia, or professorship, of anthropoglossica, or literature, embracing all the epistemum, or sciences, relative to language; third, a didaxia, or professorship, of mathematica, or mathematics; fourth, a didaxia, or professorship, of physiognostica, or natural history, &c., &c.

The other departments being of physiosophica, astronomia, chymia, iatuca, œconomica, ethica, polemitactica, diegitica [historical sciences], and ennocica "or intellectual sciences, embracing all the epistemum, or sciences, relative to the minds of animals, to the human mind, to spiritual existences, to the deity, and to religion."

It was Judge Woodward's fancy, in contrast to the encyclopædia (or circle of the sciences) to devise an encatholepistemia, a regular and concatenated system. Mr. Jefferson liked to exercise himself in a somewhat similar way, as witness his catalogue of his library. He also was interested in a thoroughgoing scheme for a State University, and, as it happened, got his first bill to that end through the Virginia Legislature in the year 1818. April 3, 1825, Mr. Jefferson wrote to Judge Woodward: "Withdrawn by age from all other public services and attentions to public things, I am closing the last scenes of life by fashioning and fostering an establishment for the instruction of those who come after us."

ALFRED J. MORRISON.

Correspondence

THE TOLLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial on "Coastwise Trade Insincerities," you speak of the "clap-trap" of "those opposed to repeal." Manifestly, the clap-trap is not all on one side. You state that "A report recently made by Congressman Alexander, chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, said that 94 per cent. of all our coastwise shipping, on the Atlantic and on the Gulf, is owned by railways or by combinations in alliance with railways."

The curious observer who turns to Mr. Alexander's report will discover that that statement is made not of "all our coastwise shipping," but only and specifically of "regular line services," which on the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific make up about one-eighth of our coastwise tonnage—so that your editorial statement should have read "94 per cent. of one-eighth" of all our coastwise shipping—which is quite a different thing.

The ships of these "regular line services" as a rule are not going through the Panama Canal. In the first place, most of them are not adapted to that trade. No passenger and package freight steamer from Boston to Baltimore or from New York to Jacksonville is likely to leave the service for which it is especially designed, to run from Boston or New York to San Francisco. Of the American lines actually preparing for that service, not one is controlled by a railway or owned by the combinations mentioned.

Moreover, the Panama Canal act of August 24, 1912, absolutely forbids all ships in which railways have any direct or indirect interest, and all ships owned by combinations illegal under the Sherman law, "to enter or pass through said canal." Noting this, one is in a position to appreciate the delicious humor of that assertion of Representative Sims, which you quote, that the "chief beneficiaries" of free tolls would be "largely the railroads on both coasts"! Is it strange that "the other side" "did not challenge" the distinguished navigator from the wilds of Tennessee? A joke is made to be enjoyed, not "challenged."

As to your own solicitude lest there may be some "discrimination" against foreign ships at Panama, I doubt if there is much anxiety on this point among European steamship managers. They expect that President Wilson and Secretary Bryan will win—that full tolls will be imposed on all American vessels in either coastwise or overseas trade, and that thereupon that felicitous condition described by Senator Lodge—who favors tolls for American ships but a subsidy to pay them—will ensue: that foreign governments which pay in subsidy "indirectly or specifically" the tolls on their principal national steam lines at Suez will do the same at Panama—in which case the only actual discrimination will be against the ships of the people who built the waterway and gave it to the world.

What more can foreign governments ask—save, perhaps, a White House *ukase* that any presumptuous Yankee craft approaching the canal shall be instantly sunk by the guns of the fortifications?

New Englander.

Boston, May 2.

[The Panama Act does not forbid vessels owned by railways to use the Canal—that is, if the ships compete in rates with the roads. And all the railways have filed statements with the Interstate Commerce Commission testifying that their ships do compete. In that case, they may enter and pass through the Canal like any others.—Ed. The Nation.]

TREATY OBLIGATIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following quotation from De Morgan's "When Ghost Meets Ghost" may perhaps help a few questioners to see the moral issue more clearly. Mr. Jerry began, feebly: "You can't do more than keep your word, Mo . . ." (Mo, a fine old ex-prizefighter, replies):

"Yes, you can, Jerry. You can keep your meanin'. And you can do more than that. You can keep to what the other party thought you meant, when you know. I know this time. I ain't in a court o' justice, Jerry, dodgin' about, and I know when I'm square, by the feel."

N.

Baltimore, May 1.

IMAGINATION IN COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent newspaper article President Nichols is quoted as saying that "the purpose of Dartmouth is to build the well-rounded man for useful and effective living. The emphasis is not at all on how to make a living, but on how to live. . . . It may reasonably be doubted if one man in a hundred ever takes from college a single fact that he can turn into money. What he should take from college are well-trained faculties which he can turn into anything he chooses." Herein are summed up the salient facts of the situation. Is not the real purpose of any college to develop personality; to give students the opportunity to find themselves and to become through study original thinkers rather than slavish imitators? And does it not all go back ultimately to the question of imagination, which is fostered or blighted according as the surroundings offer mental stimulus or merely material advancement?

College students of a generation back, looking forward to purely material work, regarded the study of the liberal arts as the necessary preparation for their career. They followed precepts and traditions which had proved their value. Nor was the purpose of their education any different—"To prepare us for complete living," says Spencer. But the age of practicality is upon us. In their efforts not to "neglect the plant for the sake of the flower" many of our institutions are cutting off the flower for the more complete nourishment of the plant.

If the study of agriculture and the mechanic arts, or the courses intended to prepare for business life, were conducted with due respect for other branches of learning, all might be well. But the analysis of all the soils in the world will not teach men to live better, to get the fullest satisfaction from life, if there be no background. A purely scientific imagination is no imagination at all. One may dream of unlimited mechanical inventions and be no better off than Lowell's brazen traveller, "who could scarce be induced to expose his unclothed body to a village of prairie dogs," yet "complacently displayed a mind as naked as the day it was born, without so much as a fig-leaf of acquirement, in every gallery of Europe."

The goal towards which our college studies should be directed is the judicious combination of specialized and general training. We do not expect a student of applied science to have a broadly liberal education, any more than the student of liberal arts is expected to talk with intelligent depth on higher mathematics, although the latter case is more common than the former. We should strive for an education of security, and by this I mean the broad education producing the type of mind which can adapt itself to varying situations, can express itself intelligently on many subjects, while at the same time it possesses a detailed knowledge of that subject in which its chief interests lie. Too many of us are inclined to overlook the fact that pleasure has come to be a legitimate aim of our modern life, and educational pleasure is the result of that appreciation of many branches of knowledge which leaves little to regret. But unfortunately this pleasure of which I speak has been perverted to mean comfort, which carries with it the inclination to follow the lines of least resistance, to specialize from the start.

President Nichols's ideal can be attained only by effecting a compromise, by striving for the secure education, the education with lasting satisfaction. Do not train students for their mission in life before giving them an opportunity to discover that mission by means of an individuality and imagination properly trained.

Elza Gordon Bassett.

Iowa State College, April 25.

FREDERIC MISTRAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Frédéric Mistral died one week before his golden jubilee as member of the Paris Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers. His "Mirèio," in the shape of the opera "Mireille," endeared him from the beginning to the whole French people, who could never have understood his poem in Provençal. They took his heroine so to their hearts that long ago the gloom of her tragic end had to be changed for them to a lightsome marriage; but to Mistral they have given all glory and affection for his loved creation. It is not for quite the same reason that German critics are now proclaiming him the greatest of recent French poets—and he would not have denied that Provençal is French writ otherwise. Gounod and

Michel Carré, who were responsible for the opera, presented Mistral for membership to the Society in 1864. In 1859, when the poem appeared, Lamartine, who was still the national poet of France, had already welcomed it in prose that has not lost its significance:

"A great epic poet is born to us. A true Homeric poet in this age; a poet born, like Deucalion's men, from a flintstone of the Crau; a primitive poet in our age of decadence; a Greek poet in Avignon; a poet who creates a language from a dialect as Petrarch created Italian; a poet, who, out of common patois, makes a language classic in image and harmony, ravishing fancy and ear; a poet playing on his village jew's harp symphonics of Mozart and Beethoven; a poet at twenty-five, giving forth in pure waves of melody from his genius' first flow a rural epic wherein the Odyssey's descriptions, and Daphnis and Chloe's innocent passion, mingled with Christian holy sadness, are sung with the grace of Longus and the simple majesty of the blind man of Chio."

All this may be very much out of fashion as criticism; but Lamartine saw clearly that the unrelieved tragedy of the original would never be accepted by French hearts. "The ending is sad—like two lilies lying in the same soft earth after the Rhone has overflowed the gardens of the Crau. Here the poet seems to have failed in that manual cleverness of composition wherein Virgil too failed in the Aeneid, but where Tasso and Ariosto failed never."

The aged poet is frankly prophetic in his welcome of the young troubadour. "O poet of Maillame, thou art the century plant of Provence. Thou hast grown three cubits in one day, flowering at twenty-five. Thy poetic soul makes fragrant Avignon and Arles, Marseilles, Toulon, and Hyères, and soon all France; but, happier than the tree of Hyères, the perfume of thy pages shall not pass for a thousand years."

Mistral himself, in his own extreme age, has written modestly these among other words on "My Tomb":

> Here at Maillame he dwelt;
> The old men of the land
> Have seen him haunt our paths.
> Some day they'll say—'Tis he
> They chose king of Provence;
> But his name scarce survives
> Save in the brown crickets' song.

D.

Paris, April 8.

THE BACONIAN CIPHERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of your review of the latest book on Baconian ciphers, has it ever been pointed out that the printed volumes of Shakespeare's plays, both the first and second folios, and I believe the quartos as well, end alike with one word, a word which might be considered of extraordinary significance? In cataloguing the collection in the Lenox Library, some years ago, I was struck by the fact that this conspicuous word, *Finis*, standing alone at the end of each book in the manner of a signature, has not only the same number of letters as *Bacon*, but the same arrangement of alternate vowels and consonants, two and three. The resemblance between Finis and Francis is yet more striking, as in both cases we have the initial F, the n exactly in the middle with a vowel on either side and the final s. Considering carefully the make-up of this word Finis, with its two i's, one on each side of that nasal n, just as they occur in the human countenance, may we not infer that in looking for Baconian ciphers the searcher has only to use his eyes?

George De C. Curtis.

Foster, Cal., April 27.

"SIGNBOARDS" IN MAGAZINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I, through the columns of the *Nation*, protest against the manner in which some magazine articles are torn into pieces by the insertion of paragraph headings.

To illustrate, let me cite an example taken at random from a weekly magazine. There I have been reading about the contradictory advice given to the departing traveller by his friends. Suddenly I find myself at the end of the thread, confronted by the announcement, in prominence that will not be denied: "In Praise of the Admirable Lubly." The fact that the first word of the next line is also exalted into typographical eminence helps to prepare me for the shock of a new chapter. Good! Enter the admirable Lubly!

I attack the next sentences with all the boldness and expectancy bred of this thorough preparation, and find myself grievously disappointed when I discover that the advice of the friends left behind is still the only topic, and Lubly remains a mystery to me. In the next paragraph Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday come on the stage, but still no admirable Lubly. Has he missed his cue?

Another paragraph, and another. By this time my memory has rejected the name Lubly as a foreign, indigestible substance. In the following paragraph I read of a small man in a uniform, stealthily entering the stateroom. It is the English manservant, the traveller's bedroom steward, by name Lubly. Ah! *mehercle*, here *is* Lubly at last, full fifty lines, four and a half paragraphs, distant from the signboard advertisement set to herald his appearance!

But even if these lines were logically placed, as they sometimes are, I cannot say that I regard them as the most grateful investment of space and ink. I can scarcely regard them, in fact, as other than an insult to the average reader. When an intelligent human being reads the ordinary, easily intelligible magazine article, he really does not care to be told at every turn "what's coming next." On the contrary, such a proceeding will impress him much in the same manner as the auditor of opera or concert is impressed if some neighbor continues to dish out, in an audible whisper, explanations on the chief points of the programme. Are not these insertions something which our magazines have adopted from the cheap daily newspaper?

Albert Lehenbauer.

Riverside, Cal., April 26.

Literature

THE PROBLEMS OF MEXICO.

Mexico, the Wonderland of the South. By W. E. Carson. Revised edition with new chapters. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Five years ago Mr. Carson published the first edition of his work on Mexico, and recent events have led him to revise it and add new matter. A tour made as a newspaper correspondent and a fairly long residence in the country have familiarized him with the conditions and regions of which he writes. Of the descriptive parts, little need be said. From time to time, however, material for a thorough understanding of the fundamental difficulties in Mexico is provided. Such a passage is that dealing with the wide indulgence in mescal, tequila, and pulque, which have so evil an effect on the lower class. Connected with this is the amazingly high death-rate in the City of Mexico. The chapters dealing with historical matters appear to be drawn, unfortunately, from short manuals. Misleading statements are occasionally found, as that the Emperor Iturbide went to England for a time, and the whole series of events between Maximilian's execution and the *coup d'état* of Gen. Huerta is crowded into a single paragraph.

The section describing the life of the people gives a good idea of the surprising mixture of barbarism and culture in the capital, the jealous seclusion of women among the upper class, the indolence of the servants, and many of the strange paradoxes of the country. The author's personal impressions and observations are usually accurate, but the treatment of such matters as literature in Mexico is quite inadequate. Particularly good is the chapter on the Mexican woman, which discusses conditions that seem almost incredible. The present miserable state of the peon and his unhappy prospects, threatened by the system of peonage, by ignorance, drink, political oppression, and innate indolence, are fully shown.

Most interesting under the existing circumstances is the chapter dealing with events from Diaz to Huerta. Mr. Carson holds that the career of Diaz proves that the benevolent military dictatorship under the form of a pure democracy was exactly the sort of government which Mexico needed, and which it still needs. He records the amazing progress under this great leader's direction, in which foreign investments leaped from $500,000 to $1,400,000,000. Very accurate, however, is his estimate of such government:

That he had enormous difficulties to contend with cannot be denied; but even his admirers are forced to admit that in

the latter years of his Administration he might have done much more for the great mass of the people than he succeeded in accomplishing. As it was, he reaped the harvest of revolution and civil strife which so many autocrats have gathered through their blindness to the consequences of their acts and follies. It is largely owing to the lack of a substantial middle class and a system of small land ownership that Mexico to-day is in such a deplorable condition.

Yet if Diaz could not educate his people and prepare them for actual constitutional government, how can any other benevolent dictatorship succeed? Lesser men, without one-tenth of his capacity and breadth of view, are not likely to do any better under conditions which are enormously more complex than when Diaz gained the power.

Mr. Carson reviews the tragic events of the ten days' fighting in the capital. He thinks that the killing of Madero and Pino Suarez was due to a military conspiracy among the soldiers of their escort on the way to the penitentiary, in revenge for Madero's murder of Riveroll. He describes the personality of Gen. Huerta with evident admiration. After this addition to the first edition of his book, Mr. Carson expounds the machinery of government in Mexico and shows how unsuccessful has been the blind copying of the letter of the Constitution of the United States.

The final chapter deals with Mexican Problems of To-day. The author here advocates the theory of dictatorship as the only suitable form of government for Mexico, and regrets our failure to recognize Huerta, an action which he considers the cause of the continued disturbances. He asserts the need of a Lord Kitchener for Mexico, and lacking one, of a strong Mexican substitute. He repeats the charge against the oil companies, agreeing with another writer that "the whole Mexican situation has reeked with crude petroleum."

Many of the words quoted from Spanish are incorrectly spelled. "Criadors" as the equivalent of "waitresses" is novel. Certain passages, true at the time of the first edition, have been left unrevised in the second. President Diaz no longer lives in his house on Calle Cadena; the Moorish kiosque has not stood in the Alameda for five years; and some of the illustrations are almost traditional, they are now so out of date. Most glaring is the statement that in the old days, on account of the difficulties of communication and transportation, revolutions easily gained head, but the present strong government and the resources at its command result in "little chance of a revolution succeeding, even temporarily." Since these words were written, not one revolution but two have succeeded, and the world now awaits the success of a third.

CURRENT FICTION.

Idle Wives. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Co.

No doubt this is a sincere attempt on the part of the author, a writer of popular magazine fiction, to do a novel with a purpose. Like many another earnest man, he observes with consternation the large number of young American wives who have nothing to do but be unhappy. If they would only wash their own dishes and take care of their own children, we should have less neurasthenia and fewer divorces. Not a new lesson, but still worth enforcing, we suppose. It may be that Mr. Oppenheim has taken the right means of enforcing it upon the audience he is aiming at. The vein of voluptuous and at times well-nigh hysterical sentiment which he has found to be effective in his stories for the magazines is here worked assiduously. This is well enough in a tract, but rather contemptible in a work of art. Always we must be insisting that a novel is dead unless it contains human beings with the breath of life in them. The married pair over whose relations we are here expected to yearn are infinitely less real than Punch and Judy. This idle wife and busy husband are mere confused outlines of two wretched types of domestic egotism. Their children are supplied for the performance by the property man. For real characters and action are substituted a quasi-moral picture-show, much sentimental commentary, and not a little of that "frank" speech about matters of sex which it is now the fashion to affect. We submit the opinion that even a physician-novelist may go too far with obstetrical details.

The Heart's Country. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The promise of a love story, implicit in the title, is thoroughly borne out. It is less, however, the romance of two souls than a consistent analysis of a girl's mind and emotions under the stress of three successive courtships—the last a successful one. The book has the atmosphere of New England fifty years ago. The closest friend of Ellen Payne tells how the latter, a lovely and ardent girl of eighteen, meets and falls in love with a serious young teacher; how she outgrows this passage to carry on a whirlwind affair with a young man of her own fiery temperament whom she is at last compelled to give up through fear of a nameless undercurrent in his character; and how at last an accident, endangering the life of an old chum, reveals to her that he is the long-sought object of her real affection. In part, the friend through whom the book is written draws her materials directly from observation; in part, they are conveyed by long and illuminating letters from Ellen. The study of a sensitive and attractive girl's heart is done with sympathy and with insight. To those who do not mind introspection, and who are not wedded to complexity of action, it should make a wholesome appeal; though the book is wholly feminine in outline and tone.

Gillespie. By J. MacDougall Hay. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This is a harrowing story of the kind which can only be excused on the ground of its "truth to life." In its realistic character and in the substance of the narrative it strongly suggests another story, by a young writer who did not live to make his calling sure: the "House with the Green Shutters" of George Douglas. The Scottish village setting, the prosperous trader whose pride and greed are to have their fall, his slack wife and imaginative but degenerate offspring, the domestic tragedy of blood towards which all steadily marches—these things both novels have in common. Similar material will be remembered in more than one of the Dartmoor tales of Eden Phillpotts.

We all know the dreadful frequency with which "rural tragedy" means patricide or fratricide—as if the range of rustic action were narrow enough to keep even murder in the family. Every week, every day almost, these savage and apparently wanton acts are reported in the newspapers. But are they wanton? Have they no meaning, no aspect of real tragedy, or at least of real pathos? Such questions may appeal strongly to a serious writer of fiction. Mr. Phillpotts has commonly held a brief for the defence. His murderers are not devils, but warm flesh and eager spirit, like you and me, men or women thrust slowly onward by defect of character or unhappy play of circumstances to the sin of Cain. This is true of young Gourlay in the "House with the Green Shutters." Poltroon and drunkard though he be, he strikes his fatal blow in a last flicker of manhood. Old Gourlay, with murder in his own heart, almost deserves to die at his son's hand. Mr. Hay's "Gillespie" is another Gourlay, with less physical courage and more cunning. Fate takes him not by bereaving him of his wealth and power, but by showing him their uselessness. His neglected wife becomes a drunken wanton and in her final madness kills their son. No detail of the act is slighted: ". . . In a horrible silence she, with the savage strength of a demoniac, slashed his throat open through the muscles, till the razor scraped on the surface of the bones of the neck. A huge gout of arterial blood spouted on her face, blinding her, and pumped far across the room, splashing the wall. . . ."

When this kind of "realism" in detail

is employed by a writer who is essentially romantic and even sentimental, the total effect is simply distressing. Mr. Hay begins with a portent, forewarning that his chief characters are to lie from birth under an hereditary curse. The working out of the curse is described with an emotional intensity far removed from the grim ironic calm of true realism.

Quick Action. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In this volume of ingenious yarns Mr. Chambers has a little fun with his serious-minded critics. There is a preface in which we are told that "the author offers this humble volume to a more serious audience than he has so far ventured to address." It has a Latin motto, not quite correct to be sure, "Amor nihil est celerius." The six stories, all illustrations of this principle, are told by a beautiful crystal gazer, Countess Athalie, to a group of her admirers, including a young realistic novelist. All the stories are bits of real life which she has seen in her crystal. All the heroes have the commonest of names—Jones, Smith, Brown, Gray, Green, White—and, of course, the most extraordinary things happen to all of them. Brides from the blue, so to speak, descend upon Jones and Smith, business trips of Gray and White turn into sudden romances. The most entertaining experiences are those of Brown and Green. Green is a banker who scoffs at the impossible "best-sellers" of his friend Williams. Brown, at twenty-four, "resolutely graduated from Harvard, stepped out into the world, and looked about him very sternly. All was not well with the world. Brown knew it. He was there to correct whatever was wrong. And he had chosen Good Literature as the vehicle for self-expression." For these gentlemen Mr. Chambers reserves his best adventures; incidentally he pokes a little fun at himself. On the whole, "Quick Action" is a clever and readable apologia.

The Substance of His House. By Ruth Holt Boucicault. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Wondrous beauty, utter sweetness, and a degree of devout conscientiousness unsurpassed in the calendar of saints are this heroine's modest endowment. Obviously designed for exemplary purposes, her mission is to show how strict obedience to the teachings of Mother Church will bring a woman safely through the most vexed ethical dilemmas known to the holy state of matrimony. Lady Mary had been the innocent victim of an international marriage, and met too late the man she should have married. Through her love for Carmichael she is subjected to two crucial tests. The first comes when she is offered her freedom by her considerate husband; the second, after the husband's death and her marriage to Carmichael, when she is confronted by the prior claim of the woman who calls herself his common-law wife. These are the salient points of this demonstration of idealism. Dramatic novelty is introduced by reversing the usual motives in the first of these scenes—it is the husband who urges love as the supreme law, and Mary who maintains the superior sanctity of the marriage vow—and, in Carmichael's trial for bigamy, by the expedient of having Mary deny on the witness stand the legality of her own status. That the path of duty proves too rigorous for frail mortality reflects no discredit on the author's thesis.

The scenes and circumstances of the story belong to modern London and California, but Mary's convictions are borrowed directly from mediæval legend. There are passages mingling amorous ecstasy with religious exultation, which seem sadly in need of an antiquated setting.

The Full of the Moon. By Caroline Lockhart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Miss Lockhart adopts the ingenious expedient of bringing a heroine from New York on no pretext other than a desire to sample life on the Mexican border. Pretty, well-bred, and charmingly gowned, Nan herself proves something of a curiosity in Texas down by the Rio Grande; and is treated to one exhibition of local color after another in gratifyingly rapid succession. After being abducted by a "bad man" and falling in love with a handsome cowpuncher, she is rescued from further imprudence by a formerly misprised suitor from home. He it is who "gets the drop" on murderous Mexicans, saves an innocent victim from frontier justice (a particularly bad bit of burlesque this), and in the very jaws of a cañon flood gives his horse to a lady. He is not only *deus ex machina*, but the standard of perfection by which Nan's cowboy shows up a very faulty mortal indeed, and the poverty of frontier life becomes glaringly apparent. Needless to add, Nan returns contentedly to the effete East.

The Red and the Black. Translated by H. B. Samuel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

De Stendhal's introspective autobiography of Julien Sorel, with its account of the crimes, adventures, and upward scramblings of that morbid and individualistic youth, has been repeatedly translated, and just as often suffered to pass out of print. The latest English rendering is by H. B. Samuel, late scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and compares favorably with those previously essayed by E. P. Robins and C. Tergie. The difficulties of Stendhal's style, which he is said to have modelled on the Napoleonic Code, reading a few pages before every period of composition, are not great. The worst charge to be brought against the translation is that a number of flagrant errors in proofreading have slipped by. Student and general reader alike may thank Mr. Samuel for making accessible in our tongue a work often ranked not far below Balzac's best novels, and of immense importance to the literary historian. "The Chartreuse of Parma" is already obtainable.

A NEGLECTED HERO.

The Marquis of Montrose. By John Buchan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Mr. John Buchan made an enviable reputation as a charming essayist and raconteur during his undergraduate career at Brazenose; he increased it during the next ten years, by branching out into the field of modern politics and economics; but the work which lies before us marks his first serious effort in the line of historical biography. He has certainly been fortunate in his choice of a subject; for Montrose—in many ways the most heroic figure in the annals of Scotland—has been strangely neglected by historians. Mr. Buchan's book will go far to make him known as he deserves to be. Brief, compact, charmingly illustrated, and very readable, its statements are almost invariably based on the very soundest authorities. Best of all is the author's sense of proportion and perspective. Montrose is placed, not only in his proper relation to the men and events of his time, but also to the whole course and current of the history of his native land.

The centre of the stage is occupied, as one would expect, by an account of the "year of miracles" which began with Montrose's victorious onslaught at Tippermuir in September, 1644, and witnessed his successive triumphs at Aberdeen, Fyvie, Inverlochy, Auldearn, Alford, and Kilsyth, only to terminate in the tragic surprise and massacre of Philiphaugh in September, 1645. The terrible disadvantages under which the Marquis labored, the absence of discipline and subordination of his Highland levies, and the fatal lack of adequate equipment, are all made clear. His extraordinary eye for the country in which he fought, his supreme gift of suiting his scheme of battle to his material, using his horse now as mounted infantry and now as cavalry, and getting full value from the impetuous Highland charge, and, last of all, his unique power of leadership, are described in glowing terms. Interesting comparisons abound. The late S. R. Gardiner is quoted as

rating Montrose's military genius as higher than that of Cromwell (p. 289), and Mr. Buchan points out that "Auldearn was in miniature an anticipation of the tactics of Austerlitz" (p. 145). It is just here, if anywhere, that the author tends to overstate his case. All students of military history recognize the fact that the leadership of an army of five to ten thousand men is a vastly simpler matter than that of a larger one. Montrose never had more than 6,000 men under his command; Cromwell had 30,000 at Worcester, 11,000 at Dunbar, 13,000 at Naseby; Napoleon had 65,000 at Austerlitz, 190,000 at Leipzig, and 125,000 at Waterloo. It is certainly dangerous to compare the leaders, when the forces at their command and the consequent difficulty of managing and provisioning them, were so very dissimilar. By the same token, parallels between the English generals in the Great Civil War and the commanders in the contemporaneous struggle in the Empire, where the forces employed were vastly larger, are likely to be exceeding misleading.

Montrose's religious and political views are in some respects even more interesting than his brilliant career as a soldier. He has had to wait for more than 200 years to come into his own in this respect. "The history of Scotland was written first by the Divines and then by the Whigs, so it is small wonder that Montrose has fared badly." As Milton in England discerned that "the new presbyter was but the old priest writ large," and Cromwell struggled valiantly against the substitution of parliamentary for royal tyranny, so Montrose in Scotland foresaw the consequences of the intolerant theocracy of Argyle. Against it, as against monarchical absolutism, he advocated the rights of the people; "he stood for the Scottish democracy, both against those who would crush it and those who betrayed it with a kiss." But he had the ability to discern that "a direct plebiscitary government was impossible in the Scotland of his day," "that the common people were scarcely conscious of political rights, and needed rather to be wisely protected than to be endowed with ill-understood duties." For the purpose of securing that protection he preferred monarchy, not because he shared the contemporary belief in the Divine Right of Kings, but because it happened to be the form of government in existence in his native land. Kingship, he believed, was necessary to bring order out of chaos and "enforce moderation in a rabble of fanatics and debauchees"; and therefore he drew the sword. But that kingship, he also discerned, must be modified, *pari passu* with the progress of society, through the concession to the common people of political rights, as soon as they should prove themselves able wisely to exercise them. He may, therefore, justly be said to have anticipated the political arrangements of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries: "his ideals are in the very warp and woof of the constitutional fabric of to-day."

EXPLORATION IN CHINESE TURKESTAN.

Les Documents Chinois découverts par Aurel Stein dans les Sables du Turkestan Oriental. Publiés et traduits par Edouard Chavannes. Oxford: Imprimerie de l'Université.

A great many of those remarkable discoveries made by Sir Aurel Stein during his celebrated journeys* in Central Asia would be dead material but for the interpretation of philological experts. This is especially the case with the Chinese documents obtained from the desert, dating, as far as could be ascertained, from the beginning of the first century B. C. to some time during the T'ang dynasty (618-907 A. D.). Under Professor Chavannes's treatment these documents, of which there are nearly a thousand, are restored to new life. The book he has devoted to these specimens of ancient and mediæval Chinese writing is in every respect a masterpiece of Sinological research and the methodical manner in which he has succeeded in extracting valuable results from the hundreds of partly mutilated and very difficult short texts would be a credit to any of our best workers in classical archæology.

The inscriptions, which have been reproduced in an Appendix containing facsimiles (with few exceptions in the original size) of about nine hundred specimens, are partly written on wooden tablets, partly on scraps of paper, and these represent the oldest types of Chinese writing materials of their kinds. It is well known that, before the invention of paper in the second century A. D., the Chinese wrote on bamboo slips or thin tablets of some other wood; but this mode of writing was abandoned later on, though wooden tablets dating from periods as late as the T'ang dynasty have still been found. Professor Chavannes divides these documents into three divisions, according to the time in which they appear to have originated: (1) Those of the Han dynasty (98 B. C. to 153 A. D.); (2) those of the Tsin dynasty (263 to 330 A. D.); and (3) those of the T'ang dynasty (up to about the ninth century A. D.). During the Han dynasty the greater part were written on wooden tablets; only three fragments of thin paper have, on the ground of circumstantial evidence, been assigned to the second century A. D., and these must be looked upon as the oldest specimens of paper now to be seen anywhere in the world. Of the wooden tablets the oldest, so far as can be determined by a date appearing in the inscription, goes back to the year 98 B. C.

The greater part of the documents are of importance not so much by reason of the contents of their inscriptions, many of which contain merely fragments of domestic, military, or governmental records and great numbers of Buddhistic texts, but on account of the material on which they are written and the style of writing used. The most interesting discovery, and for this reason receiving the first place among Professor Chavannes's notes, concerns a few fragments of an ancient glossary compiled during the years 48-33 B. C., under the title "Ki-tsiu-chang," a sort of primer used in teaching young folk the elements of the language. The "Ki-tsiu-chang" was most widely circulated during the first few centuries A. D., and was employed as a model for copying as late as the seventh century, when the well-known scholiast, Yen Shï-Ku (579-645), republished it with a commentary which has become the basis of the work still existing under the title "Ki-tsiu-p'ién," edited with notes of Wang Ying-Lin of the thirteenth century. A copy of this work is in a rare collection of reprints owned by Columbia University. This edition, however, and a few others now existing, are not based on the original manuscripts of the Han dynasty, since which period the style of writing Chinese characters has undergone considerable changes. The wooden slips obtained from the sands of Eastern Turkestan are therefore of the utmost importance as throwing authentic historical light on the development of Chinese writing.

Some of these slips represent undoubtedly the writing of the earlier Han dynasty, and are thus the oldest specimens of Chinese "writing" in the proper sense of the word; that is, if we do not include in it inscriptions chiselled in stone. The characters look odd, but they are, to one accustomed to handle Chinese printed books and manuscript, not nearly so difficult to read as one might imagine from specimens derived from much later periods, of the so-called grass-character, and from the seal characters of the "Shuo-wön Dictionary," published in 100 A. D. It seems that the style represented in the "Ki-tsiu-chang" has served as a model by which writers of comparatively late periods have educated their hand. The handwriting of the Emperor Ming-huang, of the T'ang dynasty (713-752 A. D.), as represented in the celebrated epitaph he wrote with his own hand of the Türk prince Kül-tägin, and in a stone inscrip-

*"Ruins of Desert Cathay." London, 1912. See review in the *Nation*, Vol. XCV, No. 2459. This work followed after an interval of five years the description of his former journey published under the title of "Ancient Khotan." Oxford, 1907. See review in the *Nation*, Vol. LXXXVI, No. 2232.

tion found on Mt. T'ai-shan, bears the almost identical character, and the writer of this review even received not more than twenty years ago a Chinese letter written with characters quite similar in style.

Professor Chavannes's book ought to be in the hands of every scholar interested in Central-Asiatic research.

SPANISH POETS.

The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse. Chosen by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. New York: Oxford University Press. $2 net.

"The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse," chosen and edited by Prof. James Fitzmaurice-Kelly, is the most recent addition to this well-known series. The editor's fine critical sense and sound scholarship render him peculiarly fitted for his task, and he has acquitted himself in his usual happy manner. Wider in scope than the similar anthologies compiled by Menéndez y Pelayo and other Spaniards, the present book offers by far the completest and most judicious choice of Spanish lyric poetry ever published within the limits of a single volume. The collection gives an excellent *aperçu* of Peninsular verse from the thirteenth century down to the present day. It is admirably suited to serve as a textbook in universities.

In gathering from the most diffuse of literatures, it was necessary for the editor to govern his choice by certain hard-and-fast rules. Exigencies of space and a desire to avoid inclusion of fragmentary excerpts have led him to omit selections from epic and dramatic poets. The drawbacks of such a course are more apparent in a Spanish anthology than in one of any other literature; for the epic and the drama are the two chief glories of Spanish poetry. The epic *genre*, it is true, is represented by a judicious choice of ballads, but there appears no excerpt from the "Poem of the Cid," the most national of Spanish poems. Owing to the same editorial principle, we miss the name of Ercilla, certainly one of the leading Renaissance poets. The reader, too, can gain but a faint idea of Calderon's genius from the sonnet here offered as a sample of his work. Segismundo's soliloquy from "La Vida es Sueño" would have been a far more characteristic morsel. But all this the compiler must have realized better than anybody else. Who can blame him for refusing to open the flood-gates to the vast ocean of Spanish dramatic and epic poetry? We merely wish to indicate that the system followed has excluded the work of many of Spain's great poets, and that some who have been admitted are not represented by their best work.

Proportion has been well maintained throughout. In that part devoted to the Middle Ages we are spared the prosy naïveté of Berceo, and are liberally regaled with the vagrant wit of Juan Ruíz, that Friar Tuck turned poet. The dreary artificiality of John II's rhyming courtiers is passed over lightly. Instead, "The Coplas" of Jorge Manrique, the gifted singer of "the sublime commonplaces of death," are given entire. In the Renaissance period, the places of honor are assigned to the Italienate Garcilasso de la Vega, Luís de León, than whom, Fitzmaurice-Kelly thinks, "the Peninsula has produced no more superb poetical temperament," Gongora, Lope de Vega, and the mordant Quevedo. Cervantes is represented by a lone sonnet, a courtesy to which the great novelist, considered as a poet, is barely entitled. Nearly one-half of the volume is devoted to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Esponceda and Núnez de Arce are indubitably the two greatest figures in this period. Doubtless Spaniards will regret that Zorilla is not more generously represented. But mere grace and facility are more appreciated in Spain than elsewhere. The contemporary school, led by the Nicaraguan, Rubén Dario, brings the volume to a close. They deserve credit for their effort to avoid improvisation, that besetting sin of many a Castilian poet. No more conscientious craftsmen than some of these can be found in any land.

Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has never done anything better, in brief compass, than his introductory essay on Spanish poetry. His skill in analysis and talent for pointed characterization are once more in evidence. Brief biographies of all the poets whose works have been drawn from add interest and value to the book.

Notes from Abroad

[We omit "Notes" from this issue owing to the large amount of kindred matter in the Educational Section. The omission of certain other regular features is explained on similar grounds.—Ed. The Nation.]

THE agitation for admitting women to the legal profession in England has been revived of late, and has enlisted in its support several distinguished names, including that of the Attorney-General, Sir John Simon. The promoters of this change, however, are likely to find that this is a most inopportune time for getting a hearing. A Past Master of the City of London Solicitors' Company, for instance, reminds his fellow-lawyers that for several months past many educated women have been exhibiting an utter want of respect for the law. Ought such persons, he asks, to be allowed to have any part in the administration of the laws or the conduct of legal proceedings? His remonstrance is the more pointed in view of the fact that one of the Pankhursts is an LL.B., and would presumably be one of the first women to claim admission to the roll.

THE British Association rarely goes outside the mother country to hold its annual conferences, and special interest has therefore been aroused in the meetings to be held in Australia in August. Labor politicians are not usually supposed to care much about science, but the Federal Government of the commonwealth has sent the Council of the Association $75,000 to pay the travelling expenses of 160 invited guests. Nearly 200 others are expected to undertake the journey. In Australia itself the way of the visitors will be smoothed by free railway passes on the state railways, and by hospitality on a generous scale. Some of the members are hoping to supplement their attendance at the sessions by taking part in geological and anthropological expeditions inland and in the South Seas.

IN Wigmore Street, in the heart of the London doctors' quarter, there will be opened in May, as a permanent institution, the Historical Medical Museum, which has been developed out of the temporary exhibition arranged in connection with last year's International Congress of Medicine. Admission will be restricted to members of the medical and kindred professions. The Museum will include many relics of famous doctors, and such curiosities as models of sixteenth-century hospitals and early laboratories. The section devoted to charms and amulets is widely representative, ranging from the anti-ophthalmic talismans of ancient Egypt to the strands of red silk wound around the necks of Norfolk children to stop bleeding from the nose.

THE latest innovation at a London theatre is said to be an imitation of an Oriental custom. The manager of the Coliseum is arranging for a run of serial plays, producing one act a week until the drama is completed. He will copy the practice of editors who publish serial tales, and will preface each later act by a synopsis of what has gone before. It has been suggested that this method might be tried with "Hamlet," so as to get rid of the necessity of cuts.

OXONIANS of middle age will rub their eyes when they come across the announcement that a University Co-operative Society has been formed and will open a store next term in the High Street. Yet the venture is not such an astonishing one. The coöperative movement has long ceased to be a purely working-class affair. Many years ago the example set by the mill operatives of Rochdale was followed by members of the Civil Service and officers of the Army and Navy. Nowhere is the credit system more mischievous than at Oxford, where the obsequiousness of touting shopkeepers often tempts young men to run up accounts they will afterward find it difficult to meet. Canon Scott Holland and Prof. W. G. S. Adams will be among the senior members of the committee, but the management will be mainly in the hands of undergraduates.

THE Marseillaise of Labor, running—

'Tis the final struggle—
Stand together and to-morrow
The Internationale
Shall be Mankind?

has a beginning of fulfilment in negotiations made necessary by the closing of the Russian frontier to German wheat and rye. Just as Irishmen go for the harvest to England and Italians dig in railways and Hungarians in mines in America, while Spaniards who have worked at Panama are now found along railway tracks near Paris, and Belgians and Italians come harvesting in eastern France, so German agriculture employed last year 412,000 foreign laborers, and German industry 355,000 foreign workmen. In Germany, these foreigners are mostly Slavs from Russia and Austria. Among such agricultural laborers alone there were 260,000 Russian Poles. Of the total number from Austria, 281,000, half were Poles. There were 69,000 Italians, 64,000 Belgians and Hollanders, and 20,000 Hungarians. Without these foreign Poles, East Prussia would be unable to harvest her crops. All this has to be considered in the important negotiations for new treaties of commerce now beginning throughout the Continent of Europe; and it has to be taken into account in all war or anti-war agreements.

ONE or two Paris journals remembered that March 26 was the centenary of the death of Dr. Guillotin, who narrowly escaped decapitation by the machine bearing his name. On October 10, 1789, while the Revolution was still young and philanthropic, he demanded its adoption "to lessen suffering and automatically to make sure of equality before the executioner. With my machine, I cut off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you do not feel the least pain." Every one laughed, and the vote was unanimous; but when, in 1792, the "little Sainte Guillotine" became the deadly instrument of the Terror, the good Doctor who had never foreseen this protested loudly. He was imprisoned, and would have had to "kiss the Widow" forever bearing his name if Robespierre had not made acquaintance with her first. Ten years later, Dr. Guillotin drew up his own obituary notice, enumerating his various professorships at the Paris Faculty of Medicine and his vaccination experments—but omitting carefully all mention of the guillotine.

THE Souvenir presented to Queen Mary by the committee of Parisian Commerce, in celebration of the English sovereigns' visit, is a notable piece of hand embroidery. It is an apotheosis of the *entente cordiale*, representing France welcoming England, who holds the olive branch. Below, to right, is the British lion, whom a genius crowns with flowers. To left is the Gallic Cock beside a cornucopia pouring out its riches. In the background, the horizon is a calm sea with the rainbow of Peace against the sky. The border is of arabesques formed of roses, thistles, and shamrocks, with the arms of Great Britain. At the four corners there are Louis Quinze medallions showing manifestations of *entente cordiale* between the two nations in the past: (1) Francis I and Henry VIII at the Field of the Cloth of Gold; (2) King Louis Philippe and his English house of Claremont; (3) Queen Victoria and Emperor Napoleon III at the Paris Opéra; (4) King Edward VII visiting President Loubet in Paris. The silver gilt frame, with mother-of-pearl and ivory incrustations, has Queen Mary's coat of arms between those of London and Paris.

ONE kind of literature credited to America has had heavy sales of late years all over France. It is published in paper-covered numbers at five cents each—"Buffalo-Bill," 321 numbers; "Nick Carter," 317; "Capitaine Morgan," 200; "Nat-Pinkerton," 320, and still running, like "Texas-Jack," 270. The sales in France must have gone into the hundred thousands. The numbers are "printed in German" by the same house which prints for German consumption lurid tales attacking the French "foreign legion."

Music

SEVENTEEN THOUSAND OPERA LIBRETTOS.

Catalogue of Opera Librettos Printed Before 1800. By Oscar George Theodore Sonneck. Washington: Government Printing Office. 2 vols. $2.

More than 30,000 operas have been performed in Europe and America since the year 1597. The repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House during the season just closed included thirty-six different operas. Annesley's "Standard Opera Glass," which is perhaps the most comprehensive collection of its kind, contains, in its edition for 1899, the plots of 123 operas, and of these at least forty-eight are obsolete. By a liberal estimate, of all the operas ever composed, not more than seventy-five are now alive and more or less popular. That there is a good deal of interest concerning these is shown by the abundance of books in the market similar to the one just referred to, and the large number of editions which some of them have passed through.

What of the discarded operas? A few of them are referred to in the elaborate histories of music—at least, their music is spoken of; but concerning their librettos hardly any information has been available. The indefatigable Mr. Sonneck, chief of the Division of Music in the Library of Congress, now comes to the rescue with two volumes, amounting to 1,674 pages, devoted to opera librettos printed before the nineteenth century, and there is an intimation in the preface that another volume, concerned with the librettos of the nineteenth century, will follow in a few years.

Even the industrious Mr. Sonneck would not have been able to give the world such an impressively comprehensive catalogue had he not been able to avail himself of the labors of a German, Albert Schatz, of Rostock, who spent forty-two years of his life in collecting librettos, as well as material for a dictionary of operas. In 1908 Mr. Schatz, being in feeble health and feeling that he could not complete his task, offered his collection to the Library of Congress, which promptly purchased it. It comprised about 12,000 opera librettos and a few hundred librettos of oratorios and cantatas. Using this as a nucleus, Mr. Sonneck gradually built up the collection now before us. Comprehensive though it be, it is far from being complete; but the editor hopes that others will now be in a position to help him fill up gaps. Those left by Mr. Schatz were chiefly in the realm of opera in France, Russia, Scandinavia, Bohemia, Hungary, Spain, England, and America. Mr. Sonneck thinks it is a safe estimate that the total number of librettos which have accrued to the Library of Congress by purchase, copyright, gift, or otherwise now reaches, if it does not exceed, 17,000.

Heretofore the only printed catalogue of librettos has been that of Wotquenne, of the Royal Conservatory Library of Brussels. This, however, covers only one century (the seventeenth), whereas Mr. Sonneck's, when completed, will cover the three centuries of the existence of this young art. At first thought, nine-tenths of the matter in this catalogue would seem to come under the head of useless knowledge; but Mr. Sonneck, in his preface, advances sundry reasons why such a collection is of value, especially to historians and other students of operatic evolution. He is inclined to think, and with reason, that the very foundations of opera were laid by the librettist, Rinuccini, as much as by the composers, Jacopo Corsi, Peri, or Caccini. To most persons the word libretto suggests a thing which is neither drama nor literature, and there is abundant reason, even in recent productions, for this notion; but it must be remembered that not only the opera texts of Wagner, but those of Gilbert, Maeterlinck, and, in earlier days, of Zeno, Metastasio, Goldoni, Quinault, Favart, and others, come under the head of high-class dramatic literature, although in judging them it must be remembered that they had to be constructed with special reference to music, and therefore followed different standards from those of the drama without music. This is what is so often forgotten in estimating the value of the poems of Wagner and of others.

For a long time the librettists, particularly in Italy, where opera originated, were the too obedient servants of the composers. Metastasio resented this submissiveness, insisting that librettists had important problems of their own to solve. How difficult these prob-

lems are may be inferred from the scarcity of librettists as compared with the abundance of playwrights. All the composers complain of the difficulty of getting suitable plots and texts. Puccini, for instance, spends years reading manuscripts, and then he usually falls back on some play that has succeeded. He, nevertheless, holds that the music should dominate the play, as it really does in the operas of Wagner, notwithstanding all his theorizing and preaching.

Among the many interesting notes Mr. Sonneck has contributed to this catalogue there are several which show that these questions received serious attention long before Wagner. Isaac Bickerstaff, for example, declared (1765) that the best composition of the greatest master would not make a contemptible poem pass with an audience. Of particular interest, at this moment, when Richard Strauss's "Legend of Joseph" is being staged, is the remark of John Burgoyne (1781) that "music, if employed to express action, must be confined to dumb show. It is the very essence of pantomime; and we have lately seen upon the opera stage how well a whole story may be told in dance." HENRY T. FINCK.

Busoni, who has been engaged by Hanson for another American tour next season, has composed an Indian Fantasie for piano and orchestra, which is said to embody "the impressions received during his last visit to America."

An attractive souvenir of the opera season is Kobbé's "Opera Singers." This book, published by the Oliver Ditson Company, is kept up to date. Caruso, for instance, who was not in the first edition, leads off in the sixth edition with half-a-dozen pages of biography and eight character portraits. Four favorites of the day, Geraldine Farrar, Johanna Gadski, Olive Fremstad, and Mary Garden, are treated at length, and Nordica has two pages. There are many full-page portraits, mostly in costume.

The following operas will be given at the Wagner-Mozart festival at Munich this summer: Wagner—"Parsifal," July 31, August 10, 19, and 28, and September 7, and 15; "Der Ring," August 12 to 17, and August 31 to September 5; "Tristan und Isolde," August 4 and 22 and September 10; "Die Meistersinger," August 7 and 25 and September 12. Mozart—"Figaro's Hochzeit," August 2 and 27; "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," August 6 and September 14; "Don Giovanni," August 9 and September 9; "Die Zauberflöte," August 21 and 29; "Cosi fan tutte," August 24.

A month ago "Parsifal" had already been sung twenty-two times at the Scala, in Milan, and was still drawing crowded houses. Similar results have been achieved in cities all over Europe, including London, where the series of twelve promised performances was extended to fourteen. This means that hundreds of thousands of lovers of music are delighted that the efforts to keep up the Bayreuth monopoly of "Parsifal" for the benefit of Wagner's millionaire heirs were not successful.

Munich has been saving its "Parsifal" première for this summer's Wagner festival. The part of Kundry has been assigned to the American artist, Edyth Walker.

Finance

THE MOVEMENT OF EVENTS.

When the stock market last week, whose course in the week preceding had plainly indicated the probability of a general and severe decline, suddenly reversed its form—starting out on Monday with initial advances of ½ to 2 points, rising further on that and the succeeding days, and rushing into a really violent recovery on Friday—the reversal of the movement was naturally ascribed to the change in the Mexican situation. That change had certainly been very great—how great, the Stock Exchange seemed only slowly to realize. Whether the beginning of a serious war with Mexico would or would not have served logically to demoralize our financial and business affairs, the facts remained that wars are apt to have just that effect, that the week's heavy break might have been interpreted as a "war market," and that the situation which it was "discounting" had been suddenly changed, over Sunday, from open war to at least a truce, if not to actual peace. To a very great extent, this is the explanation of the market.

But it was not the single explanation; at any rate, it was complicated with other considerations. When Europe, on Friday of last week, suddenly began pouring out stocks upon the American market—not until then very seriously disturbed—Wall Street declared at once that, even if financial New York had received the Mexican news with composure, London and the Continent had taken fright at it. But when it appeared that British consols and English home securities were breaking more heavily than our own, there was a bewildered pause in drawing inferences. Presently came cable dispatches, declaring that the trouble was not "Mexico" at all, but Europe's own affairs. When, further, it was asked, with some surprise, what had happened in Europe to provoke that sudden liquidation, the foreign stock exchanges answered that money rates were rising; that financial Paris was again on the verge of collapse; that the Continent was preventing the Bank of England from getting the new supplies of Transvaal gold; that Russia and Germany were growing quarrelsome; that the old Austrian Emperor was dying, and that civil war was about to break out in Ulster.

At the beginning of last week, the foreign markets turned to recovery as suddenly as did our own. British consols, which had fallen 1⅜ the week before, rose nearly a point; French 3 per cents, which had gone down ⅜, recovered more than 1 point; German 3s regained half of their 1-point decline; Russian 4s advanced ½ after falling 1½. How was all this to be explained, in line with the causes assigned by Europe for the break?

The rise in London discount rates, from 1¾ per cent. on April 1 to [illegible] last week, may have been disconcerting to people who had reckoned on continuance of abnormal ease; but it was also a corrective to the adverse foreign exchanges. On April 1, money earned fully 1 per cent. more at Paris or Berlin than at London; it was easy, then, for the Continental markets to borrow on Lombard Street, depress their exchange on London, and draw gold. On Saturday, the London money rates were squarely up to those of the French and German markets, and the process was not so easy. This was in reality a favorable change, which London itself may have misjudged.

Since the Paris Stock Exchange gave a particularly good account of itself last week, and since rentes recovered more rapidly than any other European Government security, it is in point to ask whether London may not, as on so many previous occasions, have become more alarmed about the French situation than Paris was itself. The Austrian Emperor is eighty-four years old; any illness incurred by him is likely enough to bring the end, and it has been the habit of Europe to predict a general break-down of the political structure of the Empire when Franz Joseph, long the personal link in a combination of heterogeneous and jealous states, should die. But the old Emperor survived, and meantime Europe had the opportunity again to ask the question, whether an event long expected, long dreaded, and long prepared for with the greatest care, was not apt to turn out a far less formidable political catastrophe than had been imagined.

To what extent the "Ulster crisis" was taken on the London Stock Exchange as something likely to lead to civil war, has never been possible really to determine. There were those who could not look at the episode as anything short of a political opéra bouffe, and there were those who felt that, whatever either side intended, there were elements of political conflagration in the matter as it stood which might start a most destructive blaze.

It certainly bore that aspect the week before last, when the cables told of arms landed secretly in Ulster and when the London market's break began. But the "Ulster controversy" underwent a

change, the following week, as sudden as that of the Mexican imbroglio, and quite simultaneous with it. First, the Government's pugnacious spokesman, Mr. Winston Churchill, then the Premier, and finally Sir Edward Carson himself, the head and front of the "Ulster insurrection," declared in Parliament their willingness to compromise on the general basis of the allotment of Great Britain and Ireland into federal units under Parliament; of which units, Ulster should be one. But that principle, once accepted, would have meant the beginning of the end of the Ulster trouble.

Which of these various considerations was responsible for the disordered markets, and for the rapid recovery? It is a curious question, and it certainly suggests the possibility that the vagaries of sentiment, political or otherwise, may have had more to do with this year's strange financial situation than the real economic influences.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Parbee, L. In the College Days. Chicago: Denison. $1 net.
Broadhurst, G., and Schomer, A. To-day. Macaulay. $1.25 net.
Chester, G. R. Cordelia Blossom. Hearst's International Library. $1.35 net.
De Lara and Pinchon, E. The Mexican People and their Struggle for Freedom. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Dix, D. Mirandy. Hearst's International Library. $1 net.
Dudeney, Mrs. H. Set to Partners. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Henckley, J. "E.": A novel. Duffield. $1.35 net.
Johnson, O. The Salamander. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill. $1.35 net.
Key, K. J., Mrs. A Daughter of Love. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Leroux, G. The Secret of the Night. Macaulay. $1.25 net.
Lessing, B. With the Best Intentions. Hearst's International Library. $1.25 net.
Marriott, C. What a Man Wants. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill. $1.35 net.
Miller, A. D. Things. Scribner. 50 cents net.
Reeve, A. The Dream Doctor. Hearst's International Library. $1.35 net.
Vaka, D. A Child of the Orient. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Vandercook, M. The Loves of Ambrose. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Waggaman, M. T. The Ups and Downs of Marjorie. Benziger. 45 cents net.
Wells, H. G. The Wonderful Visit. New Edition. Dutton. $1.35 net.

POETRY.

Barbe, W. Great Poems Interpreted. Hinds, Noble.
Heine, H. Atta Troll. Trans. by H. Scheffauer. Huebsch.
Maquarie, A. The Happy Kingdom; The Days of the Magnificent; Floralisa; The Wheel of Life. London: Bickers.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Ballagh, J. C. The Letters of Richard Henry Lee. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Bassett, A. T. The Life of John Edward Ellis. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Hare, C. Men and Women of the Italian Reformation. Scribner.
Loeb Classical Library: Dio's Roman History. Trans. by E. Cary. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Selincourt, B. de. Walt Whitman. Kennerly. $2.50 net.
Woman's Who's Who in America. The American Commonwealth Co.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Bonnet, T. A Friend of the People. San Francisco: Pacific Publication Co.
Branford, V. Interpretations and Forecasts. Kennerley. $2.50 net.
Foster, W. T., and Others. The Social Emergency. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bacon, B. W. Christianity, Old and New. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1 net.
Darroch, A. Education and the New Utilitarianism. Longmans. $1.20 net.
Day, H. C. Catholic Democracy. Longmans. $1.80 net.
Olcott, W. T. Sun Lore of All Ages. Putnam.
Stetson, A. E. Vital Issues in Christian Science. Putnam.

TRAVEL.

Hall, N. E. Dutch Days. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Palmer, H. Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirks. Putnam. $5 net.
Woodberry, G. North Africa and the Desert. Scribner. $2 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Gibb, M. P. A Guide to the Chassevant Method. Stokes. $1 net.
Harris, F. H. Eight Plays for the School. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Hauptmann, G. Dramatic Works. Vols. III and IV. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
Schnitzler, A. The Green Cockatoo and Other Plays. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

ART.

Fürtwangler, A., and H. L. Ulrichs. Greek and Roman Sculpture. Trans. H. Taylor. Dutton. $2 net.
Hunter, G. L. Inside the House that Jack Built. Lane. $1.35 net.
Watts, Mrs. R. The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal. Stokes. $5 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Allen, P. S., and Phillipson, P. German Conversation. Holt.
Davis, W. S. Readings in Ancient History. Greece and Rome. Allyn & Bacon. 2 vols. $1 each.
Keller, G. Die Drei Gerechten Kammacher. Heath. 35 cents.
Livingston, G. Field Crop Production. Macmillan. $1.40.
Metcalf, J. C. American Literature. Richmond: Johnson.
Richman, J. and Lehman, E. Methods of Teaching Jewish Ethics. Philadelphia: Jewish Chautauqua Society.
Selections for Oral Reading. Macmillan. 25 cents net.
Tucker, L. E. Visualized History of Education. Hinds, Noble. $2.
West, W. M. American History and Government. Allyn & Bacon. $2.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1914.

Summary of the News

Rumors and alarms over the Mexican crisis have been plentiful, but, so far as the United States is concerned, there has been no marked change in the situation since we wrote last week, nor is any decided change anticipated pending the meeting of the mediators at Niagara Falls next Monday. That the military situation at Vera Cruz has occasioned anxiety has been evident from the frequent consultations of the military authorities at Washington, and the preparations made to reinforce Gen. Funston's forces. Gen. Huerta, on Friday, made representations through the mediators protesting that the activities of the American troops at Vera Cruz were in violation of the armistice, and another protest was made on Monday against the "occupation" of Lobos Island, the light on which is being tended by American sailors for the benefit of navigation. It is understood that the agreement in force, which Gen. Huerta terms an armistice, permits of the strengthening or moving of the troops on either side within their own lines, so long as no advance is made.

Two other incidents in the week which at one time caused serious alarm have been satisfactorily settled. The German steamship Kronprinzessin Cecilie, which had on board a consignment of arms and ammunition for Huerta, sailed from Vera Cruz on Monday without having discharged her cargo, and news was received on Tuesday that the Mexican Government had ordered the immediate release of Vice-Consul John R. Silliman, who had been held a prisoner at Saltillo and concerning whose safety considerable anxiety had been felt.

The rebel attack on Tampico was renewed on Sunday, and reports of its capture have been circulated and contradicted with bewildering frequency. At the time of writing indications are that its fall will not long be delayed, and with Tampico in the hands of the rebels it seems probable that Saltillo will be abandoned and that the Federal forces will fall back on San Luis Potosi, or some point even further south. Rumors persist that disaffection is spreading among Huerta's forces.

We comment elsewhere on the wranglings which have marked the proceedings of the Colorado Legislature in connection with the recent mine riots. It is satisfactory, however, to note that the admirable conduct of the Federal troops has had the effect of quieting the strike area and no further disturbances have been reported. On Monday the President issued an order for the compulsory disarmament of all civilians, including deputy sheriffs, five o'clock Wednesday evening being fixed as the time limit for the voluntary surrender of arms. On Monday the Colorado House of Representatives passed the third reading of the bill to provide a $1,000,000 bond issue to pay for past, present, and future expenses of the militia in the strike field.

The Naval Appropriation bill was passed by the House on May 7. The bill carries approximately $140,000,000, and authorizes a building programme of two new battleships, six torpedo-boat destroyers, and eight submarines.

A resolution authorizing the President to increase the strength of the regular army to 110,000 men was presented to the Senate on May 7 by Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

A report issued by the Agricultural Department on May 7 indicates that the United States will this year harvest the greatest winter wheat crop in its history. According to the report, the condition of the growing crop over the whole of the United States is 95.9 per cent. perfect, and a harvest of 630,000,000 bushels may be anticipated.

The final item of the Administration's anti-Trust programme came before the House on May 7, when the Railway Capitalization bill was reported by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The bill, which has met with a considerable amount of opposition from the big railways, provides that railways, before issuing stocks or bonds, shall obtain authority from the Interstate Commerce Commission; that all facts relating to the issue of stocks or bonds shall be made public through the Commission, and that interlocking directorates shall be prohibited except by permission of the Commission.

Two boats containing the captain and thirty men of the steamship Columbian, of the Leyland Line, which was wrecked by a series of explosions in her hold and abandoned, burning, on May 4, 150 miles south of Sable Island, N. S., were picked up on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week by the Franconia and the Manhattan. A third boat, containing the rest of the crew, variously estimated at nineteen to twenty-five in number, has not yet been accounted for, but it is hoped that she may have been rescued by some steamship not carrying wireless.

There is apparently a prospect that the British Government may reconsider to some extent its uncompromising refusal to be officially represented at the Panama Exposition. A deputation consisting of nearly half of the members of the House of Commons waited upon Mr. Asquith last week to suggest for his consideration a scheme by which the Government should build a special pavilion which should serve as a rallying point for British subjects. The Premier intimated that the scheme, which would involve small cost, might be adopted.

It was officially announced in London on Thursday of last week that Prince Alexander of Teck, brother of Queen Mary, will succeed the Duke of Connaught in October as Governor-General of Canada.

No important developments have occurred in the Home Rule situation. Conversations have taken place between members of the Government and Nationalist leaders, and it was reported that a conference was also held early last week at which Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill met Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson. If, however, the meeting took place, the results of it have not been made public. A petition from the Unionists of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, protesting against the Home Rule bill, was sent to the King on Monday.

The French general elections were completed on May 10, when supplementary ballots were taken in the 252 constituencies which failed to give the majorities necessary to elect candidates at the first voting on April 26. The outstanding feature of the elections is the success of the Unified Socialists, who have obtained 102 seats in the new Chamber as compared with 64 in the last Parliament. The grouping of the new Chamber is given in cable dispatches as follows: Extreme Socialists, 102; Independent and Republican Socialists, 30; United Radicals, 136; Independent Radicals and Republicans of the Left, 102; Democratic Alliance, 100; Progressive and Federated Republicans, 54; National Liberals, 34; Right, composed of Royalists and Extreme Conservatives, 26; Independent, 16. The Paris *Temps*, analyzing the returns, gives 308 of the 602 members as in favor of the three years' military service, 279 as supporting the income tax, and 352 for proportional representation.

A severe earthquake occurred on the east coast of Sicily on Friday night, and slighter shocks were felt on the three days following. Nearly a score of villages were destroyed by the shock of Friday, and the number of persons killed is estimated at between 150 and 200. The Italian Government has undertaken the work of relief, and troops are restoring order in the district.

Fighting continues in northern Epirus between Epirotes and Albanians, the former apparently being in the ascendant. A massacre of Mohammedan Albanians was reported to have taken place at Kodra early last week.

The deaths of the week include: Amédée Gasquet, Judge John F. Dillon, May 5; Dr. Charles S. Wainwright, Countess Edmond de Pourtales, May 6; Col. Milton Park, Vincenzo Lombardi, May 8; Charles W. Post, May 9; Mme. Lillian Nordica, Ernst von Schuch, Frau von Bethmann-Hollweg, Sir William A. Smith, May 10; Col. John C. C. Mayo, Daniel de Leon, Arthur Gillespie, Major-Gen. Charles B. Hall, May 11.

The Week

Dispatches from Vera Cruz indicate that the army officers in command there are not losing their heads over the alleged killing of Private Parks, an orderly who, apparently in a state of mental aberration, caused by the heat, rode away from the American lines towards the Mexican lines. Gen. Funston, it is stated, deems it inadvisable to open formal communication with Gen. Maas, and is therefore leaving the case to be dealt with from Washington. But the incident serves to emphasize the special nature of the responsibility at present resting on President Wilson. That responsibility is more acute, and demands more constant and unflinching firmness in the pursuit of a fixed principle of conduct, than at any previous stage of the situation. Now from one quarter, now from another, will come distressing or disturbing stories, true and false. To sift the truth from the falsehood is in itself far from a light undertaking, and yet this is not the most troublesome aspect of these matters. The incident of the Tampico refugees is a striking exemplification of the kind of danger that has continually to be dealt with—the danger of emotion and ignorance getting the better of judgment and knowledge. It is so much more "natural" to get indignant over the fact that the American warships did not go into the harbor and carry off our fellow-citizens than to recognize that in accepting the offer of the British commander we saved the lives of our compatriots instead of exposing them to slaughter by infuriated Mexicans, and gave the peace negotiations a chance instead of plunging the country into war. The President has a trying task before him in steering the ship through these troubled waters; but it is a noble work, and the country trusts him to hold the rudder true.

Congress and President seem to be settling down to a clear determination that the session must come to an end early in July. The decision is a wise one. After the first of July, any consideration that Congress may give to the questions involved in the very important measures which the President desires to have passed is sure to be far from adequate. What it may be possible to accomplish in the weeks still before it, nobody can predict with confidence; the one thing certain is that a jamming-through process at this stage, especially in relation to the Trust bills, would be thoroughly bad. There are many essential points of difference between the legislative situation surrounding these bills and that which existed in regard to the Tariff bill and the Banking and Currency bill. The lowering of the tariff was a clearly defined and central part of the programme to which the Democratic party was pledged. The reform of the banking and currency laws had been for years a universally acknowledged need of the country, and the work of the Monetary Commission, while not disposing of the difficulties and controversies affecting it, had brought public opinion to a point at which a settlement could be compassed by vigorous and patriotic leadership. Upon the Trust bills there is neither any definiteness of programme nor any general feeling in the country of the need of them. On the other hand, there is a widespread and intense conviction that the country is entitled to a rest. If Congress should adjourn without passing any Trust bills, the disappointment would, we imagine, be about as keen as would be the disappointment of the people of New York if the recent Constitutional Convention election should be declared void by the courts.

It is gratifying to learn, from the general testimony of the Washington dispatches, that the Senate is likely to judge Mr. Wilson's appointments to the Federal Reserve Board on the basis of experience, knowledge, and fitness for the duties which will have to be performed. If confirmation is to be determined on these grounds, there will be little doubt of the Senate's favorable action. Indeed, one good result of the thorough Congressional discussion of the Banking law's provisions, in and out of the committees last autumn, is that the average Congressman has gained an unusually clear idea of the peculiarly exacting technical problems which will confront the Board, and of the absolute necessity of competent men to deal with them. No objection has been raised in any quarter to any of the President's nominations, on the ground of incompetence for the office. The most that has been heard, by way of criticism, is the somewhat perfunctory remark of one or two Senators like Mr. Bristow, that the proposed Board is "reactionary in its personnel." "Reactionary" is always a serviceable word when a critic is at loss to find an explicit basis of opposition. In the present instance it might mean that the nominees were too largely men experienced in banking, or that they were men who would hesitate to indulge in haphazard experiments, or that they were likely to shape their official policies through study of the experience of the older and successful state banks of Europe. Inasmuch as Senators of the majority party are aware that the party's prestige will be affected by the practical success or failure of the important experiment, and inasmuch as Senators of the opposition party are committed to the general purposes of the act, we imagine that such an argument will cut little figure in obstruction.

From Para Col. Roosevelt hurled the word "blackmail" at the $25,000,000 which the new treaty proposes that the United States pay to Colombia. This is characteristic, but hardly conclusive. For Roosevelt himself when President, or, at any rate, his Secretary of State, Mr. Root, speaking for him, admitted that Colombia was entitled to money damages from us. He pointed out, early in 1909, when the Root-Cortez treaty was pending, that there were, in the treaty of 1846, as also by the original contract with the French Panama Canal Company, certain "stipulations and reservations running to Colombia," which it was necessary for this Government to quiet in order to make its title to the Canal Zone "unquestioned." In order to do this, Secretary Root offered, among other things, to pay the sum of $1,250,000. Was that blackmail? When the Taft Administration increased the offer of this country to $10,000,000, was it blackmail? Whether the proposed $25,000,000 is too much, we need not at present discuss. But it cannot fairly be called blackmail by the man who himself was ready to pay a smaller sum. Blackmail begins with the first cent, not with the last million.

In 1907 the New Haven found it advisable, so it is declared, to get rid of

some 109,000 shares of Boston & Maine stock which it held. Mr. Billard, a private capitalist, agreed to buy it at $125 per share. For this, and for some additional shares—enough to obtain control—he paid part from his own cash resources and borrowed for the balance, one of the lenders being a subsidiary company of the New Haven itself. A year or so later the New Haven desired to buy back the stock. It did so at $150, paying, not in cash, but in the notes of another New Haven subsidiary. These notes Mr. Billard sold to a corporation which was organized for the purpose and in which he was the only stockholder, and that corporation issued its own notes in return. The New Haven subsidiary which had loaned to Mr. Billard, when he first bought the Boston & Maine stock, now purchased from him the fourteen millions Billard Corporation notes. With part of the proceeds he paid off his debt to that same subsidiary, and his loan to a New York bank. There remained the notes of the Billard Company held by the first of the New Haven subsidiaries, and these were in part redeemed by selling to the lending company the notes of the other New Haven subsidiary, which were collateral against the Billard Company's obligations. Mr. Billard's testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission did not make it clear how all this remarkable series of financial achievements left the mutual indebtedness of the various participants who had alternately figured as borrowers from or lenders to one another.

None of the outward and visible memorials to the lofty place that Lincoln has already assuredly taken in history will be so striking in its significance as the statue that is to be erected opposite Westminster Abbey in connection with the peace centenary next year. The statue, which is to be a replica of Saint-Gaudens's impressive work in Lincoln Park, Chicago, is to be dedicated on Lincoln's birthday, which happens to fall within three days of the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent. Next year, it may be noted, will be also the semi-centennial of Lincoln's death. It would be difficult to imagine a more dramatic setting for the statue than the one chosen. Hard by are the stately Houses of Parliament, and statues of such typical British statesmen as Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Canning. What can an Illinois railsplitter, and rough and ready debater on New World questions, have to do with polished gentlemen like these? Even the presence of a statue of Cromwell only emphasizes the wonder of the matter, for Lincoln was neither a zealot nor a dictator. Yet no one will question his right to stand there, in streaming London's central roar, and visitors to the metropolis of the world will not look with least interest and emotion upon the figure of the ungainly man from across the sea.

Gov. Blease's failure to control the Democratic State Convention of South Carolina, which is assured by his defeat in a large majority of the counties that have chosen delegates, does not necessarily mean his defeat for the Senatorship. The chief questions that are to come before the State Convention bear, indeed, upon the primary at which the Senatorial nominee is to be chosen, and virtually elected. These questions are the safeguarding against fraud, charges of which were pointedly made in connection with the primary of 1912, and the restriction of admission to the primary to those who are constitutionally qualified to vote at the regular election. At present, white illiterates are permitted to vote in the primary, which is the real election, and their better educated neighbors then go through the solemn farce of ratifying in November the ticket so chosen. As Blease has always been strong with voters who could be stirred by appeals to race and other prejudices, exclusion from the primary of men who, knowing the law, have grown up without taking the trouble to learn to read and write, would apparently be a severe blow to him. But the Convention is more likely to pay attention to the methods of preventing fraud than to the question of who shall be eligible to vote in the primary.

At this distance, the chief thing that stands out in the doings of the Colorado Legislature thus far is an apparently complete failure to realize the disgrace that has fallen upon the State, and to join hands in an endeavor to redeem its good name. The Legislature was, of course, sure to have to grapple with subjects of controversy upon which feeling would be intense and struggle would be protracted. But in a State conscious of the obligations of its primary duty, and alive to the most rudimentary promptings of self-respect, the reëstablishment of the supremacy of its own government within its own borders would demand and obtain the attention of the Legislature, to the exclusion of all other elements in the situation, until it was provided for. The wranglings at Denver are a most significant commentary on the bloodshed and anarchy in the mining districts. Impotence in the maintenance of the law, there is but too much reason to believe, has been merely a reflection of the lack of that kind of public sentiment upon which, in the last analysis, the integrity and the potency of the law everywhere depend. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will yet show that it has the capacity to rise to the demands of the situation. If it does not—if it shows itself content to leave the duty of maintaining law and order within its own borders to be performed for an indefinite time by the United States army—it will put Colorado in a place which no sister State of her rank in population and wealth has ever been willing to occupy.

Ohio is becoming an experiment station for municipal government. Taking advantage of the constitutional amendment granting home rule to cities, Dayton is trying the city-manager plan, and Columbus has just adopted a new charter which is described as a modified federal scheme. It was adopted by only 1,000 majority in a total vote of 16,000, which is but 40 per cent. of the vote cast at the last election. The features of the new charter are a council of seven chosen at large in place of the present council of sixteen chosen by wards; non-partisan election of, and preferential voting for, Mayor, City Attorney, and Auditor, with the initiative, referendum, and recall. Separation of executive and legislative powers is preserved by leaving in the hands of the Mayor the usual authority to appoint and remove officers whose positions are created by the Council, while the Mayor and the Council are brought together by the provision that the Mayor has a seat in the Council, but no vote. It is not easy to see why the principles of non-partisan election and preferential voting

should not be applied to the Council as well as to the other elective officers.

Lillian Nordica was the greatest vocal artist America has produced. For sheer luscious beauty of tone her voice has seldom been equalled—"glorious" was an adjective frequently applied to it. She had, too, what most singers lack, style, and plentiful powers of expression. She modestly attributed her success to her zeal and industry. "Plenty," she once remarked, "have natural voices equal to mine, plenty have talent equal to mine, but I have worked." Like Lilli Lehmann, her only superior in the parts of Isolde and Brünnhilde, she retained the art of singing Italian florid music brilliantly long after she had become a Wagnerian specialist. She applied the Italian art of *bel canto* to Wagner's "speech-song"; and, conversely, infused the charms of the fervent dramatic style into such a part as Gounod's Marguerite. No artist was ever more eager to benefit by every hint given by the composer, in libretto, score, essay, or letter; yet so well did she know the art of concealing art that the result had the charm of emotional spontaneity. While the opera was her special domain, she was also inspiring in oratorio; the chance to hear her sing the "Inflammatus" in Rossini's "Stabat Mater" always drew a crowded house. As a singer of *Lieder* also she had few equals, often delighting connoisseurs with new touches, as when, in Schumann's "Nussbaum," she emphasized the heart-story in it more than the whispering of the leaves.

Since Lord Elgin's day there has been strong sentiment against the spoliation of relics by the agents of museums, and others; it is pleasant to see it showing itself with regard to defenceless Oriental lands. At a meeting last week of the American Museum of Natural History, "the trustees," we read, "authorized the president to communicate with the Chinese Government endorsing the movement of the Asiatic Institute for the preservation of the antiquities of China." Such action hopefully coincides with that of other institutions in America and Europe. Nowhere more than from the nations eloquent for Chinese unity, have travellers, explorers, ambassadors, teachers fallen into the habit of purchasing or confiscating works of artistic or antiquarian value. In so far as commercial use is made of them, home legislation can check the trade; so far as their collection is by individuals, for public or private preservation, it has remained for the campaign of the Asiatic Institute to foster a sentiment against the graver abuses.

To Irish Home Rule it is presumably appropriate that a lively row should leave the combatants in friendly mood. The army-against-the-people episode brought the House of Commons temper to a high pitch of exasperation, but ended on a strong note of peace. The recent gun-running episode gave rise to a revival of bitter partisanship; but once more conciliation seems to be to the fore. There is good reason for believing that a second peace conference is already in session, and that any day may bring an acceptable basis of compromise. This does not mean that the extremists on either side have been won over. A resolution against Home Rule in any form has just been signed by a hundred Unionists. In view of the fact that some form of Home Rule has been accepted by Carson and Bonar Law, and that Arthur Balfour in a pathetic speech virtually admitted that Home Rule was bound to come, we can look upon this latest manifesto as only another expression of the "die-hard" spirit which has brought repeated misfortune on the Unionist party.

If Mr. Austen Chamberlain was content to say that the proposals in Mr. Lloyd George's new budget are so complex that they require much examination, Americans may well be cautious in passing judgment upon them. The estimated expenditures for the fiscal year 1914-15 pass the billion-dollar mark by $30,000,000. The amount has been growing at an impressive rate, for a long time, and there is no sign of a slackening. Much of this increase has been due to the growing demands of war-preparedness, much to the social-welfare programme which has been the distinctive feature of the present Liberal Government's policy. To neither of these can any assignable limit be set; and there is accordingly likewise no telling to what heights taxation may be carried, especially in the case of the wealthy and the well-to-do. Already, in the proposed budget, the income-tax rate is above 13 per cent. in the case of large incomes, and nearly 7 per cent. in the case of "unearned" incomes—that is, incomes derived from investments—whether large or small; while the death-duties, or inheritance taxes, reach a maximum of 20 per cent. What the ultimate effect of this policy may prove to be, it would be rash to predict. For Americans, it may be sufficient to remark that, if we should ever commit ourselves to the general principle of national provision for old-age pensions, charity subventions, and the like, the scale on which it would be carried out would be pretty sure to make the British experiment seem trifling.

On Sunday occurred the second and final round in the elections to the Chamber of Deputies in France. The one outstanding result is a notable increase in the strength of the Unified Socialists, who will count roughly 100 in the new Chamber, a gain of more than 30. This leaves the official Socialist party in the French Parliament not far behind the German Socialists with 110 members of the Reichstag, and the German record is surpassed if we include the French Socialists of independent standing who do not recognize the discipline of M. Jaurès. Among the other groups that make up the Radical majority in the Chamber of Deputies, there have been comparatively unimportant shiftings. Group and party lines are far from rigid in the French Chamber, and the fortune of programmes and leaders cannot be foretold on the basis of the elections. It is difficult to say even what the opinion of the country has been on issues like the three years' military service or the income tax. On the one hand, figures have been published showing that candidates in favor of maintaining the service of three years have been successful. But this is outweighed by the very striking increase among the Socialists, who are in favor of returning to the two years' service. The quinquennial recurrence of parliamentary elections shows the unquestioned solidification of the Republic. The various monarchist factions and the Conservative Centre have been steadily going down.

LYING FOR THE SAKE OF WAR.

We hear of many complaints about newspaper "specials" from Mexico. The regular press services give cause enough, in all conscience, for disquietude. They feel compelled to send on a certain amount of rumor, but it is plainly labelled as such. No like restraint influences the correspondents in the employ of certain New York newspapers. Of them it is necessary to use plain language. More than one of them is known in the profession to be utterly untrustworthy. They have been detected before in reckless lying. Moreover, the stories they have forwarded are obviously composed in large part of wild romancing. They snap up the most improbable reports and enlarge upon them with every detail that their fancy can suggest. All that one would need to do to demonstrate their entire untruthfulness would be to take a series of their dispatches, covering a period of a week or ten days, and see how assertion after assertion falls to the ground. They do not retract anything proven false, these correspondents; they simply replace one lie with another.

Now, the great harm done by their conscienceless work, and especially by printing it day after day under big headlines, is that it inevitably confuses and misleads the American public. The general newspaper reader cannot be expected to scrutinize narrowly all that is laid before him as coming from Mexico. He knows nothing of the character of the men sending on the stuff. Nor is he accustomed to noting closely internal evidence, or to weighing inherent probabilities. He gets merely the constant iteration of alarming news, and the impression made upon him is that war is inevitable. And, of course, to produce that impression is precisely the fiendish intent of the men who invent insults to the United States in Mexico, and who manufacture outrages out of whole cloth. They are in their hearts for war and would stop at nothing to bring it on.

The sensational newspapers for two or three weeks past recounted the slaughter of Americans by scores. Americans had been set upon and butchered in Mexico City; they had been killed in San Luis and in Orizaba; Saltillo and Tampico and Cuernavaca had their American slain. But we now know, as the truth has slowly filtered out, that all this mass of rumor and insinuation and alarm had the smallest possible foundation in fact. The early statements were not withdrawn; they were stamped as false, one after another, by the mere course of events. It is now well established that there has been nothing like a massacre of Americans anywhere in Mexico. Since the relations between the two countries became acute, there may have been a few individual cases of murder, or attempted murder, but it is now certain that the positive and alarmist reports of a few days ago were one part rumor to nine parts lying.

As the facts become known, it is more and more evident that the Mexican authorities have done all within their power to protect the lives of Americans, and to aid them in leaving the country in safety, when they desire to do so. Tucked away on an inside page of the New York *Times* of last Sunday was a little telegram from Mexico City, conveying the attitude and belief of many Americans there. They think that their danger has been greatly exaggerated. Especially is it untrue that long-time American residents, who have sense enough to refrain from acts of provocation, are exposed to any special risk. The telegram concludes:

> Every day well-known American men and women are seen tranquilly walking in the thoroughfares of the city. Women engage in their shopping or marketing as usual.
>
> So far from being naturally ferocious, the great majority of Mexicans are naturally gentle.

With what special wonder must a first-hand statement like this overcome a reader long fed on the lurid accounts of sensational newspapers! Yet every one who knows anything at all about the Mexicans knows that they have been grossly calumniated by much of the matter that has been published in the American press. Mexico has her turbulent classes. And she has, unhappily, a long tradition of cruelty in warfare. But to suppose, as many of our rash newspaper writers would have us, that the mass of the Mexican people are bloodthirsty and treacherous and without the element of humanity, is monstrous. It is really an affront to our intelligence. All the unbiassed witnesses speak well of the native Indian stock, making up, as it does, three-fourths of the population. The educated classes have manners so fine as to make the ordinary American appear boorish. And they are not behind us in natural kind-heartedness.

"Will lying never cease?" Horace Greeley used indignantly to demand. It is probably too much to hope. But it is not too much to hope that the sentiment of a great people, in a time of national crisis, will not be moulded by systematic exaggerations and misrepresentations. Above all, it is not too much to hope that the policy of the Administration will not be determined by lying newspaper dispatches.

SENATOR O'GORMAN'S SPEECH.

Senator O'Gorman's speech on Panama tolls last Thursday was awaited with natural interest. He is the one leading Democrat in the Senate who has broken with his party and with the President on this question. It was right to expect, therefore, a powerful statement from him of the reasons which compelled him to this course. Moreover, his reputation as a Constitutional lawyer and as a former judge had inevitably awakened hopes of a great argument. We should hear the words of a jurist dealing with law and treaty. Seldom, indeed, have political and personal considerations so joined to give a Senator in advance a wide and attentive audience for a carefully prepared speech. The occasion was made for Senator O'Gorman. Did he rise to it?

A patient reading of the entire text of his speech leaves one with a sense of disappointment. Surely, this cannot be what the Senate and the country had been waiting for! It would be, we admit, unfair to expect Senator O'Gorman to strike out on wholly new lines in a matter which has been so thoroughly debated. He could not but traverse a good deal of familiar ground. But he might at least have given us ordered and coherent argument. He might have spared us the clap-trap about British arrogance and rapacity, and the wicked scheming of our railways, which any demagogue from the West could have got off with better grace than the Senator from New York. Above all, Senator O'Gorman might have addressed himself to the legal points involved with the close analysis and logical grappling of a mind trained by years on the bench. But he did not. His speech is

flung together, rather than close knit; and his arguments in the very matters where he was supposed to be a master are far from being conclusive.

We can touch upon his reasoning only at two or three points. Senator O'Gorman makes a great deal of our sovereign rights at Panama. These cannot be deeded away by treaty, although they are acquired by treaty. He roundly asserts that "the Supreme Court of the United States, in Wilson against Shaw (204 U. S., 33), decided that the sovereignty of the United States over this tract, known as the Canal Zone, is the same as over any other part of the United States." Senator O'Gorman does not cite any of the words used by the Court in the case referred to, and we think it would puzzle him to find any language in it justifying his sweeping assertion. The case of Wilson against Shaw was a suit to restrain the Secretary of the Treasury from paying out money or issuing bonds for the construction of a canal at Panama. And all that the Court held was that, *for the purposes of canal building*, we had sovereign rights on the Isthmus. This is no denial that our sovereignty there is limited. It came to us, by treaty with Panama, impressed with a trust. If we were not to execute the trust we should have no title to the Zone. The point was forcibly put by Representative Stevens, whose speech is, by common consent, reckoned the ablest that has been delivered on this whole subject. Referring to the fact that Panama still has, in ex-President Taft's phrase, "a shadow of sovereignty" over the Zone, Mr. Stevens asked what would happen if we were to abandon the canal project entirely. Why, the land would revert to Panama automatically! So far is it from being true, as Senator O'Gorman affirms, that our sovereignty at Panama is as unlimited as it is in Fourteenth Street.

The United States took the Zone impressed with a trust, and a part of that trust was, as plainly laid down in the treaty with Panama, to build the Canal and to open it, when constructed, "in conformity with all the stipulations of the treaty entered into by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain on November 18, 1901." This is the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and to that and its interpretation we necessarily come back after all the irrelevant blether about our limitless sovereign rights. But Senator O'Gorman has scarcely the patience to examine in detail the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. He does, indeed, offer an argument to show that the word "vessels" in that treaty does not mean coastwise vessels, but he regards the whole treaty as a "blunder," just as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty before it was a "dismal page" in our diplomatic history. We doubt, however, if Judge O'Gorman would have permitted a suitor in his court to squirm out of a contract on the plea that he was sorry he had ever entered into it; and whether the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was or was not the lamentably bad bargain that it is now asserted to be, there it stands, a national obligation, and there is no way of railing the seal off that bond.

It may be that the main reason why Senator O'Gorman did not, in the "greatest effort of his life," meet the expectations of his friends, is the fact that he felt that the battle had gone against him, and that the archers are pressing him sore. When all is said, there is a perfunctory air about his speech. He had to maintain his consistency. He had to go on record. In the very act, he seems to be aware that nothing which he can say will change a vote or affect the result. Indeed, he says in so many words that he is simply fulfilling a duty in making his solemn protest "before the deed is consummated." Despite all this, there will be disappointment that he was not able to make a better show of argument to justify his course. The hour was there, the high occasion, the great opportunity, but the powerful reasoner was wanting.

THE PRICE OF HEALTH-WORSHIP.

In a recent article Dr. Goldwater, Commissioner of Health of New York, has presented the case for "universal periodic medical examinations" with great vigor and force. So far as regards the advantage of early medical examination for the discovery, and possible effective treatment, of cases of cancer, tuberculosis, and certain other diseases, what he says is calculated to do much good. But there is a larger aspect to the proposal he puts forward—a proposal that has of late been much in the air—and to the doctrine upon which it rests. And it is time this larger aspect were realized in a manner commensurate with its bearing on the whole character of human life.

Whether Dr. Goldwater, or Dr. Biggs before him, or the estimable and distinguished gentlemen who are the backers of the Life Extension Institute Movement, look upon *compulsory* medical examination of all persons as their goal, we cannot positively state. Apparently they do. Dr. Biggs has been quoted as advocating medical examination of all "citizens," which points very strongly that way. No unmistakable statement of such an object has yet been made, so far as we have observed; but we are as yet only in the first beginnings of the movement. Dr. Goldwater's article closes as follows:

> The next great task of preventive medicine is, therefore, the inauguration of universal periodic medical examinations as an indispensable means for the control of all diseases, whether arising from injurious personal habits, from congenital or constitutional weakness, or from social and vocational conditions.

If we see this in the green tree, what may we expect to find in the dry? Will it be much of a step from "universal" examination to compulsory examination? Will it be much of a step from that to compulsory heeding of the results of that examination? Is there any limit that can safely be set to the extension, not of life, but of the meddling with life, which this whole movement promises?

But it is by no means on the score of legal compulsion alone that the proposal of "universal periodic medical examination" is open to objection. Whether brought about by legal requirement or by the pressure of general opinion, the benefits to health and the prolongation of life which it might effect would be purchased at a tremendous price. What that price would be it requires some power of imagination, perhaps, to realize; but some idea of it may be obtained from the very facts which Dr. Goldwater adduces. Take but a single one of them. "In a recent examination of the employees of a New York city bank," he says, "100 per cent. of the employees were found to be abnormal and on the sure road to diseases of heart, lungs, kidneys, or blood vessels." Very likely, this examination will have been the means of stopping the progress of disease in the case of some of these men; but if the fact is as stated, the whole body of them were suddenly con-

verted from a group of normal men, nearly all of whom were doubtless going about their work and their play with no thought of sickness, into a solid body of semi-invalids. Who shall say that the addition of two or three years to the average duration of their existence will outweigh, in the scales which measure real human values, the freedom, the elasticity, the unconsciousness of the trammels of the body, which have been impaired or destroyed by this intrusion?

And even from the standpoint of medical results, in the narrowest sense, there is room for grave misgivings. Not all diagnoses are correct; not all alarms given by medical men are well-founded. It may be said in reply that we must do the best we can. So be it. Let every man who feels that he has some reason to suspect that there may be something wrong get medical advice by all means, and get it early. He must take his chance of a certain average percentage of error. But whatever that percentage of error may now be—and it is not insignificant—would be a mere trifle in comparison with what the new programme bids fair to furnish. "The task before us," says Dr. Goldwater, "is to discover the first sign of departure from the normal physiological path, and promptly and effectually to apply the brake." With this as the ideal before them, will not the false alarms of the physicians outnumber those of to-day ten to one, or fifty to one? Will not thousands of persons who might have lived happily and comfortably to three score and ten before that "first sign of departure" had developed into anything serious, be called upon to exercise care, to be solicitous about their bodies instead of ignoring them, and, in no one knows how many cases, have their lives not only dulled, but actually shortened by hypochondria?

"Those to whom the care of delicate mechanical apparatus is entrusted," says Dr. Goldwater, "do not wait until a breakdown occurs, but inspect and examine the apparatus minutely, at regular intervals, and thus detect the first signs of damage." This is the favorite simile of the health-enthusiasts. But in it are embedded two fatal fallacies. In the first place, the working of a machine is not affected by our concern over it, while our body may be. And secondly, the only interest we have in the machine is that it shall function well as a mechanism; while in the case of our bodies we may deliberately choose to sacrifice perfection of the mechanism to other objects which we prize more highly—indeed, we must do so, at some point or other, if we wish to keep out of Bedlam.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.

If we had a real sense for intellectual values, the centre of public interest nowadays would be found neither in the Mexican situation nor in the Colorado troubles, neither in the railway-rate question nor in the Administration programme as to Trust legislation. Things like these, which, however important they may seem at the moment, are, after all, of comparatively transient significance, would be completely overshadowed in interest by revelations that are being made, in at least two distinct directions, which must affect profoundly all our views of man and nature. We refer especially to two remarkable documents. One is the statement of Gen. Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B., contained in the cable dispatches of Friday, concerning the visits paid by the late W. T. Stead, or his spirit, to sundry highly respectable persons who have not yet shuffled off this mortal coil. The other is the article by Maeterlinck, in the current number of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, telling in great detail of the intellectual prowess of the gifted horses of Elberfeld.

What to our mind gives special value to Major-Gen. Sir Alfred Turner's statement is that it goes far to remove a reproach often directed against the labors of psychical researchers. Unlike almost any other branch of science, it is said, this appears to be wholly lacking in the quality of progressiveness, of cumulative strength and definiteness. Now, although the casual reader of the news may not observe it, Gen. Turner's statement marks an advance of the highest importance. When Mr. Stead appeared, he tells us, to a group of persons gathered at Cambridge House to receive him, he "came to them in short, sharp flashes, dressed exactly as when on earth." This question of the clothes worn by returning spirits has always been one of the most perplexing in the whole matter; never before, so far as we can recall, has it been settled by authority so impressive as that of a K.C.B. We know now that it is not only the spirit that returns, nor only its wonted bodily accompaniment, but also the outer garments of the latter. Thus a vast new field of research opens up; and there is every reason to expect that in the matter of costume—hitherto strangely neglected—there will be found far greater variety and interest than has as yet been developed by the oral communications of the ghostly visitants, though they have ranged all the way from Socrates to Stead.

Turning to Maeterlinck's article on "The Elberfeld Horses," we find in it an embarrassment of riches, and are reluctantly compelled to name only the one or two things that strike us as most remarkable. It is difficult to choose. One is tempted, for instance, to dwell on the rapidity with which the Arab stallion Muhamed acquired his mastery of arithmetic; so strikingly does it contrast not only with what one expects from a horse, but with what can usually be got out of even the most talented of boys or girls:

> Within a fortnight of the first lesson, Muhamed did simple little addition and subtraction sums quite correctly. He had learned to distinguish the tens from the units, striking the latter with his right foot and the former with his left. He knew the meaning of the symbols plus and minus. Four days later, he was beginning multiplication and division. In four months' time, he knew how to extract square and cube roots.

But, after all, this gives no accurate idea of just what problems the horse could tackle; nor does it preclude the possibility of some kind of deception or mistake. We pass at once, therefore, to what is at once the crowning example of the horse's intellectual powers and a complete demonstration of their genuineness. Dr. Hamel, an investigator, "alone in the stable with the horse," its owner being away travelling, "takes from an envelope a problem of which he does not know the solution," namely, to find the fourth root of 7,890,481. "Muhamed replies, 53. The doctor looks at the back of the paper; once more the answer is perfectly correct."

Interesting as these marvels are in themselves, they are perhaps even more interesting in their bearing on the general question of the principles of belief and unbelief. The great majority of those persons who are usually regarded,

and who usually complacently regard themselves, as sound thinkers attach great importance to the antecedent probability or improbability of a given assertion, its accordance or disagreement with the whole body of human knowledge. When this improbability is very great, when this disagreement is extreme, they not only hesitate to believe it, but are usually unwilling to spend more than a moderate amount of time upon its consideration. It is for this reason that the champions of the view that the earth is flat, though they emerge into a certain conspicuousness at long intervals, can never get more than a brief hearing and a summary dismissal. It is for this reason that the inventors of Bacon-Shakespeare ciphers, though they get up a new one every year that is every bit as good as the one that was cast into limbo the year before, never succeed in having their doctrine recognized. The great service done by the Elberfeld horses lies not in the light they may throw upon the intelligence of animals, but in the rebuke they administer to the arrogance of science and of so-called common-sense. Hereafter, when any one is tempted to reject a tale simply because it is inherently absurd, or a scientific crotchet hatched in an untutored mind because it is ridiculous, the single word "Elberfeld" should suffice to reduce him to silence and shame.

RATIONALE OF SCHOOLBOY BLUNDERS.

By what the English call "howlers" in school recitations, examination papers, etc., amusement has long been furnished. Genuine or invented, undoubtedly often touched up as they are passed on in conversation or in print, they have usually been thought of as mere blunders, chance vagaries of the young human animal undergoing education. But, as was inevitable, they have now begun to be studied scientifically. Here is a range of mental activity—or inactivity—which has not been thoroughly investigated, with the results neatly classified; and it would appear that several inquirers are putting their hand to the work. Prof. John Adams, who holds the chair of Education in the University of London, has been lecturing to teachers on the need of defining "howlers," and tracing them to their source; and the London *Spectator* recently devoted a page to the subject.

A whole large class of schoolboy mistakes must, of course, be set down to lack of knowledge. "Pure ignorance, madam," is still as good an explanation as it was in Dr. Johnson's day. And when you add to it inattention on the pupil's part, with a touch of impudence, you have the spring and origin of many school blunders. The boy takes a shot at a question, when he has no idea at all of the true answer to it, and thereby produces occasionally something brilliantly ludicrous. But these happy strokes of effrontery are not the commonest source of "howlers." If they were, there would be, of course, nothing in them to analyze; no obscure workings of the schoolboy mind to seek to follow. It is the honest blunderer who is in question, not the reckless guesser; and it appears possible to work out rules or reasons to account for different groups of "howlers."

One of them is, obviously, the little knowledge that is a dangerous thing—knowledge misunderstood or not assimilated. The boy knows something about the subject, but knows it hazily, and in trying to come out of his fog makes unconscious jokes. This was the case of the schoolgirl who was asked to explain the "classes" into which the United States Senate was originally divided by the Constitution. She wrote that the Senate was divided into three classes, the civilized, the semi-civilized, and the savage. To those who laughed at this as ignorance, Mark Twain protested that, in fact, the girl "knew too much."

Translation from foreign languages is naturally a fruitful mother of unintentionally humorous mistakes. The venerable instances from the classics it is not necessary to repeat. More recent ones are certified to by English school authorities. Thus we have the unexpected trade turn given to "exempli gratia," which was translated "samples free." Another excellent Latin "howler" is the rendering of "Libertas sub rege pio" as "Our pious king has got liberty under." A third seems, though vouched for, quite too good to be true—namely, translating "splendide mendax" as "lying in state." Considering what were until lately the relations between England and Germany, it is hardly surprising to find an English schoolboy translating "le vieil Allemand," "the vile German."

Merely phonetic blunders make up a large class. The pupil has heard the word indistinctly, or confused it with some other of similar sound. For this the reproach must often belong to the teacher, on the score of indistinct articulation. It was due either to this, or to defective hearing on the part of the pupil, that the latter said that the only pouched animal in America was the "apostle." In a similar way, no doubt, originated the information that Hannibal was a well-known composer of music. And church as well as school is responsible for mixing up sounds in the child's head. It was in good faith that the little girl recited: "Lord, who hatest nothing but the housemaid" ["nothing that thou hast made"].

It is evident that there ought to be discrimination, by teachers and investigators, between "howlers" that are purely foolish, and those that have their natural explanation. "Why," a boy was asked, "is Patti called the Welsh nightingale?" His answer was: "Because she sings at night." In this there was a glimmer of sense that ought to be encouraged, even if it must be laughed at.

Foreign Correspondence

THE IMPROVEMENT IN ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS — RESULTS OF THE BALKAN WARS—THE ATTITUDE OF RUSSIA.

BERLIN, May 1.

Berlin looked on unmoved at the cordiality of King George's recent reception in Paris. Germany has got used to the *entente cordiale* and England to the German fleet. In Germany, the idea that John Bull will begin war without notice out of pure envy of Germany's swelling trade returns is dying of want of nutrition. The British shipyards are still active, because of the generous foreign patronage they enjoy. But the German yards, which depend for battleship orders on their own Government, are beginning a period of lean years. They now build two capital ships a year instead of four, and even when the Navy bill is completed they will only receive orders for two battleships and one cruiser a year.

The main factor in bringing about these improved conditions was undoubtedly the Balkan War. The Anglo-German rivalry presented mankind with the august spectacle of two perfect egotisms in conflict. Germany said, "I want." England replied, "Thou shalt not have." Neither harmed the other in any way. England simply could not see how Germany could "have," without possessing the means to "take," which did not fit in with her arrangements. Young Germany was fully convinced that the world had been Anglo-Saxonized long enough, and that it was time to give modern methods a trial, which could not be if the globe was still to be regarded as a prolongation of the London suburbs.

The Balkan War disturbed the magnificent simplicity of this antagonism. As long as England thought there was to be a war with Germany for the mastery of the seas, and Germany thought of the coming struggle as the gateway to the colonial empire of which so many Germans dream, there was no limit to the animosity that both countries could develop. When, however, it turned out that the war was to settle whether the Montenegrins or the Albanians were to have Skutari, the prospect was less appealing. It has become clear to both peoples that neither will attack the other. If they fight, the Anglo-German conflict will be a part of a general European war, which can only arise out of a Balkan quarrel between Russia and Austria; and that will not directly touch any German or British interest, and cannot in any case bring real advantage to either country.

If victory remained with the Triple Entente, the main result would be a huge extension of Russian influence in Europe and Asia, which is not exactly what the English pray for. If the Triple Alliance won, Germany would have the burden of the fighting, her industry would suffer out of all proportion to the losses of economically less highly developed allies, and the profit of victory would go mainly to Austria-Hungary. The dual monarchy would get a new

lease of life. But Germany does not want to take anything from Russia, and her share would be the implacable hate of the Russian people, which is too young and too numerous to suffer permanently from an unsuccessful war.

So that England and Germany are on the side of peace, and throughout the Balkan troubles, which are by no means over yet, both have exercised a moderating and restraining influence on their friends, Germany on Austria, England on Russia. The obvious unwillingness of England to convert the *entente* into a hard-and-fast alliance is another factor in the reconciliation between the two Powers. It seems to be forgotten in France that an English offensive and defensive alliance is not of much use unless England binds herself to keep her main weapon, the navy, constantly within striking distance of the enemy, that is, within European waters. Practically speaking, of course, that state of affairs already exists; but a definite pledge to keep the fleet in the North Sea would alter the situation to the disadvantage England. It would be known to other Powers, and might very conceivably affect the attitude of Japan when the Anglo-Japanese alliance comes to be renewed. At any rate, it is a consideration which makes for peace between England and Germany. On such foundations are international friendships based.

Time and incalculable circumstance have worked for England, as it is the habit of the eternal forces to favor insular and maritime powers. The island sea Powers have as a rule only one enemy at a time, whereas that enemy has to compound with a jealous land-neighbor, who has a coterminous frontier with him. This principle has worked strikingly to the advantage of England during the last five years. When the Anglo-German naval rivalry became acute, Germany was on something like friendly terms with Russia. She had gone out of her way to help Russia during the war with Japan. In consequence of German assurances, Russia was able to denude her western frontier of troops. Russia was, of course, the ally of France, but this was understood to be a measure of precaution on her part, a defensive and not an offensive arrangement into which she had entered a dozen years after the Triple Alliance had menaced her with at least a two-Power enemy in case she quarrelled with Austria.

Further, Russia was weakened by defeat in foreign war, racked by rebellion at home, and in the hands of money lenders. We have changed all that. The revolution is suppressed, a series of good harvests has placed the Government in a condition of financial independence, and the Manchurian bruises have healed. Russia is still without a navy, but a start has been made with a new one, and in ten years she will have a formidable fleet in the Baltic. Whether it will be more efficient than the fleet which rests on the floor of the Straits of Korea or serves the yellow enemy under new names, remains to be seen. But there is the probability that Russia, too, has learned, and in case of war with the Triple Alliance a powerful Russian squadron in the Baltic would be a serious menace for Germany. Now it is certain that in a few years the Russian squadron will be there, and it is equally certain that if Germany tries conclusions with England between the Kentish coast and the Frisian Islands, Russia will be taking a hand on the side of England.

There is no pretence of friendship between Russia and Germany now. The Balkan war has removed the last traces of good feeling on the Russian side. The Russians realized with unspeakable bitterness last year that it was the German army, with which they have no direct quarrel, that crippled their Balkan policy. With Austria they would soon have settled scores, but for Germany they were not ready. They are not ready yet, but they are making feverish efforts to bring their army to the point where it will be ready to challenge the Austro-German combination, and they have the advantage of inexhaustible numbers.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN JAPAN —COUNT OKUMA AND THE NEW MINISTRY.

Tokio, April 20.

Japan has recently passed through an ordeal. The naval scandal, culminating in the collapse of the Cabinet, and followed by the sudden death of the Empress Dowager, plunging the whole empire again into mourning, has proved a period of stress to the public mind and a severe test of the national temper. All tendency to rancor and political turmoil has been hushed in the presence of death, and with the inauguration of a Ministry the personnel of which is more popular and hopeful than that of any Cabinet the country has had for many years, Japan looks forward to a season of quietness and prosperity.

The remarkable thing about the fall of the Yamamoto Government is that the charges of corruption in the navy, which were indirectly the cause of the Cabinet's undoing, have yet to be proved in due course of judicial procedure. The late Government was thus virtually condemned and cast out without a hearing. The preliminary examination of the accused officers took a long time, during which the public mind was inflamed through the press by all sorts of rumors tending to prejudge the case, and the people became so exasperated that the Government could no longer withstand them.

The immediate cause of the Cabinet's resignation was the action of the House of Peers in refusing to sanction the naval budget. A subsequent conference of both Houses led to a deadlock, and the Cabinet was forced out.

The choice of Count Okuma, the "Sage of Waseda," for Premier is the most pleasant surprise that Japan has experienced for many years. For more than a quarter of a century he has been the leading champion of popular rights—reform of all kinds, extension of education, modern methods—as well as a leader in the peace movement. Consistently waging warfare against the bureaucracy, he was ostracized by them, and for years has held no public office. Raised to the Premiership once before, in 1898, he overcame the opponents of liberalism. He lost one of his legs by a bomb, but he has never wavered from his course; and now that he finds himself once again in power, the nation is anticipating great things. No sooner was his name announced as the head of the new Cabinet than prices on the Stock Exchange took a leap upwards.

More striking still is the fact that the vernacular press is almost unanimous in its approval. This universal acclaim is doubtless due to the fact that the masses are expecting Count Okuma to carry out all the reforms that he has been advocating for the last fifteen years. But the new Premier will go much more cautiously than the radical element expects; for Count Okuma is no radical. He is a Japanese of the Japanese, and believes that if Japan has much to learn from the West, she also has much to teach the West. He is unlikely to ignore any influential section of public opinion, whether it be bureaucratic, aristocratic, or democratic, though he will insist on the freedom which all progressive peoples demand.

The policy of the new Japanese Cabinet may to some extent be inferred from the personnel Count Okuma has selected. It is a coalition Cabinet, representing the minority parties in the Imperial Diet. The minor parties, thus for the first time united, are likely to prove the discomfiture of the Seiyukai party, which kept the last Government in power. The next most important member to the Premier is Baron Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs. As Ambassador to Great Britain he was well known to the English-speaking world. His long and successful career as a diplomat revealed him to be a man of uncommon ability and tact, and much is expected of him in connection with negotiations now in process with the United States, and Japan's Far Eastern policy generally. From an Occidental point of view, one of the most interesting men in the new Cabinet is the Hon. Yukio Ozaki, Minister of Justice. For many years Mayor of Tokio, he made a name for himself as an able administrator, winning favorable opinions both at home and abroad.

Most of the other members of the Cabinet are men of eminence. Baron Oura and Mr. Wakatsuki have held Cabinet positions before, the latter in the last Katsura Cabinet as Minister of Finance, and the former in the last Saionji Cabinet as Minister of Agriculture and Commerce.

The new Cabinet represents all that was admirable in the last Katsura Cabinet, with the still greater strength of the Liberal wing of Japanese politics. It is in fact an admirable combination for a nation needing many reforms that should be carried out slowly but surely, so as to avoid what is too radical and revolutionary. Japan is passing through a period of popular awakening, in which too much haste might arouse a propensity to lawlessness and illegitimate means of gaining ends. All the members of the new Cabinet are men of mature experience, with clean public records.

"Dempo."

A Naughty Decade

OSCAR WILDE AND OTHER DECADENTS OF THE NINETIES—PRETEXT OF THE MOVEMENT—ITS REAL SOURCE.

PART ONE.

Mr. Jackson has written a book* that is at once excellent in understanding and perverted in its conclusions; nor, if one considers his theme, is this paradox as singular as it might appear, for it is a common mark of the condition which he expounds as apologist. His subject, with some excursions into alien matters, is the irruption of a sort of decadence into English art and literature in the closing years of the nineteenth century; and his quotations are so apt and abundant, his characterizations so clear and well-instructed, that one scarcely needs to go outside of his pages to form an independent judgment of the school, while the confusion of his own ideas when he tries to interpret the facts is an added document in evidence.

I.

The movement, whose influence to-day is concealed because it has put on a new disguise, may be said to have opened with the publication of Oscar Wilde's "Decay of Lying" and "Picture of Dorian Gray" in 1890, and to have closed with his pitiful death in 1900. By the little band who were working so feverishly in the midst of the surrounding British philistinism it was thought to be the dawn of a new era for art—"a great creative period is at hand," wrote William Sharp. While at the same time it was felt to be the end of all things, and the phrase *fin de siècle* was whispered as a kind of magic formula. "It's *fang-de-seeaycle* that does it," says one of John Davidson's burlesque characters, "and education, and reading French." As one goes back to the productions of these men now, and particularly as one turns over the effusions in the early volumes of the *Yellow Book*, one is likely to be impressed mainly by a note of amateurishness running through their work. In comparison with the decadents of the Continent whom they attempted to imitate, they appear rather like truant boys who need to be spanked and sent again to their lessons. In the first issue of the *Yellow Book*, the "incomparable" Max Beerbohm prints "A Defence of Cosmetics," wherein he observes sententiously that "the Victorian era comes to its end and the day of sancta simplicitas is quite ended." The essay seems to us to-day, with the reek of Broadway in our nostrils, as childlike a piece of extravagance as could well be imagined; yet it succeeded in rousing a little storm of protest, and one solemn critic wrote it down as "the rankest and most nauseous thing in all literature." Another contributor, Lionel Johnson, asks, in surprise at his own naughtiness: "What would the moral philosophers, those puzzled sages, think of me? An harmless hedonist? An amateur in morals, who means well, though meaning very little?" And one is inclined to answer: "My dear sir, be comforted; the puzzled sages would not have thought of you at all."

Yet however we may, and do, pass by these books as largely factitious imitations, there is an aspect of the revolt that is serious enough in all conscience. The disease from which it sprung was no jest, and beneath the antic contortions of their wit these men were suffering the very real pangs of physical disorganization. It is in fact like a nightmare to read their lives. The hectic decay of Aubrey Beardsley is almost health in comparison with the state of most of those who gave to the movement its tone. Of the living we speak not: but there is Lionel Johnson, the best artist of them all, a victim of absinthe, found in the gutter with his skull crushed; there is John Davidson, with his vision of a new universe ended in mad suicide; there are Ernest Dowson and Francis Thompson, mingling their religion with the fumes of alcohol and opium; there are others whose tainted lives and early deaths need not be examined; and, above all, is the hideous tragedy in Reading Jail. These men, who appeared to be treading so fantastically in "the variant bypaths of the uncertain heart," knew also in the flesh the certain terrors of organic decay.

No, we shall do these men less than justice if we merely smile at their mopping and mowing as at the gestures borrowed of a jackanapes. They are worthy of condemnation. They had a real driving motive in the flesh, and they had their ideal philosophy. Through all their works, now in the form of direct argument, now implied in the symbol of verse or picture, you will find running the ambitious design of making life itself into a fine art, of welding life and art into one indistinguishable creation. As Oscar Wilde says of his hero in the book which is the completest manifesto of the school, "There were many, especially among the very young men, who saw, or fancied that they saw, in Dorian Gray the true realization of a type of which they had often dreamed in Eton or Oxford days—a type that was to combine something of the real culture of the scholar with all the grace and distinction and perfect manner of a citizen of the world. To them he seemed to be of the company whom Dante describes as having sought to 'make themselves perfect by the worship of beauty.'" And with this coalescence of art and life, as its very source and purpose, was to be joined the garnering of sensations, in a manner which these young enthusiasts caught up from Rossetti and Walter Pater and the other virtuosos of the vibrating nerve. Thus, to the confusion of the Philistine, the Puritan, and the votary of commonsense, they were to create for the world a new Hedonism: "It was to have its service of the intellect, certainly; yet it was never to accept any theory or system that would involve the sacrifice of any mode of passionate experience. Its aim, indeed, was to be experience itself, and not the fruits of experience, sweet or bitter as they might be."

II.

In this longing after the fulness of experience, without consideration of the lessons of experience, we come close to the heart of the movement, and we also see how it was no vagary of a few isolated youths, but was the product of the most characteristic evolution of the age. "It was," as our present guide rightly observes, "the mortal ripening of that flower which blossomed upon the ruins of the French Revolution, heralding not only the rights of man, which was an abstraction savoring more of the classical ideal, but the rights of personality, of unique, varied, and varying men." Personality was to assert itself in the direction of unlimited and unquestioned expansiveness, in the claim of the individual to be purely and intensely himself, in the free pursuit of those emotions and sensations which are the root of division among mankind, while denying those rights of man, in the classical sense, which mean the subordination of the individualizing desires to the commonalty of the law of reason. And, as life and art were to proceed hand in hand, personality was to manifest itself in a symbolism which should endeavor, in the words of Arthur Symons, "to fix the last fine shade, the quintessence of things; to fix it fleetingly; to be a disembodied voice, and yet the voice of a human soul." The final marriage of life and art was to be in the swooning ecstasy of music. There was nothing discordant between the toil of the artist to fix the quintessence of things in fleeting form and the insatiable curiosity of a chaotic egotism. Nietzsche had said it: "Unless you have chaos within, you cannot give birth to a dancing star"—an idea which Mr. Jackson has developed at hazardous length, thus:

> Indeed, when wrought into the metal of a soul impelled to adventure at whatever personal hazard, for sheer love of expanding the boundaries of human experience and knowledge and power, they [this egotism and curiosity] become, as it were, the senses by which such a soul tests the flavor and determines the quality of its progress. In that light they

**The Eighteen Nineties.* By Holbrook Jackson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $3.50 net.

are not decadent, they are at one with all great endeavor since the dawn of human consciousness. What, after all, is human consciousness when compared with Nature but a perversity—the self turning from Nature to contemplate itself? . . . Not even a child has curiosity until it has experienced something; all inquisitiveness is in the nature of life asking for more, and all so-called decadence is civilization rejecting, through certain specialized persons, the accumulated experiences and sensations of the race.

There is no need to illustrate this philosophy by examples. Any one who has read Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray" may waive the pleasure or pain of going through the other productions of the school. Most of these writers, in fact, had a perfectly clear knowledge of what they desired to be and to accomplish. And not seldom they knew the fruits of their philosophy and experience, as any one may discover by turning over the pages of Mr. Jackson's book. The root of the whole matter lay in a febrile satiety of the flesh, in a certain physical lesion, which the sufferers, having no philosophy of moral resistance to oppose to it, translated into a moral fatigue. "It was as though they had grown tired of being good, in the old accepted way; they wanted to experience the piquancy of being good after a debauch." In this mood the literature of exquisite curiosity, whether veiled under the English cant of Epicurean austerity or announced more boldly from across the Channel, fell upon the dryness of their souls like a spark of fire upon parched grass. The consequence is set forth in Dorian Gray's discovery of "A Rebours":

> It was the strangest book that he had ever read. It seemed to him that in exquisite raiment, and to the delicate sound of flutes, the sins of the world were passing in dumb show before him. . . . There were in it metaphors as monstrous as orchids, and as subtle in color. The life of the senses was described in the terms of mystical philosophy. One hardly knew at times whether one was reading the spiritual ecstasies of some mediæval saint or the morbid confessions of a modern sinner. It was a poisonous book. The heavy odor of incense seemed to cling about its pages and to trouble the brain. The mere cadence of the sentences, the subtle monotony of their music, so full as it was of complex refrains and movements elaborately repeated, produced in the mind of the lad, as he passed from chapter to chapter, a form of reverie, a malady of dreaming.

There could not be a better description of the way in which art revealed itself to all the men of the group as a kind of narcotic for the torture of tired nerves, evoking under brush or pen the images of artificial dreaming, whether they displayed "the wan and saintly amorousness" of Burne-Jones's figures or "The Romaunt of the Rose," or waxed "fat with luxury" in the illustrations of Aubrey Beardsley, or flaunted the ghastly cosmetic rictus of Arthur Symons's creatures of the stage. Almost always behind the veil, and too often stalking wantonly into view, is the horror of an impotent sex-inquisitiveness and perversion. The subject is not agreeable to touch on, but any one who thinks such a statement too strong may satisfy himself by the frank confessions of their apologist. Beardsley, for instance, "loved the abnormal, and he invented a sort of phallic symbolism to express his interest in passionate perversities. His prose work, 'Under the Hill,' is an uncompleted study in the art of aberration." The spectacular disaster of Reading Jail has so impressed our imagination that we are apt to regard its victim as a monster among his fellows, whereas in his heart of hearts he was probably less perverted than were many of those who went through life unscathed by public opinion. But if the author of "Dorian Gray" carried the outer brand, the wages of an evil mind fell upon them all. It is said of Aubrey Beardsley that he "introduced into art the desolation of experience, the *ennui* of sin." That is to take him, perhaps, a trifle too gravely, but there is something in the conduct of his later years that may at least remind us of Poe's decrepit "Man of the Crowd." "His restlessness," observes his friend, Max Beerbohm, "was, I suppose, one of the symptoms of his malady. He was always most content where there was the greatest noise and bustle, the largest number of people, and the most brilliant light." And that, adds Mr. Jackson, "is a picture of the age, as well as of its epitome, Aubrey Beardsley." The right of personality to reject "the accumulated experience" of the race, and to expand indefinitely in the search of sensations, turns out in reality to be in no wise "at one with all great endeavor," but to be in the main the unfruitful restlessness of satiety and impotence.

III.

I would not have it inferred that the votaries of the Yellow Nineties produced nothing of pure beauty and intrinsic value. One of them, indeed, Ernest Dowson, who died just as the decade came to an end, left a modest body of verse, which possesses a singular fascination, and which, though Mr. Jackson quotes, I believe, not a line of it, may still be prized when its more assertive contemporaries are all but forgotten. The little collection opens with a variation on the old Horatian theme, *Vitæ summa brevis:*

> They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
> Love and desire and hate:
> I think they have no portion in us after
> We pass the gate.
>
> They are not long, the days of wine and roses:
> Out of a misty dream
> Our path emerges for a while, then closes
> Within a dream.

That is all: two light stanzas, with no mark of originality, unless it be in the sighing melody of the words. Yet you will not read them without saying to yourself: This is poetry, the ancient, wonderful heritage, though held in feeble hands. And in the whole collection, amid a good deal that flutters ineffectually, you will find some ten or twelve other poems that carry the same note of indefinable charm. Such a product is not to be reckoned with the great and grave things of literature. If you wish to feel this distinction, read the last of the lisping lines at the head of which Dowson has written the majestic Latin phrases: *O mors! quam amara est memoria tua homini pacem habenti in substantiis suis;* and then, having read these, turn to No. 120 of the *Adventurer*, in which Dr. Johnson has unrolled his solemn meditations on the same text:

> Affliction is inseparable from our present state; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world, in different proportions indeed, but with an allotment which seems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boast of some swelling moralists, that every man's fortune was in his own power, that prudence supplied the place of all other divinities, and that happiness is the unfailing consequence of virtue. But, surely, the quiver of omnipotence is stored with arrows, against which the shield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boasted, is held up in vain: we do not always suffer by our crimes; we are not always protected by our innocence. . . .
>
> Nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as an habitual consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit; and this consideration can be inculcated only by affliction. "O death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee, to a man that lives at ease in his possessions!"

Dowson's is the poetry of weakness, but of weakness that veils itself in subtle reticences and in the praise of silence—his favorite word—and, above all, that wears the loveliness of purity. Strange as it may sound, in connection with his life and his associations, there is something of almost virginal innocence in his muse. To read in his book after hearing others of the decadent band, is as if a silence had suddenly fallen upon a place of unclean revelry, and out of the silence there rose the thin sweet voice of a child singing of pathetic things it scarcely understood. I may be peculiar in my taste, but in my ears he bears comparison well even with the religious poet whose reputation has been growing so portentously these

latter days. His "Amor Umbratilis," simple and unsuggestive as it is, arrests me with a touch that I somehow miss in the more complicated stanzas of Francis Thompson on the same theme of love's renunciation; and in all the gorgeous, stirring pomp of Thompson's odes there is still lacking—to me at least, though his best admirers will judge otherwise—some sweet submissiveness which I find, or almost find, in such a poem as Dowson's "Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration":

Calm, sad, secure; behind high convent walls,
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray:
And it is one with them when evening falls,
And one with them the cold return of day.

. . . . . .

They saw the glory of the world displayed;
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet;
They knew the roses of the world should fade,
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire,
And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary;
And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire:
Because their comeliness was vanity.

And there they rest; they have serene insight
Of the illuminating dawn to be:
Mary's sweet Star dispels for them the night,
The proper darkness of humanity.

Calm, sad, serene; with faces worn and mild:
Surely their choice of vigil is the best?
Yea! for our roses fade, the world is wild;
But there, beside the altar, there, is rest.

The strange thing, as I have said, yet not so strange perhaps, when we reflect on it, is that this sweetness and purity should be found in one who was so thoroughly corrupt in body and habit. There was the weariness of the devastation in his soul, as expressed in the refrain of the poem by which he is best known:

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

But it was not the hardening desolation of the inner lie, and decadence kept him, as it were, in a state of fragile immaturity. His face, as we see it in the photograph or in the sketch by Mr. Rothenstein, with its unclean lips and furtive eyes, has the look with which we are too familiar in the degenerate types of our city streets, and from which we turn away with physical revulsion; but it half conceals also something of the expression of Keats—a Keats ruined. He was, as Mr. Arthur Symons says of him so finely in the memoir published with the Poems, "a soul 'unspotted from the world,' in a body which one sees visibly soiling under one's eyes; . . . there never was a simpler or more attaching charm, because there never was a sweeter or more honest nature." He suffered the penalties of perversion without its illusion.

P. E. M.

News for Bibliophiles

DRYDEN IN THE DUNCIAD.

"What induced Pope to point the finger of scorn at Dryden?" The answer is, he did not. The story is worth telling.

Seven editions of the "Dunciad" were printed in the year 1728. In the first three, line 94 of Book I stood:

And furious D——n foam in Wh——'s rage.

In the next two London editions the line was altered to:

And furious D——s foam in W——'s rage.

And in the last London edition the "W—'s" was changed to "W—y's."

But in the edition printed by Faulkner in Dublin the line read:

Aud furious *Dryden* foam in *Wharton's* rage.

These seven editions contained few and short notes. The bulky critical apparatus we now associate with the poem was not published until the following spring. For the quarto, the first of the several editions of 1729, the line (there numbered 104) was entirely rewritten:

And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

And of the two lengthy notes appended to it the second began with this sentence:

This Verse in the surreptitious editions stood thus, *And furious D— foam, etc.*, which, in that printed in Ireland, was unaccountably filled up with the great name of *Dryden.*

In the editions of 1735 and subsequent years this sentence was omitted.

Unluckily for Pope, the scholars of half a century ago resurrected evidence to show that his morality was by no means so impeccable as he would have the public believe it. But the sway-backed virtue of the mid-Victorians was righteous overmuch. It established a tradition of holding up holy hands where no horror was—a tradition lusty still. In what Pope said and in what he did not say, it found alike evidence of devious dealing. Thus, as for the sentence quoted above, it was felt that there was something suspicious about putting it in, and about leaving it out, too.

The line has given rise to a great deal of speculation. "C" (whom I take to be Carruthers, the editor of Pope) once offered a guess. "I cannot for a moment believe that *Dryden* was meant [*i. e.*, by Pope]; but, as Faulkner was Swift's printer, and Swift hated Dryden, may the Dean not have suggested this mode of filling up the blank?" The best of all the anecdotes connected with it, though, is the one in which Macaulay and W. J. Thoms were the leading *dramatis personæ*. It has been well told by the late Edward Solly. He and Thoms were discussing this very line once on a time.

This led Mr. Thoms to say: "Aye, but how about the first name 'furious D—n'? What induced Pope thus to point the finger of scorn at Dryden?"—and he then proceeded to tell in detail, what I had heard him more than once allude to before others, that once in the Library of the House of Lords, he had suggested this very question to Lord Macaulay, in the presence of several peers, whereon Macaulay, turning sharply round, said, "Oh, dear no; you are mistaken; there is no possible reference to Dryden in the *Dunciad*"; and then for nearly ten minutes poured out a rapid and eloquent vindication of Pope, finally taking down a copy of a later edition, and proving to all around that Mr. Thoms was in error, for there was neither Dryden nor yet "D——n." Mr. Thoms bowed and was silent, though he had all the time in his pocket a copy of one of the first editions of the *Dunciad* of 1728 with the name "Dryden."

Now, any one familiar with contemporary copies of this and similar productions in which names were suggested by first (or first and last) letters will recall that the omitted letters are frequently supplied in manuscript, sometimes in the margin, sometimes above the runners that follow or separate the letters. This Dublin edition was set up from a copy of the first or second edition sent over from London, in accordance with the common practice of the day. The sender (I do not think it was Pope himself, though such is possible, but some one who, like Edmund Curll, was familiar with Pope's intentions, but not in his intimacy) had completed the names by writing out the missing letters, as may be demonstrated almost to the point of proof. His handwriting must have been crabbed. Most of the names were printed correctly. But in Book II, line 319, we find *Metbwin* instead of Milbourn (sometimes spelled Milburn), which, as we know from the later editions and the *Keys*, was the name intended. In Book III, line 271, occurs the impossible *Ecyden* where was intended Eusden, a name correctly reproduced in other lines of this same Dublin edition. The combination of a *u* with a long *s* might easily be translated into a *cy*. The Irish compositor, we may surmise, was not familiar with the names of contemporary London men of letters; and when he found in Book I, line 94, the *D——n* and the scribbled letters *unto*, he misread them as something other than Dunton. If the first down stroke of the written *n* was rather long, and *n* placed close to the *t*, and the cross struck through the *t* so as to start from the second peak of the *n*, he would easily have read *ryde*, for an *e* in contemporary script was much more like an *o* than is ours.

Macaulay was right in the main after all. And another one of the charges against Pope proves groundless.

R. H. Griffith.

The University of Texas.

Books and Men

PENGUINS.

The penguin is by no means a new discovery. At least twenty-five years ago a group of penguins stood, in an austere group, at the head of the chapter on Antarctic Regions in my geography. Possibly they were known to man even before that time. But the recent explorations of the South Polar country, the expeditions of Shackleton and Scott, have brought this curious bird into greater publicity. Not only his peculiar habits are better known, but the latent humor of his appearance is more generally appreciated. For although the penguin is in some sense a beautiful bird, he is also an absurd one, a *jeu d'esprit* of nature.

He is beginning to figure in art and literature. The artist-hero of "Buried Alive," it may be remembered, made a sensation by a picture of some penguins, while Mr. E. V. Lucas has introduced into one of his essays a pathetic story about them. Persons who overcame their objections to moving pictures sufficiently to see the records of the Scott expedition—as well as those who had no objections to overcome—will remember the intensely interesting and comic views of penguins in their domestic relations. The tragedy which overhung the Scott pictures was lightened by the representation of penguin parties, and of penguins in peace and war. The reel which showed the men of the expedition chasing the birds on the ice on Christmas morning was amusing, because there was nothing cruel about it. The penguins seemed to have as good fun as did the men—and they kept their feet much better.

A delightful little book, which I have read this week, called "Antarctic Penguins" (McBride, Nast & Co.), has for its sub-title "A Study of Their Social Habits." The author is Dr. G. Murray Levick, of the Royal Navy. Dr. Levick was the zoölogist to the Scott expedition. His book is, in a way, a tribute to the funny and friendly creatures who did so much to cheer him and his companions during their two long years in the far South.

"When seen for the first time," Dr. Levick writes, "the Adélie penguin gives you the impression of a very smart little man in an evening dress suit, so absolutely immaculate is he, with his shimmering white front and black back and shoulders. He stands about two feet five inches in height, walking upright on his little legs."

The droll appearance of the penguins has impressed the explorers of all nations. The men of the Belgian and French parties noted it, before Shackleton's first trip, and penguins had a vogue in Paris. Their ceremonious attitudes caught the fancy of one of *Punch's* artists, who likened them to floor-walkers of Chesterfieldian deportment—bowing, with one flipper extended across the breast.

Dr. Levick observed the penguins arriving, at the beginning of the Antarctic summer, at what he calls the "rookery." That is hardly an appropriate word, though it is not so awkward as *penguinery*. They came not in battalions, but as single spies. There were two on the first day, but twenty on the next. "On arrival," he writes, "they wandered about by themselves, or stood or walked about the beach, giving one the impression of simply hanging about, waiting for something to 'turn up.'"

One certainly needs the pictures, with which the book is fully supplied, to understand the scene. Of all the animal photography during the past dozen or fifteen years—and there has been no small amount—hardly anything has approached in interest these views of the Antarctic penguins. They lent themselves to the work of the camera as few live animals have done. The photographers mastered the difficulties of the snow-covered ground, and the black coats and coat-sleeves (for that is what they look like) of the penguins stand out vividly against the glare.

The arrival of the main body of the penguins took place on October 21, about six days after the first ones had been seen. They came in thousands, all on foot, and from the north. They poured on to the beach in a continuous stream—"the snaky line of arrivals extending unbroken across the sea-ice as far as the eye could see." The photographs of the procession make it look very much like a straggling throng of people walking to some picnic ground—a host of little clergymen in black "cutaway" coats. All they need is small baskets in their flippers to make the illusion complete.

But the penguins travel without baggage. Out of the mysterious and awful polar distances they come, led on by the migratory instinct. These spring pilgrimages—for October is spring down there—are often hundreds of miles in length, and the penguins walk a good part of the way. Or rather, Dr. Levick writes, they have two modes of progression:

> The first is simple walking. Their legs being very short, their stride amounts at most to four inches. Their rate of stepping averages about one hundred and twenty steps per minute when on the march. Their second mode of progression is "tobogganing." When wearied by walking, or when the surface is particularly suitable, they fall forward on their white breasts, smooth and shimmering with a beautiful metallic lustre in the sunlight, and push themselves along by alternate powerful little strokes of their legs behind them. . . . When quietly on the march, both walking and tobogganing produce the same rate of speed, so that the string of arriving birds, tailing out in a long line as far as the horizon, appears as a well-ordered procession. I walked out a mile or so along this line, standing for some time watching it file past me, and taking the photograph with which I have illustrated the scene. Most of the little creatures seemed much out of breath, their wheezy respiration being distinctly heard.

After the arrival, and a little moving about and examination of the rookery, begin courtship, marriage, and the setting up of housekeeping. As a matter of fact, however, the order is somewhat reversed, for the hen-penguins begin to construct uncomfortable-looking nests of pebbles before they have contracted any alliances whatever. The nest is built upon the ground, and after the hen has settled in it a cock penguin comes along and offers himself as husband. Frequently more than one such offer is made, and then there is a resort to arms—or, rather, to beaks. The cocks fight long and savagely, though never to the death. The defeated bird is usually in the condition of the hero of Henley's poem: his head is bloody but not bowed. One of Dr. Levick's photographs of such a fight seems to show the coy lady penguin with her head buried in the breast feathers of a friend of her own sex—ostensibly horrified, but secretly pleased at the awful bloodshed she is causing.

The victorious suitor then waddles off and procures a pebble as his contribution towards the household arrangements. If the bride accepts the gift, the affair is evidently legalized, though the husband has first to undergo a terrific pecking from his wife, inflicted in order to put him in his place at the outset.

The tameness and extreme curiosity of the penguins enabled Dr. Levick to observe them very closely. The photographs show them at the nearest possible range. All the details of their life are exhibited—the nest-building, fighting, social gatherings and gossipings, and the various amusements. Swimming and diving are among the latter, and one of the most appealing of all the pictures is that which shows a group of penguins peering over the edge of an ice-cake to watch one of their number whom they have just pushed overboard.

The sea leopards by water, and the skua gulls by land, are their chief enemies. Those who saw the moving pictures of the Scott expedition will remember the piratical skua gull who pounced upon the penguin's egg and sailed away with it, a sardonic grin upon his face as he watched the pitiful flapping of the mother penguin.

Dr. Levick devotes nearly all of his book to the Adélie penguin, though there is a short chapter, with two excellent photographs, about the Emperor penguin. The Emperor is the largest of the species, as he weighs between eighty and ninety pounds. Only one rookery is known, and that, at Cape Crozier, was visited by a party from Capt. Scott's first expedition. Temperatures of 78 below zero Fahrenheit were encountered, and in such cold as this, and in "the dark days of July," the Emperor penguins lay their eggs upon the ice and hatch their young.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Correspondence

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 23 appeared under the above caption a communication in reply to a short note of an earlier date by the present writer.

My critic repeats my quotations from the Federal Constitution, and states that I offered them "as proof" of the contention that the Constitution confers upon the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. I beg leave to say that I did not cite these quotations as proof at all, but merely as the basis of the argument. I admitted the possibility of two interpretations, but proceeded to mention a train of historical facts that favor the usual interpretation by our courts.

My critic replied by citing the same passages from the Constitution, and then, to controvert the various historical facts mentioned in my article, he stated *one* alleged fact which is in reality directly contrary to the truth of history. In his last paragraph he states as his ultimate argument "that nowhere at the time the Constitution was framed was there a judiciary endowed with such power." If my critic had examined a standard general history of the United States, to say nothing of many special treatises by eminent authorities, he would not have made that statement.

For example, I quote from Prof. A. C. McLaughlin's "The Confederation and the Constitution" ("The American Nation," Vol. X, pp. 250-251): "When the Federal Convention assembled, the nature of a written constitution, emanating from an authority outside the Government, had already been made manifest by several judicial decisions. In New Jersey, as early as 1780, the court refused, in the case of Holmes vs. Walton, to regard as valid an unconstitutional act of the Legislature. Two years later a similar doctrine was laid down in Virginia, and in 1786, as we have already seen, the Rhode Island court announced the same principle." The author, continuing, cites a similar case in North Carolina.

Any one wishing to examine further the historial facts bearing upon this question may follow with profit the books and articles cited by Professor McLaughlin in his foot-notes and bibliography. Of especial importance is the recent work by Charles Grove Haines, entitled, "The American Doctrine of Judicial Supremacy," which was reviewed in the *Nation* of April 30. See also the opening essay in McLaughlin's recent work, "The Courts, the Constitution, and Parties."

RAYNER W. KELSEY.

Haverford, Pa., May 2.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the two passages from the Federal Constitution mentioned in the letter in your issue of April 23, signed "E. M. H.," were the only ones upon which to base the authority of the Federal courts to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional, and hence void, there might be some foundation for the contention that these courts had arrogated such power. But these passages must be read in connection with that part of the Constitution which defines the power of Congress wherein is stated upon what subjects it may legislate, and upon what it may not. Therefore, in a case in law or in equity, where a question is raised as to whether some enactment of Congress is within or without the scope of its defined powers, and hence as to whether it is or is not binding, there can be no doubt that such a case is one "arising under this Constitution," and hence included within the grant to the judicial power.

How else could the power of Congress be tested? It would be destructive of that coöperation between the Executive and Congress which is essential to the working of our system of government if the Executive were to assume the power of denying the validity of an enactment of Congress. Discussion of this point is useless. Should Congress be the judge of its own power? If so, the carefully worded grants of and limitation upon its power might as well not have been written.

But, again, the powers not granted to Congress are reserved to the States, or the people thereof. Should the States be the judges of the validity of Congressional enactments? To ask the question is to answer it, for that would mean the destruction of the Federal system, and would lead to a condition worse, if anything, than that under the old Confederation, for the correction of which the Constitution was adopted. The reference by E. M. H. to the experience of European countries acting through Legislatures free from control by the judiciary is not in point. Nowhere is there any limitation placed upon the Legislature—no reservation of powers. In Great Britain, where alone there is true parliamentary government, Parliament is the sole source of legislative power—there is no instrument with grants, limitations, and reservations. There is no Federal system, with its division of power between central and local divisions. No question can arise as to the power of Parliament—the only question that can present itself is whether in any particular case the exercise of that power is acceptable to the nation. The legislative bodies of other European countries are so differently constituted and are subject to such different checks, that comparisons with them are valueless.

It seems strange that, at this late date, the question of the right of the Federal courts to exercise this power should be raised. It is purely academic, but since it is seriously advanced, it is most desirable for the correct political education of our citizens, especially of those of the generation now coming upon the stage, that the true and necessary position of the Federal courts in our complicated system should be correctly apprehended. Whether the past action of the Supreme Court has been beneficial or not, is a matter of opinion. Whether it has the ultimate power to keep the Federal Government and the State Governments within their respective limits by reference to the grants, limitations, and reservations of the Constitution, ought *not* to be a matter of opinion.

EDWARD C. PEARSON.

Plainfield, N. J., May 1.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S MEXICAN POLICY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is very easy to talk of "the inconsistency which has marked the policy of the Administration [towards Mexico], the inadequacy of the grounds on which war has been threatened," and of "our aggression in Mexico" (*Nation*, April 30). It is, of course, perfectly futile to predict what the outcome will be, but I venture to think that so far Mr. Wilson's policy has been extraordinarily successful.

First of all, the refusal to recognize Huerta, which has often been criticised as the cause of the present situation, rests on a firm basis. When in 1903 Peter Karageorgevitch ascended the throne of Servia over the dead bodies of King Alexander and Queen Draga, the Powers of Europe refused recognition to the new régime till it was demonstrated, after several years' waiting, that the new King commanded the support of the country. Not only were the circumstances of Huerta's accession to power more suspicious than those surrounding King Peter's, but the Mexican dictator has slowly but surely lost ground. There is nothing to show that our attitude has handicapped him, for he has been able to obtain money; he has had every opportunity to show that he was the requisite "strong man," and has miserably failed to do so. The assumption of President Wilson that Huerta was an eternal guarantee against a permanent peace in Mexico has been borne out by the course of events, that is, by the astonishing success of Villa and his army.

Secondly, Mr. Wilson has declined to take sides in Mexico. When it became clear that the closing of the Texan border was working out to the advantage of Huerta, the embargo on arms was raised. Since then, each faction could secure all the war material it could pay for. But when our occupation of Vera Cruz shut off Huerta's supplies, Villa's were also curtailed by restoring the embargo on the frontier. And it is worth remembering that Carranza has not been recognized, for the very good reason that his government is no more legitimate than Huerta's.

Thirdly, had our Government taken stern measures to protect the lives and property of Americans and Europeans in Mexico, however desirable that protection might be, the result would surely have been a real war with Mexico. Fortunately, the situation was saved by Huerta's tactlessness. Mr. Wilson was careful to state, in his address to Congress, that an official dispatch of the United States Government had been held up, and that the flag incident at Tampico was merely the culmination of a series of insults to our Government. At no time in the last year has the wisdom of our policy been so clearly demonstrated, for the fact that we were dealing with an irregular government enabled us to base our demands, not on international law, but on expediency.

What has been the result? The seizure of Vera Cruz has had a profound effect, as Mr. Wilson intended, upon Mexican opinion of all classes and factions. The truth seems to have dawned upon our unfortunate neighbors that further trifling with the United States could have but one result, the occupation of Mexico by our troops, and, if our history is any guide to the future, the end of Mexican independence. Two weeks ago Mexico seemed on the eve of a complete collapse. To-day, so far as one can judge from the daily press, a permanent settlement is more likely than in many, many months. It is to this end that the South American mediators appear to be devoting their energies rather than to an adjustment of the American quarrel with Huerta, for we still insist that he must retire. For the great improvement in the general situation, Mr. Wilson's diplomacy is entirely responsible.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.

Western Reserve University, Cleveland, May 2.

[The *Nation's* criticism on the recent acts of the Administration in Mexico is precisely on the grounds that, as our correspondent suggests, they might lead to "the occupation of Mexico by our troops" and ultimately to "the end of Mexican independence."—ED. THE NATION.]

THE PASSING OF A MASTER MIND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I desire to record a word of tribute to one of the master minds of America. The recent death of Charles S. Peirce removes an heroic figure from the field of American learning. Living for the most part in retirement, he was known to a relatively small circle. Yet where known, his name was spoken with exalted respect; and his fame, critically appraised, placed him with the chosen few of any generation. How far he sought and failed to find the wider recognition that falls to those whose labors are in fields open to public approbation, how far he did not care to pursue the accredited steps to preferment and recognition, I cannot say. Yet this aspect of his career is significant.

My acquaintance with Mr. Peirce began in 1882 when I came as a graduate student to Johns Hopkins University. He was there lecturing on "The Algebra of Logic"—a subject which he in large measure established in this country. He had interested certain able students—all of them since distinguished in various fields—in his explorations into a broad domain of thought; and of this enterprise a volume of studies by himself and his pupils bears record. In those days there was gathered in Baltimore a group of scholars and productive intellectual workers that would have been exceptional in any scholarly community. Their names would suggest the notable contributions of American scholarship in their generation. Yet among them the impression of Mr. Peirce stands forth most prominently *primus inter pares*. The impression that I retain of his analyses of logical and philosophical problems is that of observing a plummet line descending through troubled waters foot by foot, sounding the depths, avoiding the weeds and the shoals, and reaching an undiscovered bottom; for to the student many of the problems in a controversial sea seemed bottomless. It was not argument, but discovery.

It was Mr. Peirce who introduced me to the possibility of an experimental study of a psychological problem. He provided the problem, the instruments which I set up in my room, the method, and the mode of reaching the results; these were printed over our joint names. He also introduced me to the mode of attack upon larger psychological problems by methods of statistical inquiry. He gathered about him a group of five or six students and proposed a study of "great men." He drew up the questionnaire; we gathered and collated the results. The work was not finished; though I was permitted to publish one or two aspects of the material in brief papers. My personal indebtedness gave me the opportunity to gauge the measure of the man. Only one other produced upon me an equal impression of original greatness. I refer to William James. The two men may well be associated, for each held the other in high regard. Professor James recognized in Charles Peirce the true founder of Pragmatism, a way of thinking which James made popular, the significance of which he expounded. If, in addition, it be remembered that these logical, psychological, and philosophical pursuits were in a sense avocational, and that Mr. Peirce was for a long time actively connected with the Geodetic Survey, was a physicist and mathematician by profession, the scope of his attainments will be more truly perceived. In a sense he represents the American Helmholtz.

I do not know that Mr. Peirce ever held any academic position other than the lectureship for a few years at Johns Hopkins University. That his was the personal temperament that may well be called difficult may be admitted; such is the disposition of genius. It cannot but remain a sad reflection upon the organization of our academic interest that we find it difficult, or make it so, to provide places for exceptional men within the academic fold. Politically as educationally, we prefer the safe men to the brilliant men, and exact a versatile mediocrity of qualities that makes the individual organizable. All this has its proper place and is doubtless more or less inevitable, even sound; but the penalty paid for safety is too heavy, when it excludes the use of rarer gifts, the choice product of exceptional power of sustained thought. Of this lamentable lack of efficiency—to turn the sting of an abused word against itself—Mr. Peirce is not the only example. Other master minds knocked in vain at academic portals, and were refused as too elect. Or, more truly stated, the small group of their liberal-minded friends within the hallowed precincts failed to persuade the authorities to adjust methods to men. Certainly it remains true for all time that no more effective stimulus to promising young minds can be found than to give them the opportunity of contact with master minds in action. The service that a small group of such men can perform is too fine, too imponderable, to be measured; and likewise too intangible to impress its value upon the judgment of those with whom these issues commonly lie. Yet nothing would have shown better the greatness of a great University than to find a place in it for rare men like Charles S. Peirce. His memory invites not only the personal tribute, but is a reminder of our neglect of the true worth of genius.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

The University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis., May 6.

THE LATE EDUARD SUESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the 26th of April there died at Vienna, in his eighty-third year, one of the greatest of European scientists, the distinguished geologist, Eduard Suess. Strange to say, his death has passed unnoticed in the American press, although few scholars have ever lived who deserved better of their fellow-men. I must leave it to competent hands to point out in the *Nation* Professor Suess's service to science. Suffice it to say, in this place, that his principal work, the monumental "Das Antlitz der Erde," is regarded as the most authoritative exposition of the principal features of the earth's surface and their correlation, and that it has been translated into four languages. In the preface to the French edition Marcel Bertrand likened the appearance of the work to the action of a sudden ray of light in penetrating chaos, and the London Geological Society, which conferred on him the Wollaston medal, congratulated him on his seventieth birthday as the greatest living geologist.

From 1857 to 1901 Suess was professor of geology in the University of Vienna, and from 1899 to 1911 he was president of the Vienna Academy of Sciences.

But over and above his scientific work, Professor Suess achieved renown as one of the most indefatigable and most unselfish workers in Austrian public life. As a member of the Municipal Council of the city of Vienna, of the Diet of Lower Austria, and of the Reichsrath, he was a champion of liberal measures and a parliamentarian of remarkable power. The city of Vienna is indebted to him for its present water supply, the plans for which he drew, and which

were adopted by the Municipal Council in 1864. He was the most modest of men, and refused all his life decorations and other outward distinctions offered him by his grateful monarch.

Professor Suess was in frequent contact with various American scholars, notably with the late Angelo Heilprin, and on various occasions he evinced great interest in our public affairs. He was of striking personal appearance, tall and distinguished looking, most winning in discourse, and of undiminished mental powers even in extreme old age. Racial and religious bigotry he combated with all the fervor of a noble soul.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

New York, May 11.

TEXTUAL CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems that on Sunday, April 12, 1914, that pious statesman, Senator Penrose, conducted religious services at Whitehall Baptist Church, Tacony, Pa., and preached a sermon. It was a fine sermon, so fine that, as appears from the *Congressional Record* of April 16, by reproduction it has been made part of the proceedings of the Senate. I would draw attention, however, to the absence of a prefixed text of Scripture, indispensable to sermons, according to all preacher opinion. Perhaps a text, once prefixed after the orthodox fashion, was omitted when the sermon was transformed into a State paper. Be this as it may, the theme of the deliverance was President Wilson's attitude as to the claim of one V. Huerta to be President of Mexico, and the single excerpt here following makes it plain what the text was:

"It is fairly obvious now, even to a partisan supporter, that the man most likely to secure peace in Mexico was the one who was rejected."

Text: "Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" 2 Kings ix, 31.

And Mr. Penrose takes the affirmative of the proposition. WILLIAM GEORGE.

Sausalito, Cal., April 25.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF EL GRECO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The little city of Toledo, Spain, has just commemorated the three hundredth anniversary of the death of the painter known as "El Greco"; three festal days were set apart by the Mayor, including a general holiday for every one.

A more favorable day for a pilgrimage to Toledo could not have been desired. The balmy air blowing up the valley of the Tagus, a matchless sky, and blossoms everywhere made it evident that spring had come at last. Everywhere the farmers were at work irrigating their plots of land, in which process the chief part is played by a blindfolded mule, which, walking an incessant round, moves a water-wheel, a method used in Spain since time immemorial. An occasional herd of fighting bulls could be seen, black against the bright green of the lands bordering the river.

There is no mediæval town in Spain that offers so many picturesque sights as Toledo. Situated on the top of a cliff surrounded on three sides by the river Tagus, which here assumes the form of a horseshoe, it has, because of its almost impregnable position, played an important part in every epoch of Spanish history. An ancient bridge still forms the chief approach, and the rickety diligences, the ox-carts, the venders of fruits and vegetables, all indicate that the character of the traffic has undergone but little change in the course of time. Near the entrance to the bridge is an old fountain where the muleteers who come from without water their beasts, or where many-shaped earthen jars are filled by the servants, who still carry the water as in mediæval times, to the houses which have neither fountain nor faucet.

The great question which confronts Toledo is the preservation of its innumerable ancient monuments. Many are being cared for, but others are growing unsafe, and the characteristic procrastination of the Spaniard is already responsible for the collapse of several buildings. A few years ago the beautiful patio of the Hospital de Santa Cruz, one of the great structures of the early Spanish Renaissance, fell in, but a national Art Commission immediately set to work to restore the building, and when it is completed it will be opened as a museum. The refectory is still in ruins, but the patio, with its noble plan, its delicate columns, its striking lights and shadows, can be enjoyed again, and constitutes, together with the great chapel, one of the chief glories of Toledo.

El Greco, who was a Cretan by birth, seems to have come to Toledo about 1576 or 1577, producing up to the time of his death a most astonishing number of paintings, of which Toledo is still the great treasure-house. Here he is supposed to have acquired immense wealth, and if the scanty details of his life, as recorded by his biographers, are to be trusted, the immense house in which he dwelt was not only filled with paintings of his own, many half-finished, orders on which he was constantly at work, but the wealth thus made was lavishly spent in festivities and entertainments.

To form a comprehensive idea of El Greco, one must spend many days in Toledo, where churches, monasteries, and noble houses were once filled with his innumerable paintings of every conceivable subject. Unfortunately, his ardent admirers have made a cult of his peculiar art, and it is therefore impossible for a layman to follow their unqualified praise of all that he has done. Notably the creations of his last period are most difficult to appreciate, nor does his own explanation of the fantastic outline of objects "which, when seen through certain mediums, appear larger than they are," entirely justify his presentation of the human form.

The most satisfactory interpretation of his genius makes him not only a great painter, but also gives him a prominent position among the Spanish mystics. Warm reds are replaced by transparent blues or veiling grays, giving all of his last great compositions a purely celestial atmosphere. For this reason many of his paintings should never be viewed on a level with the eye. This grouping, as well as the attitude of individual figures, improves vastly when seen from below. Like those of a true mystic, all of El Greco's creations are wholly serious; hardly a smile brightens the general impression made by his canvases. Even his portraits, stupendous as they are in their variety and individuality, indicate an unvarying preference for a serious or thoughtful moment.

The three festal days in honor of El Greco were filled with the usual merry-making, including fireworks at night and bull fights by day, without which even a mystic of the Renaissance cannot be properly honored. The numerous antiquity shops also celebrated after their fashion by raising the price for the benefit of visitors, and the hotels added a slight sum to the bill of the unsuspecting guest. But Toledo can never lose any of its charm. After I had lost my way for the twentieth time in the labyrinth of a hundred crooked passages, I felt that I was at last becoming acquainted with the old imperial city. R. S.

Toledo, Spain, April 15.

Literature

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Hapsburg Monarchy. By Henry Wickham Steed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Hungary's Fight for National Existence, or The History of the Great Uprising Led by Francis Rakoczi II, 1703-1711. By Ladislas Baron Hengelmüller. New York: Macmillan Co. $3.25.

The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph. By Francis Gribble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 net.

The author of "The Hapsburg Monarchy" is in some respects unusually well qualified for his task. He has, as he says, lived for ten years the daily life of the country, and he has had access to excellent sources of information. He has thus learned to look upon the complex political and social conditions of the Empire, not with the eyes of an English critic, but as an interested observer, who, detached as he is, has in some ways adopted an almost Austrian point of view.

The very title of the book gives us a clue to the author's general attitude. He identifies himself with those students of Austrian history who find in the essential unity of all the lands of Austria-Hungary under the Hapsburg dynasty the best guarantee of her future existence. The dynastic tie seems to him far stronger than the dualism which now unites Austria and Hungary. Singularly enough, his political creed is in the main that of the pre-revolutionary, conservative Austrian Liberal—dissatisfied with existing conditions, recognizing the need of change in many directions, yet having no particular remedy to suggest,

and turning, after all, to the Hapsburgs as those best qualified to hold together the strange medley of races, nationalities, religions, and classes that constitutes the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Of this type the poet Grillparzer was the most distinguished representative, and Mr. Steed fortifies himself by quoting in his preface Grillparzer's famous lines which, in 1848, were intended to impress upon Austrians of whatever nationality the need of rallying around the dynasty and the army in support of the state.

It seems a curious anomaly that a country so difficult to govern as Austria-Hungary should have found in Francis Joseph—a ruler of no well-defined political convictions, not even of consistent political leanings—precisely the man best able to command that personal loyalty which, again and again, has temporarily reconciled the warring elements of the monarchy. Were Mr. Steed fully acquainted with the characteristic traits of the Austrian rulers of past times, he would find the present Emperor less of a psychological riddle. Francis Joseph appears to him "personally unselfish, generous and just, ever ready to redress a private injury," and yet, as a ruler, often "callous to the point of injustice," willing to tolerate, as long as recruits and money are forthcoming, Ministerial policies that press hard upon whole sections of loyal subjects. Such a judgment leaves wholly out of account the many insoluble problems that have beset Francis Joseph from the beginning of his reign. There is, however, greater justice in the following summary of the contradictions of his career:

> The youth, not illiberally educated, who in 1848 succeeded to the throne of an empire in revolt and learned to distrust constitutionalism, liberalism, and all forms of progressive political aspiration; the absolutist ruler, led by stress of circumstance and reactionary advisers to believe that the army, the church, the police, and the bureaucracy are the only reliable pillars of a throne, and induced on his twenty-fifth birthday to present his peoples with a Concordat involving an abject capitulation of the state to the church; the defeated commander-in-chief at Solferino, whom the loss of Lombardy and the imminence of state bankruptcy caused to doubt the wisdom of his reactionary counsellors; the semi-constitutional Emperor of 1860-65, anxious to save his leadership among German princes, but who, being outmanœuvred by Bismarck at the Frankfort Diet of Princes in 1863 and by Moltke at Sadowa in 1866, was compelled to fall back on his hereditary peoples, to bargain with Hungary and to bedizen Austria with constitutional robes in the vain hope that what was irrevocably lost might yet be retrieved; . . . and, finally, the Constitutional King of Hungary and Constitutionally absolutist Emperor of Austria . . . such a man or some such man is Francis Joseph of Hapsburg-Lorraine.

The sketch is too rapid to be wholly life-like. Elsewhere in the volume other aspects of Francis Joseph's long reign are discriminatingly touched upon, such as his determination, in the late sixties, to subordinate the Church to the State, and his active interference, in the Conclave of 1903, against the election of Cardinal Rampolla to the Papal throne. In fact, faithful Catholic as Francis Joseph always has been, the interests of the state have ever been his first concern. No priest has been among his intimate counsellors, and he has never given countenance to religious and sectarian prejudice. That no monarch of recent times has, on the whole, been actuated by a higher sense of duty towards all his subjects must be conceded by every fair-minded critic.

The author's general familiarity with his subject is most apparent in the chapters dealing with such topics as The Bureaucracy, The Police, The Church, and The Press, though not infrequently there is manifest that tendency to overemphasize abuses which is inherent in his peculiar mental attitude. The Austrian bureaucracy has many sins to answer for, and as a circumlocution office it has perhaps had few equals, but to imagine that only "a new Joseph II, or a new Lueger," could simplify its procedures is to adopt precisely the hopeless tone of the old-fashioned Vienna burgher, and to ignore the fact that the Austrian civil service has during recent years made great strides in efficiency and is approximating Prussian standards. Similarly, in speaking of the pervasiveness of the Austrian police, the author exaggerates the functions of that petty tyrant, the city house porter (*Hausmeister*). It is not correct to say that the police—whether in ordinary times or at critical moments—keep strict watch over the movements of foreign visitors in Austria. "The stranger is unaware," says Mr. Steed, "that the porter of his house is a *confident* of the police, and that his goings and comings, his manner of life, the number and names of his friends, and all personal details are carefully communicated by the porter to the police, which preserves them in a *dossier* ready for communication to the political or to the fiscal authorities as occasion may require. Unless warned from some friendly quarter, he may not know that his correspondence is being watched, his telephone 'tapped,' and his intercourse noted." It seems worth while to point out the glaring exaggerations in this statement, in view of the fact that an American publicist of the first rank has adopted a similar view of the functions of the Austrian police, following, probably, like Mr. Steed, the account of antiquated conditions in Dr. Ignaz Beidtel's "Geschichte der österreichischen Staatsverwaltung, 1740-1848."

Mr. Steed has a keener eye for certain peculiarly Austrian incongruities, such as the discrepancy between the rigor of the press regulations and the ease with which a confiscated journal can bring the obnoxious article before the public. If such a journal is on a friendly footing with a member of Parliament, it simply asks him to embody the confiscated matter in a parliamentary interpellation. "The journal is then able to reproduce its confiscated article from the parliamentary reports and to wave it under the nose of the public prosecutor and the police."

The passages characterizing the principal Vienna papers are among the most interesting in the book, though they are marked by an anti-Jewish animus which is its chief defect. Mr. Steed finds Jewish influence so pronounced in every field of activity throughout the Empire that he feels impelled to devote to the solution of the "problem" many pages and much ingenious speculation. The simple solution, lying in the fact that in Austria, as elsewhere, intellect and character find in the long run their natural level, has escaped his notice, although he unconsciously pays both the Austrian Jews and their country a high tribute in saying that the Hapsburg monarchy, "despite its reputation for conservatism, might with justice claim that it offers even to its humblest citizens a career open to talent, especially when the talent is that of the Jew."

The author's remarks concerning army conditions in Austria-Hungary are fair-minded and instructive. He contrasts the officers favorably with those of Germany:

> The bulk of Austro-Hungarian officers are drawn, not as in Germany, from the aristocracy and the nobility, but rather from the middle and lower middle classes. Austro-Hungarian officers are, for the most part, hard-working, hard-living men, unspoiled by luxury, and striving to subsist on little more than their meagre pay. They stand nearer than the German officers to the common soldier. Cases of ill-treatment of men by officers are rare. The subaltern who should restrict his intercourse with his men to the shouting of a few words of command would soon be found wanting. The bulk of Austro-Hungarian regiments are racially composite. Their officers must speak enough of the languages of the men to be able to supplement the German words of command with detailed instructions and explanations in the mother tongues of the rank and file. There results a personal relationship that renders the army in Austria-Hungary a more human and humanizing organization than in Germany.

The author finds also a certain educative force, as compared with other countries, in the Austrian Socialist movement, which has acquired increased momentum since the introduction of universal suffrage in 1906-7. He speaks

with deserved praise of the organ of the party, the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, which "frequently treats the larger political, social, and even diplomatic issues with a breadth of view and statesmanlike grasp that would honor any independent journal in Europe." The Socialist leader, Dr. Victor Adler, "a Jew of the prophetic, self-sacrificing, zealous type," has devoted his personal fortune largely to the maintenance of the journal.

Mr. Steed draws a sombre picture of the future of Austrian Liberalism, which is giving way, on the one hand, to the radicalism of the Social Democrats, and, on the other, to the brutality of the Christian Socialism of Lueger, that "genial, irreverent demagogue," who gave such a powerful impulse to the present "middle-class policy" of the Government, and whose tactics are in no small degree responsible for the parliamentary degeneracy that has disgraced Austria.

The chapter on the foreign policy of the Empire, though pervaded by the author's usual pessimism, contains an interesting historical retrospect. He indulges in the day-dream of a modification of the dual system and its possible replacement by a Federalist organization which would give the Southern Slavs a commanding position in the domestic and foreign relations of the Empire. "From the standpoint of the internal cohesion of the monarchy," he says, "the Magyar state has acted as a repellent force, powerless for good, powerful for evil; and, pending proof to the contrary, students of Hapsburg affairs are constrained to regard the Magyars rather as a liability than as an asset of the Crown." All this in spite of his full recognition, as elsewhere expressed in the volume, of the clear-sighted wisdom of Deák and Andrássy, both as to the demands of Hungary and the requirements of the monarchy. But with all its contradictions and marked prejudices, Mr. Steed's volume forms a valuable contribution to the study of present-day conditions in Austria-Hungary, and well repays careful reading.

No one better fitted to speak for the right of Hungary to her present position in the monarchy could easily be found than Baron Hengelmüller, for many years the Austrian Ambassador to this country, who has had the happy thought to write the first English story of Rákóczy's romantic rising against the Hapsburgs early in the eighteenth century. The struggle was of European significance, inasmuch as its varying phases implicated France and the Germanic Empire during the war of the Spanish Succession, and enlisted the sympathies of the envoys of England. Mr. Bryce, in his preface to the volume, briefly points out the connection between Rákóczy's resistance to the Hapsburg policy and that national sentiment which culminated in the revolution of 1848-49 and led to the triumph of Francis Deák in 1867.

Baron Hengelmüller's work, which is to be followed by a second volume, is the fruit of most painstaking research, and, as might be expected from a man in his position, his story is a model of tactful presentation. He has drawn largely on Rákóczy's own "Autobiography," which, written for himself, was deposited in a French monastery and not discovered until 1858. Baron Hengelmüller has carefully pointed out the discrepancies between the "Autobiography" and Rákóczy's "History of the Revolutions in Hungary," which was written partly in Latin and partly in French and published at The Hague in 1739.

The volume deals largely with military movements and diplomatic transactions and with the blunders of Austrian officialdom that often enough played into Rákóczy's hands. The statesmanlike sagacity of Prince Eugene emerges from the crowd of the incompetents, whom the author sketches with an unsparing hand. The policy of Austria during the time of Rákóczy's warfare is condemned as hopelessly short-sighted. "There is no doubt that the Austrians of the period looked upon Hungary very much as the English did on Ireland."

Rákóczy's personality, from the time of his election as Prince of Transylvania till the breaking off of the peace negotiations in 1706 (with which the volume closes), does not, perhaps, stand out with as much distinctness as might be wished, but Baron Hengelmüller did not intend to write a biography. As an historical investigator, he certainly has achieved a notable success.

It is to be regretted that the author has departed from established usage in discarding Hungarian accents. There is no good reason for a change which gives a strange and linguistically unwarranted appearance to many historic names, including Rákóczy's own. In the case of Széchényi alone the accents have been retained. It is to be hoped that the second volume will have the benefit of more careful proof-reading than the first, which contains numerous misprints.

Francis Gribble, the author of "The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph," takes himself seriously. He sees no reason why the "historian" who is not under obligations of loyalty or hospitality should not criticise freely. Accordingly, he has dished up one of those messes of love affairs, intrigues, scandals, and back-stairs gossip which it has become the fashion to call memoirs or biographies. Barring what he has gleaned from others, he knows very little of "Austro-Hungary" and its history. The name Rudolph, he says, had not been borne by a Hapsburg ruler for five hundred years, and in the next sentence he speaks of Rudolph II, "who had died mad"—in 1612. The author, in summing up, finds the reign of Francis Joseph "an intensely interesting period of history. It is interesting from the personal point of view as the story of Nemesis overtaking the oppressor; the story which we have presented symbolically as the story of the fulfilment of Countess Karolyi's curse." This curse and other portents furnish him with historical material, which he also finds abundantly in the career of Princess Louisa of Tuscany and other wayward scions of the house of Hapsburg, among whom he includes King Ludwig of Bavaria. "The Martyrdom of an Empress" appears to him of doubtful authenticity—but he pads his pages all the same with specimens of its long-exposed falsehoods. It is pitiful that such rubbish can find publishers and readers.

CURRENT FICTION.

Grannie. By Mrs. George Wemyss. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Having just received a pen, a blotter, and a pig—in reality an inkwell—as gifts from her grandchildren, Grannie could not better show her appreciation of these tokens than by applying them to the description of her rôle as grandmother. She has reached the age when one gives counsel with authority and judges matters by feeling rather than by reasoning. The confessions of this unassuming, good-natured, mellow little old lady are refreshing. She speaks of her family, of modern Claudia who rules the household and insists upon calling a spade a spade; of Putts, who calls Grannie "Patts"; of Patricia, whose romances Grannie furthers. She speaks of the village folk, and particularly of Miss Cherry, whom they honor by reading to her model obituary notices that will appear when she dies. Grannie's chronicle is most successful when dealing with the young. Their prattle has a naïve spontaneity. Grannie's success comes from her understanding of the nature of her flock. The characters of the narrative are varied. Had they been cut in more deeply, the book might have aspired to the permanence of "Cranford."

Sunrise Valley. By Marion Hill. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Related in this lively, spontaneous fashion, the adventure of teaching country school and boarding with a "director's" family makes a surprisingly gay little story. It has been stretched to include a legend of hidden treasure and one incongruously heavy love scene, both of which seem mistakes, though more forgivable ones than the thinly disguised didacticism that crops out

from time to time. It is certainly a pity to find it in a tale otherwise so full of merry humor and accurate observation. Anybody who has ever had to contend in the schoolroom with the idioms of western Pennsylvania can vouch for the naturalness of those scenes of educational effort pervaded by the "agonizing proficiency" of Loleda Jones Toledra, "who could complete all tasks mapped out for her quicker than a cat can lick cream," but in whose vocabulary the preposition *behind* had no place, *in back of* flourishing in its stead. Nor could the delightful Aldriches possibly have grown elsewhere, with their efficiency and kindliness, their strictly practical ideas, their affectionate home wrangles, and their unstinted pride and indulgence reserved for their own.

Dodo's Daughter. By E. F. Benson New York: The Century Co.

Mr. Benson is supposed to have regretted "Dodo" as a youthful indiscretion, but his penitence on that score may be doubted since twenty years after he comes out, effervescent and unashamed, with "Dodo's Daughter." His last novel is not nearly as shocking as was his first, but that is probably less poor Mr. Benson's fault than our own. The science of moral anti-seismography has been highly developed since Mr. Benson, an archbishop's son, tickled pleasantly the naughty aspirations of the British middle classes, and to-day it takes something particularly strenuous from Germany or the Scandinavian countries to make us feel even the semblance of a shock.

The bitter truth must be admitted; Dodo is not as naughty as we had pictured her through the telescope, no, opera glasses, of youthful recollections, and Dodo's daughter and her friends are almost mid-Victorian in the propriety with which they marry and are given in marriage—Ouida would turn in her grave at the domesticity to which the British aristocracy has descended. For not only does Dodo's daughter, after some rather perfunctory misadventures with a character whom in essentials Mr. Benson has used in a previous book, contract a happy alliance with an ideally commonplace young man, but Dodo herself, having divorced Prince Waldenech, the bibulous nobleman with whom we left her twenty years ago, marries her first love, the fiancé whom she so unceremoniously jilted early in her career, and, of all bourgeois achievements, at the age of forty-five, presents him with an heir. As Dodo herself says, "Isn't it ridiculous?"

The author has not wholly lost his knack of social satire, and his tongue is in his cheek when Nadine and her friends patronize the Victorianism of the "souls" among whom Dodo in her heyday was a daring leader. "Dodo's Daughter" is a readable book, and it is plain that Mr. Benson has mellowed with the years, but it is not as clever either as "Dodo" or as some of the other novels that he has written in the interim.

My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The changes that China has undergone in the last quarter of a century are reflected in the sequestered life of a Chinese lady of rank. The record consists of two series of letters. The first of these are written to her absent husband from a home where a mother-in-law of the old school rules severely. They describe at length the daily life and customs of an aristocratic Chinese household untouched by the invasion of Western ideas. The later letters are addressed by this wife in middle age to her erstwhile tyrant of a mother-in-law, and tell how official life in new China looks on the domestic side. The culture and wisdom of the old civilization to which the spirit of the Occident has proved so inimical, is often beautifully defended, and from time to time one comes on an adage that compares amusingly with one of our own, as "When a man has been burned once with hot soup, he forever after blows upon cold rice." Probably no woman, East or West, ever wrote private letters so full of description and exposition. It is a book written about a Chinese woman, not by one, and creates as little illusion as to the personality of the writer as did a sagacious Englishman's treatise of some years ago, entitled "Letters of a Chinese Official." There are plenty of excellent photographs by way of illustration.

Ezekiel Expands. By Lucy Pratt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Miss Pratt, in this further study of Ezekiel, her gifted negro-child creation, writes with perfect control of the negro dialect and rare understanding of the race, acquired during her residence at Hampton. The extraordinary imagination of Ezekiel and his power of casting a spell over his audience, whether black or write, are again set forth. But this is something more than entertaining writing. It is the negro character which in many of its phases is here portrayed. The pathos of the negro child and of the cruel color-line is well brought out in the quaint sayings of the brave and shrewd little boy. And there are not a few deserved hits at the superior race. Whoever has attended a conference on the negro will enjoy Ezekiel's definition of such a gathering:

"W'y, it's where dey all *talks* about 'em. Doan't yer know, it's where dey talks about uplif'in' de culled people, an' 'bout how dey's gwine help 'em. Ain't yer nuver hyeah 'bout it?" Upon which his listener, Archelus, responds: "Doan't look like it's sense ter talk 'bout 'em *all* time, is it?" only to meet with this crushing retort from Ezekiel: "I doan' know ef it's sense or not, but it's de onlies' thing dey does, anyway."

Miss Pratt must have been a rarely sympathetic teacher. At any rate, there are valuable lessons here for a reading public which needs to have its sympathy aroused for a struggling race.

IDEALS OF HINDUISM.

Studies from an Eastern Home. By Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), with Prefatory Memoir by S. K. Ratcliffe. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20 net.

Now that Nationalism has become endemic, the historian of the future cannot fail to consider the subtle influence that the author of these studies exercised among her followers, apart from her unconscious share in revivifying an otiose Hinduism. Sister Nivedita's Irish ancestry explains, in a large measure, the passionate enthusiasm with which she invested an ill-understood propaganda, and the mysticism in which she apparently immersed a keen, aggressive mind. Only in a small degree is she unlike the disciples of the Celtic Movement.

But it must be remembered that the real force of her personality impinged on the Hindu imagination through an utter effacement of creed, dogma, and nationality, that must ever be the despair of the ideal missionary or educator in India. As Max Müller has somewhere remarked, in India you find yourself between an immense Past, and an immense Future. As a pioneer in education, Sister Nivedita caught the dual vision. She championed an education for the Hindu in the tradition of his race, religion, and custom, as opposed to the hybrid that is the ideal of the English university system in India, and in adopting this attitude she discovered a means of contact and a policy for all those who wish to understand and interpret the subject races in India. From platform and press she thundered at British blunders in reform. Yet so completely did she identify herself with Hindu ideals and standards that she failed to express herself against such evils as child-marriage and perpetual widowhood.

In the present volume are collected studies of Hindu myth, custom, and legend, translated with something of the same shy, rare understanding that we associate with Lafcadio Hearn's interpretation of the Japanese. Here, however, the angle of belief is more acute, and the association with a religion, alien in its native *milieu* both in

practice and interpretation, is more complete. Still, we imagine that the exponents of a new Hinduism as typified in the Arya Somaj or the Brahmo Somaj, whether or not they approved of her, lost in Sister Nivedita a valuable ally.

These studies, taken with her previous volume, "The Web of Indian Life," embody the results of a life spent in a quest of the soul of a people. While it must suggest the failure of a rare personality to come to grips with the essential problem of Hinduism—its stagnation, and its apathy towards the new spirit animating the younger generation of its adherents, the refusal to avail itself of the rising tide of Nationalism—yet this failure may be otherwise explained. Sister Nivedita's attitude, doubtless, had its definite spiritual rewards. Prof. William James referred to this condition of mind, using the words of Saint Teresa, as "the orison of union"; and as such we must understand Sister Nivedita's mystical absorption in Hinduism.

A NEW NOTE IN FRENCH FICTION.

A far-away melody is heard more and more in the fiction of younger French writers. It lingers round the race's traditional life in provincial families whose youth are forced into the modern hurly-burly. This may be natural reaction, and it may prove short-lived; but it is spontaneous and often comes from those who can have no consciousness of reaction. It is like Walter Scott preparing Englishmen for the Oxford Movement, as Newman noted.

In form, it goes little further back than Balzac, who was a prime reactionary, and to Flaubert's "Education Sentimentale." But these Neo-Classicists, as some of them dubiously label themselves, look on dead Zola and living Anatole France like Christian on Pagan and Pope in the Pilgrim's Progress. For them, the attempt to show "how entirely *non compos mentis* the world was till our time" is a failure. Anatole France has expressed his annoyance at this new generation which escapes him: "It has not faith—since faith is lost—and it makes a show of faith." Perhaps the show is revival in a race that has been examining its conscience.

"Laure," by Emile Clermont, is not really open to this suspicion of faith or reaction; yet it follows the new trend. All last season it was the novel most canvassed, coming up for the Academy's great prize of Literature and barely missing it, the prize remaining unawarded. The Immortals were too equally divided between its merits and those of a Nationalist book by Jean Variot, of Maurice Barrès's school. Not that there is the slightest taint of Exoticism in "Laure," for whose French quality Ernest Lavisse stood sponsor. The book begins:

> You must take your way through monotonous countries without a past and devoid of history to know the inestimable value of the spiritual air breathing through places that have brought forth noble events. . . . Ancient houses with shutters falling and disjointed, châteaux lonely in their valleys—how many there are through this country of France which all along their past have sheltered high tragedies! Sacrifice, devotedness, piety, deep inner dialogues, and wills freed from the world's common motives, and lofty wisdom won in tears—all this does not evaporate in an hour. An imprint remains, a fragrance of legend and respect.
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> . . . For nigh two hundred years the Engérand family has occupied this house and park. . . . The scions of its four primitive branches have stayed on in the country in fair number, with varying fortune and names, still keeping the remembrance of common origin and often brought together again by new marriages. But, among all these cousins, from far back, there was a settled and particular consideration for this house of La Mettrie.
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> . . . There, only a few years since, such deference was paid to the two last representatives of the name—Maximilien—Foël Engérand, who was near seventy and seemed chief of all the kin, and his son Charles-Armand, who retired here a widower with his two daughters—Laure and Louise.
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> . . . Laure and Louise were united by an affection which was visible to everybody. It was not only attachment, confidence, mutual attentions; it was more still, an indefinable, secret agreement, as if each, at every moment, took the other to witness of her feelings and behavior.

In this leisurely way a story unwinds which is not unknown to literature, for it can end only in the love of both sisters for one unsuspecting and undecided man. Hence, that the true love of one may run smooth, the other's true love must be sacrificed—and the other is Laure. Her inner trials and victories and the lack of understanding around her are the subject of this book. Her last victory is over the man himself, who little recks of her tragedy.

> "It is true," said Laure, "I have been troubled for some days to see that Louise and you have not protected as your most precious good the affection which has united you."

The man, Marc, chiefly wonders that his sister-in-law should leave them altogether for life in a convent; and so the story ends.

> "Dear me, Laure! perhaps your desires and your knowledge and even your virtues need to be very reserved. You think so and we must believe you. But for those like us who have only a simple, common life, it is a great thing by itself—to know that such as you exist."
>
> With words like these, he assured her several times over that, from her retreat, some radiance would still fall upon them.
>
> Thus they finished their farewells, full of promises.

It should be said that the convent part of the story counts for little, and the writer seems respectful of religious realities, rather than familiar with them. But the very old French idea of the sacrifice of one for another as opposed to the modern "right to live one's own life" is brought out strikingly.

"Les Survivants," by René Behaine, leads us into another traditional and provincial world—gentry ending their race in unpropitious days. Here we are back with Walter Scott and his Osbaldistones; but the French author has never a Di Vernon to light up the perpetual afternoon. Here, too, the convent, which may have been suppressed by law, but is not yet driven from French tradition, is brought in for the education of young girls of a declining caste—a picture full of simplicity and charm.

Jean Morgan, in two successive novels, "Au Seuil de l'Amour" and "Parmi les Ruines," moves also in such belated French lives with which belated New England consciences should have much sympathy. In the first the heroic young maiden sacrifices her own prospects of worldly happiness to make a current man of her young brother, when the death of their parents leaves them without the fortune to which they were accustomed. There is a charming picture of noble, needy University life; and when the sacrifice of legitimate affection is over, perhaps unappreciated, the hospital sister continues in other works of love. The second is the story of a family shaken and rent by infidelity and divorce to the great danger of the children, until, by some Providence, it swings back to tradition:

> The house of the family which lives after the man, the sacred place where the elders see the little ones grow up and these, in turn, remember their forefathers before they go to rest at their life's end.

"Les Demoiselles Bertram" is a novel of Paul Acker, who hovers still round his loved Alsace, but in an Alsatian family which has chosen to remain in France—the country of their heart. The story is entirely taken up with the failing fortunes of the holder of a small office in the state service of Finance, when the age of retirement has come. His three amiable daughters are dowerless—a tragedy relieved only by love and sacrifice in this old-world community in which each one clings to his social grade. One daughter marries happily—beneath her; one is sacrificed, and one realizes yet again the idea which occurred to unimaginative Lady Ambrose in "The New Republic":

> Do you know, my dear, I have a set

of eight cousins, all unmarried; and when I look at those girls' faces, I do confess, my dear, that I positively wish your religion was true; for then they could all go into convents.

Perhaps it is because the French republic has left so few convents standing that this solution of a grave social problem recurs so often in the literature of Young France. It is true that France has as yet no suffragettes to regulate the position of women who are shut out from marriage by the present state of society.

None of these young French writers' books—upsetting surely all English notions of "French novels"—has been taken from among the many which ostentatiously proclaim religious faith. Those centre upon names only beginning to be known abroad, particularly Charles Péguy, with his periodical "Cahiers"; Paul Claudel and Francis Jammes, oftenest mentioned as poets; Robert Vallery-Radot, the son-in-law of Pasteur and his biographer and also a poet. Of these Anatole France will have it that "their wrongheadedness may amuse at first and end by annoying."

"La Révolte des Anges," by Anatole France, excites mixed feelings. With these angels who learn on earth Darwinian eugenics (euphemistically), there is neither reverence nor respect of the limitation of religious ideals, nor even wholesome comedy as in "The Wonderful Visit" of Wells; nor is it the inappropriate love-making of Byron and

Woman wailing for her demon lover.

In the known pellucid, artistic language there is more than irony and the laughter of Mephistopheles; there is something very much like human animus, illogical and therefore unfair.

"La Force mystérieuse," by J. H. Rosny *aîné*, is a story of future possibilities, very scientifically evolved from the supposition that a molecular force of the universe somehow goes wrong—that is, not like what we expected from past observation. It has a particular interest from its preface, in which the author calls attention to the use of the same supposition—after himself—by Conan Doyle, who seems not to have been able to work out the science of it.

In "La Rose des Ruines" Victor Margueritte, who is now one of the older French novelists, continues that modern view of life and love in quick, clear, sharp sentences which distinguish him and his brother. There are, as we have seen, more modern than they. Of intensely provincial pictures, real, rollicking, sordid, tragic, there are two excellent examples—"Le Vieux Garain," by Gaston Roupnel (not for babes), and "Sicoutrou," a tale of love and poaching, delightfully close to the ground, by a new writer, Francisque Parn.

S. D.

Notes

In the educational section of last week's *Nation* the title of a book by Dr. G. L. Walton was by an error of the reviewer incorrectly given as "The Plant-Finder." The correct title of Dr. Walton's book is "The Flower-Finder."

McBride, Nast & Co. have in preparation for early publication "The Political Shame of Mexico," by Edwin I. Bell.

The Macmillan Company announces the forthcoming publication of "The Soul of America," by Stanton Coit; "Feeblemindedness," by Henry H. Goddard; "They Who Question," Anonymous.

Frederick A. Stokes Company announces for publication in June "The League of the Leopard," by Harold Bindloss.

"Juvenile Courts and Probation," by Bernard Flexner and Roger N. Baldwin, will be issued by the Century Company early next month.

The Oxford University Press announces the immediate publication of "Princeton," by Prof. V. C. Collins, which is the second volume in its American College and University series.

Longmans, Green announce for publication shortly: "Modern Industry," by Florence Kelley; "The Economic Organization of England," by W. J. Ashley; "Fight Without Formulæ," by Commander Duchêne; "Factory Administration and Accounts," by Edward T. Elbourne.

Barrett H. Clark's "Continental Drama of To-day" will be issued by Henry Holt & Co. on Saturday. The same company announces another edition of Anderson Nexo's "Pelle the Conqueror—Boyhood." The second volume of the trilogy will be published about November 1.

Brentano's will publish on May 26 a new volume of Bernard Shaw's plays. The volume, in addition to Mr. Shaw's preface, will contain "Misalliance," "Fanny's First Play," and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets."

The John Lane Company announces for publication to-morrow: "The Purple Mists," by F. E. Mills Young; "A Girl's Marriage," by Agnes Gordon Lennox; "The Trend," by William Arkwright; "Curing Christopher," by Mrs. Horace Tremlett; "Macdonald of the Isles," by Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling; "The New Optimism," by H. de Vere Stacpoole. The same company will publish "The Titan," by Theodore Dreiser, on May 22.

A VALUABLE contribution to our knowledge of an interesting country is Mr. John Claude White's description of his experiences in Bhutan, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for April. The head of a mission representing the Government of India at the inauguration of the present King, Sir Ugyen, in 1907, he had unequalled opportunities for seeing everything of interest and for gathering information otherwise impossible to procure. The reproductions of his photographs show the beauty and variety of the scenery in the heart of the Himalayas, and also the remarkable decorative architecture of the forts, palaces, monasteries, and even of the native houses. The people are a fine race, who do excellent work in suspension bridge building, and are skilful artisans, as is shown by their ironwork, casting of metals, gold and silversmith's work, and especially weaving and embroidery. The personality of the King and his family life are attractively pictured. The new building of the National Geographic Society, whose membership is now 285,000, is described, and some interesting facts are given as to its present aims, exploration, and geographic research work.

IN choosing such a work as the "Barlaam and Ioasaph" of St. John Damascene for a volume of the Loeb Library (Macmillan; $1.50 net), the general editors are, we think, following a wise policy. No doubt the great classical writers are of the first importance for the series, and these, as a matter of fact, are receiving the proper precedence; but, by making an author like St. John—not to mention Philostratus and Quintus Smyrnæus, already published—easily accessible, in a form suitable for rapid reading, the Library may do something to enlarge the contracted interest of our classical scholarship. And it often needs enlargement. How many professors in this country whose business it is to know Greek literature have never read more than a few pages of Philostratus, for instance; have never looked into "Barlaam" (which may be excusable), and have not even had the ambition to make themselves familiar with the stirring poem of Quintus (which is inexcusable)? The answer, one suspects, would be a sad confession of mechanical routine taking the place of a quick and contagious interest.

MESSRS. G. R. WOODWARD and H. Mattingly, the translators of the "Barlaam and Ioasaph," conclude that it was certainly composed "during the Iconoclastic Controversy, in the eighth century," and probably about the year 750 A. D. The author, they contend, was either St. John of Damascus himself or some other monk of the name John who was intimately acquainted with the works of the Damascene, quoted from them largely, and held the same views. The conclusion will probably not be disputed by anybody in this country, and by few anywhere outside of Germany, where it is still not quite orthodox to accept a traditional attribution. For their English version, Messrs. Woodward and Mattingly have adopted a style strongly flavored with scriptural idiom. They were led to this by the difficulty of finding any other style that would fit the constant Biblical quotations into the text without disagreeable transitions and a general effect of patchwork. The result has been a greater freedom in the rendering than would have been necessary with a less artificial medium; but the freedom seldom descends into license, and the manner is suited to the matter. Despite its considerable interest, religious and in places fairly human, "Barlaam and Ioasaph" has never before been completely translated into English from the original, and the present undertaking is

a work of considerablo valuc, carefully executed. Tho marginal references and elaborato indexes add to the scholarly character of the book. On page 191, "man of hell" is an odd misprint for "maw of hell," and on page 345 "I am thy debtor" reverses the meaning of the Greek. Other negligences could be pointed out.

IN "The War of the Roses, 1377-1471" (London: Crosby Lockwood & Son), Mr. R. B. Mowat, after a painstaking study of the printed sources, has written a convenient and trustworthy guide for those who desire a short history of this confusing period. While he does not differ materially in his account from Stubbs, Gairdner, Ramsay, and Oman, he has added numerous incidents to illustrate the spirit of the age and has given some especially good character sketches. The primary cause of the War of the Roses, Mr. Mowat says, was the family settlement of Edward III, by which that ruler hoped to establish powerful royal families to act as a counterpoise to the hostile feudal barons. The result was just the reverse. Instead of families bound to the king by ties of blood and self-interest, he created the "over mighty subject," who could well boast that he was "of as good birth as the King, only richer." Early in the fifteenth century, the five appanaged houses were reduced to two, Lancaster and York, whose bitter rivalry and struggle for the crown plunged England into a long internecine war. The ultimate causes of the downfall of the house of Lancaster were the loss of French territory, the weakness and virtual bankruptcy of the central government, and the spirit of lawlessness engendered among the nobles and their retainers during the foreign campaigns of the Hundred Years' War.

MORE vigor and definiteness of purpose are attributed to Henry VI by the author than others have usually assigned to him. He rejects Stubbs's dictum that "constitutional progress had outrun administrative order," and shows that the so-called Lancastrian experiment did not foreshadow modern responsible government. Henry VI frequently violated the rules of the Constitution, packed Parliament, interfered with the administration of justice, and strangely disregarded the demands of Parliament and public opinion. A good chapter is the one dealing with English Society during the War of the Roses. The rural and urban population were, on the whole, prosperous. Prices remained virtually the same. Trade and commerce were rapidly developing, and the old spirit of isolation was breaking down. Plundering by the soldiers was not common, for, indeed, such a policy would have been fatal to the party practicing it. The war was largely restricted to the barons and their retainers. The bitter family feuds precluded giving quarter, and the battles were usually followed by unrestrained murder and assassination. Lord Clifford exclaimed when he stabbed the youthful Earl of Rutland after the battle of Wakefield, "By God's blood, thy father slew mine; and so will I do thee, and all thy kin." Tho virtual extermination of the caste nobility opened the way for the control of local government by the middle class. A strong monarchy, a nobility of service, and a wealthy middle class enabled England "to go through the tremendous crisis of tho Reformation without the internal conflicts which devastated other countries."

MRS. ELIZABETH DOUGLAS VAN DENBURGH is the author of "My Voyage in the United States Frigate Congress" (Desmond Fitzgerald; $2.50 net). She has rewrittcn a diary kept by herself as a girl of fourteen on a long voyage in 1845-46 of the Congress from Norfolk to Hawaii, upon which she was a passenger with her father, Joel Turrill, Consul-General to Hawaii, and the other members of his family, and Anthony Ten Eyck, Commissioner to Hawaii, who was also acompanied by his family. It was a long and uneventful voyage, with a very stormy passage around Cape Horn. The book is interesting only as a picture of conditions on a warship just at the period when sailing frigates were disappearing and steam warships coming to take their place. Mrs. Van Denburgh and her sister are the sole survivors of this cruise. Of the ship's company only two were really distinguished, Commodore Robert F. Stockton and the commander of the ship, Samuel Francis Du Pont, later the well-known Admiral of the Civil War.

A COLLECTION of thirty-five brief impressions of places is comprised in "The Tower of Mirrors," by Vernon Lee (Lane, $1.25 net). France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy are put under contribution to provide fine sensations. At her best Vernon Lee is superlatively good in this swift notation of personal reaction to place. Such an essay as "Sterzing am Brenner," with its dream pageant of the folk who through the ages have halted at the German outpost above the Venetic plain is extraordinarily evocative. Sens and the Nun of the Bon Pasteur is exquisite. The Victor of Xanten, a parallel of the myths of Siegfried and St. Victor suggested by the sight of Siegfried's legendary birthplace at Rhine mouth, is a delightful essay. It illustrates the blend of vivid impressionism with nice and apposite historical associations, which is the distinguishing merit of Vernon Lee's work. She envisages a sharply seen present in the light of all the past, and this without sentimentalism. The occasional defect of this work is a sort of priggishness, insistence on small impressions, forcing a sensation when none arrives spontaneously, a trick of deliberately avoiding the larger point of things as too obvious. It would be hard, for example, to tell less about Vallombrosa in an equal number of words. Still this is a kind of writing in which the rule is whim, and a too natural and expansive Vernon Lee would be a dire disappointment to her readers. For her devout admirers, among which the reviewer counts himself, the best of these slight essays will convey the very quintessence of her strong and delicate genius.

THOMAS SPENCER JEROME, who died on April 12, at Capri, in his early fifties, was a fine representative of a type rare among us, tho privato, unattached scholar. For many years he had pursued exhaustive studies of the Roman Empire. Recently his lectures beforo tho American Academy at Rome and the Historical Society at London had gained him a long-due recognition among his colleagues and had aroused high expectation of the great work he was not to live to complete. Jerome was of pioneer Michigan stock. His father, David Hewell Jerome, made a fortune in mining and railway building, becoming eventually Governor of Michigan. The son was graduated from the literary department of the University of Michigan in 1884, studied in the Law School for a year, and took his master of arts at Harvard in 1887. For a time he gave himself to the practice of the law at Detroit, but his scholarly predilections soon became overmastering. Freed from the usual task of money-making, he decided to move to the scene of his favorite studies. With his friend, Charles W. Freer, the well-known connoisseur, he bought the delightful Villa Castello on the heights of Capri, assumed the quito honorary function of consular agent, continued the building up of a remarkable historical library, and began the excerpting of a truly formidable mass of notes. Though a delightful host and stimulating companion with his intellectual peers, his life was very much that of a recluse. Inordinate application to his studies unquestionably shortened his years. The marking feature of his history was to have been, first, a radical critique of the Latin historians; second, a fuller use of non-literary sources, epigraphic especially, than had ever been undertaken; finally, a reinterpretation of the crude data in the light of modern science and psychology. A characteristic comment on the famous dictum *Latifundia* destroyed Italy was "Read *malaria*." To his task of reinterpretation he brought a keen and robust intelligence, good humor, and common-sense.

ONE of the rarer scholastic pleasures was to hear him trim and discount historians of the moralizing type of Seneca, Tacitus, or Suetonius. His researches swung a wide orbit, as is shown by the fugitive studies recently collected into the volume, "Roman Memories in the Landscape Seen from Capri" (London: Mills & Boon). From his study window were visible all the greater landmarks of Campania, a landscape truly eloquent to such an observer. Two volumes of similar preliminary and incidental studies are about to be issued by the Putnams. Gradually the knowledge of his studies brought him the acquaintance he most valued, and his bachelor establishment and library became a resort and a resource for all scholarly visitors to Capri. His championship of the traduced Emperor Tiberius and his own serviceable good sense won him also the affection of the natives of the island. After his lectures at the American Academy, this admiration took the form, embarrassing to a modest scholar, of a serenade by the village band, an address of thanks by the Mayor, and the quaffing of official champagne to the memory of the best, and worst-entreated, of Emperors and to the health of the American consular agent. Mr. Jerome's voluminous notes

are so legible and admirably arranged that a skilful literary executor might be able to carry the work forward. He often surveyed the huge tables on which his material lay in appallingly complete order and said ruefully, "I shall be the Lord Acton of America." The jest hit near the mark. It is to be hoped that some continuer of his studies may be found, and that some adequate salvage be made from the notes that represent many years of indefatigable labor and alert selection.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THE Channel Islands—where there is still in everyday use a patois almost identical with the Norman French spoken by William the Conqueror—are the home of other quaint antiquarian relics. One of them, an ancient form of injunction, was revived in Guernsey last month. A local politician, whose election as "jurat" had been annulled by the Royal Court of the island on the ground of his having been sentenced to a term of imprisonment some years ago, knelt bareheaded at the entrance to the court house and exclaimed: "Haro! Haro! Haro! à l'aide, mon Prince, on me fait tort." The effect of this appeal, technically called the "clameur de Haro," is to stay proceedings until the petitioner's case has been heard. In modern times the cry has most frequently been raised to interrupt building operations on land to which the title is disputed—much to the annoyance of unsuspecting strangers who have settled in the islands without being aware of this curious tradition. Popular etymology explains "Haro" as an abbreviation of "Ha! Rollo," thus making the cry a direct appeal to the first Duke of Normandy.

HUNTERS of autographs will be justly envious of the good fortune of Glasgow University in obtaining the MS. notes of Arthur J. Balfour's Gifford Lectures. They are written on large, cream-colored envelopes, and consist almost entirely of headings and catchwords. The Glasgow *Herald* publishes this sample: "Paradox of chance. Poincaré. But à priori. Pennies? Monte Carlo. No drift. Random. Sufficient reason. Knot. Objective to subjective. Dice. Theism."

REGIS MICHAUD is bringing out in French two volumes (Paris: Armand Colin) of an "Autobiographie d'Emerson," boiled down from the ten volumes of the Journal, with notes to aid the French understanding. An effort is made to follow out the spiritual evolution of the "American philosopher." Emerson is bound to be known in France, as Montaigne, whom he resembled in many ways, is known everywhere, as "the author of the Essays." In the sixties, Victor Cousin, who thought himself as omniscient as his reading was omnivorous, said of Emerson—"Much erudition and no logic!" The "young" of the passing generation in France know more than that, thanks largely to initiating theses of a *doctoresse*, Marie Dugard. Translations have followed and commentaries by current philosophers. It is true that Young France, now crowding forward, appears little likely to pursue the acquaintance. Still, Emerson has at least dawned on French literary consciousness more than Walt Whitman, whom he appreciated and who has been similarly studied, but infinitely less and sixty years later than Poe, whom he despised. He may catch up ultimately with Carlyle, who has been pushed of late years for his French Revolution. Emerson had a strong opinion about France, "where poet never grew"; but a judicious choice of his own poetry, esoteric and pragmatic, might yet win him a place among "foreign classics" acknowledged by the French. Poe's Tales, thanks to Baudelaire, long since became a French classic. Fenimore Cooper has been taken even more closely to the heart of the nation as a universal schoolboys' writer—another reversal of criticism by Humanity.

THE French version of the fourth volume of Dierauer's monumental "Histoire de la Confédération suisse" has lately been published at Lausanne, the narrative being brought down to the year 1798. The author is director of the famous library at St. Gall, and his work not only displays an accurate and thorough knowledge of the subject, but is written in an admirably lucid style. The part which will be read with most interest by students of Swiss history is that relating to the imposition by France of the Helvetic constitution, during the last decade of the eighteenth century.

A YOUNG author of Geneva, M. Frank Grandjean, may be regarded as the epic poet of the Nietzschian school. He attracted some attention by his popular lectures at the university on Bergson; and has now published a partly pessimistic, partly supermannish, poem entitled "L'Epopée d'un solitaire." Apparently he is the "solitaire" disguised under the name of Helios. It is doubtful whether many admirers of belles-lettres will find the eight cantos of this long and somewhat lugubrious work very enticing; nor will philosophical readers recognize in the Geneva poet a new Lucretius, although he has evidently read Lucretius. Ideas like those of the Non-Ego, the Mâyâ, the Uncreated, and "the nightmare of Evolution" are troublesome in prose, and are more troublesome when veiled in the language of poetry.

WHAT promises to become a serious agitation is in progress against the Federal Council of Switzerland because of its failure to suppress the public gambling now so prevalent at the chief Alpine resorts. The legal prohibition is perfectly explicit, but the authorities seem reluctant to enforce it—not the local authorities, but the executive Government itself. The clergy, university professors, and the principal newspapers are very insistent in their protests. But the blame is put upon the foreign visitors to Switzerland. They would not like, it is said, to be deprived of this form of amusement. This excuse has added fuel to the flame of opposition; for the Swiss are greatly concerned at the way in which their political and economic life is dominated by foreign, especially by Teutonic, influences. The *Bund*, the Government organ at Berne, is thoroughly German in its spirit and tendencies. The army is said to be in danger of becoming Germanized; officers are accused of introducing Prussian ideas and manners into the service; artillery is ordered from Krupp; Swiss industries are being everywhere absorbed by Germans; and the more important hotels are owned, managed, and served by Germans. Germany cannot, however, be held responsible for the gambling.

Science

A PHILOSOPHER'S SELF-REVELATION.

Glimpses of the Cosmos: A Mental Autobiography by Lester F. Ward, LL.D., comprising his minor contributions now republished, together with biographical and historical sketches of all his writings. Vols. I-III (to be completed in twelve volumes). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net each.

This "mental autobiography" is to be a reprint in full of every essay, minor article, or note that the author has ever written and published during his entire life, or from the age of sixteen to seventy, with but a single exception, that of a certain newspaper article of which both print and manuscript have been lost. There are 557 bibliographic titles, which with a few notable exceptions cover most of the subjects upon which the human mind has exercised itself. To the title of each of these entries is added the date of publication, the age of the author, and the history of the article, or the circumstances under which it came to be written. The author's numerous books and scientific monographs are duly listed and their history given, often at great length, as in the case of "Dynamic Sociology," the account of which is extended to nearly one hundred pages; but these works are not reproduced.

The author explains that the three volumes now before us are offered in response to those admiring readers who wished to have ready access to his scattered writings, and to know more of his personal history; this work they must accept in lieu of a more formal biography. His further object and his method of attaining it are explained in great detail; his multifarious papers are not classified by subject, but are all entered in strict chronological sequence, because, as he says, the sciences are all mutually related. "Of course," as he further explains, "between a paper in which I describe a hundred new species of fossil plants and one on the principles of social mechanics there seems to be as wide a chasm as can be conceived of, but when under social statics, which is one of the great subdivisions of social mechanics, I am obliged to range the

principle of sympodial dichotomy, supposed to be a strictly botanical principle, and little understood by botanists themselves, and to show that it is the main principle governing cosmic, organic, and social evolution, we see that the two apparently so remote ends of the series are brought together, and that all nature is ultimately one." "I have never been able," he adds, "to treat any subject except in its relation to all other subjects, and my main purpose has always been to point out those relations."

It is evident that the author took a serious view of life at an early day, for he had kept a diary steadily from the age of nineteen. To these sources he could turn for a history of his activities, but he had at command still other and more extensive scrap-books, numbering twenty-three volumes, and devoted to "Reviews and Press Notices," "Autograph Letters," and "Biography." To illustrate his desire to know everything that he had ever thought, said, or written, it may be noticed that he made a great card-index to the whole of this material, "sparing no pains to cross-index every name, subject, or word on every page." Moreover, as the work of compilation progressed, he decided to make another card-index of his entire manuscript, which in the end required 10,000 standard cards. "I saw," said Dr. Ward, "that a complete index of this manuscript would place my entire life-work within my reach, and I cared quite as much for this as for the republication of my essays." Probably no author has ever been so well primed upon his own labors, or has ever presented so precise and exhaustive a history of his own literary or scientific career.

Professor Ward could not bring himself to skim the cream from his writings and throw away the milk, for each paper, as he naïvely remarks, will be found to harbor "at least one thought." His aim, in short, was "to put into accessible form all the thought that he had ever given to the world." Not only do these essays, ranging from the period of his youth to old age, serve to show the metabolism of his mind, but they "supplement" his system. Taking a warning from the experience of Auguste Comte, who, by rejecting much of his early work as premature, sacrificed one of the brightest things he ever said, "Tout est relatif; voilà le seul principe absolu" (or would have done so had it not been reproduced), our author would preserve every line, not only "believing," as he says, but "knowing that a considerable proportion of readers would be grievously disappointed . . . if even the least of my utterances were wanting in this place."

In deciding upon so unusual a course, he assumes "that the reader is a reasonable being," that after reading the preface, he will "know what to expect, and that he will make the proper allowance for all the circumstances." But the reader assuredly has the same right to expect the author to be reasonable, and we think that after scanning the contents of these volumes, most will agree that Comte adopted the wiser course.

The author does not hesitate to analyze and classify the new ideas that he has contributed to the world's thought. "Now, what constantly strikes me," remarks this philosopher, "is that ever and anon some modern writer comes forward with the claim to the discovery of an entirely new truth. In every such case that I have thus far met with, if it is really a truth, it is one, or small part of one, that I have not only stated earlier, but, at least in most cases, have fully set forth, carefully analyzed, and connected with other related truths, as an integral part of my system of philosophy." Such instances the author would not necessarily ascribe to plagiarism, but thinks that they often arise from ignorance of his work, when not "due to the *Zeitgeist* itself, which is at last tardily overtaking" him.

In support of these rather extraordinary claims, the "Creative Evolution" of Henri Bergson is held up as a flagrant example, for many ideas therein, upon which our author has "been ringing the changes for thirty years, are served up as something wholly new to the world." Bergson has been credited with giving an entirely new character to evolution by showing that it is creative, but, says our author, "I should like to know if I have not been holding this idea up throughout my whole career. I have not only shown *that* evolution is creative, but *how* it is creative. Bergson scarcely gets beyond his title." Again his doctrine of the "*élan vital*," says our author, "embodies a great truth, but it is not new. In fact, it is nothing less than the manifestation in the organic world of the *nisus* of nature, the universal energy, making for higher stages of being." "In the latter part of his book Bergson shows his colors completely, and comes forth a pure metaphysician. But he thinks that he has made a great discovery that distinguishes him from all other metaphysicians. Instead of regarding the conception of *time* as derived from that of space, and that of space from that of matter and motion, as is becoming quite fashionable to do, he makes time (duration) the basis of everything, and plants his entire system upon that idea." Spencer, whose ideas have chiefly inspired this work, according to Bergson, "is not a philosopher at all, and all because, instead of making a universe out of whole cloth, as a true philosopher must do, he took the one he found, and did the best he could with it. If Bergson had known me and deigned to mention me, I should have shared the same fate, and so of all who deal with realities. . . . In fact, there is no place in his scheme for observation and the only faculty called out by it is imagination." Similarly, Germany is being flooded with new books, in support of the monistic philosophy, but, says Professor Ward, their claims to originality are unfounded; not even their principles are new; "the greater part of them are to be found in my books, dating back ten, twenty, or even thirty years." The outlook is rather discouraging.

Professor Ward deals rather briefly with his biography, under the head of "Personal Remark," for he declares that his mind had "always been trimmed toward the future rather than the past"; accordingly he was never interested in genealogy, and regarded pride in ancestry as a mark of degeneracy. He was born at Joliet, Ill., on June 18, 1841, his father, a mechanic by trade, having gone thither to build one of the locks on the Illinois and Michigan Canal. As a youth, he developed a great love for nature and an aptitude for languages, opportunities for exploring the woods and fields meantime being rarely neglected. When he was twelve years old his family emigrated from Illinois to Iowa, travelling the entire distance in a small covered wagon, to take up a quarter section of land, for which his father held a warrant on account of service in the War of 1812. This was a memorable journey for the boys, who slept on the ground at night, had many adventures by day, and supplied the family generously with game. Returning to Illinois after his father's death in 1857, young Ward went to work on a farm, and was soon able to pay his tuition at school and to satisfy in some measure that persistent thirst for knowledge which was as characteristic of the boy as of the man. He joined his older brother the following year in a wagon-hub factory in Pennsylvania, and though the business was a failure, he made great progress in Latin, Greek, German, and French. He went through Ollendorff's Greek Grammar while at his work, and it was "over the arch" that he studied Loomis's Physiology and many other text-books. His next school showed the advantage to be gained by such studious habits, for he was advanced over class after class, until he was soon reading Livy and Herodotus. In the winter of 1861-62 this "autodidact" was teaching school and preparing to enter college, when, catching the fever of the times, he entered the Civil War instead. He served as a soldier two years and three months, and was engaged at the battle of Chancellorsville, where he had the unusual experience of being shot three times in as many min-

utes, and of recovering almost completely afterwards.

Shortly after the war Lester Ward entered the civil service of the Government at Washington, where he remained, first in the Bureau of Statistics, and afterwards in the office of the Geological Survey, for upwards of forty years. Determined not to relinquish his plans for a higher education, Mr. Ward entered Columbian (now George Washington) University, where he was graduated in 1869, and two years later he had completed its law course. His scientific career began at this time, when he determined to study botany and began to plan for his first extensive work in philosophy, which later developed into the "Dynamic Sociology."

While engaged at the Bureau of Statistics he made a careful computation of the number of immigrants arriving in this country prior to 1820, and placed it at 250,000, which is still regarded as approximately accurate, and while a member of the Geological Survey he published nine extensive monographs upon fossil plants, not to speak of a vast number of minor papers upon a great variety of subjects.

In 1869 Mr. Ward was instrumental in the formation of the National Reform League, a secret organization devoted to freedom of thought, particularly in religion, and became the editor of its organ, the *Iconoclast*, which appeared the following year and ran through eighteen numbers, when it died of inanition. Some sixty articles which were contributed anonymously by the editor to this magazine are reproduced in the first volume of the present work. At this time Mr. Ward was obsessed with the idea that the Church was not only a great hotbed of superstition, but society's most insidious enemy, which should be rooted out and destroyed. This feeling is well illustrated in his editorial, which appeared as the opening gun of the first number of the *Iconoclast:* "We have thoroughly examined," said the editor, "the teachings, character, and effects of the great and popular institution known as the Orthodox Church; we have inspected its leading doctrines and satisfied ourselves that they are only the modified superstition of barbarous ages, the natural offspring of man's primitive ignorance." Professor Ward was, we believe, very outspoken on the subject of religion, and, so far as we are aware, he never changed his views upon this subject.

The "Dynamic Sociology," Dr. Ward's first extended work, had a hard time in finding a publisher, or even a magazine that would print any part of it, but it was finally accepted by the Appletons on the guarantee basis. Though its sales were small, the work has gone through two editions, and has been on the market for over thirty years; to the author it was a moral, if not a financial, success. Shortly after its appearance four laudatory reviews appeared in as many Washington newspapers. In one of these articles, which was contributed anonymously to the Washington *Post*, the writer said: "That this book is destined to produce a profound impression upon the more thoughtful classes of society, and one that will grow with repeated and extended perusal, we cannot doubt. That such a system of thought should have emanated from an American is a most hopeful sign, and Washington is to be especially congratulated on being the focal centre from whence it has proceeded." Now, it is not a little curious to find that the writer of this amiable criticism and of the other three was no other than the learned author himself, who not only reproduces the articles as part of his bibliographic output, but candidly writes the history of his own criticism of his own work, adding that "any one who should read all these [articles] consecutively would not suspect that they were from the same pen, as in each case I presented the work from a different point of view."

Whatever inconsistencies one may find in Lester Ward's philosophy, or however one may differ from those who think that they have found in him a Moses to lead them into the promised land, all must acknowledge that he united to an intellect of very exceptional powers an ardent love of truth and an industry that was truly phenomenal. His "Glimpses of the Cosmos" is a remarkable human document.

Volume II of "The Bodley Head Natural History" (Lane) is devoted to three or four families of the order Passeres of British birds. The text, of indifferent merit, ordinarily states the habitat of the bird, describes it, gives the facts regarding its nest and eggs, and tells something of its song, or any of its idiosyncrasies. The chief merit of the enterprise lies in the illustrations, a flood of pen sketches, roughly tinted, which decorate the margin of the page. They show an eye for the pose of birds which is decidedly uncommon.

The *Annales de Géographie* for March opens with a report of the recent conference in Paris on the international map of the world, by its secretary, M. E. de Margerie. The increasing interest in this undertaking is shown by the fact that while at the previous conference in London there were only twenty-four delegates from eleven countries, at this there were sixty-six delegates from thirty-five countries. An article by M. G. Capus, based on seven years' observations in the Tonking delta, asserts the economic value of tropical rains. The other subjects treated are the plain of Valence, and the recent abrupt change in the level of the Caspian Sea. A brief account is also given, in the geographical chronicle, of Archdeacon Stuck's ascent of Mt. McKinley.

Drama

RECENT LONDON PRODUCTIONS.

THE SUCCESS OF "PYGMALION" — MR. SHAW'S PROLIXITY — GALSWORTHY'S "THE MOB"—THE INDISCRETION OF A FUTURIST PRODUCER.

London, April 30.

There seems to be no doubt that "Pygmalion" is a success at His Majesty's. I had difficulty in securing a seat for last Wednesday's matinée, and found the house crammed. Appearances in the theatre are not always "veridical"; but as appearances in England are borne out by unquestionable results in Germany, we may fairly conclude that Mr. Bernard Shaw has this time "backed a winner." Why resort to stable slang, it may be asked, to convey the simple fact that he has made a success? I do so because I think the secret of the success is revealed in that phrase. Mr. Shaw happens to have hit upon one of the stock themes which are perennially attractive to popular audiences, or, in other words, which may be trusted to win whenever they are handled with reasonable skill. It is very significant that the title of one of Sir James Barrie's early successsses, "The Professor's Love-Story," would suit "Pygmalion" to a nicety. Mr. Shaw's Professor Higgins is in all essentials Sir James Barrie's Professor Goodwillie over again—the absent-minded, unpractical, unworldly man-of-science, who considers himself an old bachelor and, when brought face to face with the devotion of the charming girl, cannot understand either her feelings or his own. This simple romance —note that Mr. Shaw calls his play a romance—is susceptible of several variations. Mr. Shaw has chosen one which heightens its poignancy. The lady, in Professor Goodwillie's case, was merely his secretary; in Professor Higgins's she is an uneducated flower-girl, on whom the Professor has conferred the gift of articulate speech, and (incidentally and inadvertently) a soul. It is here, of course, that the analogy to "Pygmalion and Galatea" comes in; but several other analogies could easily be found without going either to Sir William Gilbert or to Greek mythology.

The play is, withal, one of Mr. Shaw's most human, if not most brilliant, productions. It contains some gems of comedy, such as the scene between Higgins and Alfred Doolittle, the flower-girl's father, and the converted flower-girl's first appearance in polite society. It is more or less amusing throughout; but technically it cannot escape the reproach of diffuseness, not to say prolixity. Its five acts might with advantage have been compressed into three.

The first scene, which shows us the meeting of Henry Higgins and Eliza Doolittle, on a rainy night, under the portico of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, may be valuable from the point of view of picturesqueness and oddity, but is not dramatically essential. Perhaps I should have appreciated it more but for the fact that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's cockney dialect was so uncompromising that I did not understand a word she said. Then, again, the fourth act, in which the perfected Galatea shows her astonished Pygmalion the difference between a woman and a gramophone, is curiously short and perfunctory. In parliamentary language, we look for a full-dress debate, and no sooner has it begun than the house is counted out. A dramatist more careful of his craft than Mr. Shaw would either have run the fourth and fifth acts into one, or would at least have placed a crucial scene in the fourth act, and made the fifth, which, in fact, is long and rambling, a brief, bright epilogue.

The crimson expletive of which so much has been heard occurs at the end of the delightful scene in the third act, in which Miss Doolittle shows that she has mastered English pronunciation, but not the grammar, vocabulary, or conventions of polite society. For my part, my objection to the word is simply that it is undramatic. It is flatly incredible that Higgins and his coadjutor, Colonel Pickering, should not from the first have put an embargo upon that word of all others in the language. It would have been quite right and very amusing if, in a moment of excitement, Eliza had caught herself in the act of saying "bl——" and had hastily substituted "very" or something equally colorless. As it is, she brings out the word quite calmly and confidently, without any stimulus of emotion. There may be some question as to how far a dramatist should extend his vocabulary in the interests of dramatic truth; but here the question does not arise, for dramatic truth demands, not the utterance, but the suppression, of the offending word.

It remains to be said that in the performance at His Majesty's we can see but as in a glass, darkly, the play as Mr. Shaw conceived it. Mrs. Campbell's performance of Eliza Doolittle is a brilliant piece of acting, and no doubt contributes enormously to the success of the production; but an actress who made her first great success twenty-one years ago, and was then no novice, obviously cannot give us the sensation, so to speak, of Mr. Shaw's heroine. Curiously, and yet quite comprehensibly, she was most convincing as the draggled waif of the first two acts. Huddled up in rags, and bedizened with the flaunting picture-hat of the slums, a woman may have any age or no age. But when Eliza comes out in the height of Bond Street fashion, and especially in the gorgeous evening gown of the fourth act, she is so obviously a radiant and conquering woman of the world that we cannot believe for a moment that Higgins and Pickering could overlook and ignore her as they pretend to do. Our powers of make-believe, of provisional credence, are overtaxed. To give the thing a moment's plausibility, Eliza should be an unripe slip of a creature, whom it is possible for men with eyes in their heads to consider insignificant and negligible. As for the character of Henry Higgins, one can but dimly divine Mr. Shaw's intention through the haze in which it is enveloped by Sir Herbert Tree's overpowering personality and all too familiar methods. Sir Herbert is clever and amusing just as we have seen him clever and amusing in a score of other parts. He has long given up the attempt to subdue his personality to his author, and has adopted the opposite plan—as a star actor almost inevitably must—of subduing his author to his personality. Mr. Shaw, one fancies, must find in his heart a new fellow-feeling with Shakespeare.

At the Coronet Theatre, Bayswater, Miss Horniman's Manchester company has been presenting with success, for the past two weeks, Mr. John Galsworthy's four-act play, "The Mob." It does one good to see so distinguished a piece of work received with acclamation by popular audiences; but if you ask whether it is a great play, or whether it stands on a level with "The Silver Box," "Strife," and "Justice," I am bound to confess that I cannot think so. Frankly, Mr. Galsworthy has let the humanitarian get the upper hand of the artist. He seems in this play to be going the way of Tolstoy; but Tolstoy knew how to put into his most doctrinary work a marvellous wealth of life-like detail, which we miss in "The Mob." I would not grumble at the sacrifice of the artist to the humanitarian if the humanitarian profited by it. But he does not. Mr. Galsworthy's indictment of The Mob would be much more telling if the play were more life-like. His humanitarianism is for once a little inhuman.

Stephen More is a statesman who resigns his place in the Ministry in order to protest against an unjust war into which England is being hurried. His friends all draw away from him; his wife, the daughter and sister of a soldier, is shocked at his proceedings; even his little daughter wishes that her daddy would be on "our side." News of disasters arrives; popular feeling is intensely wrought up, and Stephen More insists on undertaking a "stop the war" lecture-tour through the country. The mob spits upon him and stones him, but still he keeps on. When news arrives of her brother's death at the front, his wife deserts him, carrying off his child. The mob breaks his windows; the servants are driven from his house, and, at news of the first victory, the "mafficking" populace rushes in upon him and kills him. Then the curtain rises for a moment on the "Aftermath"—a silent tableau exhibiting the statue erected to his memory.

Evidently this is not so much a play as a symbol. The characters have no independent life; they are simply there to illustrate a theme. The theme is exactly that of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People"; but oh, what a difference in the humanity of the two plays! "The Mob," no doubt, has a certain impressiveness. It reminds us forcibly of the danger of being carried away by the rush of some cheap and shallow collective frenzy. But it overshoots its mark. While we feel the theoretic danger, we also feel, "No, there is no practical danger of our being carried away to such insensate extremes." All of us but the very young remember clearly the fever of the Boer War, which Mr. Galsworthy obviously has in mind. We know that feeling ran very high, and that the Pro-Boer minority was far from popular. We know that some violent partisans of the Boers held meetings of a more or less stormy character. Some of them, I dare say, were broken up. We know that, after black months of tense anxiety, the relief, first of Ladysmith and then of Mafeking, was hailed with rejoicings in which a great deal of regrettable rowdyism was let loose. But it is not the case that the most outspoken Pro-Boer was treated like a leper by his family and friends. It is not the case that mob-patriotism went the length of serious personal violence—much less of assassination. I do not remember that a single window or a single head was broken. "Mere questions of degree!" Mr. Galsworthy may say: "My picture of the bestial vulgarity of epidemic patriotism remains substantially right." But degree is everything in these matters. It is useless to quarrel with the mob for not being always in the right. The question is whether they are apt to carry their shallow, unreasoning passion to the pitch of gross inhumanity; and here I think that, so far as England is concerned, the evidence is against Mr. Galsworthy. How much profounder, how much bitterer, is Dr. Stockmann's mob-psychology, as he gathers up the stones that have come through his windows:

> Just look at them! Upon my soul, there aren't more than two decent-sized lumps in the whole heap; the rest are nothing but pebbles—mere gravel. They stood down there and yelled and swore they'd half kill me; but as for really doing it—no, there's mighty little fear of *that* in this town.

Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" has been

followed at the Little Theatre by a play named "Account Rendered," by Mr. Robert Elson. It deals, very inexpertly, with a good theme. The clever wife of a stupid Cabinet Minister manages to keep him in office by playing on the passion of his chief opponent, and practically inducing him to betray the interests of his party. She well knows, but will not admit to herself, what reward he expects for his sacrifices; and when he "renders his account" she refuses to pay. This theme is capable of very interesting developments; but it is feebly handled and comes to nothing. I mention it on account of the entertaining "Foreword" which the manager, Mr. Kenelm Foss, prints on the playbill. Mr. Foss has taken several leaves out of the books of Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Gordon Craig, and apparently aspires to be the Futurist producer of London. He says:

It may possibly be remembered that in "Magic" I solicited adverse criticism by two (if no more) eccentricities of decoration. The Prelude on a Hill-top was presented with the artificial coloring and decorative unreality of a Japanese print; while in the play itself I deliberately broke the restfulness of the Hall of an English Manor-house with shimmering esoteric curtains that instantly became a most vital factor in the pictorial scheme. The instance will serve for my entire method. My conception of the duty of a producer is to take the real message of the author (whether he himself knows what it is or no) and to convey it (in spite of themselves) to the audience, either with the aid of, or in defiance of, the actors.

He then goes on to explain that "Account Rendered" demands "queer" treatment, and that, therefore, he is presenting it "in a whimsical and new manner. . . . And if this new setting should set a fashion, as genuinely new things have a way of doing, no one will be more pleased than I." The whimsical novelty of the setting mainly consisted in making a Cabinet Minister's drawing-room look like an extremely cheap and dirty Italian restaurant. But Mr. Foss is, I believe, a really clever young man, and no doubt he will live down this amusing indiscretion.

William Archer.

"THE CHARM OF ISABEL."

The charm of Isabel, in the play of that name, produced last week by William A. Brady at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, is, at the best, rather a negative quality, consisting, as it does, principally in the lady's inability to say "no." Misunderstanding on this point is impossible, for the author, Sydney Rosenfeld, has apparently created one rather long part, that of Caroline Leighton, expressly for the purpose of testifying to this peculiarity in Isabel's character. Consequently, the intelligence of the audience is relieved of whatever strain might be imposed upon it by having to draw its own conclusions from the development of the characters and the action of the play.

Mr. Rosenfeld understands the familiar machinery of the theatre, but the oil of inspiration is lacking. "The Charm of Isabel," in motive and construction, is thoroughly hackneyed. The first act is redeemed only by the excellent acting of Albert Brown, as an impressionable stage Frenchman, who breaks into Isabel's room when she is in bed to propose to her. There seems to be no particular reason for this situation rather than for another, and neither the indifferent stage settings nor the unreposeful comedy of Miss Marie Nordstrom, as Isabel, can be commended. In the second act, in which Isabel, still unable to say "no," is embarrassed by the attentions of various members of a sanctimonious New England household, Miss Nordstrom is more at home, and there is some excellent dialogue in a scene at an organ between Isabel and a young probationer, which shows that the author is capable of better work than on this occasion he has produced. The promise of this act, however, is not fulfilled in the third, and the play comes haltingly to a conclusion, by no means unforeseen, but wholly unbelievable, in the engagement of the flighty Isabel to the probationer, while the amorous Frenchman finds consolation in the ample charms of her friend, whose function in the universe has heretofore been to insist on Isabel's infirmity in the matter of saying "no." S. W.

NOTES.

It was announced recently that Paul Gavault has been appointed director of the Odéon Theatre in succession to M. Antoine, after eight years of artistic effort which met with liberal appreciation from the critics, but with insufficient support from the public. M. Gavault was the author of "Mlle. Josette—Ma Femme," the amusing farce, which enjoyed a long run in Paris, and, in Anglicized form, was successful also in London.

In reference to the performance of Henry Porter's "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon" at the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford this year, the critic of the London *Times* says: "It is all first-rate, honest, homely fun, ingeniously woven, and racy in every word with Elizabethan wit and Elizabethan flavor. That, of course, is not all appreciable by modern ears and modern taste. These servingmen and their jests are a little out of touch with us of to-day. Mr. Kirwan's Elizabethanism turns out to have nothing excessive about it beyond the small 'noise,' as the men of that time would have called the band of strings which plays music of the time between the acts and the trumpets which announce the performance. But Mr. Kirwan and his company have undoubtedly succeeded in catching something more important than detail. They have caught what we must suppose to be the Elizabethan spirit in the acting—a hearty, jovial spirit that makes the most of this Elizabethan farce."

Music

MUSICAL HISTORY AND INSTRUMENTS.

Familiar Talks on the History of Music. By Arnold J. Gantvoort. New York: G. Schirmer. $1.50.

Outlines of Music History. By Clarence G. Hamilton. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

The Story of the Flute. By H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Advice to Violin Students. By Wallace Ritchie. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The Art of Tone Production on the Violoncello. By Emil Krall. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

For more than twenty years Arnold J. Gantvoort has lectured on the history of music to students of the Cincinnati College of Music. He has now printed the substance of his lectures in a volume of 285 pages which has considerable merit and some faults. The most serious of the faults is a lack of proportion. Like most other historians of music, he gives a great deal too much space to the early stages as compared to the later and more important epochs. To allow thirteen pages to the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, and four to the Chinese in a treatise so short that there is room for only one page on Chopin, and little more for most of the great masters, is surely a mistake. When space is so valuable, why dwell on such unimportant personages as Gombert (who gets half as many lines as Chopin!), Ducis, Verdeleet, and dozens of very minor musicians? The absence of an index is another defect, and there seems no reason for retaining the spelling Monteverde, since that composer in all his letters signed himself Monteverdi. As against these blemishes one must concede to the author a good style, comprehensive and usually up-to-date knowledge, and the art of presenting information in language free from needless technicalities. One of the best features of the book is the use of copious illustrations in musical type, some of which —especially those taken from early operas—the student would have difficulty in finding elsewhere.

Musical illustrations abound also in the excellent "Outlines of Musical History," by Clarence G. Hamilton, of which a new edition has been issued. The chapter dealing with the most modern developments has been entirely rewritten, to give room for brief mention of Schoenberg and other composers of the day who make a specialty of false notes. The author himself strikes a false note in declaring that those who do not like the "cataclysmic dissonances" and oth-

er peculiarities of these "progressives" are "compelled by public opinion to wage a losing fight." Figures and nightly experience in opera houses and concert halls do not bear out this statement. One of the most valuable features of Mr. Hamilton's book consists of judiciously compiled lists of books after the several chapters, in which the epochs or composers referred to can be studied in greater detail. For class work these lists are invaluable. Although it is only within a few decades that American musicians have shown merit worth remembering, Mr. Hamilton devotes half-a-dozen pages to the principal native composers, headed by Edward MacDowell, who has "achieved the most far-reaching reputation for originality."

In the history of musical instruments none goes back as far as the flute, although the particular shape of the flute now in use is of comparatively modern origin. Mr. Fitzgibbon discourses learnedly but with the eloquence of a devotee of the various transformations this instrument has passed through. Biographic as well as technical details are given about those who, in several countries, helped to improve the flute, their number being surprisingly large. Military fifes and piccolos are not ignored. The gradual improvement of flute music is also described, with many interesting glimpses of the peculiarities of diverse composers, from Bach and Handel to Richard Strauss, in their treatment of this instrument. Regarding Strauss the author remarks that "in his works the extreme limit as regards the technical difficulty is assuredly reached; whether the result obtained, however, is commensurate is certainly open to question."

Advice to violin students is always in order—their number is growing from year to year. Wallace Ritchie, in his little book on this subject, emphasizes his own discoveries and observations during a long experience as principal of a violin school in London. A chapter is given to the Sevcik method, which he considers "by far the most complete and perfect system the world has yet seen." It is well to remember, however, that Sevcik's work lies entirely in the field of technique. Among the other topics treated by Mr. Ritchie are the art of practicing to most advantage, the choice of teachers, and what ought to be taken into consideration in buying a violin.

Of violoncello players there are not nearly as many as of violinists; but Emil Krall's book on Tone Production appeals to the latter, too, for it is concerned with the art of bowing, on which expression depends, and which, in the opinion of Mr. Krall, presents more difficulties even than the left-hand technique of fingering. His book is based on "The Physiology of Bowing," by Dr. Steinhausen, who was the first to give scientific reasons for the practices resorted to by the greatest violinists. There are many pictures showing how to hold the instrument and the bow, and how to guide the latter so as to secure always the appropriate tone and expression.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Fourteen eminent soloists have already been obtained for the Philharmonic concerts in Carnegie Hall next season. Among them are five singers: Lucrezia Bori, Alma Gluck, Lucille Weingartner-Marcel, Julia Culp, Pasquale Amato; four violinists: Fritz Kreisler, Efrem Zimbalist, Arrigo Serato, Jacques Thibaud; six pianists: Ferruccio Busoni, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Carl Friedberg, Ernesto Consolo, Eleanor Spencer, Germaine Schnitzer. Kitty Cheatham will be the soloist at two concerts for young people. The concerts will begin on October 29 and last till March 26.

Lulli (who died in 1687) has recently been remembered in Paris by the revival of his tragic ballet, "Psyché," which was designed by Molière. It was performed as nearly as possible under the conditions that prevailed in the time of Louis Quatorze. Lulli was the composer of no fewer than thirty ballets between the years 1658 and 1671.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, who died at Batavia, Java, on May 10, was born on May 12, 1859, at Farmington, Me. Her early musical education was received from John O'Neill and at the New England Conservatory of Music, and her first public appearance of note was at the age of seventeen, when she sang in a "Messiah" performance given by the Handel and Haydn Society. She was advised by Tietjens to go to New York and study with Mme. Maretzek, and through her she became acquainted with the eminent bandmaster, Patrick Gilmore, who engaged her as soloist for a Western tour and subsequently took her to England, where she sang at seventy-eight concerts. In 1878, the year of the Exposition in Paris, she was the first vocalist to be heard in the new Trocadero. Then she went to Italy, where she took lessons from Sangiovanni and sang in the opera at Brescia for three months. During two seasons at the Paris Opéra, Mme. Nordica had the advantage of studying some of her rôles with Ambroise Thomas and with Gounod, in whose "Faust" she sang in New York in 1883. After singing year after year in the various opera centres of Europe and America, she was invited to impersonate Elsa in "Lohengrin" at Bayreuth, by Cosima Wagner, with whom she studied for three months. Her principal Wagner studies were made, however, with Anton Seidl at the Metropolitan Opera House, and under his guidance, and with further aid from Jean de Reszke and her second husband, Zoltan Doeme, her impersonations grew more and more poetic and dramatic. After the deaths of Grau and Conried, Lillian Nordica, like Emma Eames, left the Metropolitan company while still in her prime. For some years she spent part of her time on concert tours, which were attended with the greatest success, but her proper sphere, because of her dramatic impulsiveness, was the opera.

After conducting the Royal Opera in Dresden for forty-two years, Ernst von Schuch died there on May 10, at the age of sixty-seven. He was born in Graz, Austria, on November 23, 1847. After studying with Dessoff in Vienna, he began, in 1867, his career as conductor. In 1873 he was appointed court conductor in Dresden, where the opera soon acquired a world-wide fame through his efforts and influence. Richard Strauss chose him to preside over the premières of several of his operas. Heinrich Conried once brought him to New York, but he did not remain, being unwilling to give up his position abroad. In 1897 he was ennobled by the Austrian Emperor. He married, in 1875, the eminent opera singer, Clementine Schuch-Procházka.

Art

THE INTERNATIONAL.

LONDON, April 20.

Seldom has a society of artists been more successful in throwing off the responsibilities of its name than the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. Having had the courage to give to sculptors the priority other societies reserve for painters, it has finally established itself in the new Grosvenor Gallery, where no provision is made for the exhibition of sculpture and it is impossible to show more than a few small bronzes and marbles and perhaps one or two larger pieces, as this year, when Rodin's Eve commands the centre of the first large room. The Society, having also had the courage—and it required courage in England—to call itself International, and to be for several years as international as its name, is now as British as the Royal Academy, to which many of its members have been called, the foreigner being hardly less of an exception at the Grosvenor than at Burlington House. Nor has it been any more faithful to its principles and traditions. In the beginning it asserted its independence of the Academy by allowing no Academician to be elected to its ranks or to remain an active member. Now, one Associate of the Academy is the vice-president—virtually the president, since Rodin presides but in name—and five are on the Council.

In the beginning space was found for earlier work that seemed to set the standard for the Society, and that it was a delight to see again in an exhibition. This year, only three early works of conspicuous note are included: one of the interiors Alfred Stevens knew so well how to paint, with such beauty and quality in every detail of furniture and ornament that the figure, as in this lit-

tle painting, becomes almost an intrusion; one of Daumier's small, tragically sombre versions of Don Quixote; and Millais's Mrs. Heugh, painted before he had lost all memories of his Pre-Raphaelite training to develop into the popular and pleasing portrait painter, an amazing study of old age, full of character in the stern, seamed, wrinkled face and the folded wrinkled hands, full of beauty of tone in the rendering of the passages of white about the head and shoulders. The portrait, I believe, was once owned in America; it should not have been allowed to return to England, for already the small proportion of Millais's work that represents him at his best has passed into permanent collections.

Serious as are these lapses and infidelities, more serious is the fact that, although the exhibition just opened is only the sixteenth to be held, it should fall so far below the level of interest and excellence attained during the Society's first years in the spacious rooms at Prince's Skating Rink, Knightsbridge. In the beginning, the International, even in its British section, was the most formidable rival the Academy had ever been obliged to face. Now it is almost as oppressed by convention as the Academy, and, to a certain extent, like most other societies of artists in London, has degenerated into a sort of annex to the Academy. There is no question of the effect of a divided allegiance upon those members who have become Academicians. It may be that John Lavery sends nothing this spring because he is reserving himself for the show he is to give in the same gallery during June and July. But if Charles H. Shannon restricts himself to some of his already-known woodcuts and to a study in pastel for a decorative design, a big, bad prig from Puvis de Chavannes; if William Orpen has only a weak, superficial portrait of a woman the critic would hardly stop to look at save for his name in the catalogue; if William Strang is so reticent as to send only one of his large, inanimate groups gathered together in a discord of shrill, acid color; if Anning Bell is among the absent, and D. Y. Cameron rather emptier than usual in a Scotch mountainous landscape—the reason is evident. In three more weeks the Academy opens, and, despite everything, the Academy remains, to the British public and the British painter, the exhibition of the year, for which, therefore, the artist with an eye to the main chance naturally keeps back his most important work.

Other members are evidently in danger of sacrificing themselves, not to the Academy which has not yet opened its inner doors to them, but to their own conventions. Here and there you will come upon an artist who seeks the new life in his work that new problems will give, as, for instance, Professor Sauter, who, whether altogether successful or no, finds a new scheme of color, a new expression of character, in his presentment of Prof. H. G. Fiedler, of Oxford, and, because he paints portraits, is not blind to the fresh loveliness of spring foliage out of his London windows, or to the solemn dignity of the Alps. Here and there among the few foreign exhibitors, Mancini, with his vigorous Eve and St. John; Breitner, with his sombre, tragic architecture; Frieseke, with his decorative fantasies; Morrice, with his harmonious landscapes, lend interest and variety to the walls. Here and there among the prints and drawings, the water-color of a Cock by Joseph Crawhall; the lithographs by Joseph Pennell, Spencer Pryse, Copley, Kathé Kollwitz, Ethel Gabain; the caricatures of Dulac, who seems to have found himself as a comic draughtsman, and is genuinely funny in his elaborately carried out idea of Ricketts and Shannon as a couple of many-armed fakers; the pastels of Henry Muhrman, strike a distinct personal note.

But the tendency of too many who have once achieved a success is to repeat it until they find themselves held fast in the chains of a formula of their own creation from which, apparently, there is no escape. Year by year, James Pryde exaggerates, by the cheapest of scene-painting tricks, the height of the architecture he paints and deepens the colors on his palette until he now begins to produce but parodies of himself. Year by year, Charles Ricketts emphasizes what would once have been called the "literary" interest in his faked-up classical and Biblical legends, until it has become the critical fashion to look into them only for what the present criticism describes as "intellect." And so it might be easy to go through the list. When it comes to the painters who make the most strenuous show of individuality, they do so chiefly by sacrificing to the movements and fashions of the moment. Simon Bussy, an artist of some distinction when uninfluenced by others, seems now to vie with the most decayed of the Matisse group when he paints a leopard against a vivid pink background with such an absence of atmosphere and detail that it is nothing more than one of his mild little sketches enlarged; or when he makes of his portrait of a little girl a flat pattern in a high key, so that it would tell best as an open-air advertisement. George W. Lambert, in a group of a prize-fighter in costume, a flower girl, a baby, and a man in a silk hat and black coat, to which he gives the title Important People, is evidently vacillating between his desire to be in the modern Post-Impressionist mode of simplification and his determination to force people to come to his shop, as his address is printed on the barrow in the background, and to make them talk, as John Collier, with his academic popular "problem pictures," sets them talking every spring at the Academy. By whatever new name it may be disguised, the old-fashioned ambition of a certain type of artist to *épater le bourgeois*, continues to flourish, though the phrase has dwindled into a *cliché*.

Perhaps more characteristic of the tendencies of the new generation is the pretended return to Pre-Raphaelitism of a young painter, Eric H. Kennington, hitherto unknown, whose Costermongers is sure to prove, to use another venerable *cliché*, the *clou* of the exhibition. I do not mean that his tribute to the Pre-Raphaelites by studying them is characteristic; it is rather his tendency, shared with so many other young men, to express personality by borrowing it from somebody else. Of all the movements of the nineteenth century, Pre-Raphaelitism probably had less lasting influence than any other. And yet here is an unquestionably clever young man starting out upon his career by pretending to imitate the Brotherhood in their concern with detail, their love of pure color, their heroic pursuit of realism. He goes for his subjects to the life about him, as the Pre-Raphaelites did at times—Millais in the Blind Girl and Autumn Leaves, Holman Hunt in Strayed Sheep, Rossetti in Found; above all, Ford Madox Brown in Work. But he does not really get them there. In the rendering of his Costermongers he has burdened his canvas with the minute detail which he never saw, and the minute treatment of it that with the Pre-Raphaelites passed for observation. It happens, however, that the great defect of the Pre-Raphaelites was just the lack of that observation supposed to be their chief end as realists. They were too apt to see nothing but details, and each detail separately. Millais could paint leaf by leaf the creepers covering a brick wall, never noting the change that each hour of the day brought with it. Holman Hunt could camp out in the desert with his loaded gun in one hand and his palette in the other, to get the right background, and then turn out a Scapegoat as clean as a newly washed baa-lamb. It is the same with their latest disciple. One of Kennington's Costermongers, who are busy cooking potatoes out-of-doors, stands in the gutter, but his boots are spotless and his trousers are pure; all, presumably, have been doing hard work, but their hands and arms are beautifully clean; one girl kneels on the skirt of the other, but does not even ruffle it with her heavy weight. The observation, the realism, when examined, suggests nothing more real than the studio and models painted without brains—

only with lots of seriousness. It is this sort of work, this reëcho, clever often, laborious always, serious sometimes, but at the best a faint reëcho, that makes one understand the distinguished American artist who, after his first introduction to the masterpieces of the young British geniuses, wanted to hurry to the National Gallery "to wash his eyes."

N. N.

Finance

THE REMARKABLE HARVEST OUTLOOK.

The Government's "May estimate" last week on winter wheat—the early-planted crop which usually makes up two-thirds or more of the country's total wheat yield—brought forcibly into consideration a very remarkable factor in the financial outlook. That estimate was fully up to the hopeful expectations of the trade, and as rainfall and sunshine have alternated, since the data for the report came in at the end of April, in such manner as to improve even the favorable outlook of a fortnight ago, the official forecast of a 630,000,000-bushel yield was all the more readily accepted. This would be more than a hundred million bushels above the largest previous winter wheat crop—that of 1913.

The forecast by the Department of Agriculture did not take the grain trade or the markets by surprise. Agricultural conditions have probably never been better at this season. The winter wheat crop certainly has the best promise of the past two decades, on the largest acreage ever known. The crop is within five weeks of harvest in the extreme Southwest, and every additional day of good weather means millions of bushels saved to the yield. The Southwest has of late had more than the usual supply of moisture, and growing conditions are at present as nearly perfect as they can be. There is likely to be some loss here and there from insects, but there is a large enough acreage more than to offset the average accidents and still leave a wholly satisfactory crop. Even western Kansas, which is the most precarious section of the wheat belt, and which has not had a really good crop of wheat in years, has the best of promise on this occasion.

The Government's estimates are habitually based, first on what is called the "condition percentage" of the crop at a given date—that is to say, its relation to a perfect growth, as compared with the crops in a group of preceding years. The condition assigned last week was 95⅝, the highest May condition since that of the great winter wheat crop of 1891, and the third highest condition ever reported in the grain trade's history. Not only is the total of planted acreage abandoned during the winter season the smallest of any but one of the past fifteen years, but the larger part of the past season's loss was in States where the usual yield of wheat is small. Kansas has the promise of a 132,000,000-bushel crop, the greatest ever known, and 40,000,000 bushels over the maximum yield of 1912. For the four States west of the Missouri River—Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and Texas—the indicated yield is 246,000,000 bushels, or 71,500,000 more than was harvested last year.

The four leading "soft-winter-wheat States"—Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio—can claim, on the basis of the estimate, 176,000,000 bushels, or 20,000,000 over last year's harvest. With the present outlook, the country can lose 107,000,000 bushels between now and harvest, and still leave as much as was harvested last year. On the basis of the average marketing, there would be 378,000,000 bushels to be marketed, of which the railways will get the greater part, or a very much larger aggregate than ever before.

The later-planted or "spring wheat crop," is not yet far enough advanced to admit of safe prediction. It has not been as remarkably favored as the early wheat by the season's weather, but it has met no serious setback. Since present promise for the winter wheat yield is undoubtedly better than the Government's forecast of 630,000,000 bushels as of April 30, and since the average spring wheat yield of the past five years (which included one partial failure) has been 245,000,000 bushels, the grain trade persists in asserting that a 900,000,000-bushel wheat crop this year is at least a reasonable possibility. Last year's yield was 763,000,000, exceeding all previous harvests, and the largest wheat crop raised in the five years 1907 to 1911 inclusive was 683,000,000.

The Stock Exchange made practically no response to the high crop estimate—a fact which attracted wide attention and inspired some misgiving. But its attitude, and the continued absence of revival in general trade, need not blind any one to the necessary significance of that news. Waiving entirely such questions as doubt over the political developments of the day, or over "rate decisions," or over Mexico, there are a few perfectly obvious inferences to be drawn. We have not yet reached harvest time; even the early wheat crop cannot yet be measured with absolute assurance. But in that one important crop, we are long past the possibility of harvest failure.

Only a most unusual combination of adverse circumstances can prevent the maturing of the largest winter wheat crop in our history. When it is borne in mind that a bountiful harvest is the one certain tangible addition to a nation's wealth, and the one infallible source of an expanded foreign trade, and when it is also remembered that the produce of the farms must be carried to market, and that therefore quantity, and not price, determines the direct profits of the railways from the harvests, it is superfluous to ask what the present promise of the crops ought to mean to general prosperity.

There have been years when "bumper harvests" have served only to avert or temporarily postpone a formidable industrial reaction; that was true of the great crop seasons 1906 and 1891. But those were years in which bank credits and trade engagements had been previously brought to a scale of precarious inflation, which is precisely the reverse of the conditions which prevail to-day. Furthermore, even on those occasions the influence of the crops on the general situation, though only temporary, was powerful enough to shape the financial history of the year.

This is so unvarying a lesson of our past industrial history that any one who ignores its natural bearing on the future history of the present year is likely to miss his calculation. He may assume that a blight will fall on the growing crops in June or July; that we shall be plunged in war by midsummer; that Congress will run wild in anti-corporation activities, and that some great catastrophe will occur in the foreign credit markets. But these are assumptions, for which there has been quite as much warrant, at this time in half a dozen recent years, as there is to-day. That being so, it is not altogether unreasonable to accept the actual news from the grain country as having at least equal significance, in its relation to the future, with the action or inaction of prices on the Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

American Crisis Biographies: Daniel Webster. By F. A. Ogg. Philadelphia: Jacobs. $1.25 net.

Bolton, H. E. Athanase de Mézières. Cleveland: Clark.

Illinois Historical Collections. Travel and Description. By S. J. Buck. Springfield: Illinois State History Library.

Jones, J. L. An Artilleryman's Diary. Wisconsin History Commission.

Kelly, H. A. Some American Medical Botanists. Troy: Southworth Co.

Munro, W. B. Selections from the Federalist. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases. 1648-1706. Scribner. $3 net.

Ottley, Alice. A Memoir Compiled by M. E. James. Longmans. $4 net.

Rowe, J. G. The Romance of Irish History. Longmans. $1.50 net.

Traubel, H. With Walt Whitman in Camden. Vol. III. Kennerley.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Angell, N. Arms and Industry. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Antin, M. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.

Blackford, K., and Newcomb, A. The Job, the Man, the Boss. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
Clark, J. B. Social Justice Without Socialism. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Kelley, F. Modern Industry. Longmans. $1 net.
Koester, F. Modern City Planning and Maintenance. McBride, Nast. $6 net.
Smith, H. A. The Law of Associations. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.
Wakefield, E. G. Art of Colonization. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.

TRAVEL.

Jarintzoff, Madame N. Russia, the Country of Extremes. Illustrated. Holt.
MacHugh, R. H. Modern Mexico. Dodd, Mead.
Stuck, H. Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled. Scribner. $3.50 net.

POETRY.

Dawson, C. Florence on a Certain Night. Holt. $1.25 net.
Maquarie, A. A Rhapsody for Lovers. London: Bickers.
Oxford Edition of Standard Authors: Poems of Charles Kingsley. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d.
The Golden Treasury. With Notes by C. B. Wheeler. Oxford University Press.
The World's Classics: Poems by D. G. Rossetti. Poems by William Morris. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Williams, B. C. Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon. Columbia University Press.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Boyd, W. From Locke to Montessori. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Clark, A. C. The Primitive Text of the Gospels and Acts. Oxford University Press. 4s. net.
C. R. A. What Are We to Believe? London: Watts.
Eucken, R. The Problem of Human Life. New Edition. Scribner. $2 net.
Hill, R. A. P. The Interregnum. Putnam. $1.45.
Sister Nivedita and Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy. Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50 net.

SCIENCE.

Bragdon, Claude. A Primer of Higher Space. Rochester: The Manas Press. $1.
Laisant, C. A. Mathematics. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
Richardson, A. S. Better Babies and Their Care. Stokes. 75 cents net.
Saleeby, C. W. The Progress of Eugenics. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Anthology of German Piano Music. Vol. I. Ed. by M. Moszkowski. Ditson. $1.50.
MacKaye, P. Saint Louis. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Modern Drama Series: The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd. By D. H. Lawrence. Five plays by Lord Dunsany. Kennerley. $1 net. $1.25 net.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Barnard, H. C. The Little Schools of Port Royal. Putnam. $2.50.
Comprehensive Standard Dictionary. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Cornford, F. M. The Origin of Attic Comedy. Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.
Howells, W. D. The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon. Harper. $1 net.
La Branche, G. M. L. The Dry Fly and Fast Water. Scribner. $2 net.
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Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII. Oxford University Press. $1.25.
Schmidt, J. E. Shakespeares Dramen und sein Schauspielerberuf. Stechert. 4m.
Smyth, A. The Composition of the Iliad. Longmans. $1.75 net.
Taylor, J. M. Before Vassar Opened. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Toynbee, P. Concise Dante Dictionary. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.
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For the Author's translations into Sanskrit, see *Y.* I., 1910, sep. printed, 2s.:—*Y.* XXVIII., see Roth's Festgruss 1893, and the Bombay memorial vol. of the Sir J. J. College, 1914:—for *Y.* XXIX., Muséon, Louvain, 1912;—for *Y.* XXX. see *Z.D.M.G.*, 1914;—for *Y.* XXXI., the Muséon, 1914;—for *Y.* XLIV. see Acts. of Orient. Cong., Paris, 1897, and *Z.D.M.G.*, 1911-12.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1914.

Summary of the News

The persistent rumors of the past two weeks that the fall of Gen. Huerta would not long be delayed have finally crystallized in a report, published on Monday, which is apparently well authenticated, that the Mexican delegates to the mediation conference have power to submit the resignation of Huerta if that course is found to be necessary to a settlement. The conditions on which Huerta will consent to be eliminated, it is said, may be expected also to eliminate Carranza and Villa from any personal share in the future government of Mexico, and the further suggestion is made that a commission form of government may be adopted, consisting of representatives appointed by the Federal and Constitutional parties, and possibly also by the Zapatistas, acting with the support of the United States.

Whether conditions of this character would commend themselves to the Constitutionalist leaders or to President Wilson is another matter. From recent dispatches from Washington it appears certain that the President has in contemplation a more far-reaching scheme of settlement than a mere temporary adjustment of the immediate problems of Mexican government, and that his aim will be to effect a radical reorganization of the present system of landholding in Mexico, which the Administration regards as the fundamental cause of the chronically unsettled condition of the country.

The attitude of Carranza and Villa, while increasingly friendly towards this country, remains, on the question of mediation, uncompromising, their position apparently being that they will hear proposals for a general settlement of the question only in Mexico City itself. Few obstacles now bar their approach to the city, although it is estimated that six weeks must elapse before they can reach it. Tampico fell on Wednesday of last week, and Tuxpan, a rich oil town, 128 miles north of Vera Cruz, on the following day. The attack on Saltillo was commenced on Saturday or Sunday, Villa's forces have been reinforced from Torreon, and the town is gradually being hemmed in. It was reported from Washington on Monday that the Constitutionalists are exhibiting a disposition to exact money for their campaign from business interests at Tampico, and representations on the matter have been made by Secretary Bryan to Gen. Carranza.

It was announced on Saturday that, in response to strong representations made through the Brazilian Minister in Mexico City, Gen. Huerta had undertaken to investigate the case of Parks, the American private who, while insane, wandered into the Mexican lines at Vera Cruz and is reported to have been executed, and if murder was committed to punish those responsible. Other incidents of the week have been: the sudden appearance of Zapata, the rebel leader in Morelos, in the suburbs of Mexico City; the confirmation by Gen. Funston of the report published two weeks ago that Federals had destroyed the San Francisco bridge on the Interoceanic Railway near Vera Cruz, and the arrival at Vera Cruz on Monday of Dr. Aureliano Urrutia, formerly Huerta's Minister of the Interior, who had escaped from Mexico City on learning of a plot against his life.

Notice was served on Chairman Clayton, of the House Judiciary Committee, on Monday that a fight would be made by organized labor to force the adoption in the Clayton Anti-Trust bill of a provision exempting the labor unions from prosecution under the Sherman law.

As we write, indications are that the Tolls Repeal bill will not come to a vote in the Senate until late next week. Senator Thomas, of Colorado, whose position on the tolls question has been in doubt, announced on May 13 that he should vote against the measure in deference to what he conceives to have been the Baltimore platform, although personally he was in favor of the repeal.

We deal elsewhere with the situation in Colorado, the most notable developments in which have been the President's message to Gov. Ammons, on May 16, criticising the action of the latter in permitting the adjournment of the Legislature without making adequate provision for the resumption by the State of control of the situation, and the somewhat evasive reply of Gov. Ammons.

Colonel Benavides, the acting head of the Government of Peru since the expulsion of President Billinghurst, was elected Provisional President on May 15. Col. Benavides has taken the oath of office and has appointed a Cabinet, but the followers of Roberto E. Leguia, the constitutional Vice-President, who was his opponent for the provisional Presidency, have protested against the election on the ground that it was held in an unconstitutional manner, and on Monday a group of 121 Senators and Deputies declared themselves a national Congress and proclaimed Leguia Vice-President of the republic.

President Menocal in a special message to the Cuban Congress on May 13 recommended the chartering of a national bank with a capital of $20,000,000, and the privilege of issuing twice this amount in bills against the Government, giving bonds as security.

The last of the three boats containing the crew of the steamship Columbian, which was abandoned burning on May 4, was picked up by the revenue cutter Seneca on Sunday. Only five of the sixteen who were in the boat when she left the Columbian were rescued, and of these one died after being taken aboard the Seneca. The remaining eleven had perished of exposure and starvation. The boat when picked up was 140 miles north of the point where the Columbian was abandoned.

An interesting development in the Home Rule situation last week was the statement by Mr. Asquith that the Government would introduce an amending bill to the Home Rule for Ireland measure, in the hope that it would be passed by agreement between parties, in which case both the Home Rule bill and the amending bill would be passed simultaneously. Mr. Redmond, on behalf of the Nationalists, declared that he would hold himself free to deal with the measure on its merits when it came up.

The report of the Carnegie Commission on the Balkan wars, on the findings of which we comment elsewhere, was made public on Monday. The investigations of the Commissioners leave no room for doubt that abominable atrocities were perpetrated by the troops of all the countries engaged in the two wars, the conduct of the Christian armies in their internecine struggle revealing no favorable comparison with that of the Turks.

The reports circulated in this country that a German syndicate had been organized, with the endorsement of the Government, to finance Hayti in return for a coaling station and other concessions, has been officially denied. The only step taken by Germany in the matter, it is stated, has been to enter a demand for a share in the control of Haytian finances, should they be reorganized.

The celebrations in connection with the centenary of Norwegian independence from Denmark were inaugurated on Friday of last week by the opening of the exposition by King Haakon and Queen Maud.

Count Okuma, the new Premier of Japan, in a statement of the policy to be pursued by his administration, issued on May 15, endeavored, apparently, to reconcile the conflicting claims of those who clamor for material increases in the country's armaments, and of the general public which is already crushed by a burden of over-taxation. While emphasizing the necessity for retrenchment in the national finances, the Premier promised increases in the army and navy "compatible with the resources of the empire."

The Russian Duma last week rejected the budget by a majority of seventy.

The arbitration treaty between the United States and Japan, which expired on August 24 last, was ratified on May 13 by the Privy Council of Japan.

The deaths of the week include: Paul L. T. Heroult, May 12; Otto Magnus, Mrs. John R. Mayo, May 13; William Wainwright, May 14; Frederick D. Monk, May 15; Consul John L. Griffiths, May 17; Edward Burns, Admiral Sir Charles Drury, Charles Sprague Pearce, May 18.

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The Week

Signs that the Huerta régime is rapidly crumbling are now so thick and ominous that no one longer doubts seriously that its end is near. It may not be literally true that the Provisional President has empowered his agents at the peace conference to present his resignation, on terms, as a part of the agreement they are to strive to reach; but it is evident that he cannot long maintain himself. That the Mexicans who have been his main support are now prepared to abandon his cause, and do the best they can for themselves and their interests, is hardly questioned. With the rebels passing from victory to victory, and with the United States Government not relaxing its hostility to him, the result is inevitable. Huerta has held out longer than most people expected—certainly, much longer than President Wilson expected. He has displayed some admirable qualities. He has been tenacious and he has been calm. He has had skilled diplomatic advisers. But the great stakes for which they played are now hopelessly lost. The most at present hoped for by the large property-owners and the wealthy business men who have thus far stood by Huerta—the party known in Mexico as the "Cientificos"—is that some way may be found to safeguard them and avert the setting up of a proscriptive government by Villa and Carranza.

Thus the problems upon which the peace commissioners are engaged have already passed far beyond the scope of the original questions contemplated. This is now the understanding of all parties to the conference. It is not merely to avert war between the United States and Mexico that the South American diplomats have been exerting themselves this month past. That end they may well believe has already been attained, or is plainly in sight. What they have been so zealously and so disinterestedly working for is something much more far-reaching. It is known that the South Americans have been straining every diplomatic nerve to bring about a real concert of the American Powers in dealing with this large question which so greatly concerns them all. That they clearly perceive the need of a broad policy of reconstruction in Mexico is obvious. They apparently contemplate some form of temporary government in that country, able to point to a mandate, as it were, from all the American republics, and containing the promise of order and upbuilding for Mexico. They will not stickle over nice distinctions about intervention. They must see, as all the world does, that the United States has long been actually intervening in Mexico; and the problem now is to make that intervention joint, effective, and constructive.

It was never probable that the "émeute" of certain Democrats in the House over the side-tracking of the bill for rural credits, would grow into a revolution; and the thing has already calmed down. The gentlemen making the disturbance had the double motive of wishing to annoy Mr. Underwood and the President, and of striking an heroic attitude in favor of the farmer. But their idea of the nature of the real legislation proposed is doubtless very shadowy. They apparently have in mind something like the enactment of a pious wish that farm loans could be marketable at easier rates of interest. But we may be sure that if they were asked to go through the proposed bill in its entirety, and explain and defend all of its provisions, they would shrink from the task. It is, indeed, a formidable document, forty-eight pages long. That it bristles with financial and administrative difficulties is clear on simple inspection; but its framers had the ingenious notion of referring the knottiest of these to the Federal Reserve Board for solution. This feature by itself would be enough to make it most unwise to press it to passage at the present time. The Federal Reserve Board will be sufficiently loaded down with work during the months of organizing the new banking system, and setting it in operation, without having all these rural-credit puzzles thrust upon it. It has been confidently stated that President Wilson is opposed to the bill in its present form because it involves a subsidy from the United States Treasury. The reference would seem to be to that section of the bill which authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to "purchase from Federal land banks farm-loan bonds, not previously issued or sold, in an amount not to exceed $50,000,000 during any one year."

The Hon. James E. Gaffney, who is supposed to know something about the process which Mr. Mellen described as dealing with the devil, but which others know as doing business with Tammany, gives it as his expert opinion that the former president of the New Haven was "buncoed." If he thought he was buying Tammany's favor he was deceived; and if anybody came to him, as from the Wigwam, bearing Westchester stock to be exchanged for New Haven stock, the man was simply an adventurer or impostor. Especially does Mr. Gaffney scorn the idea that the late Inspector Byrnes was, at the time Mr. Mellen made the bargain with him, in a position either to influence or to "deliver" Tammany. All this may have truth in it. Nothing is more probable than that, after it became known that Mr. Mellen had "due-bills" to distribute in order to obtain "modifications" of the Westchester charter, his office was made the resort of many a gentleman who lives by his wits. Moreover, it is a well-known rule in the process of corruption, that when you have paid out $100 in bribery, you soon have to follow it up with $200 for blackmail. And it will be observed that none of these things go to the point of Mr. Mellen's willingness to sup with the devil, if he could find a spoon long enough to do it in safety. On his general proposition regarding the devil as a business agent, the Chicago *Record-Herald* interviewed a number of railway men and bankers. They all with one consent advised against entering into transactions with his Satanic Majesty. Apart from moral scruples, there was always the strong probability that the devil would beat you in the trade!

The Yankee enterprise implicit in the proposal reported to the Senate for a globe-wide system of commercial attachés is another index of the rapid disappearance of our self-satisfied outlook upon foreign markets. Devoting their entire time to investigations and reports to which the Consuls have been able to give only half their energy, and having wider range of movement, these "trade-scouts" should infuse a more con-

sistent energy into our rather fitful skirmishings for business. The enthusiasm of commercial men for the "virgin fields" which they are vaguely assured await them has been observed to be largely spasmodic, rising highest when the home market is a bit dull. Communicating with them through the Department of Commerce, the attachés should help dissipate the persistent obstacles to North American trade—ignorance of language, customs, and market-demands, bad packing and transportation, and indifference to foreign credit systems. The greatest stress is to be laid on the fact that, supplementary to our present foreign representation, any such corps of trade servants should be placed on a civil-service foundation.

The one spot in the Mexican war zone on which the attention of the General Staffs of the German and British armies must be fixed is neither Vera Cruz, nor Saltillo, nor Tampico, but Mazatlan, on the Pacific Coast, where the aeroplane seems at last to be realizing its much-debated possibilities as an actual engine of warfare. It is true that Mazatlan is a beleaguered city, and that the reports of the havoc wrought by Constitutionalist aeroplanes come from the Constitutionalists themselves. Nevertheless, there is no reason for questioning the main fact that flying machines have been dropping bombs into a fortified city with some effect. The aeroplane has been employed in Tripoli and Morocco, but hurling bombs at ill-armed Arab cavalry is a different matter from attacking a fortified place presumably equipped with long-range artillery. In the Balkan War the aeroplane was employed exclusively for reconnoitring purposes, and not very extensively at that. It is still a question whether a flying machine could venture with equal impunity over Metz or Strassburg as over Mazatlan.

Liberal expenditures by a candidate for Congress from North Carolina have called attention to the severity of the corrupt-practices act of that State. The law allows campaign expenses amounting to 50 per cent. of the salary of the office sought, and this provision is strengthened by the regulation that all financial or similar service rendered in aid of a candidate must be reported to him. It would be a violation of this law for a friend of the candidate to give a cigar to a voter, with a view to influencing him, without reporting the incident to the candidate. The candidate must make a report of receipts and expenditures, as must secretaries or chairmen of executive committees. The latter are required to make two reports, one not later than ten days before the election and the other within twenty days after it. To promise a job to any one in return for electioneering services is a felony. The law goes into subtler matters when it provides that no one may publish a derogatory charge against a candidate without signing his name, and the circulation of false reports is heavily penalized. All that is necessary, as the Charlotte *Observer* sagely remarks, is to see that these provisions are enforced.

In certain respects, the "supposed speech" by John Adams is now displaced. While school children will still be made to recite it, as representative at once of a state of mind that had a great influence on our history and of Websterian oratory, their real wonder will be reserved for the supposed speech of La Follette, winding its leisurely way through 368 closely printed pages. In mere length there is no comparison between the earlier and the later effort. Nor can the former be said to have the variety of the latter. It did not occur to the Massachusetts orator to stuff his remarks with editorials, interviews, letters, and comment of one sort and another; and telegrams, of course, were not yet. In all of these phases of oratory the Wisconsin Senator has outdistanced, not only his New England rival, but every other public speaker of any age or country. It is easy to imagine the smile of gratification that will light up the face of every Wisconsin farmer as he lifts his bulky *Congressional Record* into wagon or automobile, and hastens home to begin at his earliest opportunity upon the ample supply of summer reading with which a generous Government and a not too reticent Senator have provided him.

In conclusion the letter [of the Rev. Bouck White] warns Dr. Woelfkin that, if his suggestion is rejected, "the wild element" will be stirred to "desperate means," and will attempt to "justify violence by the assertion that an orderly exchange of views is not possible."

Thus we see that the right to hold a "joint debate" in church is regarded by some of our advanced thinkers as one of the self-evident rights of man, and one so fundamental that its refusal furnishes a passably good justification for violence. And the queer thing is that not a few good people, who would be shocked at the idea that they had anything in common with "the wild element," see nothing absurd or intolerable in this notion. They don't quite subscribe to the view, but they think that "there is something to be said for it," that "it is not so very far wrong," or the like. Unfortunately, there is "something to be said" for almost anything. There is something to be said for the abolition of property, for free love, for letting children grow up without discipline and without learning anything but what they have a fancy for. But we live in a world in which, in regard to any particular thing that is to be done or suffered, what we have to decide is not whether there is "something to be said for it" or not, but whether, in point of fact, it is wise or foolish, rational or irrational, tolerable or intolerable. If any one does not see that Bouck White's idea is foolish, irrational, and intolerable, perhaps he will be helped by trying to imagine the actual nature, number, and extent of the debates in Mr. Rockefeller's church which would be necessary to satisfy "the wild element" that it had really got a square deal in the matter of "an orderly exchange of ideas."

Baltimore's dropping of "Peace Day" from this year's schedule of school events seems hard to justify. The reason assigned for the action is that a militant Colonel made a speech before the School Board, in which he attacked the policy of "peace at any price," and denounced the publications of the American Peace Society, which in the past has supplied most of the material for the occasion, as "seditious." By its action, the Board virtually confesses either that it does not care to have the ideal of peace emphasized before the school children, or that it does not know how to do it without weakening their spirit of patriotism. Neither alternative reflects credit upon it. It is quite safe to

say that most persons manage to be patriotic and peace-loving at the same time, and that very few indeed believe in peace, or in much of anything else, for that matter, at "any" price. To omit the usual observance of Peace Day at this particular time, moreover, is peculiarly unfortunate; it gives the impression that advocacy of peace is proper only when there are no war clouds on the horizon.

The first number of the *Unpopular Review* appeared at the opening of the year, and the publishers state, in an advertisement, that a third impression of that issue, as well as a second impression of the current issue, has just gone to press. It appears, then, that there are still among us some individuals who think it possible that a series of articles published in a quarterly review so far back as four and a half months ago may be worth reading to-day. This is most discouraging. We had supposed that the entire public had been educated to the point of recognizing that "timeliness" is the one cardinal virtue in a magazine or review, the lack of it the one capital sin. It may, indeed, be pleaded, in behalf of these queer people who wish to read—and go so far as actually to buy—a review hoary with four months of age, that the articles in it deal with the larger questions of the time, and are not dependent for their value on the momentary mood of the public or the events of the day.

Announcement has recently been made of "A Cambridge History of American Literature," in preparation for the Cambridge Press. In two volumes, it will deal with the subject from colonial times, after the model of "The Cambridge History of English Literature." The general editor, who is to have wide collaboration, is Professor Trent. Needless to say, the work will fill a distinct gap. America no more has her Lanson—her single compendious historian—than has England. The new history will show a range of specialized subjects investigated by experts. The forthcoming work should signalize a change in the rather cold spirit of American scholarship towards our literature. Whereas twenty years ago scholars in this field with special training, Tylers and Cookes and Stedmans, were rare if outstanding, to-day a number can be enlisted. The sub-editors of the work are Professor Erskine and Professor Van Doren, of Columbia, and Professor Sherman, of Illinois.

How radical is the temper of our time is shown by its effect upon that moss-encrusted conservative, the college undergraduate. Who had any great hope at the beginning of the public agitation two or three years ago that reform of Yale's Tap Day would be brought about before men then freshmen had attained to the dignity of seniors? Yet this has been achieved, and in just the way it should have been, without larger sacrifice of the old than was necessary to remove the abuses that had crept in. The senior secret societies last week selected forty of the fifty candidates proposed by the juniors. There is regret over the vanishing of the picturesqueness of the historic ceremony, but one of the excrescences of the institution of Tap Day was its public character, with the consequent exaggeration of the tenseness and the disappointments connected with it. This feature of the occasion had given it an altogether false importance in the minds of those interested, as if one's life, liberty, and happiness were bound up in what happened in that brief but momentous interval between the first tapping and the last. Too much cannot be said in praise of the juniors, who took their social lives in their hands in demanding sweeping alterations in the affair, or of the seniors, upon whom rested the decision whether the day was to assume a somewhat new and better significance.

The decennial redistribution of seats in the Canadian Commons has not passed without friction; and as protests of the Maritime Provinces against the old basis of distribution, on which their representation must increasingly be cut down, involve amendment of the Constitution, it is notable how vexed is the question of sovereignty thus raised. The anomalous uncertainty as to the amending power in Canada is in marked contradistinction to the definite provisions on that head in South Africa and Australia. Though the British Parliament nominally retains this power, it would, of course, exercise it only in conformity with the will of the people of Canada. But does the Federal Parliament, or the Provincial Legislatures, or both, voice this will? When the North America Act was amended in 1907, the unanimous approval of the Dominion Parliament and of eight Provinces determined the matter against British Columbia's objections. If the present contentious question should be pressed, however, it could find only small majorities in the Federal Parliament, and the support of five of the nine Provinces. Would this suffice? The issue, not now serious, is distinctly marked for the future; for no Constitution can remain satisfactory for all time. Our "House of Governors" would find interesting the opinion of one expert that, whatever the final determination, the proper agency to initiate an amendment is the Inter-Provincial Conference of Premiers.

Of nearly ten thousand women who voted on the question submitted by the Parisian journal, *Femina*, "If you were not a woman, what man would you prefer to have been?" nearly all gave first preference to Napoleon. Next in order came Pasteur, Victor Hugo, Edison, Poincaré, Rostand, Blériot, Wagner, Beethoven, and De Musset. Here is an apparently shattering rebuttal for Olive Schreiner and other feminist-pacifists who have argued that the emancipation of women would bring about the cessation of war because the mothers of men would refuse to be partners in the wastage of lives. The answer, of course, is that the women who voted for the greatest war lord in history have done so because they are still slaves to the ideals of masculinism. That is, provided the feminists do not prefer to turn the vote to their own purposes by showing that the ten thousand women voted very much as ten thousand men would have voted under the same circumstances, and that consequently there is no inherent difference in sex outlook upon the world. Nevertheless, it is rather disconcerting, after so much has been written about the peculiar sensibility of the feminine soul to poetry and music, to find only one poet among the first five men, and more women who would rather have been a merely respectable politician like Poincaré than Wagner or Beethoven. Just what light the contest throws on the value of the statistical method we decline to say.

THE TWO VOICES.

It is needless to dwell upon the great strategic and moral significance of the capture of Tampico by the Mexican rebels. It is the heaviest blow they have yet dealt Huerta. Their cause is now at high-water mark. With a seaport on the Atlantic in their possession, in control of the chief fuel supply of Mexico, with Saltillo and its Federal garrison cut off and likely to fall any day, and the way open to a movement against the capital by short interior lines, it is not strange that they believe ultimate victory to be within their grasp. Diaz fled before Madero after suffering far fewer military reverses than those which have now been heaped on Huerta's head. But Huerta is made of stern and obdurate stuff and presumably will not yield, even yet, without conditions. On the other hand, he would seem the less likely to take any aggressive step against the United States, or to interpose obstacles to the progress of the peace negotiations. The whole Mexican situation, in fact, as it stands after the fall of Tampico, appears fitter than ever for mediation and adjustment in a broad and lasting way.

At such a juncture, the American people and their Government are thrown back upon the question of the large and wise policy to be pursued. Troublesome details will have to be dealt with as they arise; but behind them we must ever look to guiding principles. What are they to be? Two voices are heard in advocacy of two different courses. One of them is the voice made familiar to this country in slavery days: it preaches indefinite expansion, involving conquest and annexation, always echoing the words of Stephen A. Douglas: "Just as fast as our interests require more territory, in the North, in the South, or on the islands of the ocean, I am for it." A picturesque revival of this old fashion of American speech appears in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. It has a characteristically flamboyant article headed "All Aboard for Panama!" Every foot of land to the Panama Canal, and as far beyond it as we may care to go, should be taken by the United States. Talk about peace with Mexico is humbug. It is mere "chatter" to say that we will not take Mexican territory. We cannot fool the South Americans by any such pretences. They do not like us; they suspect us; they will not trade with us; therefore there is nothing for it but to go and take their land away from them. And listen to this:

> Once more we are a united country. Slavery no longer stunts our growth, divides our counsels, and discredits our pretensions as a brave, enlightened, and free people. Behold the results. Alaska! Hawaii! The Philippines! Puerto Rico! Cuba in abeyance. Mexico in anarchy. The Panama Canal right across Central America. And over all, suspended in the air, the shining sword of Damocles, ready to come down at the bidding of whatever ambitious President utters the word; the Monroe Doctrine; not as Monroe said it and meant it, but as Seward applied it to the French in Mexico, as Cleveland applied it to the English in Venezuela, as Roosevelt proclaimed it, and Wilson construes it; our right and might; armed *cap-a-pie;* the army and navy to do the nervy act—Johnny on the spot to enforce it—and don't-let-any-of-you crowned heads of Europe, or Latin sons-of-guns in South America—greasers, mongrels, whelps, or hounds—forget it!

This may be said to be only the Wattersonian dithyrambic style. But it has many echoers and imitators. At one with it in sentiment are all those who take the high and mighty tone of race superiority as regards the Mexicans; those who talk of settling their business with the rough hand of a soldier; of there being no way except for the United States to go into Mexico and "clean it up" and then never come out. These voices have not been as numerous as might have been feared, nor have they swayed popular feeling; but they have been heard, and still may be.

Fortunately, from the first we have had counter-voices. Early and weighty among them was the utterance best entitled to catch the nation's ear because it came from the nation's chief. The speech which President Wilson made at Mobile last October enunciated the principle by which he is actuated in all our relations to the countries south of us, and it is a principle which, in every application, cuts athwart the raucous Jingoism exemplified in the *Courier-Journal*. More territory? "The United States will never again seek one additional foot of territory by conquest." A brutal consulting of our wishes alone? "We must show ourselves friends by comprehending their interest, whether it squares with our own interest or not." Proud and fierce domination over the weaker republics of the Continent? "Our real relationship with the rest of America is the relationship of a family of mankind."

These sentiments have been, and are yet to be, put to a more severe test than Mr. Wilson could have imagined when he gave them expression. Whether they can be made regnant in the final Mexican settlement is the great question. We note only one point. They do not mean flabby acquiescence by this country in whatever may occur or may be proposed. The United States has a duty to its own nationals in Mexico. It has, moreover, assumed an international obligation which will not permit it to be indifferent if merely Amurath to Amurath succeeds in Mexico, and if revolution is piled on rapine. We have to strive for a complete and permanent solution. This is the great task laid upon the peace conference; and in attempting it, there is deep satisfaction in being assured that the Administration will be throughout guided by the determination to work for justice along with healing, and to insist upon the righting of great wrongs at the same time that it is considerate and generous.

COLORADO AND THE NATION.

The adjournment of the Colorado Legislature leaves the situation in that State as full of doubt, perplexity, and the potentialities of grave trouble as it was when the Legislature was convened. So long as the mining districts are under the control of the military forces of the United States, order will be preserved; what may happen when the Federal troops are withdrawn is matter of conjecture, but certainly matter for the gravest solicitude. The task for which the Legislature was assembled was to reestablish the State in its primary function of the preservation of order and security, and to restore confidence in its ability and determination to do so. In such a state of feeling as that now existing in Colorado, as a result of the collapse of the home government, the restoration of confidence in that government is as essential to the reëstablishment of order as is the mere provision of means for the execution of its immediate duties. Unfortunately, as matters stand, neither the material nor the moral elements needed for a cure of the State's disorder have been supplied in anything like adequate measure.

It is stated—and we have seen no contradiction of the assertion—that Gov. Ammons had in his possession, some

hours before the two houses of the Legislature had come to a final agreement to adjourn, the telegram which President Wilson had sent him urging the duty of the State to resume its constitutional sovereignty. He did not communicate this to the Legislature until it was on the point of adjourning *sine die*. His failure to present it in time to influence action was most unfortunate; and if, as seems to be the case, it was deliberate and intentional, it was inexcusable. In this telegram the President declares that his "constitutional obligations with regard to the maintenance of order in Colorado are not to be indefinitely continued by the inaction of the State Legislature," that he "cannot conceive that the State is willing to forego her sovereignty or to throw herself entirely upon the Government of the United States," and "that it has no constitutional right to do so when it is within the power of her Legislature to take effective action." In his reply Gov. Ammons says that the President has been misinformed—that in point of fact the Legislature has taken action that will enable it soon to "control the situation." But the things done by the Legislature do not, at this distance, appear to answer that description; and it seems plainer still that they are by no means so regarded at home. The provision of a $1,000,000 bond issue, all but $300,000 of which is to be absorbed in meeting past expenses for the militia; the conferring on the Governor of the power to close saloons in times of disorder; the enactment of a law prohibiting the carrying of firearms at such times—these seem to constitute an extremely feeble apparatus for coping with a situation of such desperate character. The Governor speaks also of a "mediation" committee; but what that may accomplish is in the highest degree problematical—let alone the fact that opponents of the Governor describe what has been provided for, not as "mediation," but only investigation.

Notwithstanding the emphasis of the President's words, we do not believe that he will entertain any idea of withdrawing the troops from Colorado until he has substantial assurance that the State can be counted on to preserve order. He is unquestionably sincere in his desire to end the present anomalous situation at the earliest practicable moment; but he cannot afford, and the country cannot afford, to throw away the benefits that have resulted from the Federal military occupation, and invite a recurrence of the trouble that gave rise to it. What the President will do, we have no doubt, is to apply—as he endeavored to do in his telegram to Gov. Ammons—such pressure as will make it morally impossible for Colorado to fail to do her duty; and in the application of such pressure he will be backed by the sentiment of the whole country.

Unless all signs are deceptive, such a moral certainty cannot be brought about in Colorado without further action by the Legislature. That this action cannot be had without great difficulty, and that every question connected with it is full of perplexity, is only too evident. But the thing with which Colorado has to grapple is no ordinary affair of routine. The present trouble is not a temporary or accidental trouble. It is but the latest manifestation of a deep-seated disease which has shown itself in various forms of lawlessness, both on the part of the mob and on the part of persons in authority, for many years. The melancholy thing about the emergency session of the Legislature that came to an end on Saturday is not so much its failure to accomplish all that was needed, but its failure to show any true realization of the greatness of the need, to manifest the spirit which should have been evoked by the humiliating pass to which the State had come. But unless Colorado is hopelessly deficient in the qualities that we believe are inherent in the citizenship of every State of this Union, means will yet be found of causing her government to rise to the demands of the situation.

BALKAN ATROCITIES.

The report of the International Commission of Inquiry into the causes and effects of the Balkan wars, made public on Monday, is a shocking addition to the literature of horror. Writers of fiction have been busy of late in depicting the devastations of war. Their efforts pale before the matter-of-fact recital produced by a body of investigators who went at their task in a spirit of scientific impartiality and accuracy. Treachery, massacre, devastation, and pillage, culminating in indescribable acts of bestiality inflicted upon men, women, and children—such is the sad tale of a struggle which in the beginning was hailed as a war in the cause of civilization.

The International Commission was instituted largely upon the demand of the Bulgarian Government. Bulgaria, beaten to her knees in a war in which she found herself completely encircled by her enemies—Greece, Servia, Turkey, Rumania—compelled to sign a humiliating treaty, deprived of the greater share of her conquests from the Turk, nevertheless refused to be quiet under the additional stigma that it was the inhuman conduct of her armies and irregular partisans which forced her Christian allies to turn upon her. The Greeks were particularly active in giving publicity to the tale of Bulgarian excesses, and the march of the Greek army into the Ægean territories was described as a necessary act of reprisal against an enemy of civilization.

On that point the Commission's report vindicates the Bulgarian Government and nation. The Bulgarians were not the first to begin the game of massacre and pillage in the conquered territories. There is evidence that the Greek "reprisals" took place before the Bulgarian "provocations," and that in their nature they were more cruel than most of the acts the Bulgarians were guilty of. When so much is said—as in all fairness it must be said—it still remains true that the burden of responsibility for precipitating the second Balkan war does rest with the Bulgarian military party. While the Government at Sofia was earnestly trying to bring about arbitration of its quarrel with Servia and Greece, the military party took matters into its own hands. A Bulgarian peace representative was actually on his way to St. Petersburg when Gen. Savoff gave orders for an advance that proved the undoing of his country and deluged Macedonia and Thrace for a second time with the blood of a peaceful population.

The very course of the Balkan wars, like the passions to which they gave rise, harks back to primitive conditions. Modern war usually passes over the countryside like a swift blast of destruction; the agony may be intense, but it is short. Here it was less a war than a grapple between drunken combatants stumbling back and forth in their fury. The inhabitants of Thrace and Macedonia had to endure the pas-

sage, not of an army, but of armies and bands. It was like the Thirty Years' War. In Thrace, for instance, the Bulgarian armies first swept the Turks before them, burning the villages as they advanced, as the Commission's report describes. Then came the Bulgarian *débâcle* and the Turkish return to Adrianople bearing a second crop of slaughter and pillage. So it was in eastern Macedonia, except that there the Bulgarians gave ground before the Greeks, whose vengeance was no less summary. It is not the regular troops against whom the worst atrocities are charged up, but the national militias—bashi-bazouks, comitadjis, and the Greek *antartes*—and the inhabitants themselves, stirred to blood-fury by their own sufferings.

What makes the story more painful is that such exhibitions of blood-lust were not altogether the outburst of passion under the stimulus of war frenzy. Too often the atrocities enumerated by the Commission were the results of deliberate policy, or at least the outcome, not of a normal racial antipathy, but of a racial hatred nurtured through years of civil warfare. One need only recall what the history of Macedonia had been for the decade preceding the Turkish revolution. Sooner or later Macedonia was to be lost to the Turk. While waiting for the heritage the Balkan nationalities set themselves to "nationalize" Macedonia in preparation for the Sick Man's demise. The country was ravaged by guerrilla warfare. Bulgarian, Greek, and Servian bands carried on the "conversion" of Macedonian villages with fire and sword. If such hideous practices were tolerated in times of peace, one can imagine what would come under open warfare. Here the Commission's report is damning against the Servians and Greeks, when the unexpected successes of the war against the Turk left them in control of large territories with a Bulgarian population. It became the business of the moment to convert these villagers to Greek and Servian allegiance before peace brought the partition of the Turkish provinces. The simplest way to create a *status quo* favorable to Servian or Greek pretensions in a village was to massacre the male inhabitants wherever they showed the slightest aversion to conversion—and not infrequently after conversion. As the Commission's report says, it recalled the Assyrian method of conquest by extermination.

The report, in its present form, lacks the introduction by Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, in which presumably the lessons of the inquiry are summarized. For the present the Commission can only suggest the institution of some form of international supervision over the conduct of future warfare in the Balkans. How practical such a suggestion may be it is hard to say. Yet uo endeavor should be omitted to prevent or mitigate a repetition of such barbarous fury.

LEGISLATORS UNDER FIRE.

The people's right to grumble at the men whom it has delegated to make its laws is an inalienable and continuously exercised privilege of democracy. Having instructed a number of men to come together and talk things over, it is only human nature that we should accuse them of talking too much. Having elected such men from duly apportioned districts in order that from the clash and conciliation of local interests they might shape a just and equitable national policy, we naturally proceed to complain of the parochial outlook that guides the conduct of the average legislator. Legislative bodies have far from mastered the art of pleasing all of the people all of the time, but as a rule they are too aggressive or too subservient, too ready to take orders from their constituents or too ready to take orders from anybody other than their constituents. Such popular discontent with representative government may find expression in the good-natured irony which is our own peculiar attitude towards things of importance, or may take the form of bitter criticism as it has done abroad. At the present moment "parliamentarism" is under heavy fire in the two principal European democracies, Great Britain and France.

In France, which has just gone through a general election, the "crisis of parliamentarism" is chronic. This crisis is supposed to consist in the fact that the representatives of the people are misrepresentative. The Chamber of Deputies, in which the supreme legislative and executive powers of the Republic are vested, is described as a conglomeration of groups and cabals, actuated solely by self-interest, by lust for Ministerial office on the part of the leaders, by desire for minor advantages, political and financial, on the part of the rank and file. The main object of the member of Parliament is to get himself elected and to stay elected. To that end he becomes largely a ward leader on a large scale, with the distribution of patronage as his principal function. France has been peculiarly prolific in government scandals arising from the close affiliation between politics and high finance. To the opponents of the present régime the results of the parliamentary elections, coming so close on the heels of the Calmette tragedy and the latest Rochette revelations, are only another illustration of the evil grasp of parliamentarism on the life of the nation. In spite of the unsavory discoveries regarding the influence exercised by the swindler Rochette in the highest Government quarters, the Ministers and ex-Ministers involved have obtained vindication from their constituents.

At first sight such a vindication would disprove the charge that the representatives of the people do not represent the popular will. But the reply is that parliamentarism, by its control of the electoral machinery, by the free use of patronage and directer forms of corruption, is able to impose its own will on the electorate. Needless to say, that is the case as presented by the enemies not only of the parties now in power, but of the republican régime as a whole. It is the view recently formulated by that ingenious and learned Anglo-Frenchman, Hilaire Belloc, whose personal sympathies are apparently in favor of a Cæsarean democracy or an imperialism by plébiscite, whichever phrase we may prefer. The downfall of parliamentarism, says Mr. Belloc, is inevitable:

> The whole effort of the professional politician nowadays in every country is to prevent a direct appeal to the people, and the professionals in France have decided to meet the threat of it this time by a continued resistance. That resistance will prove their ruin. Their success in carrying the machine through these next elections will appear to the future historian much as the success of James II in forcing his schemes upon the English people appears to us now. But, I repeat, Governments upon the point of breaking down always act thus blindly.

British parliamentarism does not come so sharply under the suspicion of

being corrupt; but the inefficiency of the House of Commons, its clutter, its endless talk, its concern with petty issues, its elaborate staging of pseudo-hostilities between a Government and an Opposition that are one at heart, have been severely handled by the radical thinkers of the day. Mr. Galsworthy protests against the House of Commons from the humanitarian standpoint. Mr. Wells protests from the standpoint of modern scientific efficiency. Mr. Chesterton clamors in the name of true democracy. It is the spirit of the times. Sir William Harcourt declared that we are all Socialists. To-day it is true that we are all direct actionists; that in our zeal for getting done the things we are convinced ought to be done, we are impatient of the means, and that the abstract principles of representative government lose their validity in the face of the pressing need of the moment. It is true that representative government, as it functions to-day, is criticised in the name of a truer, more democratic representative system; but so far there has been little useful suggestion as to what form this newer representative government is to take. It may be, of course, that Mr. Belloc's ideal Catholic monarch, placed high above the petty interests of the electioneering market, may more truly represent the aspirations and needs of the people. It is possible that Mr. Wells has in mind the ideal of a scientist-king, or perhaps a Board of Scientists, who could govern England more justly and more economically than the present debating club at Westminster. But it is well to recognize that these are the things people mean when they speak of a perfected representative democracy. In other words, it is not representative at all, and it is a democracy only in the sense in which Napoleon III might have used the word.

The case against the unfortunate representatives of the people suffers, of course, from exaggeration. There is no need to minimize the wire-pulling and log-rolling activities of our representative assemblies; but it is absurd to speak of parliamentary business as consisting solely of personal and petty local interests swimming in a sea of talk. The English radicals sneer at the Westminster Debating Club at the very time that this debating club is grappling with a public question whose roots run back almost half a thousand years in English history, and whose reality is attested by the threat of civil war. The French Government, which we are asked to think of as a band of corruptionists, gave to the world in the Dreyfus case a magnificent example of justice and far-sighted patriotism. Undoubtedly parliaments mingle broad issues with petty politics and great motives with mean ones. Undoubtedly the representatives of the people talk much more than they ought to. But in this mingling of motives, in this blundering, wasteful method of doing parliamentary business, the legislator is, after all, representative of our poor human way of going at things.

LITERARY INFLUENCES FROM RUSSIA.

An English reviewer, speaking of the recent revolution of the Russian theatre, declared the other day that Moscow is now the theatrical capital of Europe, and that soon it will be the literary capital. The prophecy is extra-hazardous, but it does serve to emphasize the extent to which influences dramatic and literary, emanating from Russia, have been making themselves felt in the West and, of all countries, in England. The English writer just referred to is by no means alone in describing the Theatre of Arts in Moscow as the premier stage of Europe. The extraordinary development of the drama, during recent years, in the direction of that elaborate stage managership with which the name of Max Reinhardt is most closely connected, has been carried to perfection in the ancient Russian capital. It is highly probable that from Moscow Reinhardt drew his inspiration, indirectly perhaps, by way of the Russian ballet, which has swept both continents and emphasized the trend away from the spoken drama to spectacle. Moscow was the first to apply Gordon Craig's radical theories regarding the future of the theatre in which the drama will take the form of a sublimated puppet-show. The Russians have not gone all the way with Gordon Craig; they have not yet abolished the actor. But they have produced Shakespeare with Craig's iconoclastic scenery, and they are now producing dramatizations of Dickens and Dostoievsky in elaborate spectacle with a predominant striving for atmosphere.

It is now announced that the company of the Moscow Theatre is to have a season in London. It is not unreasonable to suppose that if London shows itself appreciative, we may be able soon to see the latest ideas of Russian theatre craft in this country. Reinhardt, with his "Sumurun" and his imitators, has prepared the way. The picture-play has been popular here for some time, suffering partial eclipse only during the late visitation of Tenderloin drama. The season just passing out saw two plays of this *genre*, "A Thousand Years Ago" and "Omar the Tentmaker," following in the wake of "Sumurun," "Kismet," "The Garden of Allah," "Joseph and his Brethren," and the less successful Chinese spectacle, "The Daughter of Heaven," by Pierre Loti. That London is not yet tired of the new dramatic form in which the actor's art has been subordinated to spectacle, music, and the dance is indicated by the latest play from the hand of Mr. Knoblauch, author of "Kismet." In "My Lady's Dress" he has written a series of what are virtually nine tableaux laid in pretty nearly every picturesque corner of the globe, thus attaining the fluidity almost of the musical comedy. Nor should the present rage for the dance fail to contribute to the success of a dramatic form which retains such close affiliations with the ballet.

In the field of literature the Russian influence is not so marked—scarcely at all in this country. Yet in England there is growing up a school of young novelists in whom it is impossible not to discern the influence of the Russian realists. It is true that at first sight there is no need to go outside of England for the origins of the contemporary school of realism in fiction. The popularity of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells—but particularly the former—should be enough to explain the appearance of a large group of young Englishmen who write with their eyes courageously fixed upon life. But Arnold Bennett's is not the intense, almost hysterical probing into the tragedy of existence for which the very newest men in England are now going in. A first book like J. MacDougall Hay's "Gillespie," recently reviewed in the *Nation*, by its volence, its insistence on nerve-

racking details, its groping into the anarchy of human motive and passion, points strongly to the influence of no less a master than Dostoievsky. So the London papers are now commenting upon a just-published play by D. H. Lawrence, who has to his credit at least one elaborate experiment in realism, the psychological novel, "Sons and Lovers." In his play, "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," just published in this country by Mitchell Kennerley, the influence of Dostoievsky is easily discernible in the choice of a painful subject, the eschewing of the formally "dramatic" exposition, the drab atmosphere, the emphasis on the ruthless details of the under side of life, and the tragic catastrophe relieved by a flash of that idealism of which the Russians have never lost sight in the ugliest depths of life.

It may be too much to say that this new literature is being produced under the sole inspiration of the Russians. The contemporary English novel of tragedy—if we must look beyond Bennett and Phillpotts—need not go further away than Thomas Hardy for its source. Only, youth has a way of going abroad for discoveries that it might make by delving into its own family history. The foreign commodity attracts where the domestic article is passed over as a matter of course. Dostoievsky is a novelty to the new generation. But in addition, Thomas Hardy cannot offer meat strong enough for the present-day palate. The native tradition—the Hardy tradition—is sufficiently apparent in the first stages of the present realistic advance. The author of "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," like the late Stanley Houghton, author of "Hindle Wakes," like the author of the drab London play, "Chains," like the author of the Welsh play, "Change," began with the realism of gray tints and flat voices, with monotonous domestic interiors and unpretentious tragedy. But the advance has been rapid towards the combination of cold settings with hot passions, with tortuous soul analysis and harrowing detail. The problem of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's "The Devil's Garden" is one the Russians would recognize for something of their own. Not that the parallel with the author of "Crime and Punishment" can be pressed too far, but the resemblance is too close to be altogether accidental.

Foreign Correspondence

ALCOHOL IN EUROPEAN COLONIES OF AFRICA—THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE—RUSSIA'S EFFORTS TOWARDS SOBRIETY.

PARIS, May 16.

At the Musée Social, of Paris, the International Anti-Alcohol Conference has closed its sessions. From the preceding conference of Brussels, some good results have been obtained, and there is every reason to hope for similar results again, since the work of the conference has been directly practical. Now that the United States is a country with colonies and protectorates, this should be of interest to us. For the chief issue is, "Shall civilization and alcohol spread together?"

Authorities of the French colonies took part in the conference, and Germany was represented. There was a good deal of plain speaking, which was well received. The main difficulty will be solved only when, from neighboring colonies of different countries, dealers can no longer run their alcohol across frontiers for a get-rich-quick sale to natives.

Progress is being made, although local governments are hampered both by foreign antagonism and by political influence on the part of liquor-sellers in their own central governments. England's policy towards opium in China and alcohol among inferior races has not set a good example in the past. French and Germans and Belgians have all been at fault in the beginning of their colonies, by allowing too great liberty of trade, and by holding to the public revenue which flows from it. So this combined anti-alcohol movement of the African colonies of these nations is all the more encouraging.

In the past year, among French colonies, Dahomey has been subjected to absolute prohibition of alcohol-selling; and three-fourths of the Ivory Coast are under like restrictions. There is a special prohibition of absinthe in Upper Senegal and Niger, as well as in Dahomey and in the Ivory Coast.

The new decree which Gen. Lyautey, as French Resident, has obtained from the Sultan of Morocco continues the same work. The Grand Vizier had already forbidden Mussulmans, in accordance with their religion, to keep or frequent liquor shops of any kind. The native Municipal Council of Fez had asked and obtained the prohibition of all liquor-selling in that capital, outside the closed Jewish quarter of the Mellah—"since alcohol is the principal cause of the physical and moral degeneracy of men, and brings with it scandal, strife, and murder." This was not enough to cope with the evil, for European traders were sending into every port of the country quantities of alcoholic drinks, particularly of absinthe, already bottled, which were carried by caravans into the most remote parts. Just as was the case with the American Indian, the first contact with alcohol has become a danger to the Moorish race.

Gen. Lyautey has once more shown himself the man of the situation. The importation, manufacture, circulation, and sale of absinthe are prohibited throughout the French protectorate. Other measures are being taken elsewhere. In the French colonies of Western Africa—Senegal, Upper Senegal and Niger, Mauretania, French Guinea, Ivory Coast, and Dahomey—and in French Equatorial Africa, the duty on alcohol is to be increased to $60 a hectolitre, that is, on every 26 American gallons.

The Governor-General of Equatorial Africa, M. Merlin, assured the Conference that any seeming loss of time in concerting such measures is not due to disagreement among the authorities. The general principle has been adopted for all the colonies. Its application is to be followed out according to varying circumstances, but steadily, as a condition essential to the well-being of the colonies.

The French Colonial Administration employs three kinds of means: customs and excise duties, limitation and regulation of the sale and circulation of alcohol products, and zones of prohibition where possible. Universal prohibition under present organization, and with the present number of officials available, is impracticable; and the authorities are unable to prevent entirely smuggling and clandestine distilling, or "moonshining."

In neighboring colonies of different European Powers there already exists an agreement among the English Gold Coast, German Togo Land, and French Dahomey. Dr. Zacher, director of the Imperial Statistical Service of Germany, called the attention of the Conference to this point. These partial understandings among Powers having neighboring colonies have great advantages, when added to the more general international conventions, and good results may be expected from them. It was the evident feeling of the conference that the entire future of European colonization depends on this struggle against alcohol.

Russia is not a European colony, but it is Europe still struggling towards civilization. There alcohol has been made a state monopoly—an instrument for good or evil, according to its management. The Imperial rescript to the new Finance Minister seems to show that the state has been too anxious to get revenue from its monopoly of alcohol. The Minister is pressed to find other sources of income for Government. He answers that temperance will be of slow growth, no matter what the state may do; and that, when temperance has diminished the present revenue from alcohol—why, then the state will have to catch up its revenue from a monopoly of tobacco and matches.

Meanwhile, he has instructed the excise officials in accordance with the Czar's wishes, which amount to a moral prohibition of vodka. They are first to do their best against clandestine sales of liquor. Next, communities are to be encouraged to ask for the closing of a part or all the state liquor shops of their territory. Thirdly, a law is to give official quality and countenance to the temperance societies which have done so much good work in the past twenty years. It is acknowledged that no thor-

ough reform can be made until legislation secures three things: a reduction in the number of liquor shops; a reduction in the selling hours; and an increase in the price of the liquors sold.

The Duma is in earnest in its support of what the Emperor has declared to be his dearest wishes. The fear is that the Imperial Council, which can block or soften the force of the laws, may look at the question from the point of view of revenue for the state rather than of protection for the citizens who make the state. S. D.

COMPROMISE ON HOME RULE—THE UNIONIST LEADERSHIP—THE BUDGET.

LONDON, May 8.

The most probable forecast of developments in the political situation is that the Home Rule bill, unaltered, will shortly pass through all its stages in the House of Commons; that it will be rejected by the Lords; that it will then become law by means of the Parliament act, and that thereupon an amending act will be carried which will grant the Ulster dissentients, as a reward for their display of force, what they would never have gained through constitutional agitation. Thus each party will have "saved its face." The Liberals will have prevented the Parliament act from becoming a dead-letter. The Conservatives will have saved "loyal Ulster" from coming under the control of a Parliament at Dublin.

A compromise of this kind, presumably, will deserve to be hailed as an achievement of consummate statesmanship. But there are likely to be a few awkward moments during the process. Ardent Liberals will want to know whether a victory that is gained through surrender is worth calling a victory at all. And zealous Tories will complain because their leaders have asked so little from a Government that is obviously willing to make concessions under pressure. There is at least a possibility that at some stage of the process the scheme of a peaceful settlement may be wrecked by a revolt of one of these sections. The Radicals and Nationalists may decide that neither the Home Rule bill nor the Government is worth saving at such a price. Or the extremists on the Unionist side may so increase their demands that a sense of ordinary self-respect will compel the Ministry to break off negotiations.

There have been significant reminders lately that Bonar Law is not the leader of the Unionist party. Mr. Balfour's retirement in November, 1911, was from the leadership of the party as a whole, as well as from its leadership in the House of Commons in particular. Mr. Law's election was to the latter post only. It was understood that the Marquis of Lansdowne, the leader of the party in the Lords, would presumably be called to the Premiership by the King in the event of a Unionist success at a general election. But the representative House, especially since the passing of the Parliament act, is so much more important a factor in the government of the country than the Lords that Mr. Law has come to be thought of by many as at the head of the Unionists as a body.

A corrective to this mistaken idea was supplied by Lord Curzon, when he recently expressed the hope that Lord Lansdowne would live to fill the highest office in the gift of the Crown. He certainly did not mean that Lord Lansdowne, now in his seventieth year, would succeed to the Premiership when Mr. Law, who is to-day only fifty-six, had completed his political career. The day after Lord Curzon's speech, the *Times*, in an editorial article, spoke definitely of Lord Lansdowne as "the leader of the Unionist party." These references become more significant still in view of a statement of Mr. Law's in the House of Commons debate on the vote of censure. "If for any reason," he said, "the right honorable gentleman [Mr. Asquith] prefers to have negotiations either with Lord Lansdowne or with my right honorable friend [Sir E. Carson], whom he met before, no feeling of wounded *amour propre* will stand in the way, but I shall gladly welcome such a step."

If Sir Edward Carson takes Mr. Law's place in "conversations" on the Irish question, and these "conversations" result in a settlement between the parties, the logic of events will compel Sir Edward to undertake in permanence the leadership to which he has thus been promoted for the occasion.

The budget comes conveniently for both parties to divert attention to other matters, while the leaders are occupied with their subterranean work on the Irish problem. On the political side, as distinguished from that phase of them that interests the Stock Exchange, the proposals of the Chancellor of the Exchequer mark a new departure as facilitating the social activities of the local authorities. A good deal of recent social legislation has been comparatively ineffective in practice, because the county and borough councils have been hampered by the lack of funds to carry it out. As the *Westminster Gazette* puts it: "If we took all that the Legislature said ought to be done by local authorities, there could scarcely be a better code on paper, but a large part of it was like a motor without petrol in it. The present budget puts the petrol in, and should enable us to set in motion, with the aid of the local authorities, a great deal of machinery which has hitherto stood idle, and to speed up other machinery that has hitherto worked slowly."

Mr. Lloyd George now offers the local authorities from the Imperial Exchequer additional grants for specific purposes—public health, education, etc.—conditional on their activity and efficiency in carrying out the Parliamentary schemes of social progress. As this money will have to be raised mainly by increased taxation of the rich, there will be an inevitable outcry against "spoliation." But the more prosperous classes will be compelled, sooner or later, to accept increased taxation as inevitable—at any rate, as long as the present enormous expenditure on armaments continues; and in any case it will not be easy to arouse a popular revolution against the intolerable outrage of reducing the super-tax limit from incomes of $25,000 a year to those of $15,000. H. W. H.

A Naughty Decade

PART TWO.

IV.

If Mr. Holbrook Jackson, in his study of the "Eighteen Nineties," has passed by the frail and almost incorporeal Muse of Ernest Dowson, he has given abundant illustrations from the artists and writers whose souls were infected with the malady of the flesh. It is not easy for a man to admit that he is simply futile or vile, and when the decadent is not flaunting his corruption wantonly in the face of the world as a sign of superior vigor, you are likely to find him posing as a martyr of the spirit. This, indeed, is the very sign manual of decadence as distinguished from mere sensuality. So we have the aphorism of John Davidson: "Decadence in any art is always the manure and root of a higher manifestation of that art." So we have the illusion taken up in Mr. Jackson's apology: "All the cynicisms and petulances and flippancies of the decadence, the febrile self-assertion, the voluptuousness, the perversity, were, consciously or unconsciously, efforts towards the rehabilitation of spiritual power." And it has been expanded with Celtic fluency by Mr. Yeats:

> I see, indeed, in the arts of every country those faint lights and faint colors and faint outlines and faint energies which many call "the decadence," and which I, because I believe that the arts lie dreaming of things to come, prefer to call the autumn of the body. An Irish poet, whose rhythms are like the cry of a sea-bird in autumn twilight, has told its meaning in the line, "the very sunlight's weary, and it's time to quit the plough." Its importance is great because it comes to us at the moment when we are beginning to be interested in many things which positive science, the interpreter of exterior law, has always denied: communion of mind with mind in thought and without words, foreknowledge in dreams and in visions, and the coming among us of the dead, and of much else. We are, it may be, at a crowning crisis of the world, at the moment when man is about to ascend, with the wealth he has been so long gathering upon his shoulders, the stairway he has been descending from the first days.

That is very pretty and sweet, and no doubt our wings are growing, but it is hard to associate these beautiful hopes of progress with such a movement as that which was represented in the Nineties by the particular band of rebels of whom Mr. Yeats was the leading mind, as he is the most distinguished survivor. The little "Book of the Rhymers' Club," published in 1892, lies before me now, and as I turn its pages I discover nothing very wicked or startling, but of notable promise equally nothing. Are we to expect new life

from young men to whom "the very sunlight's weary"?

Nor did this confusion of weariness and the spirit end here. It may be unkind to say it, but one cannot study the lives of these men without feeling that the conversion of so many of them, including Aubrey Beardsley, to Catholicism was only another manifestation of the same profound illusion of the decadent which speaks in his theories of art. There is an unpleasant savor of truth, though not at all as Mr. Jackson meant it, in his saying of Francis Thompson, that "he took to poverty as he took to opium, as a sedative for the malady of spirit." Religion was not altogether for Thompson an opiate for *malady of spirit*, but with some of his contemporaries the two were as closely associated as their art was dependent on opium and alcohol. Too often conversion meant the same thing as perversion.

V.

This is rather the personal aspect of the decadent paradox, but it wore a social aspect which is more dangerous, as it is more deceptive. This was the dream of creating a gentle communism out of lawless individualism. "It will seem, then," observes Mr. Jackson, "that the two paths of the modern art movement resolved themselves into two very definite and very different aims: the communal and the individual, the public and the private." There is nothing unusual in this, but we enter into the region of paradox when we find that many of the votaries of the modern art saw no incompatibility at all in these different aims. "All really great works of art are public works—monumental, collective, generic—expressing the ideas of a race, a community, a united people; not the ideas of a class," says Mr. Walter Crane, speaking for himself and William Morris and other temperamental socialists. Now, again, in a sense, that is true: art does spring naturally from a convention and a certain higher community of feeling; but it is at least questionable, in the face of the records, to define this convention as contrary to the ideas of class, for hitherto all "great art," as contrasted with popular art, whether in Greece or Italy or France or China or Japan, has been aristocratic in its purpose and support. And, certainly, to suppose, as so many of the artists of the *fin de siècle* did suppose, that there was any bond of sound communism in their search for the last refinements of personality and in their theory of untrammelled expansiveness—certainly, there is in this something almost grotesquely absurd. Here, too, Oscar Wilde is a type and exponent of his fellows. He was not jesting, but rather stating their sober practice, when he boasted that "there is nothing sane about the worship of Beauty," and that "the beautiful sterile emotions that art excites in us, are hateful to its (Society's) eyes": nor was it altogether a piece of idle persiflage when he took as his hero of the artistic temperament that master of "pen, pencil, and poison," Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, who, being reproached for the murder of Helen Abercrombie, merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yes, it was a dreadful thing to do, but she had very thick ankles." Were not the story too repulsive for print, I could parallel that seemingly childish effrontery with what I heard told only yesterday here in New York in perfect seriousness. But what shall we think of the sincerity of the author of "Salome" when he begins to indulge in humanitarian dreams, of this citizen of a Utopia for dandies when he undertakes to write solemnly of "The Soul of Man Under Socialism"? As a matter of fact, he was as sincere in this as in any other of his attitudes, and his inability to see anything incongruous in a humanitarian communism of totally undisciplined individualists was only one phase of the extraordinary illusion which held most of his comrades. With his usual, and characteristic, combination of insight and blindness Mr. Jackson gives a vivid hint of what this excess of expansive emotionalism actually means when the people themselves, "drunk with sight of power," "loose wild tongues":

> There was no turning back. The people, bitten by an unseeing pride, expressing itself in a strangely inorganic patriotism, forgot art and letters and social regeneration, and marched headlong into Mafeking Night.

Mr. Jackson sees the connection of this phrensy of inorganic imperialism with the movement of which he is the historian, yet can add, almost on the same page, that "the most strenuous and the most exalted individual emphasis was not necessarily antagonistic to a balanced communal feeling." No, when all is said, it is not true that we must have chaos within us to give birth to a dancing star. The trained physician does not prescribe the dissipation of our bodily energies as a means to obtain health; the wise conductor of souls does not point to deliberate indulgence in vice as the way to the knowledge of virtue; the experienced statesman does not teach license as the road to lawful liberty; and probably Milton was near the truth when he announced that the poet who contemplated the production of a great enduring work should first learn to live greatly in the austere discipline of character.

VI.

The particular movement of Mr. Jackson's eulogy has come to its end, and most of the Rhymers who formed the little revolutionary club have fallen into one or the other silence. They were never a great force in English society, and I trust that the title of this essay will show how seriously I take the naughty decade in itself. But the twin illusion which formed the real creed of the decadents has by no means disappeared with them, as it by no means began with them. It had its source in one of the great guiding movements of the nineteenth century, was caught up in self-justification and noisily bruited about by a band of men who were really and physically diseased, and now it is becoming the common property of innumerable good citizens of England and America who would shudder at its practical application.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the abundant fountain of the stream is in the Germany of the later decades of the eighteenth century. One of its earliest manifestations was Heinse's tale of "Ardinghello," in which "the evangel of art went hand in hand with naked, unveiled sensuality," and which announced with sufficient frankness that "the decency of our common prosaic life is not permitted in art. Add to this such maxims of Wackenroder's as that "art is a seductive, forbidden fruit, and he who has once tasted its inmost sweetest sap is forever lost for the practical living world," and that "the fairest stream of life springs from the coming together of the streams of art and religion"; illustrate them with the identification in Novalis of beauty and sickliness, and crown them with Schleiermacher's glorification in the pulpit of the man who, "in the caprice of liberty, makes his personal view of the universe the centre of all religion"—combine these variously with a thousand other similar sentiments, develop them into a vast literature of prose and verse, and you will know whence the Continental artists of the nineteenth century learnt their creed of uncontrolled personal expansion, with the illusions that follow in its wake. Nor has the source dried up. One of our distinguished German professors has just lent his name to the propagandist publication in English of the morbid obscenities of Friedrich Schlegel's "Lucinde," and another well-known teacher of German has made himself the public defender of a group of unwholesome moderns who still believe that "decency is not permitted to art."

But the main literary source of this perversion to-day is undoubtedly in the group of powerful Russian writers, with their congeners in Scandinavia and the other northern countries, whose works for some time past have been flooding the world in French and English translations. How deeply this literature is tainted could be shown by innumerable examples; one must suffice. If there is any book thoroughly typical of the Russian and Scandinavian ideal it is "Crime and Punishment," and if there

is a single passage in which the moral of that book is typified it is the scene selected by its latest editor in English, Mr. Laurence Irving, as the epitome of "the animating spirit of Dostoievsky":

His eyes gleamed, his lips trembled, and, resting his two hands on her shoulders, he cast an angry look on this face bathed in tears. In a moment, he bent downwards, kissing the girl's feet. She started back frightened, as she would have done from a madman. For Rashkolnikoff's face at this moment was that of one.

"What are you doing? And to me?" stammered Sonia, growing pale with sorrow-smitten heart.

Upon this he rose. "I did not bow down to you, personally, but to suffering humanity in your person."

Not long since, at a dinner with a philosopher and two professors of French and English literature, respectively, I observed casually that my summer had been darkened by dwelling in the nightmare of "Crime and Punishment" and other books of its class. At this my friends, better read in this literature than I, no doubt, admitted the nightmare, but clamorously rebuked me for not feeling uplifted by its spiritual implications. There it is. Somehow we are to be lifted up by sympathizing with a madman worshipping humanity in the person of a girl of the street. Filth, disease, morbid dreams, bestiality, insanity, sodden crime, these are the natural pathway to the emancipation of the spirit; these in some mysterious way are spirituality. And the same lesson runs through Tolstoy and Strindberg and a dozen other moralists who are, as it were, the Prophets of our young. In subdued form, befitting what remains of the reticence of the English temperament, it lurks among the present-day inheritors in London of the Yellow Nineties. It will be found hidden in some of the writings of Mr. Galsworthy, who is perhaps at this moment the most notable of the group—scarcely concealed at all in his latest novel, "The Dark Flower," with its sickly analysis of illicit emotion, its satirical desiccation of the intellectual life, its presentation of virtue as a kind of impotence, its constant insinuation that the only escape of the spirit from stolid defeat is through "the passionate obsessions that cannot decently be satisfied." One is reminded of the old scornful saying of Swift: "The corruption of the senses is the generation of the spirit."

What else is the meaning of the recent outburst of filth on the stage under the pretext of "social uplift"? Would any sane man, in the name of virtue, defend the representation before young men and maidens of the inner nastiness of the stews (made nastier by the dramatist's imagination), or the exhibition of the revolting details of physical corruption, if his understanding had not been obscured by the insidious theory that associates art and spirituality with license and disease? Alas, it is still true that the human heart is deceitful above all things. Some time ago a friend of mine was present at the Boston opera when a certain morbid piece was sung. He was amused, and, being somewhat old-fashioned, was a little shocked, at seeing the dowagers of the town, in their conspicuous circle, clapping their hands at the exhibition of a theme of perverted sexuality. The next day he was less amused, and more shocked, to read the names of the same dowagers among those who had met together to hear the horrors of "white slavery" discussed and to concert means for its repression.

Even more pervasive is the illusion that through the very license of personality men are to be brought into the bond of social communism, and the kinship of this illusion with the other and their source are clearly implied in the typical scene from Dostoievsky already quoted. Or, if a stronger illustration of this theme in Russian is desired, it may be found in a tale of Leonid Andreyeff's which was the occasion of comment some ten or twelve years ago. In decency—shall I say, unfortunately?—I can do no more than hint at the narration. We are to suppose, then, that a proper young man is walking through a lonely country with his betrothed. They are attacked by a party of tramps, and the girl is killed. After the departure of the tramps the young man, by yielding to a like bestial instinct, comes to realize that he is essentially of the same stuff as the outcasts of society, and that in the lowest depths of the heart is the common meeting-place of humanity. It used to be held that the peculiar bond and unity of mankind was to be sought in the higher plane of reason, with its law of self-restraint, whereas by the passions we were united with the unreasoning beasts; it has remained for certain doctors of modern literature to teach us otherwise.

There may seem to be a great gulf between such a writer as Andreyeff and the socialistic wits now entertaining London. There is, indeed, a gulf—and yet! Strip off the rags of decorum which Bernard Shaw, despite his protests, still wears as an Englishman; look at the real meaning of the thing, and you will find that the moral of "Fanny's First Play," for example, which our kindly good folk enjoy so innocently, is not very different from that of the more barbarously logical Russians. What else does Bernard Shaw's laughter mean, when he represents a girl of modest upbringing as awakened to the hypocrisy of convention and the solidarity of mankind by getting arrested at night in the streets of London for disorderly conduct? It is the comedian's way of saying that spirituality is the product of vice, and that the uniting bond of society is the revolt against restraint. Mr. Shaw is a delightful humorist. Some one should suggest to him, as a subject amazingly suited to his genius, the state of life in a communistic society made up of such effrontories of egotism as himself. Perhaps I am myself eccentric in this, but, after all, I can read with less insult to my reason the rather childishly flaunted paradoxes of the naughty decade, and am inclined to think their perversion less insidiously dangerous, than the smug prurience of Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw and the other bourgeois wits who are to-day taken with a certain seriousness as critics of our social conventions.

These men, and this is the whole charge against decadence whether old or new, forget that art, so long as it is human, must concern itself with the portrayal of character—triumphant or defeated, still character—just as surely as morality is concerned with the creation of character. The truth of it is summed up in a sentence of a great divine who was preaching when Milton was writing his poems: "For we all say, that which doth not proceed from the judgment of the mind, and the choice of the will, is not an *human act*, though the act of a man." P. E. M.

Books and Men

AN UNWRITTEN BOOK.

An entertaining book is notably missing from the spring publications. It is always missing, though never a publisher seems to be aware of the fact, and no writer tries to supply the need. This book, so desirable and yet so shy about making its appearance, is a volume of essays on various outdoor amusements, treated strictly from the point of view of the amateur.

You will object, immediately, that there are many such books, and many such essays. Your objection is noted—and disallowed. There is none to be had anywhere. The difficulty comes over the definition of the word "amateur." The original meaning of "lover" has, practically, been lost for ages, and its secondary meaning of "non-professional" has been allowed to usurp too much importance. Except in wrangles between colleges the distinction between the amateur and the professional is of little interest to any one. The really important significance of the word lies in its connotation of lack of skill in this or that game or sport. And it is seldom so used—sincerely.

Therein lies the trouble. There is no end of books on angling, on golf, on tennis, all purporting to be by "An Amateur." It is the sheerest affectation. You

cannot read one of them for half an hour without discovering that this self-styled amateur, this gentleman of violet-like modesty (on his title-page) is a wizard at his special game. Only the fact that he does not take money for it distinguishes him from the out-and-out professional. And what do you care about that when you are reading his book? Indeed, there would be less exasperation in a book by a professional. You do not object if *he* outdistances you hopelessly. But this person who shrinkingly calls himself an amateur, and then proves, inside twenty-five pages, to have performed the most astonishing feats—he plunges you into a fit of depression from which you may well be hours in emerging.

No; our book of athletic essays must be by undoubted amateurs. More than that, they must belong to the duffer class. Here again is a relative term—let it be understood, if the subject is golf, that they shall be duffers not only in the presence of the lords of the game, but duffers anywhere, duffers amongst the humblest. In tennis, it is better that they should never get beyond the second, or perhaps the third, round of a tournament. The yachtsman whose point of view is most to be desired is the one who tends the sheet, perhaps—never the one who comes to the wheel in a pinch. And so on through the sports.

From these men, it is my contention, we should get new and refreshing work. They know the full joy of the game—and the full sorrow—and no more. Nothing of the mathematics of sport has corroded their souls—they do not bicker, overmuch, whether they took six or seven strokes at the fifth hole, but are content to cover the tragedy with a decent silence.

Not that they are without a respectable desire to win, if the sport is one involving contest. We want nothing mawkish in the book. Of course, they hope to beat their opponents. But this desire must be nicely measured; winning is an important ingredient in their pleasure, but not the whole of it. The contest is something, the surroundings are much. The man to whom it is of no importance whether the tennis court is in the midst of green meadows or between brick walls in a city, and the man who leaps upon the court with an iron face and wields his racquet like an axe, will not be asked to contribute.

Tennis, golf, angling, and yachting—these have already been named as subjects for the essays. To them should be added riding, motoring, with possibly an historical note on bicycling, mountain-climbing, plain walking, camping—with an excursus on camp cookery, canoeing, and swimming, the most delicious of all.

One section might be devoted to croquet, provided that special stress was laid on the peculiarly disagreeable dispositions of all persons who are expert in that game.

This should be a soothing book, a book for summer days, one to be carried, by the way, in a canoe, and read on quiet streams. It should suggest the click of golf-balls, the smell of spring and autumn fires, and lengthening shadows upon the court. There should be a little of the heat of contest in it, but almost none of the wrath. The swimming should not be a five-mile race at top speed, but rather it should deal with floating lazily upon one's back, hung between earth and sky, watching the clouds, surely the position in which man shakes off more of the bodily limitations—but the swimming is to be described by some one else.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

"THE QUERIST."

Bishop Berkeley's "The Querist, containing Several Queries, proposed to the Consideration of the Public," appeared originally in 1735 as an anonymous tract. By a typographical slip the title page was dated "MDCCXXV," and Joseph Massie, careful bibliographer that he was, actually included the work in the issues of that year in his "Catalogue of Commercial Tracts." A continuation, designated as "Part II," was issued in 1736, and a further installment, "Part III," in 1737. All three parts were published in Dublin, being "printed by R. Reilly, on Cork-Hill,"—Parts I and II for "G. Risk, G. Ewing, and W. Smith, Booksellers in Dames-Street"; Part III for "Jos. Leathley, Bookseller, in Dames-Street." The brochures seem to have been issued in small editions and soon became scarce. In 1746 Dean Gervais could not procure a copy for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the want could only be supplied by Berkeley's direct intervention. In 1750 Berkeley edited a second edition with "some few queries added, and many omitted," and this redaction was reprinted by Foulis in 1751. In this form it was again included by Berkeley in the "Miscellany" of his own writings in 1752, and these editions served as the basis of subsequent reprints.

As to the original edition of 1735-37, even Professor Fraser—Berkeley's scholarly biographer and editor—was unable to come upon a copy until the virtual completion of his labor, when the discovery of a copy in the library of the Royal Irish Academy permitted a *variorum* reference thereto in the Appendix to his edition (1871) of Berkeley's works; this was made more ample in the revised edition published in 1901. An exact reprint of the "Querist," as originally published, was included in Mr. George Sampson's excellent three-volume edition of Berkeley's writings, published in 1897-98. More recently the work has been made available in "The Reprint of Economic Tracts," issued by the Johns Hopkins Press.

It has always been a matter of surprise to students of English economic thought that, despite its early rarity, the "Querist" should have been well known and should have exerted considerable influence, apparently in its original form. This perplexity is somewhat reduced by the fact, heretofore unnoticed, that Parts I and II of the "Querist" were reprinted in London in 1736 by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane—well known as a publisher of economic and commercial pamphlets. It is possible that Part III was likewise reprinted after its issue in Dublin in 1737; but I have no evidence as to this. The title page of Part I sets forth that the work is "Now first Re-printed from the Irish Edition, lately publish'd in Dublin. With an ADVERTISEMENT to the READER, on Occasion of Re-publishing it." The title page of Part II adds to the publishers' imprint, "Where may be had Part I." The vignettes are omitted from both title pages, and a few significant changes are made in the text. In Query 144 (Part I) the word "good" is inserted before "Land"; in Query 304 (Part I) the phrase "when bound out in Apprentisship to Protestant Masters" is omitted; in Query 117 (Part II) the word "Overseers" after "Stock-jobbers" is omitted. The errata noted in the Dublin text are corrected and minor typographical variations occur.

The "Advertisement on Occasion of Republishing the Querist" prefixed to Part I is unsigned, and I have come upon no clue as to possible authorship. It is of sufficient interest to justify citation in full:

It hath been a common Practice to reprint from Ireland, those several little Pieces of Wit and Entertainment, which of late Years are so frequently publish'd there. It must be confess'd, That many of those Pieces abound with Spirit and Humour; but, at the same Time, they often contain the most poignant Satire; which tho' it gives Delight to many Readers, yet, as it exasperates the Minds of Persons affected thereby, does not always manifest either the Policy or good Nature of the Authors; as this way of treating the Subject is more likely to frustrate than promote the good Ends for which perhaps the Piece was principally written. It would be therefore surely more to the Purpose of those who mean a practicable Good to both Nations, to endeavour to reconcile rather than provoke, and by removing Jealousies on both Sides, try to conciliate the Interests of the British and Irish Nations: Which must needs have a better Effect, than to offer Schemes, which only tend to promote the Interests of the One at the Expence of the Other: The Consequence of which is, That the wished-for Benefit becomes impracticable to Both.

But the little Piece we now present to the Public from that Kingdom, carries with it a quite contrary View; It contains a Multitude of useful Hints, delivered in the concisest and most intelligible manner, by way of Query, which may be improved to the Prosperity and Happiness of the one Kingdom, without affecting its Dependance upon, or in any manner hurting the Interests of, the other; and that by such Means and Methods as are intirely in its own Power, and want nothing but Industry and Application to effectuate: For 'tis one of our Author's Queries, and the Sentiment by which he seems to be govern'd through-

out the Whole, "Whether the hankering after the Woollen Trade by the People of Ireland, be not the true and only Reason, which hath created a Jealousy in England towards Ireland? And whether any Thing can hurt the Irish more, than such a Jealousy?"

This has induced the Republishers of this Piece (who are less sollicitous to amuse than to edify, and who have the Happiness of both Nations in view, in Cases where they cannot interfere with one another's Interests, but, like Children of the same Father, may be made to promote the general Good of the united Family), to present the same to the Public, as intirely worthy of its Consideration, and as affording useful Hints, as well to the Governors as Governed of both Nations, and pointing out Methods to be pursued by the Irish,* that instead of creating Jealousies in the English, will mutually endear each to the other, and knit both together by the firmest Ties of Interest, which alone can create and cultivate that good Understanding so necessary to the Welfare of both.

JACOB H. HOLLANDER.

Johns Hopkins University.

A NEW POEM OF SAPPHO.

Dr. B. P. Grenfell and Mr. A. S. Hunt, directors of the Egypt Exploration Fund, have, it is said, discovered a new poem by Sappho at Oxyrhynchus, in Egypt. An account of the find, together with the text of the poem and a translation by Mr. J. M. Edmonds, is given in the London *Times* and the *Classical Review*. As the brackets in the text, which we reprint, will indicate, the papyrus has been damaged and is defective. In some places the context has made restoration easy; in others the words and letters supplied are entirely conjectural.

Ο]ἱ μὲν ἰππήων στρότον, οἱ δὲ πέσδων
οἱ δὲ νάων φαῖσ' ἐπὶ γᾶν μέλαιναν
ἔ]μμεναι κάλλιστον· ἔγω δὲ κῆν' ὄττω τις ἔραται.

πά]γχυ δ' εὔμαρες σύνετον πόησαι
πά]ντι τ[οῦ]τ'· ἀ γὰρ πόλυ περσκόπεισα
κα]λλος ἀνθρώπων Ἐλένα τὸν ἄνδρα
κρίννεν ἄρ]ιστον

ὃς τὸ πὰν] σέβας Τροΐα[ς ὄ]λεσ[ε,
κωὐδὲ πα]ίδος οὐδὲ [φίλ]ων το[κ]ήων
μᾶλλον] ἐμνάσθη, ἀ[λλὰ] παρᾱγαγ' αὔταν
πῆλε φίλει]σαν

Ὤρος· εὔκ]αμπτον γὰρ [ἀεὶ τὸ θῆλυ
αἴ κέ] τις κούφως τ[ὸ πάρον ν]οήσῃ·
οὐ]δὲ νῦν, Ἀνακτορί[α, τ]ὺ μέμνα
ὐῆ] παρεοίσας,

τᾶ]ς κε βολλοίμαν ἔρατόν τε βᾶμα
κ]ἀμαρυγμα λάμπρον ἴδην προσώπω
ἢ τὰ Λύδων ἄρματα κἀν ὄπλοισι
πεσδομ]άχεντας·

εὖ μὲν ἴδ]μεν οὐ δύνατον γένεσθαι
λῴστ' ἐ]ν ἀνθρώποις· πεδέχην δ' ἄρασθαι
[τῶν πέδειχόν ἐστι βρότοισι λῷον]
[ἢ λελάθεσθαι.]

Mr. Edmonds's translation follows:

The fairest thing in all the world some say is a host of horsemen, and some a host of foot, and some again a navy of ships, but to me 'tis the heart's beloved. And 'tis easy to make this understood by any. When Helen surveyed much mortal beauty she chose for best the destroyer of all the honour of Troy, and thought not so much either of child or parent dear, but was led astray by Love to bestow her heart afar; for woman is ever easy to be bent when she thinks lightly of what is near and dear. Even so you to-day, my Anactoria, remember not, it seems, when she is with you, one of whom I would rather the sweet sound of her footfall and the sight of the brightness of her beaming face than all the chariots and armoured footmen of Lydia. I know that in this world man cannot have the best; yet to pray for a share in what was once shared is better than to forget it. . . .

"The manuscript in which the poem appears has the tantalizing subscription, 'The First Book of the Lyrics of Sappho, 1,332 Lines,' on the last of the fifty-six fragments from which barely a dozen stanzas, besides those quoted above, can be restored."

Other discoveries made by the same expedition include fragments of Alcæus and the remains of an extra-canonical gospel.

*See particularly *Qu.* 69, 70, 71, 72, 75, 76, 79, 81, 83, 87, 88, 89, 121, 140, 144, 179, 195, &c.

Correspondence

THE TOLLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 7, in a note commenting upon the letter of "New Englander," you state that the Panama Canal Act does not forbid vessels owned by railways to use the canal if the ships compete in rates with the roads. You add that all the railways have filed statements with the Commission testifying that their ships do compete, and you conclude that the ships may consequently pass through the canal like any others.

I am at a loss to reconcile this statement with the wording of the act, and would greatly appreciate a further explanation. The act reads as follows:

"From and after the first day of July, nineteen hundred fourteen, it shall be unlawful for any railway company . . . to own, lease, operate, control, or have any interest whatsoever . . . in any common carrier by water operated through the Panama Canal or elsewhere with which said railroad or other carrier aforesaid does or may compete for traffic, or any vessel carrying freight or passengers upon said water route or elsewhere with which said railroad or other carrier aforesaid does or may compete for traffic."

The Commission is given power to extend the time of ownership of water routes by railways where such ownership proves to be of advantage to the public, but such specified service by water must be "other than through the Panama Canal." FRANK HAIGH DIXON.

Hanover, N. H., May 11.

[The language of the Panama Act is not as clear as could be desired. We incline, however, to accept the opinion of Representative Stevens to the effect that, under the Act, "no railroad-owned ship can pass through the Canal, tolls or no tolls, unless the ownership is a legitimate and proper one within the meaning of the law."—ED. THE NATION.]

WILLIAM THORNTON AND JOHN FITCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to add a few facts to the letter of Herbert Joseph Fitch in the *Nation* for December 25, 1913, and that of Martha Rumsey Simonds in your issue of April 30 last, and to bring into the circle of pioneers in steamboat invention a more remarkable man than either John Fitch or James Rumsey.

William Thornton was the first Superintendent of Patents, holding the office from 1802 until his death in 1828. He was educated to be a physician at the University of Edinburgh. He invented a system of lip-reading for deaf mutes, and of simplified spelling. He was a leader in the movement for emancipation of American negroes and their civilization in Africa twenty-five years before the American Colonization Society was formed. He designed the Capitol, and several other examples of his unique talent as an architect survive, notably the Octagon House, which is now one of the show places in Washington. The object of this communication, however, is not to speak of his versatility nor of the boldness of his intellect, but of his connection with John Fitch's steamboat and the part he had in making it go. I am able to do so because his papers are in the Library of Congress, having been given to that institution by the late J. Henley Smith, who inherited them from his grandmother, Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith, to whom Thornton's widow had given them. Thornton himself had been the custodian of Fitch's papers, and deposited them with the Government before his death, and they, too, are in the National Library, with the exception of Fitch's autobiography, which Fitch gave to the Philadelphia Library.

Thornton was born in the Island of Tortola, one of the Virgin Isles in the Caribbean Sea, but he early determined to live in America; and when he was a young man, in 1787, went to Philadelphia in search of a wife. There he met John Fitch, who had already built a steamboat and was soliciting financial aid for his invention. Thornton was then a man of property, and his bent was towards great enterprises. He had himself invented a steam cannon, of which a reasonably successful demonstration had been given, and he was not ignorant of steam power. He regarded Fitch's experiments with enthusiasm, and gave him money, advice, and mechanical assistance. Fitch was the very opposite of Thornton. He had little education and no power of sustained industry. He never worked continuously at his trade of watchmaker and silversmith. He was always in debt, and did not support his wife and family, nor even himself, all the time. He liked to carouse at taverns, and he became a drunkard. He was an atheist who scoffed at death, and was not ashamed of his ill-spent life. He was a man marked for

failure, and he never really deserved success.

Thornton came into Fitch's steamboat company in the summer of 1788, and when a list of subscribers was drawn up in January, 1789, he and Richard Stockton were put down as the two largest stockholders. From this time on he not only paid a considerable amount of money into the company, but frequently assisted Fitch personally with loans, varying in amount from a few shillings to ten pounds. The notes of hand which the inventor gave him are among Thornton's papers, and now have some value as autographs. When he received them they had no value. Fitch had never seen a steam engine, and the first boat which he built failed at the most vital point. It crept through the water at the rate of three miles an hour, and the engine worked very irregularly, sometimes going so furiously that the boiler was in danger of bursting, and sometimes hardly going at all. Thornton proposed that each shareholder in the Fitch Company should agree to relinquish one-half of his shares to any one who should construct an engine that would send the boat through the water at the rate of eight miles an hour. This being agreed to, he himself made the engine, which showed many improvements over Fitch's, the most notable being a boiler that was entirely surrounded by fire.

Early in the summer of 1790 a group of people gathered on Front or Water Street, in Philadelphia, to see the new steamboat tried, and a committee held watches in their hands to test its speed. A mile was flagged off on the river, and the boat swept over it at the rate of eight miles an hour. The boat sustained the speed, and in one day went eighty miles. This was the first successful steamboat, the invention of John Fitch made successful by William Thornton.

The Fitch Company determined to build a new and better boat; and when it was under way Thornton answered the call of his old mother on the plantation in Tortola, and went thither with his bride, Anna Maria Brodeau, the daughter of a widow who had been a successful school teacher in Philadelphia. All the time that he was in the West Indies he never ceased thinking of the boat that was building on the banks of the Delaware. He asked his mother-in-law to see Fitch and find out what was being done. She answered that Fitch reported unfavorably and wanted more money. "I find," she said, "that you are the vivifying spark that gives life and animation to the steamboat." Thornton sent money and encouragement to Fitch. The work went on, and in the autumn of 1791 the new boat was tested. The new engine spluttered and smoked, but it had not power to turn the paddles. The very thing which Thornton had cautioned against had been done; the engine had been simplified and the boat lay motionless in the stream. Mrs. Brodeau informed Thornton of the failure October 9, 1791, one year after he had left Philadelphia. He felt certain that the boat would have been a success if he had been in Philadelphia to superintend the building.

There was apathy in America towards the enterprise, so Fitch went to France. On February 12, 1793, ten days before he sailed, he executed a power of attorney in Thornton's favor giving him authority to sue all persons who might infringe on his inventions, and he wrote to Thornton: "I have never seen a man that I can place the same confidence in as I can in yourself," and added, "although you, sir, are a passionate man and frequently give your opinion before you consider the subject you are to determine." He gave Thornton a partial list of his debts and a few days later borrowed some more money from him. On February 21, on the eve of embarking, he wrote to him again about his disordered affairs. He said that if he never returned Thornton must be his executor. He corresponded with Thornton while he was abroad, always about the steamboat. He returned to America, landing in Boston June 6, 1794, absolutely penniless, and the next day wrote to Thornton telling him of his sufferings and asking him to buy a half-interest in the Columbian Ready Reckoner, a system of sea reckoning which he had invented and had dedicated to Thornton. He required money to pay for his homeward passage. Again on June 30 he appealed to Thornton in extreme distress.

With the return to America Fitch's career as a steamboat inventor really ended. He made some further experiments, but they amounted to little. After lingering in the East with some relations for three years he went to Bardstown, Ky., where he had acquired lands. There a tavern keeper agreed to keep him in lodging, food, and drink as long as he lived in return for a bond for a portion of his land. On February 1, 1798, he wrote to Thornton that he had made his will, leaving him a thirteenth part of his land, and the remainder of his property in equal shares with four others. His greatest obligation, he said, was to Thornton and Aaron Vail, the American Consul at L'Orient, also a member of the Fitch Company, who had befriended him in France. He begged for one more letter from Thornton. "I am going fast to mother clay," he said; but alcohol did not carry him fast enough, and four months later, at the end of June, 1798, he killed himself by an overdose of the medicine which his doctor had left for him. On June 25, a few days before his death, he made another will, in which, after leaving his beaver hat, buckles, and walking-stick to one of his friends, he placed first in the list of his other beneficiaries the name of William Thornton, to whom with three others he bequeathed his entire estate, share and share alike.

There was little that was tangible for them to inherit, but Thornton took over as his own the steamboat. No one had been as closely associated with Fitch in its invention as he, and no one was so competent as he to carry it forward now that Fitch was dead. Many years afterwards Thornton stated the fact—"that John Fitch, who was a poor, ignorant, but worthy and ingenious man, was the true inventor of the steamboat, and that I had a principal hand in perfecting it."

The connection of Thornton with subsequent events in steam navigation is too long a story for this communication. His negotiations with Fulton, when Fulton built a boat on Fitch's and his model, as he declared; Fulton's offer to him of partnership; Thornton's subsequent exclusion from any participation in steamboat building; his accusations against Fulton; their furious quarrel, and Fulton's death when Thornton's rage against him was at white heat—are another chapter in the history of the invention of the steamboat which was a tragedy in the life of Thornton as it had been in that of John Fitch. As late as 1819 he wrote to the Abbé Correa da Serra, the Portuguese Envoy at Washington, applying for a patent for steamboats in Brazil. "I am the person," he said, "who thirty years ago made a boat go at the rate of eight miles an hour," and up to the time of his death in January 28, 1828, he was still clamoring for recognition as the man who had made John Fitch's boat a success.

GAILLARD HUNT.

Washington, May 5.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When one reads the fiery speeches that have recently been delivered in Congress and the fierce diatribes that appear from time to time in some of our periodicals on the free tolls controversy, one can hardly help recognizing in such phrases as "truckling to England," "surrendering our good right to Great Britain," and more of the same sort, expressions that are familiar to readers of the history of the United States.

When President Washington interfered with the pernicious activities of Citizen Genet he was as bitterly denounced as his successor is now. When the Oregon boundary dispute was a live issue, a great many American patriots were ready to take up arms against Great Britain to the cry "Fifty-four Forty or Fight," albeit at that time such a cry represented the acme of folly. When the news of the Trent affair was telegraphed over the country, there was another clamor for a war with England in which a good many men joined who were opposed to coercing the South. The clamor was just as senseless as it had been fifteen years before. Not many years ago this country was reported to have been actually invaded by Great Britain. Although the invasion was a peaceful one conducted by the Cobden Club for the purpose of breaking down our high tariff wall, it was thoroughly characteristic of the insidious ways of that country.

The Irish in America have had a good deal to do with keeping alive the spirit of ill will against England; but they are not wholly responsible. When a boy, I was taught to believe that there was no act of injustice or of perfidy which the English Government was incapable of committing. This belief was not engendered by Irishmen, but by the school histories. One would suppose that the present generation of Irishmen on both sides of the Atlantic would be generous enough

to give the party in power credit for doing all it can to make amends for the wrongs done to Ireland in past years. Nevertheless, one hears few expressions of appreciation in this country. Recently the Germans have taken it upon themselves to warn the American people against the wiles of perfidious Albion.

One would suppose that the vast increase of information during the last few decades and the easy facilities for international intercourse would have well-nigh extinguished national prejudices. But progress in this respect has been painfully slow, and it still holds good that "knowledge comes but wisdom lingers." While it is not true that people are "mostly fools," many men who are level-headed in all the common affairs of life come dangerously near to making fools of themselves when they are called upon to take a stand on a question of international politics.

CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., May 14.

Literature

JAPANESE GEOGRAPHY.

Japan's Inheritance: The Country, Its People, and Their Destiny. By E. Bruce Mitford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Mitford's book is a real contribution to our knowledge of Japanese geography. He has gone far afield, north and south, knows the Alpine regions that lie to the northwest of Fujiyama, the craters and solfataras of Kyushu, and the lakes, rivers, forests, and mountains of the Hokkaido. It is now several decades since another Mitford, known to-day as Lord Redesdale, gave the world the classic volume, "Tales of Old Japan," and to have associated the name with something inferior in workmanship would have been a matter for keen regret. Happily, this book needs no apology. Mr. Mitford is at home in geology, and brings a scientific eye to his survey of the landscape; which in no way interferes with his æsthetic enjoyment.

Even if the northern and southern islands had not recently been before the world because of famine and volcanic disasters, the author's detailed descriptions of the Hokkaido and of Kyushu would yet be of great value. In the south it is the midwinter season that is sunny and attractive; the summers are wet and cloudy. Consequently, the tourist is not likely to find his way thither. The Hokkaido in the north is still a field for the settler; in its foliage and natural attractions it differs radically from the central island; during the early summer particularly the climate is foggy and the air raw, though stimulating. And yet in southern Kyushu are found those "impossible mountains" which are so often depicted on Japanese screens, and which an artist must delight to behold in actual nature. And in the northern island, far beyond the tracks of Miss Isabella Bird, when she visited the Aino chief, nestles Shikotsu, "Japan's sublimest lake, . . . whose deep-hued waters give weird glimpses of submerged crags and pinnacles." Facing page 252 is a photogravure of Komagatake, an extinct volcano, with graceful curves, lying north of Hakodate and familiar to residents. The photograph was taken from Lake Onuma, close by, on the west, and bears a sub-line in italics, "The margin of the lake has been made into a 'landscape garden.'" Indeed, to follow Mr. Mitford in his rambles and expeditions is a constant stimulus to the lover of natural scenery, both in its native form and as interpreted by the Japanese artist and gardener. Facing page 9 is a key map of Japanese scenery in colors, indicating granite, schist, and gneiss formations.

Chapter xii, entitled The Gateway of the South, the author devotes to a detailed description of the island of Kyushu. Opposite page 238, he gives an excellent photogravure of the island volcano of Sakura-jima, which rises from Kagoshima Bay, only a few miles from the city, and recently worked such woful havoc. The fine contour of its cone, alas, has been shattered. Our author has a good deal to say of it. "Sugar-cane," he remarks in his opening chapter, "is grown, and left standing all the year round, on the southward slopes of Sakura-jima—the only place, I believe, in Japan. That most malodorous radish, the *daikon*, here grows as big as a man." And again at chapter xii: "I question whether Mother Earth has anywhere a finer combination of land and sea scapes than this prospect from Sakura-jima's splintered crest." The fertility of this garden-spot has helped to remove the fallacy that the infertility that marks the soil of Japan in many districts is due to volcanic products. Our author ascribes it rather to disintegrated granite and crystalline schists, seeing that tobacco flourishes remarkably in soil derived from volcanic material. The lower half of the page that gives a picture of Sakura-jima has a still finer view of the active crater, known as "The Horse's Bone," of Takachiho, a mountain hardly less sacred than Fujiyama, for here the grandson of the Sun-Goddess Amaterasu alighted when he came down from heaven to pave the way for the conquest of Japan. Thirty years ago it was dormant, but now it is, next to Asama, the most active in Japan; unless the recent activity of its neighbor to the south gives the second place to Sakura-jima. Sakura-jima has a bad record; an eruption in 1779 "was of such a nature that the people could walk from the island, a distance of eight to ten miles, on the floating pumice ejected from the crater." The distance to-day, by the way, is only about two miles.

Mr. Mitford gives an excellent account of that dangerous volcano, Asamayama, which has of late years shown such signs of activity that a cordon of police is stationed round its foot to keep sightseers away. Its cone is peculiar in having a dome-like shape. "Its position at the intersection of two lines of volcanic activity doubtless accounts for the huge bulk of the cone, the unusual depth of the crater, and its long-continued activity." Ten years ago the author subjected the crater to a close examination, and saw, from a projecting dike or promontory, the floor, lying some 600 feet below him, "a broken, rocky expanse of ground, strewn with big boulders and steaming pools." Counting up the outbursts of the past five years, seventy in all, which mean a steady rise of the floor of the vent, he calculates that if this activity is kept up for the next twenty-five years the floor will be level with the lip of the crater. Seismologists fear a really great eruption at any moment.

The author's observations of the people in various parts of the empire have led him to the conclusion that the inhabitants of the mountain districts are superior to those of the lowlands; that the inhabitants of Northern Japan are superior to those of the south; and that the fisher-folk in general, but especially in the north, are the best developed of all. The Japanese fisherman has earned for himself a reputation for quarrelsomeness, and the police have often difficulty in enforcing regulations in seaside villages. The number of fishermen throughout the country shows a serious decline of 15 per cent. in the last few years. They find it a hard task to earn a living, the monthly proceeds per head averaging less than three United States dollars; and this last winter, when extreme cold drove away the fish from the shores of Hokkaido and northern Hondo, will accelerate the ominous decline.

In drawing his conclusions regarding the temper of modern Japan, Mr. Mitford has wisely gone to other cities than the commercialized, tourist-haunted centres which are in everybody's mouth. To find cities that are neither ultra-modern nor hopelessly behind the times, he has sought "those provincial centres which, not many years ago, were the headquarters of some great Daimyate, or clan, and thus retain amid the commercial activities a feudal aristocracy of their own. Of such are Kagoshima and Kumamoto in the south, Kofu and Mito in the east, Sendai and Wakamatsu in the north. . . . Each has its characteristic industry and its local color." His political conclusions regarding the

people are discriminating and sound; and few weightier or more illuminating discussions, dealing with the Japanese question from the international side, have appeared than the closing three chapters, Japan as a Colonial Power, Where East Meets West, and A Peep Into the Future.

As an ethnologist and historian Mr. Mitford is less satisfactory, and statements made on pages 315, 317, and again on pages 331, 332, need careful revision. Nor is he at his best as a stylist; his somewhat lavish use of French and Latin would at once bring him under the ban of the poet-laureate's Society for Pure English. Why *la haute politique, grande passion, clientèle, fait accompli;* or *ad Græcas calendas, terra firma, flagrante delicto,* when quiet English equivalents would serve the purpose better? Especially objectionable are the intrusions when there was reason to use so many Japanese words, like *soroban, andon, yadoya;* and with a little care he might even get rid of many of these. But such defects are hardly worth mentioning, in a production that is full of solid worth from beginning to end, and is specially to be welcomed at this time when the places he portrays so vividly with pen and camera are attracting keen and sympathetic attention all over the world.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Wonderful Visit. By H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is the kind of volume Mr. Wells writes as a diversion from the press of weightier endeavors; we can imagine him proud of it as a proof of his facility, but scarcely for its intrinsic quality. It is a sketchy bit of satire, built on the imagined dropping of an angel to this earth, and his painful efforts at readjustment to our warped and imperfect scheme of things. As such, it has effective scenes. Mr. Angel (so he is called, and is regarded by the vulgar as a simple humpbacked creature) is taken under the protection of the scientific Vicar who shot him in the air, and who fully credits his supernatural origin, though he despairs of convincing others. The Vicar carries him about the countryside, and tries to initiate him into all the snobberies of local society. The satiric culmination comes at a musicale, where the angel plays divinely, but is mercilessly crushed by the guests because of his inability to read notes. When he gallantly assists the maid in an awkward predicament, the whisper runs around that he is drunk. Having thus employed him as an agent to exhibit the vapidity of provincial life and the falseness of our conventions, Mr. Wells removes him by a simple, heroic expedient. Into a cottage fire the angel rushes to rescue a girl, the roof falls, and he disappears in flame and a burst of music. Truth to say, the celestial visitor is made too much of a prig and a visionary to give the story the impressiveness it might otherwise have.

From an Island Outpost. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

An appropriate sub-title to this volume would be "Thoughts and Rhapsodies of a Lady Novelist in the Country." The "island outpost" is Nantucket. The book seems to be made up of extracts from a diary of the last five years, written always with a view to publication. It contains random moralizings and theorizings on all sorts of subjects, well mixed with descriptions of Nantucket and a great variety of things of which Nantucket reminds Miss Waller. The descriptions, though rather exclamatory in style, are sometimes attractive. Readers of Miss Waller's novels will no doubt be interested in her opinions on education, the latest fashions in women's dress, Ibsen, the future of New England, etc. Some of these opinions are shrewd and sensible. Of the exploiters of sex, for instance, she writes:

"There is a humorous side to these moderns' 'output.' Reading their plays and novels we would receive the impression that their creators are hardly yet fully awake to the fact that this earth has been peopled for thousands of years. . . . Looked at from the right angle, through a normal medium, there is no such problem as the 'sex-problem.' The facts in evidence do not constitute a 'problem.' . . . What is termed 'sex' is a force, and like gravitation it solves itself."

The Marryers. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a little humorous sketch in the vein of "Keeping Up with Lizzie." Lizzie, it will be recalled, nearly devastated a countryside by infecting it with city fashions and extravagances. If we remember arlght, the malady was taken in time, and there was a general return to the simple life and happiness ever after. The idea here is not more subtle. The "marryers" are the female title-hunters who have certainly lost nothing of their usefulness to novelists and playwrights during recent years. About the figure of the American heiress pursuing her favorite big game abroad, Mr. Bacheller's carefully rustic humor plays with a good deal of effectiveness. The Hon. Socrates Potter, of Pointview, Connecticut, is supposed to tell the story, and prefaces a brief: "*In re* America vs. Sundry Feudal Tendencies." His friend Norris, father of the heiress, is, like all American millionaires, helpless in the hands of his women-folk. He is, in fact, exceptionally inefficient in the management of his household, even for a millionaire. For example, he does not fancy Italian counts, least of all rascally ones, but when his ambitious wife determines to marry Gwendolyn to one of them, there seems to be nothing to do but sigh. Norris's specialty is domestic self-sacrifice. As a youth he went to prison to save his father's name, and through manhood he paid blackmail to save his wife and daughter the anguish of knowing him for a jailbird. The blackmailer is a preposterous person, reformed in the last act, and married to a good and rich woman, who knows and forgives all. As for Gwendolyn's fate, it bas to be determined largely by the efforts of Uncle Socrates. It involves, of course, the frustration of all possible counts, and the success of the good and athletic and handsome and prosperous young American who has been marked for Gwendolyn's mate from the very first page.

Viennese Idylls. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Frederick Eisemann. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Mr. Eisemann has brought together six of Arthur Schnitzler's short stories under a title little befitting their character. These studies of mental obsession dealing with strange fits of passion, remorse, fright, and the disillusionment that follows upon great emotional crises are scarcely to be classed as idylls. Viennese these stories certainly are, inasmuch as they embody that peculiar mixture of the tender and the ironic, that faculty of feeling and of contemplating one's self at the same time which distingulshes the Young Austrian writers from their more single-minded North German contemporaries. Five of the stories are analyses of erotic experiences with a blend of mysticism. "Blind Geronimo and His Brother" is the tale of a brother's fidelity: a single episode in the life of two strolling musicians whom the carelessly spoken word of a stranger throws into a situation where each reveals his heart to each. The concentration and reallsm of the treatment remind one of Maupassant, but there is a warm note of compassion in Schnitzler that is far removed from the French writer's impersonallty. The translation lacks the grace and dlstinction of the original.

Sweetapple Cove. By George Van Schaick. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Sweetapple Cove is a Newfoundland fishing village, just inshore of the Grand Banks. It has a parson, but no physician, till our John Grant, a doctorling just out of hospital service, comes there to cut his teeth as a practitioner, and to find out what he is good for "as a man among men." He quickly becomes the

idol of Sweetapple Cove. Two things might naturally happen: the American way would be to have him find in one of the humble cottages one of nature's noblewomen, and in the end take her to himself. The British way would be to have him, after proving himself a man to the Queen's taste, suddenly translated to a title and estates At Home. Quite another thing does happen. An American millionaire brings his daughter to Sweetapple Cove, for salmon-fishing, and promptly breaks his leg. She remains intact for Dr. John. Though city-bred and ignorant of the wilderness, she shows amazing ability under Dr. John's tutoring, lands a record salmon at her first cast, and a record caribou at her first shot. There are divers adventures, giving scope for the heroism of both young parties, and the end is all that could be desired. Though the "love-interest" is slight and rather commonplace, the local atmosphere is well conveyed. The patient old parson and his perfect wife are worth more than the young pair, at least to a middle-aged reader.

THE PITFALLS OF PRECOCITY.

The Early Life of John Howard Payne. With contemporary letters heretofore unpublished. By Willis T. Hanson, Jr. Boston: Privately printed. $13.50.

The author of that bit of deathless doggerel, "Home, Sweet Home," has not lacked his biographers. They have inclined to harp on the insufficiency of his reward for all the labor of his years. So sad to be remembered only for a casual lyric when one has written sixty-odd plays, many of them in blank verse! Still, there have been industrious and versatile writers who have not been remembered at all. Lacking "Home, Sweet Home," Payne would not have been the first author with eleven tragedies, nine comedies, twenty-six dramas and melodramas, seven operas, and ten farces (or their equivalent) more or less to his credit—he would not have been the first hero of this species to vanish from this earthly scene and leave no trace behind. And to Payne's bit of doggerel must be granted one good line.

In his own day, at least, he was an effective and picturesque, if never quite prosperous, figure. He was the first American to make an impression abroad as a dramatist. Two of his plays and two of his operas were very successful. His "Brutus" was produced by Edmund Kean in 1818, gained immense applause, and survived on the stage for fifty years; McCullough, Forrest, and Booth played it in America. As a boy, he had been a leading "American Roscius." His country eased his last decade by giving him the consulship at Tunis. Such a career cannot be called disastrous; its unhappiness (for it was unhappy) must have sprung from the nature of the man himself. This is made clear—though the chronicler does not seem to perceive it—by the present detailed account of his early life.

His father was a New Yorker, of the same family as Robert Treat Paine and Dolly Payne, wife of President Madison. His mother was a Jewess. The senior Payne was a schoolmaster of repute, and became head of an academy in Boston in 1796. There young Payne had his schooling, with extraordinary results, on the surface, at least. He was not a scholar, but had a clever and acquisitive mind and the knack of turning all his acquisition to display. It was a day of prodigies, and the most famous of them, young Betty, the "infant Roscius" of England, was just Payne's age. As it chanced, the Boston schoolmaster was a specialist in the teaching of elocution. The small son had already become an admired performer when the amazing tale of young Betty's exploits reached America. Young Payne determined to be an infant Roscius, too, and was encouraged in the notion by a well-known Boston actor who had heard him speak. But this was too much for the father, who saw no essential relation between elocution and the stage. The eleven-year-old had to confine himself to writing theatrical criticisms which the newspapers accepted, says our biographer, "on their merit." Through these criticisms he met a youth who, by a quaint chance, was to write the only American poem which approaches "Home, Sweet Home" in popularity—Samuel Woodworth, cooper of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Woodworth was not, as Mr. Hanson states, "a boy of about Payne's own age," but some five or six years older. He was a printer's apprentice, and amused himself by publishing a little paper of his own, *The Fly*. Payne contributed to it, and no doubt it suggested his own *Thespian Mirror*, which, a year or two later, we find him editing. He was then supposed to be working in a New York business office, and his employer had been instructed to keep him away from the theatre. To undertake a theatrical weekly in these circumstances showed valor, if not discretion. The surprising thing is that the boy succeeded not only in writing most of its contents, but in getting it printed and pretty widely read. Mr. Hanson evidently thinks it remarkable as criticism, and prints several numbers in facsimile. It is undoubtedly precocious, and probably as good as most of what passed for criticism at the time. A paragraph from the preface to the first number may show the kind of thing:

> It cannot be denied that the Stage is circulated for purposes, at once the most laudable and useful. From its glowing and impressive representations, the Tyrant is induced to relax his wonted severity, the hand of Avarice is opened to the generous influence of benevolence; the wantonness of the profligate is succeeded by philosophic thoughtfulness; the asperity of Misanthropy is softened into charity and cheerfulness; the conscience of the criminal is struck to repentance, and those absurdities and follies which pervade the
>
> "Living manners as they rise,"
>
> and are not immediately cognizable by the criminal or canon laws, are made to shrink and retire before the lash of dramatic satire:
>
> "Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
> Yet touched and shamed by ridicule alone."

Such writing gained local fame for its young author. Coleman, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, asked him to tea, was greatly impressed, and wrote (in the *Evening Post*): "I found that it required an effort on my part to keep up the conversation in as choice a style as his own." Public curiosity about the remarkable boy grew sufficiently to justify the production of a play by him in 1806, and its publication in the same year. Coleman projected a subscription to get Payne a college education; but a merchant named Seaman took the whole matter over. He seems to have been infatuated with the boy at first, and offered virtually to adopt him.

But the prodigy was already spoiled. He felt that his acceptance of this generosity was a condescension. His genius gave him the right to do as he chose. After a year or two at Union College, where everything was done for him, his insolence and insubordination brought about a final breach with his patron. He then succeeded in getting his father's permission to try the stage. On his first appearance as young Norval in "Douglas" he scored a great success. With a little common-sense he might have won a permanent place in the theatre, but his bumptiousness soon embroiled him with managers and fellow actors, and after a brief season of triumph he found himself without backing. He had made a good deal of money, but it was gone. There were still friends to coddle him. They now raised a purse of $2,000 to give him a year abroad. He stayed nearly twenty years, toiling indefatigably and always discontentedly at his plays and playing. He expected more of life than it gave him; the world was never quite at his feet. America fêted him when he found time to return to her, and gave him a comfortable berth for his last years. But he had never realized the doubtful promises of his precocity, or admitted to himself that his relative failure was due to inward rather than outward causes. Few men have been born to a more kindly earth, have been more generously dealt with in the body, or more gently (if vaguely) held in memory.

HASTY COMPOSITION.

The Reign of Henry VII from Contemporary Sources. Selected and arranged in three volumes, with an Introduction by A. F. Pollard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9 net.

These three substantial volumes are the product, so Mr. Pollard informs us, "of the few leisure hours that have fallen to him in the last fifteen months." A very cursory glance at them will suffice to explain why such an apparently imposing piece of work has been accomplished in so brief a time. They consist, almost exclusively, of a selection of documents, bearing on the narrative, constitutional, social, and economic history of the reign of Henry VII, reprinted for the most part from already published sources or transcripts, without collation with the original MSS. It is certainly convenient to have accessible in a single set documents hitherto scattered through such collections as Campbell's "Materials," Gairdner's "Letters and Papers," the "Paston Letters," Bentley's "Excerpta Historica," etc. A few misprints and errors of chronology have been rectified, and an occasional helpful explanatory note has been added. Save, however, for these very obvious merits, it is difficult to discover precisely wherein the present collection justifies its existence.

The introduction, too, bears evidence of careless and hasty composition, and is in no sense worthy of Mr. Pollard's high reputation. It abounds in minor errors, and its statements and reasoning are by no means always convincing. One does not see, for instance, why the mother of Charles V should be constantly referred to as "Juaña" (pp. lvii-lx *passim*), or the Great Captain as "Gonsalvo di Cordova" (p. lviii), or the infant son of Ferdinand's daughter Isabella and of Emmanuel, King of Portugal, as "Michael or Emmanuel" (Vol. III, p. 58, *n*); nor is it at all clear, in view of its subsequent fate, why Navarre would have escaped the Emperor, if Ferdinand's child by Germaine de Foix had survived (p. lx). The author's economic horizon would have been considerably broadened by a perusal of Schanz, whose name, by the way, does not figure among "the fewer than half-a-dozen modern writers on Henry VII" who in Mr. Pollard's judgment "need be considered" (p. xv). Nor should he dwell twice on the results of Lord Bacon's mistaking Bernard André's "*lætanter*" for "*latenter*" (pp. x; 11 *n*) without giving Dr. Gairdner credit for discovering them. The footnotes are often inaccurate and misleading, *e. g.*, "Cely Papers, Camden Soc." (Vol. III, p. 321).

The simple fact of the matter is that Mr. Pollard has not taken time or pains enough in the preparation of this last work. At his best he is exceedingly good; but when the slap-dash fit comes, he hurries and stumbles frequently; and the vigor, even dogmatism, of his style aggravates his defects, just as, in his more careful work, it enhances his merits. There is evidence of a deplorable tendency among some recent English historical scholars to regard the editing of documents as mere hack-work, and as a task demanding far less skill and precision than the writing of history. The present work is a case in point. In this respect, if not in others, English historical scholarship still lags far behind that of France, Germany, and the United States.

CONGREGATIONALISM.

Theodore Thornton Munger, New England Minister. By Benjamin Wisner Bacon. New Haven: Yale University Press. $3 net.

It is appropriate that a life of Theodore Thornton Munger should have been written by the acting-pastor of Yale University Church in the city of New Haven, the ancient seat of New England theology, where Munger was for fifteen years pastor of the United Congregational Church. There is a fitness also in its publication by the Yale University Press on the morrow of the Kansas City Convention of Congregational Churches, where the Dean of the Yale Divinity School was highly honored, and the progressive platform of the Congregationalists was adopted. In Munger's life we have in biographical form a history of the struggles of Congregationalism during the last eighty years to throw off denominational exclusiveness, and to restate Congregational principles in terms of catholicity. This movement, finding its first expression at Boston in 1865, and at Oberlin in 1872, culminated at Kansas City in 1913 in the final rejection of a denominational creed and excessive decentralization. That was a victory in which Munger, with reverent satisfaction, would have rejoiced, as defining Congregationalism in terms of principle and not of sect, and making for a progress in theology that would open the door more widely than before to the abiding presence of God.

The early years of Munger's life were a time of religious restlessness and discontent in New England. The Calvinism of Jonathan Edwards, with its doctrine of the second birth and the need of a conscious experience of salvation, seemed a hopelessly deadening creed to many an earnest thinker of that day, and led to the withdrawal of many who were distressed by the sorry note of New England theology into more congenial spiritual atmospheres. But Munger, though congratulating his friend, Elisha Mulford, on his contentment in Episcopacy, and thoroughly disheartened with the prevailing orthodoxy, found that he had too much of the Puritan in him to leave the church of his fathers, and sought for continuity and catholicism within the fold of Congregationalism. Therefore, while Mulford, contented with Episcopacy, was writing his great book, "The Nation," Munger was working out plans for the reconstruction of the Republic, not of man, but of God, under the inspiration of Robertson, Maurice, and especially Bushnell, and of the new forms of philosophic thought that were born of the doctrine of evolution.

In this effort Munger became the bearer of the torch that Bushnell had lighted. It is the great merit of Dr. Bacon's book that, while dealing with the simple annals of the quiet life of a New England minister, he has realized the significance of that life for the world at large. He writes of Munger as a man of more than ordinary talents, leading in the protest against the uncatholic, self-centred spirit of the denominationalists, who, taking advantage of "the unbounded liberty of independency," fought for the perpetuation of a congeries of local churches, each possessed of the inalienable right to shape its own creed. Himself of Munger's own school of theological thought, he has devoted many pages of his book to a discussion of the crisis of reconstruction of the church in the seventies, and with admirable candor, but with strong and sympathetic utterance has formulated a trenchant indictment of those who would have built up competing churches on the denominational plan. When he reaches Munger's pastorates at North Adams and New Haven, 1877-1900, he has entered the freer atmosphere of liberty and democracy in the church, and can turn to the more personal characteristics of Munger's influence, as seen in the latter's writings, especially "The Freedom of Faith," "The Appeal to Life," and "Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian." The last-named is in large measure but an unconscious expression of Munger's personality. Yet even here Munger is seen as a typical New England minister of the "progressive" school, one whose circle of influence was ever widening as recognition of his place in the theological world came from those to whom the New Theology made an irresistible appeal.

Munger's call to New Haven was coincident with the opening of a new era in the history of the Divinity School, and throughout his pastorate he was a pillar of strength to that younger generation of the Divinity School which has since become its dominant influence. His election to membership in the Yale Corporation was deemed a triumph of liberalism, promising greater changes to come in the composition of that hitherto exclusively ministerial body.

Notes

The Century Company will publish "Henry of Navarre—Ohio," by Holworthy Hall, on June 12.

The forthcoming publication of "The Story of Duciehurst," by Charles Egbert Craddoek, is announced by the Macmillan Company.

"The Intervening Lady," by Edgar Jepson, is announced for publication on Saturday by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

John W. Luce & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The New Foolish Dictionary," by Gideon Wurdz (Charles Wayland Towne).

Houghton Mifflin Company announces for publication early next month: "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick; "What Is it to Be Educated?" by C. Hanford Henderson; "The Sister of the Wind," by Grace Fallow Norton; "Where Rolls the Oregon," by Dallas Lore Sharp.

"POST-IMPRESSIONS" (Dodd, Mead; $1 net), by Simeon Strunsky, consists of thirty-four brief and mirthful essays which the New York *Evening Post* offered to its readers in 1913. Readers who, like the writer of this note, are devoted followers of Post-Impressionism will recall with delight how, a couple of years after the appearance of Halley's comet, certain large opaque bodies became suddenly transparent in their transit of the field of Mr. Strunsky's newly invented "Outlooking Glass." A similar power of penetrating the figures of the transitory show with light appears in this volume. Readers who, like the writer of this note, have upon their shelves Mr. Strunsky's first volume of essays, "The Patient Observer," will know why to place "Post-Impressions" beside it. The new collection contains, no doubt, some pieces produced under journalistic pressure; for these, a single reading will suffice. What strikes this reviewer is the number of pieces that he has marked for reading and repeated re-reading aloud on occasions when the conversation of chance groups by his fireside falls a little flat: Alma Mater Broadway, The Contemplative Life, Summer Reading, Noeturne, Harold's Soul, I and II, Thorns in the Cushion, Romance, Rhetoric 21, Low Grade Citizens, Two and Two, the "unauthorized interview" with Bergson called Brick and Mortar, the brilliant little burlesque of Arnold Bennett called Realism, the laugh on the modern business man called The Quarry Slave, and—perhaps most "delicious" of all—the dialogue between the Explorer and the Lady at a five-o'clock tea, called The Monotony of the Poles.

ONE who takes up Mr. Bryan's lecture, "The Prince of Peace," now put out in book form (Revell: 35 cents), will be puzzled over the title. There is as much about evolution as peace in the production, and only a few sentences about peace in its international bearings. Mr. Bryan is skeptical of the Darwinian theory. "I am not yet convinced," he says, "that man is a lineal descendant of the lower animals. I do not mean to find fault with you if you want to accept the theory; all I mean to say is that, while you may trace your ancestry back to the monkey, if you find pleasure or pride in doing so, you shall not connect me with your family tree without more evidence than has yet been produced." Mr. Bryan objects to the theory "for several reasons":

> First, it is a dangerous theory. If a man links himself in generations with the monkey, it then becomes an important question whether he is going towards him or coming from him—and I have seen them going in both directions. I do not know of any argument that can be used to prove that man is an improved monkey that may not be used just as well to prove that the monkey is a degenerate man, and the latter theory is more plausible than the former.

It is a little difficult to believe that this is the sort of thing which tens of thousands of persons have paid good money to hear.

THREE essays of Kuno Franeke have appeared in an excellent German translation, together with a reprint of an article originally contributed by him to the *Deutsche Rundschau*, the whole forming a brochure under the title, "Deutsche und Amerikanische Ideale" (Berlin: Verlag der Deutschen Bücherei). This is in line with his double rôle of interpreting German ideals to Americans and American ideals to Germans. One may find, here and there, his definitions strained—Emerson is to him the Jean Paul of New England—and refuse to follow him in his estimate of Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," Hauptmann's "Der arme Heinrich," and Kühnemann's "Schiller," and yet acknowledge that there is something wholesome in the sustained enthusiasm of a scholar who sees in the striving for high ideals the best connecting link between two continents. "Weniger Nietzsche und mehr Emerson" is certainly a good motto, whether stated in English or German.

A WELL-BRED, well-tempered spirit is everywhere discernible in "The Edge of the Woods, and Other Papers" (Revell; $1.25 net), by Zephine Humphrey. Though her subjects range from In Praise of Everyday to The Joyous Company of the Possessed, she is always restrained without being sober, animated without being garrulous, and emotional without being sentimental. Her style is eminently that of an educated woman—sensitive, accurate, various in tone, sometimes a trifle precious. Some of the best essays among the twenty-five are The Edge of the Woods, The Passing of Indoors, and Hoosick Junction. The following extract from the second of these is typical of the writer's usual mood:

> Sleeping out of doors was the next phase in the open-air movement. That also began casually and charmingly. A wakeful dreamer lingered long in his hammock, watching the stars, musing in the still summer night, until, lo! there was the dawn beginning behind the eastern hills. A happy experience. Not much sleeping about it—there is seldom much sleeping about real experiences—but so much pleasure that the heart said, "Go to! why not have this good thing always? Why not sleep out of doors every night?" Which is, of course, exactly the way in which human nature works: very reasonable, very sane, and convincing, but unfortunately never quite so successful as it ought to be. That which has blessed us once must be secured for our souls to feast on perpetually; revelation must fold its wings and abide with us.

That attitude towards revelation, according to the writer, betokens a lustful spirit and brings inevitable defeat. She proceeds to quote a stanza from Blake that sets forth one of her main beliefs:

> He who bends to himself a joy,
> Does the winged life destroy;
> But he who kisses a joy as it flies,
> Lives in eternity's sunrise.

And, with a characteristic quiet humor, she applies this idea to the matter in hand: "The stars and the dawn do not condescend to such paraphernalia for waylaying them as sleeping-bags, rubber blankets, air-pillows, and mosquito netting."

SIXTY-ODD short essays, grouped under Nature, Man and Society, Art and Letters, Education, and Facetiæ, are included in "Little Essays in Literature and Life" (Century; $1.55 net), by Richard Burton, professor of English literature in the University of Minnesota. "The way of the familiar essay is one," says the "Foreword," "of the formal essay another. The latter is informational, it defines, proves; the former, seeking for friendlier and more personal relations with the reader, aims at suggestion, stimulation." In the essays that follow these aims are not strikingly fulfilled. The language, indeed, is remarkably neat, polished, and flexible, and, as a matter of style, the essays are agreeable reading. But they suggest little and stimulate less. One feels throughout the cultivated intelligence of the scholar, but the exercise of thought is hardly sufficiently strenuous for insight, and neither "dives deeper than any plummet line of the intellect," nor rises above intellectual commonplace. Doubtless, this is the outcome of the theory that the art of letters (though it should also be spiritually elevating) is "primarily for the pleasure of the world." In any case, the essays seem always to come to an end in an Aristotelian golden mean just when there is something to say. The difficulty is that they are too brief to say much, and they fall short of the wit and genius needed to make such "little essays" a success.

FOR some time past Mr. William H. Ferris, a colored graduate of Yale University, has been promising to the world a scientific and philosophical work on the negro, to assist him in which undertaking he obtained financial aid from many friends of the race. The resultant work is now before us in two volumes under the title "The African Abroad" from the Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Press of New Haven, Conn. ($5 net). We regret to state that the work is without value, a mere jumble of opinion and quotation, without order of any kind, which would seem to point the moral that no such undertaking should be financed by those interested in the race without ascertaining first the competence of the writer. As it is, the book merely reflects upon the educated American negro.

THE author of "The Tragedy of Mary Stuart" (Boston: Little, Brown; $3 net), Henry C. Shelley, gives as his excuse for adding to the already vast mass of literature on this topic the fact that earlier biographers of the Scottish Queen have not recognized that, though Mary's life exceeded forty-four years, the crucial events of it were compressed into a space of fifteen months—from February, 1567, when Darnley was murdered, to May, 1568, when Mary was defeated at Langside and fled to England. Save for a brief prologue and epilogue, then, Mr. Shelley's book deals exclusively with this brief period. It is not an argument for or against the Scottish Queen; the author is strictly non-partisan, and has simply striven to be a chronicler. In his preface he warns us that absence of footnotes and references does not indicate ignorance of the literature of his subject: for twenty years past, so he assures us, he has read far and wide in the sources and secondary authorities of his subject, and visited the scenes which he describes. He is apparently absolutely convinced of the genuineness of the Casket Letters, and gives no hint that any one has ever maintained that they were forgeries. As Mr. Shelley does not observe the rules of ordinary historical writing, it would not be fair to judge his work as such. It gives, however, a truer picture of the time than many of the more minute, learned, and partisan treatises on the same subject, and, for the average reader, is considerably more worth while.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

AT the British Museum the first stage has been completed of an extensive series of additions to the main building. The top floor of the wing just opened has been allotted to the Department of Prints and Drawings. It is divided into an exhibition gallery, about 220 feet long, and a large room for students. A lower floor is occupied at present by the collection of Chinese paintings, manuscripts, etc., recovered by Sir Aurel Stein from the sands of Chinese Turkestan. Another part of this annex, the North Library, will take the place of the old supplementary reading-room, where in past years special students have had the privilege of special tables and their own collections of books.

AN important move is about to be made in England for the promotion of training in art as applied to industry. Hitherto the Royal Academy has confined its activities to the fine arts, and has officially kept aloof from the educational work in industrial arts carried on by the Government at South Kensington and the various provincial centres. Negotiations are now on foot between Mr. J. A. Pease, president of the Board of Education, and Sir Edward Poynter, president of the Royal Academy, to coördinate the work of the Government schools with that of the Academy.

A STIMULUS to the textual criticism of the Koran is likely to result from a discovery just made at Cambridge. Among the palimpsests in the possession of Mrs. Lewis is a document of which the underscript is a version of the Koran. An examination of this by Dr. Alphonse Mingana has revealed the fact that it contains a large number of variations from the received text, many of them decided improvements. According to British Museum experts, the handwriting is of the end of the ninth century. The whole document will be published shortly by the Cambridge University Press.

THE new building of the University of Zürich, which is imposing by reason of its situation on a hill above the town, but architecturally is not beautiful, was badly needed. For Europe, the growth of the university has been very rapid. In 1833, it was merely a high school, with about 160 students. Since that time, the Government has liberally endowed it, and in 1903 the number enrolled was 1,507. While the school has counted among its professors many distinguished scholars, it has passed through some difficult days in seeking to insure academic freedom. When Strauss, after the publication of the "Leben Jesu," was called there to a chair of theology, the people of Zürich were so indignant that the authorities were obliged to cancel the appointment and to pay an indemnity to the professor. The university was called a "hotbed of atheism." Another great light of the Tübingen school — Eduard Zeller — also lectured there, and among other names on the roll of professors in the past are those of Keller and Bluntschli, two of the most distinguished jurists of the nineteenth century; Oken, the naturalist-philosopher; Vischer, the æsthetician, and Lang, who declined the call to take Haeckel's place at Jena. In philosophy, Zürich has had upon its faculty Lange, the author of the "Geschichte des Materialismus"; Wundt, and that singularly profound and ingenious metaphysician, Avenarius.

VIRGILE ROSSEL, who not long ago published a complete but superficial history of Swiss literature, has written a less ambitious but much better book, "Histoire du Jura bernois," which has appeared at Geneva, to celebrate the centenary of the admission of that territory into the Confederation. It is a curious fact that this part of Switzerland should not have formed an independent canton, instead of being absorbed by Berne. The character of its people and its traditions make it one of the most homogeneous regions in Switzerland. It has been lately resisting the efforts of the Berne Government to impose the German language upon the people, many of whom prefer to hear and to speak French—of a certain kind.

ONE of the legacies left to the Italian Premier, Signor Salandra, by his predecessor, Signor Giolitti, was the menacing agitation of the state railway servants. This had been encouraged by the dangerous policy followed during the last few years of giving way to demands, even if unreasonable, provided they were backed up by threats. The movement was organized by the Railwaymen's Syndicate, a union of a decidedly revolutionary character, and the chief demands were an increase of wages to the tune of 90,000,000 lire and the suppression of promotion by merit, which would be tantamount to the triumph of the unfit. The Government has handled the situation with considerable firmness and skill. It declared itself ready to raise the wages of the least paid men, involving an expenditure of 15,000,000 lire, which is as much as the Exchequer can stand at present, but absolutely refused to abolish promotion by merit. At the same time, it was prepared to "militarize" all railwaymen who had served in the army, *i. e.*, to retain them at their posts on the railways, but under military discipline, and to take all other measures necessary to carry on a reduced service and to preserve order. The Syndicate blustered, and threatened a general social revolution, but public opinion, realizing that a railway strike meant the disorganization of the commercial life of the country, lent it no support, and the bulk of the railwaymen themselves saw that such a movement could have little chance of success. Finally, after a series of stormy meetings at Ancona, the general council of the Syndicate, while declaring itself dissatisfied with the Government's terms, adjourned the strike "to a more favorable occasion," *i. e., sine die.* The outcome has been welcomed with general satisfaction, but even the threat of a strike has caused the nation a loss of many millions from the reduced tourist traffic.

Science

HOUSEWIFERY AS A SCIENCE.

Foods and Household Management. By Helen Kinne and Anna M. Cooley. New York: Macmillan Co. $1.10.

The Efficient Kitchen. By Georgie Boynton Child. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.25 net.

English Cookery Books. By Arnold Whitaker Oxford. London: Humphrey Milford. 5 shillings net.

Eat and Grow Thin. By Mahdah and Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. $1 net.

Some of the extreme feminists maintain that all women, even though married, should seek work in shops and factories and offices because there is so little left for them to do at home. The busy, ideal housewife smiles at this assertion, and any one can find out how foolish it is by reading the textbook of the household arts issued by two professors of the Teachers College, Columbia University, under the title of "Foods and Household Management." Here are 400 pages, many of them in small type, with every one of which the "compleat housewife" ought to be familiar, and able to apply the knowledge it imparts as occasion arises. While a considerable number of recipes are included, it is far more than merely a cook-book. Those of our housewives who have to do their own cooking—as eleven out of every dozen have to—should read

it in free moments while preparing the meals, because the information it imparts will greatly increase their interest in their tasks, besides teaching methods of economy and improved processes, while the more fortunate women who can afford servants should none the less know all the things Professors Kinne and Cooley are ready to tell them, because hired domestic helpers—as well as grocers and butchers—are much more likely to give satisfaction if they find out that the mistress knows what is right and good and what isn't. Among the topics discussed are rules for buying goods, bargain sales, trading stamps and prizes, purchase of clothing and household textiles, care of rooms, household insects, economics of laundering, savings and allowances, the cost and purchase of food, menus and dietaries, table service, water and other beverages, foodstuffs, kitchen furnishings, fuels and stoves, food preparation, disposal of waste food. The psychology of eating is briefly discussed (p. 12), with a closer approximation to the truth than is usual in culinary treatises; but in enumerating the flavors that are detected by the sense of taste the authors oddly omit the mention of those that are bitter, which are among the epicure's chief delights.

Until recently cook-books consisted entirely of recipes. Gradually, miscellaneous information useful to cooks was introduced, and to-day there is a tendency to give the recipes much less space (as in the book under discussion), or else to crowd them out altogether, as in another excellent volume before us, "The Efficient Kitchen," by Georgie Boynton Child, of the Housekeeping Experiment Station at Stamford, Conn. This is a monograph of 241 pages by one who "tried to do efficient work in kitchens diabolically contrived to waste every human effort," and then set to work to solve for herself and others the problems of practical kitchen planning and equipment. Among her topics are scientific grouping, built-in conveniences, heating the kitchen and keeping dishes warm, choice of fuel, time and labor-saving equipment, disposal of waste, dishwashing, the laundry problem, the business side of the kitchen. Special attention should be called to the section on cooking by steam. While this method has been practiced in some form or other for many years, to most cooks and housewives its conveniences are unknown. "The greatest advantage of cooking by steam lies in the fact that it conserves in the food all the delicate flavors and mineral salts which are lost in boiling, and gives us a wholesome, delicious fare with a minimum of effort, expense, and work. All kinds of vegetables and fruits are delicious when prepared in this way." Were it only for the timely hints regarding this labor-saving process, Miss Child's book ought to be in the hands of every progressive housewife.

From this last word on improved cooking it is interesting to turn back a few centuries to see what kind of books used to be written on this subject in those days. The list of Dr. Oxford's English cookery books begins with "This is the Boke of Cokery," dated 1500, and ends with "Common Sense for Housemaids," dated 1850. The author's object has not been to provide a complete list of all the books on domestic art issued in that period, but to select those that offer some interesting peculiarity in title or content. The doctors of our day seem to have lately rediscovered the extreme importance of dieting in medical treatment. In the olden times doctors were expected to know a great deal about the science of cooking; to what extent, may be inferred from the author's remark in the preface that his real interest is in this "combination of cookery with medicine, which is found in most of the early books, and which, continuing through the first quarter of the nineteenth century, was gradually destroyed by the growth of railways." For quaintness of title these old books have few equals. Here are some samples: "Hygiasticon," "A True Gentlewoman's Delight," "The Queen's Closet Opened," "The Compleat Servant-Maid," "A New Digester," "The Whole Duty of a Woman," "Adam's Luxury and Eve's Cookery."

Somewhat in this antique style is the title of a book for which Vance Thompson has written 32 amusing pages of introduction: "Eat and Grow Thin." It shows how any one may, little by little, and without starving or sacrificing table joys, win back the winsome waist of youth; a matter of extreme importance for health and for good looks, since "our ideal of plastic beauty is the panther and not the pig." All you have to do to become panther-like is to follow a few simple "don'ts": don't sleep too much, don't take a cab, don't drink with your meals, don't drink alcoholic beverages, don't eat bread, don't overeat, and, above all things, don't eat much food containing starch, sugar, or oil. A list is given of edibles that should be avoided; it looks formidable, yet the list of things that may be eaten is far longer. It is embodied in this book in a series of menus for every month in the year. There are also some recipes. Altogether, an admirable little book; and one of the best things about it is that it also serves as a guide to those who wish to eat and grow fatter.

Brief mention must suffice for half-a-dozen other culinary books that have accumulated on our shelves. Edward Spencer's "Cakes and Ale" (Duffield & Co.), an anecdotic "dissertation on banquets," appears in its fourth edition, and its publishers have just issued a companion volume by the same author on drinks of all countries and periods, under the title of "The Flowing Bowl." The gentle art of concocting pure and delicious sweets is taught in Ellye Howell Glover's "Dame Curtsey's Book of Candy-Making" (A. C. McClurg; 50 cents net). The Scribners add to the list two little books for which there ought to be a large demand: "One Hundred Salads" and "One Hundred Desserts," both by Linda Hull Larned (50 cents net each). "The One Maid Book of Cookery," by Mistress A. E. Congreve (E. P. Dutton & Co.; $1 net), is more comprehensive. It contains select recipes of all varieties, with plenty of the general information that is becoming essential in books of its kind.

Drama

POMPEY THE GREAT.

The Tragedy of Pompey the Great. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.20 net.

When the author of the "Tragedy of Nan" revives the most turbulent days of the Roman republic, we anticipate a union like that of "fire and powder, which, as they kiss, consume." In Mr. Masefield's "Tragedy of Pompey the Great," reissued with modest alterations, the explosive mixture results in a drama startling only by its mildness. The author ignores plot, like a true scion of his century; so far from troubling himself with the passions and situations that would have stirred our unexacting forefathers, he serves us with tactics and politics, administration and seamanship; in a word, with calculations and expedients. The final scene—Pompey's assassination—is so incorrigibly dramatic that it resists all the author's efforts to tone it down to the prevalent colorlessness. The drama, however, stakes its all on the attempt to revivify and rehabilitate the character of Pompey.

Take the solemn melancholy of Shakespeare's Brutus, the ceremonial elegance of Virgil's Æneas, add the recessive and insidious military tactics of Tolstoy's Kutuzof in "War and Peace," and the quality of Mr. Masefield's Pompey becomes clear. He is unassailably correct; towards his associates, reproachfully, compassionately correct. He convicts every one else of bad form; beside him Metellus, the father-in-law, is a trooper, and Cæsar, in his neighborhood, sinks into a Jack Cade. The creation of prigs is the last mischance to which the author of the "Everlasting Mercy" should have been subject, but Pompey's plaintive gentlemanliness almost classes him with that fraternity.

This may be Nature's revenge on Mr. Masefield for creating desperadoes, or, possibly, the difference between the types has been overestimated. It is unfortunate that the magnanimities of Pompey—retreats, refusals of battle, submissions, blindfold walkings into traps—are of the sort which are more defensible than attractive.

Mr. Masefield often writes English of this brand: "Dead men's souls. They want blood. Licking. Licking blood in the night." This method was once confined to burlesque and there is nothing in Mr. Masefield's employment of the trick to make us regret the forbearance of his predecessors. His diction is often picturesque, magnetic, or hauntingly suggestive, but a fine phrase will cajole him into falsifying a situation or a character.

An experiment in temperance (even of comparatively early date) on the part of a man who has gained renown by audacities, is full of literary interest, but the present play suggests that when Mr. Masefield forsakes his violence, he is forsaken by his strength. He may hold new surprises for us in his inkpot, but at the present hour he ranks with poets and impressionists rather than with thinkers or creators. The whole tragedy moves us less than the two noble concluding lines of the brief lyric that closes the volume:

> God make my brooding soul a rift
> Through which a meaning gleams.

STAGE IMPRESSIONS.

Second Nights. By Arthur Ruhl. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

In this collection of papers, new and old, Mr. Arthur Ruhl, well known as a writer of facile skill and humorous observation, records his impressions of various theatrical entertainments, ranging from Shakespearean tragedy to the lowest forms of burlesque, offered in New York during the last ten years. They are, as a rule, entertaining rather than instructive reading, although by no means devoid of incisive comment. The sanity displayed in the more serious passages, all too rare, makes it matter for regret that so much space should be devoted to clever but flippant persiflage concerning persons and things of no dramatic or artistic consequence. It may be granted, without reservation, that in his sketches of the cheaper and baser shows the superficial aspects of the performers and their audiences are delineated with a light and veracious touch and broadly comic suggestion, but it may be doubted whether this is just the mood in which some of these subjects, the viler burlesque exhibitions, for instance, ought to be treated.

But if Mr. Ruhl is more often intent upon journalistic glitter than upon artistic proportion or sound analysis, he shows himself possessed of shrewd insight and ample information. And if his appreciations are apt to be over-enthusiastic, his summaries of plays and players are often marked by admirable discrimination. He is particularly felicitous in his treatment of Bernard Shaw, paying the fullest tribute to the brilliancy of his wit and to his phenomenal cleverness, while pointing out that his success is largely due to his astonishing faculty of putting the strongest argument on the wrong side of every question into effective dramatic form, and thus carrying momentary conviction in the theatre by a series of paradoxical strokes. This, doubtless, is part of the truth if not the whole of it, although it will not be accepted by those who still have faith in Mr. Shaw's sincerity as a philosophic thinker. Mr. Ruhl is happy also in his definition of the subtle charm of Miss Maude Adams, which has proved more than equivalent to histrionic genius, and of the artistic petrifaction of Mr. John Drew by the star system. His brief references to a number of other prominent actors of the day—Faversham, Sothern, Gillette, Miss Marlowe, and others—are deft little thumb-nail sketches, mainly true in outline, but too deficient in detail to justify consideration of them as actual portraitures. It may be remarked, however, that his inferential comparison of them with the Italian Novelli is scarcely fair and not at all illuminative. Novelli was a good eccentric comedian, with an extraordinary gift of mimicry and the characteristic theatrical skill of the school in which he was trained, but he was not in any sense a great actor. In actual conception, invention, or emotional power he was not comparable for a moment with Rossi, Ristori, Piamonti, Duse, or Salvini. The particular value of his representations lay in the demonstration by himself and his company of the superiority of the repertory system to any other as a school of acting.

One of the best chapters in the book is that on The Great American Play. It contains an admirable appreciation of Moody's "The Great Divide," just in estimate and clear in comprehension, and an excellent, if cursory, review of the work of Augustus Thomas. The rest of it, dealing somewhat summarily with Sheldon, Bootb Tarkington, Bronson Howard, Clyde Fitch, and other dramatists, does full justice to their several excellences. His discussion of the "relentless" drama of Eugene Walter, in another essay, is also a notably sound bit of critical work, although some persons might employ less complimentary adjectives. It is a pity that the sober judgment in the book should be so disproportionate in amount to the purely journalistic matter.

"Tout à Coup" is the name of a new play in which Sarah Bernhardt has just appeared in Paris. It is the first effort of Paul and Guy de Cassagnac, sons of Paul and grandsons of Granier de Cassagnac.

A dispatch from Paris to the London *Times* says: "M. Jean Richepin, the Academician and poet, is rehearsing 'Macbeth' at the Comédie Française. His version in blank verse of the Shakespearean drama is said to be spirited, and at the same time remarkable in its fidelity. The play in its French dress will be superbly mounted by M. Albert Carré, the new director of the Comédie Française."

M. Bulgakoff, formerly secretary of Count Tolstoy, has been lecturing in St. Petersburg on the contents of the great writer's library, which, he said, numbered 6,950 works (10,000 volumes), in thirty-two languages. The Russian section comprised 3,505 works, the English 3,413, the French 1,045, and the German 602. Among the MSS. was the scenario of a play entiled "Peter Mytar." The chief character is a man who has devoted his life solely to the acquisition of wealth. He has performed no good works. He falls seriously ill, and one night in a dream sees himself being weighed in the scales on the Day of Judgment. The scales are turned in his favor by an old beggar man, who lays in them a loaf which he had thrown at his head to get rid of him. Peter recovers and becomes as open-handed as he was close-fisted before, although his wife and others endeavor to persuade him that his generosity only excites envy and jealousy among the beneficiaries. Eventually he allows himself to be sold into servitude. A friend discovers his whereabouts, and then he "flies away or disappears."

"Chitra," a play in one act, was composed by Rabindranath Tagore some twenty-five years ago, and has been performed in India without scenery, the actors being surrounded by the audience. The author has now translated the little dramatic poem from the Bengali into English for the series of his books which Macmillan is bringing out in uniform style. The subject of the play was suggested by a scene in the great Sanskrit epic, the Mahâbhârata, but Mr. Tagore has developed the theme with entire freedom, as was, of course, quite within his rights. Nor could any one censure him for changing the purport of the incident chosen to something very modern; only the unlearned reader should be advised that the inner spirit of the play is far removed from the ancient India, where the events are supposed to occur. Chitra, the Princess of Manipur, has been brought up in masculine exercises, wearing man's clothes, and has nothing soft or winsome about her. Despite her warlike mind, she has filled her heart with a passionate longing for Arjuna, the divine Prince of the Kurus, whom she has never seen. When Arjuna, in his wanderings, comes to Manipur, Chitra obtains from the gods of Love and Spring a year of perfect beauty, and in that guise, in her proper female attire, she wins the Prince to her arms. But she is not satisfied. She knows that Arjuna is in love with the ephemeral beauty lent her by the gods, rather than with

her real woman's heart, of which he has no knowledge. Meanwhile Arjuna, too, is dissatisfied—longing for action, cloyed with mere feminine charms, and desirling in his wife a partner in his manly duties. It is a pretty situation, prettily worked out. And there is something piquant in the combination of the old Hindu metaphorical style, half mystical in allusion, with what is really a plea for the emancipation of women.

William Greet, who died recently in England, was widely known in the theatrical world, if not to the general public. He started life in the British navy, but soon tired of the sea. His first theatrical venture was as the business manager of Willie Edouin, but he soon formed a partnership with E. C. Engelbach, and was successful in the provinces with musical comedy. Finally, they got possession of the London Lyric, where they produced "The Sign of the Cross," sharing with Wilson Barrett, and made a fortune. Later, they were associated with the Garrick, Comedy, Adelphi, and other London theatres, and with a number of American enterprises.

Music

MODERN CHORAL CONDUCTING.

Choral Technique and Interpretation. By Henry Coward. New York: H. W. Gray Co.

Latin Songs with Music. Edited by Calvin S. Brown. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Swedish Song Games. By Valborg Kastmann and Greta Köhler. New York: Ginn & Co. 75 cents.

Sixty Musical Games and Recreations. By Laura Rountree Smith. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. 75 cents.

Of the hundreds of choral conductors in Great Britain none is more esteemed than Dr. Henry Coward, whose fame, according to Grove, "rests on his remarkable gifts as a trainer of choirs, in which his magnetic personality, poetic insight, boundless enthusiasm, and original methods find full scope." Of these "original methods" his book on choral technique and interpretation gives an account which must be fascinating as well as helpful, not only to conductors of choirs, but of bands and orchestras likewise—in fact, to all students of music who wish to keep abreast of the times. That times have changed is a fact emphasized by Dr. Coward. The advanced and critical audiences of our day demand more dramatic expression than used to characterize choral performances as late as two decades ago; they expect a body of singers to show the same refinement in tone production and shading as a string quartet; they insist on "good diction, that pearl of great price"; they are not satisfied unless a chorus, besides singing beautifully, can also at times "exemplify the sob, the exclamation, the snarl, the laugh—playful, mocking, derisive, or fiendish—the shout of triumph, etc." Modern compositions exhaust the gamut of dramatic emotion. Such things are difficult of execution, and until recently both conductors and societies were inclined to treat them with scant courtesy. "The way difficulties were shirked used to make my blood boil," the author exclaims, "because many new, strange effects were never realized, and the works were consequently damned." To this state of affairs he attributes the fiasco, at its first performance, of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," which to him is a masterwork that marked an epoch in choral composition.

Dr. Coward frankly confesses that he began his career as one of those who sought merely for technical finish. He was informed, by one who knew, that while his singers got through the music in a wonderful manner, they missed all the points of expression that go to make singing worth while. This cold douche set him to thinking, and altered his whole course. His chapter on musical expression sums up what he learned. It is preceded by others, on methods of rehearsal, homogeneity, and power of voice, attack, nasal resonance, preservation of voice, breath control, articulation, vowels, consonants; and followed by pages on the swell, climax, attack, characterization, onomatopœic effects, different styles of singing, facial expression, etc. Under the last head he has some amusing comments on the difficulty of making British singers acquire the power of using their faces as a living commentary on the words spoken; a difficulty almost as great as that of obtaining agreeable voices. Dr. Coward informs his readers that in most choral societies, even in those where the voices have been tested, there are "a great majority of untrained voices, which may be roughly classified as follows: Weak and quavery, worn and tinny, harsh and shrill, strident, metallic, shouty, throaty, cavernous, hooty, scoopy, and nondescript." With such voices he has been wrestling for more than thirty years, achieving results that have been praised in superlative terms. All honor to Dr. Coward! Maybe he eulogizes himself a little too loudly in the first chapter, in which he intimates that he was a pathfinder who raised the artistic standard of singing throughout the world. It would be interesting to know if Siegfried Ochs and Dr. Vogt, who have such wonderful choirs in Berlin and Toronto, were influenced by his method and example.

Most of the numbers included in Calvin S. Brown's "Latin Songs" are arranged for choirs. He began to collect these songs merely for his own amusement, but decided to publish them on becoming aware that no representative Latin song-book existed. The collection includes classical lyrics, mediæval church hymns, Christmas carols, convivial songs, school songs, lullabies, nursery rhymes, love lyrics, folk-songs, and translations of popular English and German pieces. Those of the Latin poems which are translations are accompanied by the original versions. More good specimens of melodious music are seldom brought between two covers. Many of them are folksongs.

The lilt of folk music will also be found in the illustrations accompanying the Swedish song games devised for school, home, and playground by Valborg Kastman and Greta Köhler. Miss Köhler has had a wide experience in teaching these games in Sweden, and many of them have already become popular in this country. Some are simple enough for the kindergarten. A number of full-page pictures illustrate the principal games. With the intention of making pupils' recitals interesting, Laura Rountree Smith has prepared a volume of a somewhat similar character to the foregoing, and equally commendable for its purpose. Some of the games have a distinct educational value, as they teach time and keys, and in other ways awaken an interest in music.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Sinding's "Der Heilige Berg," the Norwegian composer's first opera, was produced on April 19 in the Hoftheater at Dessau in Anhalt. The work had a very good reception from the public, but critics did not praise it highly. Sinding's genius is much more lyrical than dramatic. The music is said to be very beautiful in parts, and its workmanship thorough and scholarly; but it is deficient in real passion, and gives the impression that the composer is following his models too closely, and has not chosen a medium in which he is happy.

In an interview in the London *Daily News*, Mr. Albert Visetti, the veteran music teacher, advises English singers against going to the Continent to be trained. Owing to the humidity of the climate the English voice is naturally weak, whereas the Italian voice is robust. In Continental classes the English pupils, being in a minority, have to conform to methods of training that are unsuitable for their needs. Further, the great aim of the Continental master is to produce an operatic star, but singers who will have to earn their livelihood in England need especially to be taught oratorios and ballad singing. It is disastrous for English singers to go abroad to be "finished." Having been trained for years to sing in one way, they are expected to learn in a few months to sing in a totally different way, and the result is fatal. At the same time, Mr. Visetti strongly recommends a course of Continental travel for the singer whose voice is fully developed or "set."

Art

RODIN'S "CATHEDRALS."

Les Cathédrales de France. By Auguste Rodin. With an Introduction by Charles Morice. Paris: Armand Colin. Illustrated. *Broché*, 50 francs; bound, 70 francs.

What Rodin thinks of the cathedrals of France is interesting because the world is interested in knowing what to think of Rodin himself. It has about made up its mind that Rodin the sculptor is a great and a very original disciple of Michelangelo—and Michelangelo means Renaissance, and French cathedrals mean Gothic Middle Ages. Is Saul also among the prophets?

It is not certain that some subconscious work of conversion is not going on here—for Rodin is a Frenchman, and the French national mind is changing ground, which is a prelude to movement, backward or forward, as may be seen from Maurice Barrès's newest book on "La grande pitié des Eglises de France." Nor is Rodin like Pugin, who, three-quarters of a century ago, whirled English Romantics about to look at the "contrasts between the noble buildings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and the productions of an age marked by the decline of taste." For Rodin has written and illustrated not art history and not archæology nor art criticism—and still less religious art. His own words shall tell the tale:

I, too, have changed, and I find the new in the known—beauty in forms which of old I understood not. These transformations of mine have come most of all from my work: still studying and more sedulously, I can say I have always more ardently and more lucidly loved.

Little by little I have come to our old cathedrals, and have been able to penetrate the secret of their life, ever new under the changing heavens. Now I can say I owe to them my best joys. . . . Snow, rain, and sun find me often before them like a road-tramp of France.

In my pilgrimages, I have had few companions. They were neither architects nor sculptors nor poets nor priests nor statesmen—they were foreigners, verifying what Baedeker says. . . .

At every visit, they entrust me with new secrets. They have taught me the art of using the shadow with which it is meet to envelop the work; and I understand the lesson they give us by the swelling lines they always practice. *French cathedrals are born of Nature in France.* . . .

Do you pretend when the Druidic majesty of great cathedrals appears far off and amazes you, that it results from natural and chance causes; for example, from their isolation in the open country? You deceive yourself. The soul of Gothic art is in that voluptuous decline of shadows and lights, giving rhythm to the whole edifice, and constraining it to live. A science is there which has been lost—an ardor reflective, measured, patient, and strong, which our avid, agitated age is incapable of understanding. We must live again in the past, go back to principles, to recover strength. Taste reigned in other days in our country—we must become French again! Initiation to Gothic beauty is initiation to the truth of our race, of our sky, of our landscape.

As might be expected from Rodin's art, such vital thoughts are thrown out in his writing exuberantly, unexpectedly, without order or system or philosophy—or religion. At times you would think some cultured Walt Whitman passing by had been caught by the joy of life in these cathedral carvings of Space, with their poetry of light and shadow, and was singing it back to our puzzled ears:

It is the air, at once so light and so sweet, that gave our artists their grace and refined their taste. The adorable national skylark, alert and graceful, is the image of their genius. With like flight he darts upward and the soaring of the lace-wrought stone takes rainbow hues in the gray air like birds' wings.

By dint of repetition, as when we come back again and again to look at some obscure sculpture of Rodin, we begin to understand. Perhaps we understand more than Rodin himself intends, for in him, as in Socrates, thought and emotion grow precise only by a deliverance of the spirit; or as with Wordsworth:

A timely utterance gave that thought relief.

Rodin's emotion may be helpful to the cathedral-gazer who would fain be heir of all the ages and tune his impressions to these persistent rhythms and harmonies. Even the most rooted renouncer of Rodin, his works and pomps—for such there are, as in the days of Puvis de Chavannes's glory, when reactionary Paris art schools gave rendezvous to the cry, "Mort à Puvis!"—will never deny him an extraordinarily sensitive response to all that penetrates into the soul through the eye. Knowledge and intuition of the religion giving the impulse creative of cathedrals—"The conscious stone to beauty grew"—may be thought infantine in him; but there, where they were wrought ages ago in sad sincerity, he comes now with keen and trained eye to appraise their lights and shadows and contours defining Space for the eye's pleasure. This constituted Beauty for the philosophers of the cathedral-builders' time—"Pulchrum est quod visum placet." Rodin, from his own working art, utters his "initiation to the Art of the Middle Ages":

Cathedrals impose the feeling of confidence, conviction, peace—how? By harmony.

Harmony, in living bodies, results from the counterbalancing of masses under displacement; the cathedral is constructed after the example of living bodies. . . .

Every one knows that the human body, in movement, sways from the perpendicular and regains equilibrium by compensations. . . . This carrying the weight of the body from one leg to the other is called, in popular workman's language, "untiring one's self"—and so a Caryatid might change shoulders with her burden.

Such indications are not without interest for cathedrals. The sway from the perpendicular, thus compensated, and the constant and unconscious gestures of life, explain for us the principle which the architects of the flying buttress applied, having need of it to stay up solidly the tremendous weight of their roofs.

And since every rational application of a just principle has happy consequences in every domain, beyond the immediate foresight of wise man and artisan, so the Gothics were great painters because they were great architects. Of course, we are taking the word "painter" in a vast, general sense. The colors wherein the painters of whom we speak dip their brushes are the very light and shade of day and the two twilights. The planes, obtained by the great oppositions which cathedral-builders were bound to seek, have not solely an interest of equilibrium and solidity; they border off beside those deep shadows and beautiful lights which clothe the edifice so magnificently.

Only effects of such intensity could ring out to great distances. Now the cathedral rose up to dominate the city gathered round it as if under its wings, and to serve as a rallying point and refuge to pilgrims lost in far-off ways—their lighthouse to strike living eyes as far by day as Angelus-bell and tocsin could strike living ears by night.

Are not these sovereign aims of architecture those, too, of sculpture? . . . The sculptor attains great expression only by giving all his study to the harmonic plays of light and shade exactly as the architect does. . . . Sculpture is only a species in the measureless genus of architecture, and we ought never speak of that without subordinating it to this.

How "masterpieces (*chefs-d'œuvre*)" are masterpieces I know—and I am glad to know. It is just the same as how great souls are great souls. . . . All masterpieces quite naturally would be open to the crowd if the crowd of men had not lost simplicity. But, even in a time when crowds have become incapable of understanding, it is still with the popular feeling—with an *âme de foule*—that the artist must live to be able to conceive and create the masterpiece. . . . .

Gothic architecture, which presupposes the crowd, and is intended for the crowd, speaks to it the great simple language of masterpieces.

This is as it may be—and we have severely left out technical, yet quite accessible, proofs from example—but this is enough to show we have here no common voice crying in the wilderness of present art. Such living utterances must be taken in pages where they are found, for the most experienced index-maker would give over with Rodin. There is a division on Nature in France and Notes on the Romanesque style; then, for Gothic, there are notes at Etampes,

Nantes, Nevers, Amiens, Le Mans, Soissons (at even-tide), Rheims (by night), Laon, and Chartres (these worth comparing with the prodigious volume of Huysmans). The plates—most Rodinesque, with illumination and visible darkness, and a resistless linking with Renaissance contours showing the artist's conversion is not exclusive—are scattered amiably without offensive connection with the text. A word remains to be said of Charles Morice's Introduction, leading the Philistine by the hand from Middle Age and Renaissance through the life, death, and resurrection of the cathedral to Rodin's mission. It has missed only the seminal principle: *Cathedra*—the seat of the crowd's bishop, his functions, prayer, and pomp.

Finance

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE NEW BANKING SYSTEM.

With membership of the Federal Reserve Board, which will supervise the new banking and currency system, nearly completed, and with preliminary work for organizing the regional central banks already under way, the beginning of that highly important experiment is now in sight. The attitude of the public towards it, and particularly that of the financial community, has been alternately hopeful and doubtful, and with some reason for each attitude.

That the passage, in December, of the amended bill was greeted with great enthusiasm, every one will remember. Following that outburst of cheerfulness came numerous disappointments (from the point of view of the financial markets) in President Wilson's general policy on the question of corporation legislation, and misgiving began to spread as to what class of appointees would be selected for the national board of the new banking system. This attitude of distrust was probably emphasized by the feelings with which the somewhat erratic assignments of regional banks and of the banking districts, by the Organization Committee, were received. This in turn was dispelled by the excellence of the President's appointments to the Federal Reserve Board, announced two weeks ago. Three of the strongest of these five nominees have accepted the appointment; the other two have declined, but the general purpose shown in the selections seemed to guarantee that they would be replaced by equally competent men.

Thus the matter stands, on the eve of the actual building-up of the machinery for the new banking system. As the time approaches for the inauguration of this country's experiment in banking and currency reform, which may prove to be epoch-making, the interest of the financial markets and of the people at large, in what is to be its actual bearing on the situation, naturally increases. The single wish of all classes in the community is that the new system may be wisely, prudently, and successfully introduced, and it is fully realized that the manner and spirit of its introduction will have much to do with insuring a maximum of immediate usefulness.

It hardly need be said that confidence in the wisdom, broadmindedness, and conservatism of the men who will administer the system is a prerequisite of paramount importance. It is equally certain that the public speeches and public attitude of these men will do much to shape opinion as to their probable policy in office. Whether last week's speech to the North Carolina bankers by the Controller of the Currency, who will be ex-officio a member of the Federal Reserve Board, can be said to have contributed to such public confidence, may reasonably be doubted. Mr. Williams had some sensible things to say regarding the real purpose of the new plan of centralized banking. He pointed out its anticipated effect in rendering impossible, hereafter, just the kind of panics with which we have habitually been confronted at the end of our cycles of prosperity, and indicated clearly what it can accomplish and what it cannot accomplish.

Unfortunately, this was not the real burden of the speech. The financial organism which centred in Wall Street, during the days of mad promotion and speculation, a dozen years ago, made itself, through its excesses of the day, a proper target for vigorous public condemnation and for effectual restrictive legislation. Sober critics pointed out the evil and attacked the practices—with eventual success in stopping their continuance—at the time when they were in full tide of seeming success, and when it was not so popular a task to assail such abuses as it is to-day, when every street-corner gossip has his own verdict of censure to set forth to his admiring associates. But those who fought the battles of 1901 and 1902 against the arrogance of the Captains are the very people who have been most impressed with impatience, verging on contempt, at the wild vituperations and wilder superstitions in which the La Follettes, the Lindberghs, the Henrys, and their like, have been indulging, now that they find the public ready to accept whatever any one has to say in denunciation of the Money Power.

This is the reason why the Controller of the Currency's talk at Raleigh about "the walled city from which the barons levied tribute" (meaning New York); about the "sudden swoop of feudal magnates" who could at will "precipitate a panic," and about this unhappy United States which "bleeds and sweats to the big financial centres," was something to be received with emphatic disapproval. One would not need to dispute the allegations of a vicious system, in order to feel very positive objection to this rodomontade, proceeding, in a discussion of a great economic experiment, from a public official who will be on the national board to conduct it.

We are living, as every one knows, in times when extravagance of ideas on the one hand, and extravagance of speech on the other, have grown to be pretty much the order of the day. But people in charge of delicate and important experiments in public affairs are subject to particular requirements as to sobriety of speech and serious mastery of the subject. This latest incident compels the inquiry, whether it might not at least be more becoming, if men entrusted with great public responsibilities of this sort were to discuss such problems in the style of Walter Bagehot, and not of Thomas W. Lawson.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

FICTION.

Arkwright, William. The Trend. Lane. $1.25 net.
Danby, F. Full Swing. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.35 net.
Dreiser, T. The Titan. Lane. $1.40 net.
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Hume, F. The Lost Parchment. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
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Klein, J. J. Standard Oil or the People. Author, Tribune Bldg. 50 cents.
Miller, K. Out of the House of Bondage. Neale. $1.50 net.

Woodburn, J. A. Political Parties and Party Problems in the United States. Second revised and enlarged edition. Putnam. $2.50 net.

TRAVEL.

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RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Auerbach, J. Essays and Miscellanies. Harper.
Bryan, W. J. The Prince of Peace. The Making of a Man. The Royal Art. Revell. 35 cents net each.
Burrage, C. Nazareth and the Beginnings of Christianity. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.
Chase, F. H. The Gospels in the Light of Historical Criticism. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Jastrow, M. Babylonian-Assyrian Birth Omens. Stechert.
Knudson, A. C. The Beacon Lights of Prophecy. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.
Lyttleton, E. The Corner-Stone of Education. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Stacpoole, de Vere. The New Optimism. Lane. $1 net.
Youtz, H. A. The Enlarging Conception of God. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annual Report of the U. S. National Museum. 1913. Washington.
Bibliotheca Pepysiana. Parts I and II. London: Sidgwick & Jackson.
Burton, M. E. The Education of Women in Japan. Revell. $1.25 net.
Clark, C. P. Numerical Phraseology in Virgil. Princeton University.
Dodd, W. G. Courtly Love in Chaucer. Boston: Ginn. $2.
Kinney, T. and M. W. The Dance. Stokes. $3.50 net.
Locher, C. Dictionary of the Organ. Trans. by C. P. Landi. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Matson, E. A Book of Inscriptions. McBride, Nast. $1.10 net.
Reports of the President and the Treasurer of Harvard College.
Saga Book of the Viking Society. Vol. VIII. Part I. London: University of London.
Stephens, W. French Novelists of Today. Lane. $1.50 net.

SCIENCE.

Anderson, R. C. Animals in Social Captivity. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1.25 net.
Butterfield, W. H. Making Fences, Walls, and Hedges. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Gregory, J. W. The Nature and Origin of Fiords. London: Murray. $5 net.
Haberlandt, G. Physiological Plant Anatomy. Macmillan. $6.50 net.
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Price, E. W. The Essence of Astronomy. Putnam. $1 net.
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Maxcy, C. L. Representative Narratives. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Shakespeare's Hamlet. Ed. by Lowes. Holt. 25 cents net.

JUVENILE.

Cave, E. The Boys' Camp Book. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.
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Dowd, E. C. The Owl and the Bobolink. Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
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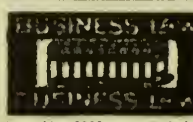

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1914.

Summary of the News

The statement issued by Justice Lamar on Tuesday sums up fairly accurately the status of the Mexican mediation proceedings: "We have begun to discuss the terms and details of a plan of pacification. On a number of them we find ourselves in substantial agreement. Others are still under discussion, and as to them there has been no disagreement." The most vital part of the statement is in the last sentence: so long as active disagreement is avoided there are good grounds to hope for a favorable settlement. The crux of the matter is the land question, it being understood that the American delegates are instructed to insist on a guarantee in some form that the land system will be reorganized. A statement on the matter was expected from the Mexican delegates on Tuesday, but at the last minute the information was given out that they considered it would be unwise at the present juncture to issue any statement. Efforts were made last week to induce Gen. Carranza to participate in the mediation proceedings, but without result, although it is stated that at Washington some hope is still expressed that he may eventually join in the negotiations.

The Constitutionalists advanced another step towards Mexico City by the capture of Saltillo on May 20. The Federal garrison of 10,000 men, under Gen. Maas and Gen. De Moure, evacuated the city and retreated towards San Luis Potosi. Villa's forces have not followed up the retreating Federals, but are preparing to attack Zacatecas. Admiral Badger has reported that a large Constitutionalist force has also landed in Vera Cruz state, and it is understood that another force is marching south from Tuxpan. These movements are thought to be preparatory to a general advance on Mexico City, and also for the purpose of cutting off Huerta's retreat from the city to Vera Cruz. Huerta's position is rendered the more precarious in that Zapata, the rebel leader, is at Cuernavaca, within striking distance of Mexico City, and has with him a force sufficiently large to block the railway to Puerto Mexico.

Since Col. Roosevelt's return from South America the air has been full of rumors concerning his future political activities. The report that he would accept the nomination for Governor of New York State has been disposed of by his own emphatic denials, and speculation since then has concentrated on the Presidential prospects for 1916. There has been much talk of a reunion of the Republicans and Progressives, but the Progressive attitude does not appear to be particularly conciliatory, if we may judge by the dictum of Representative Hinebaugh, of Illinois, chairman of the Progressive Congressional committee: "The Progressive party will nominate Mr. Roosevelt as its Presidential candidate in 1916. If the Progressives of the Republican party are in control of that organization they will endorse Mr. Roosevelt."

The jury in the second trial of Charles Becker, the New York police lieutenant, who was charged with having instigated the murder of the gambler Rosenthal on July 16, 1912, returned a verdict of guilty. The case will again be appealed.

We comment in our financial columns on the testimony of Mr. Mellen in the New Haven investigation, in the course of which he gave evidence indicating that the late J. P. Morgan concealed from him, the president of the company, facts which he should have known. A statement was issued by Mr. Morgan on Monday denying Mr. Mellen's charges and explaining the part which his father had played in the affairs of the New Haven.

A statement made by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons on Monday dispelled the impression which has gained ground recently that Great Britain would reconsider her decision not to be officially represented at the San Francisco Exposition. The Premier declared that in view of the representations made by a deputation of members of Parliament on May 5 the Government had carefully reconsidered the question, but had come to the conclusion that it must adhere to its original determination.

The past week has seen remarkable demonstrations of militant hysteria in England. On Thursday of last week a ridiculous attempt to force a way into Buckingham Palace resulted in the arrest of several of the women, including Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter, Sylvia. In retaliation for this more pictures were slashed in the National Gallery and at the Royal Academy, and a demonstration was made at a theatre where the King and Queen were attending a performance. On several recent occasions only the efficiency of the police has saved the women from severe treatment at the hands of the public.

The week has been a stormy one in the House of Commons, in which the final stages of the Home Rule debate have been enacted. On Thursday of last week the session was adjourned by the Speaker, on account of the uproar created by the rank and file of the Unionist party, who were incensed by Mr. Asquith's refusal to disclose the terms of the bill amending the Home Rule bill, which he had undertaken to introduce. On Monday the final reading of the Home Rule bill was passed by a majority of 77 without debate, Mr. Bonar Law refusing to take part in what he characterized as "a contemptible farce." Mr. Asquith, at the Speaker's request, informed the House as to the Government's plans for the amendment bill. Failing any agreement at the time of the introduction of the Home Rule bill in the House of Lords, he said, the amending bill would embody in substance the proposals outlined by him on March 9 for the partial exclusion of Ulster. As we write, no disturbances have taken place in Ireland, but the situation is tense, and there is a general feeling of anxiety as to what the effect of the passage of the bill will be.

Two seats have been gained by the Unionists at by-elections recently. On May 20 the interposition of a labor candidate caused the defeat of the Liberal at northeast Derbyshire; and on May 22 Mr. Masterman, who was recently promoted from Financial Secretary to the Treasury to a seat in the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was defeated at Ipswich by a plurality of 532.

The source from which the British Admiralty will obtain the oil for use as fuel on its new battleships, concerning which Mr. Winston Churchill has been frequently questioned, became known last week. The Admiralty proposes to obtain control of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which has a concession for nearly the whole of Persia. Parliament will be asked to subscribe for the purpose $110,000,000 of new capital.

The Swedish Defence bill, which was the cause of the resignation of the last Government, was introduced in the Riksdag on May 23. It provides for an extension of the term of military service and for the construction of eight new battleships and sixteen destroyers, to pay for which there will be a special levy of $20,800,000.

The difficulties of Prince William of Wied, the new Mpret of Albania, with his turbulent subjects are multiplying. Following his resignation as Minister of War, Essad Pasha was accused of being at the head of a revolt against the Mpret and was banished, sailing on Wednesday of last week on an Italian steamship for Brindisi. His deportation was the signal for a revolt on the part of his followers, who prepared to attack Durazzo, after defeating a force of Government troops. The Mpret and his family took refuge on an Italian warship on Friday, but returned to the palace on the following day on the insurgents requesting permission to present a petition. The International Committee of Control is attempting to treat with the insurgents with a view to adjusting matters, but the position of the Mpret is regarded as unstable.

The deaths of the week include: William Aldis Wright, May 19; Lieut.-Col. Carlile P. Porter, Dr. Stephen Townsend, May 20; Rudolf Tombo, jr., Sir Francis Henry Laking, May 21; Sir Thomas C. Rayner, May 22; Senator William O'Connell Bradley, May 23; Gen. Clinton Dugald MacDougall, Rev. Jerome Daugherty, May 24; Francis Kossuth, Charles Goodwin Bennett, Sir Francis Flint Belsey, May 25; Jacob A. Riis, May 26.

The Week

The Wilson Administration has been attacked, and not without some justice, for its lack of intelligent and exact information about Mexican affairs. But in one matter it has not been misled. This is the part which the land question has played in recent Mexican revolutions. Madero put it in the forefront of his grievances, and had it on his programme of reforms after he had turned out Porfirio Diaz. That Madero failed miserably in satisfying the hopes he aroused, does not alter the fact that those hopes existed, and still exist, and that some attempt will have to be made to meet the demands for a breaking-up of the large semi-feudal estates in Mexico. Nevertheless, it is impossible to read the President's entire interview on the Mexican question, in last week's *Saturday Evening Post*, without doubts of his wisdom in giving it. He has declined to speak on Decoration Day, on the sensible plea that this is no time for him to be discussing in public the matters on which he would be expected to touch. And in his unburdening of his heart about Mexico, he gave occasion for his friends to pause as well as to admire. They might well fear that, at times, he was dealing with words rather than realities. Yet no one can fail to perceive, if not to applaud, the fine idealism of the man. In putting first the motives of justice and sympathy in our attitude towards a much-suffering people, he has indicated a policy and raised a standard of the highest honor both to himself and to his country.

Interest in the Supreme Court's decision on Monday regarding charges made by railways for carrying freight over "tap lines" connecting industrial plants with the railway's own line, arises chiefly from the bearing of the decision on the Interstate Commerce Commission's conclusion in the rate case. The Commission last January ruled that "pro-rating" transportation charges over such connecting lines was unlawful, because delivery to such a line was delivery to the industrial plant with which it connected. On this ground, it had been recognized as possible that the Commission might reckon the savings, made through abolition of such special charges, as part of the grant of needed increase in railway revenue. The Supreme Court, however, declares of certain "tap lines," which were parties to an older suit, that they are really common carriers, and as much entitled to "pro-rating," on through freight, as any other connecting railway. But it is not at all clear how far this decision will apply to the "tap lines" discussed by the Commission last January. Commissioner Harlan's opinion, in that matter, pointed out that some of the connecting lines in question had no locomotives of their own, and that transportation was supplied by the railways; that in others, the industrial line owned no physical property at all, but that the railway over which the freight of the industry passed performed free of charge the service on the "tap line." Apparently, the character and actual ownership of the "tap-line" and its equipment are still pertinent considerations; and the Supreme Court's opinion is careful to point out that the right and duty remain to the Commission of determining if, under the circumstances of any given cases, "the divisions of joint rates are such as to amount to rebates or discriminations."

Although Representative Henry declared last week that the anti-Trust bills would be so amended as completely to exempt labor unions from their operation, he admitted that he was not authorized to speak for the President on that subject. But Mr. Wilson could not, without stultifying himself, sign any bill containing such an amendment. Indeed, the positive statement comes from Washington that the President has notified the American Federation of Labor that he should be compelled to veto the anti-Trust bills if the clauses giving labor unions immunity should be written into them. But Gompers and the other labor leaders are to keep up their fight in Congress. They can, no doubt, make a great deal of trouble; and there will be much demagoguery and dodging and insincerity on the part of members coming up so soon for re-election. But so long as the President stands firm for the principle, the mischief cannot be done. It would be a thing partly tragic, partly comic, if the bills outlawing vicious practices by corporations and bankers and railways had to be vetoed because the labor unions had insisted upon their right to be allowed to indulge in those vicious practices!

The death of Senator Bradley leaves vacant a seat that in all probability would in any case have been filled by a Democrat after the fourth of next March. Bradley was elected to the Senate by a Legislature that had a Democratic majority of eight, a fact that attests at once the relative state of harmony in the two parties in Kentucky in 1908, and his personal popularity. He was a picturesque figure, but it is the political aspect of his death that is of national significance. Even if he had no immediate successor, the Administration forces would be strengthened upon the one measure that is to some extent dividing parties in the Senate, for Bradley was vigorously opposed to the repeal of the tolls-exemption clause. But Kentucky has been forehanded enough, it appears, to pass a law since the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment continuing the power of the Governor to fill Senatorial vacancies temporarily. Consequently, we may expect the prompt appointment of a Democrat to take the place of almost the only Republican that Kentucky ever sent to the Senate. Nor is it likely that the Democrats will lose the seat thus gained in the popular election this autumn.

The Hon. Joseph G. Cannon fell into his old habit last week of announcing his candidacy for Congress. It has been a trifle of forty years since he began this practice, and only twice in that time has he failed of election. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, his hankering. But his latest announcement will be received as significant of something more than the assertion of an old habit. It is evident that all the post-mortems that have been held over the Republican party have not convinced him, any more than they have convinced Penrose or Lorimer or Barnes, that the breath is out of its body. Accustomed to smell the battle afar off, these discredited but not discouraged chiefs are beginning to put on their armor, as if the conflict were to be between them and their hereditary foe instead of between that foe and the infant prodigy, the Progressive party. And if returns from primaries and elections of one sort

and another count for anything, the Danville Representative has an excellent fighting chance of returning to his familiar post. Despite a Progressive defection in his district which drew away a third of the Republican vote, he lost his seat in 1912 by less than 800 votes. The return of one-tenth of the Progressives to the Republican ranks would be sufficient to reëlect the former Speaker, and in almost every test since 1912 a far larger proportion of Progressives than this has rejoined the Republican forces.

The victory of Senator Penrose in the Republican primary is not surprising, although the increase in the Republican registration, with the corresponding falling off in that of the Progressives, gave hope that he might be defeated by the return of the latter to their former fold. His majority was more than double that by which Roosevelt carried the Presidential primaries over Taft. At the same time, he was evidently cut by a large number of Republicans, as the vote for Brumbaugh for Governor exceeded his by 40,000 or more. The result is to be ascribed to excellent organization, the lack of an opponent of popular appeal, and the inherent tendency of a Pennsylvania Republican to vote for the regular as against the insurgent. On the face of the election figures of 1912, Penrose's chances in the election are nil. Roosevelt had a plurality of 50,000 over Wilson, and Wilson was ahead of Taft by 120,000. It is hard to see how any voter who balked at Taft could swallow Penrose. But there is no underestimating the force of the protection cry in Pennsylvania, and neither Representative Palmer nor Mr. Pinchot will be certain of defeating their discredited opponent in advance.

It ought not to be necessary to warn intelligent persons that the stories now being so industriously circulated about the militia outrages in Colorado are to be viewed with the utmost skepticism. In regard to the chief accusation, that of the wanton slaughter, and worse than slaughter, of women and children in the Ludlow camp, there is no reason to believe that there is a shred of truth in it. In some cases, the form the story takes is in itself sufficient to stamp it as the result of cumulative distortions of the truth by excited or hysterical narrators. Speaking to Senators Kern, Kenyon, and Martine, says a Washington dispatch, "Mrs. Jolly and Mrs. Thomas declared that mine guards were seen pouring oil on tents in which women and children were sleeping, and later setting fire to the oil-soaked tents." The women and children were not "sleeping in tents," but were hidden in a covered pit under one of them; there is no reason to suppose that the militia had any suspicion that they were there at all. If Mrs. Jolly and Mrs. Thomas, who "acted as nurses after the conflict," are actually spreading this story, it only shows that a person may be very good and kind without having either sound judgment or a well-developed sense of responsibility.

The recent statement by David Jayne Hill that "diplomacy has a technique not only as important as that of the law, but one more complicated and more difficult to acquire," is in line with the proposals made by another ex-Ambassador. Curtis Guild's plan for a diplomatic training school, similar in administration to West Point and Annapolis, may be impracticable; but it rests on a conception of diplomacy as a profession. None are more anxious to have it put on that plane than those who have themselves served in high positions abroad. Originated, as Mr. Guild says, in conference with President Lowell of Harvard, his plan implies that not only ability is wanted, but peculiar training, with a basis of foreign languages and technical knowledge. The fact that the regular promotion of Consuls serves much the same end may be an argument against a special Government school; it is anything but an argument against the view that young men should be encouraged to fit themselves to enter the foreign service, confident of continuance and promotion by merit.

The tendency to ride a free horse to death is exemplified in the demands that are made upon public libraries, or rather public librarians, as bureaus of general information. The woman who requests a recipe for "strudel küchen" is followed by one who wants "books for my husband to get his papers"—naturalization papers? Then there are the curious individuals who wish to know whether any member of the English royal family ever committed suicide, whether Woodrow Wilson ever wrote "The Chinese make better citizens than Poles or Italians," the value of a cent dated 1860, a good profile view of Brig.-Gen. Horace Porter, the value of hat manufactures in the United States, the exact area of Chesapeake Bay, the identification of a certain quotation from an opera, and a list of the leather manufacturers of Cologne. All such inquiries give a new significance to the phrase "working library," which apparently ought to read "working librarian." That the public library and its guardians owe something to the public in the way of furnishing miscellaneous information may be granted, and the marking of metes and bounds to their duty in this regard is as necessary as it is difficult. The ideal would be for librarians to stop with directing the inquirer to the source of the information sought, leaving its actual finding to him as at once a time-saving and an educative process. But this would imply a kind of omniscience in librarians as hard to come by as that with which their questioners tacitly credit them.

Last week's primaries in Oregon for Senator and Governor—the first in which women voted—will scarcely justify Progressive pride in the strength of their State organizations. In 1912, Oregon cast 37,600 votes for Roosevelt, as against 47,064 for Wilson, and 34,673 for Taft. Yet this year's primary registration listed only 6,255 Progressives—compared with the enrolment of 59,986 Democrats and 134,687 Republicans. The women's vote, it may be assumed, would not affect the proportions of the parties except in a way favorable to the Progressives. The Republicans cast over 60 per cent. of their registered vote, and the Democrats and Progressives between 50 and 60, the Governorship being most hotly contested. Apart from this index of party strength, the primary is of chief interest as strengthening a sentiment for the preferential voting system. One of the candidates was nominated on approximately 20 per cent. of his party vote. As the Portland *Oregonian* remarks, the State has now had its primary law ten years without amendment—an unconscionable period for a really progressive commonwealth.

Possibility of anything like the "Guthrie rush" of 1889, or of the recurrence of that picturesque but unpleasing phase of our earlier development—speculation about the course of new railways—seems removed by the Government's action as regards the Alaska road. Along its three possible routes, fourteen town sites have already been picked out, and many more are to be chosen. When the country is opened, lots will be sold to actual settlers at reasonable prices. One kind of speculator is thus definitely provided against—the speculator who is first on the ground for the simple purpose of levying tribute on late-comers who are the real builders of the community. That the faith of men who come with the sincere motive of making homes may be rewarded with a just increment, will still exist as a spur to settlement. How far the Government will go in applying similar principles to the agricultural country adjoining, dependent for its value mainly upon the proximity of markets, remains to be seen.

Canada faces a troublesome question in the arrival of 500 Hindus at Vancouver, and one of great interest to our own West. The answer to it will demand a careful balancing of Imperial and Dominion interests. Out of it may come final settlement of an issue which has been regularly postponed since 1907, when East Indian immigration first began on a large scale. This the Indian Government then undertook to discourage, and an Order-in-Council in Canada excluded any newcomer who arrived otherwise than by a continuous journey—a really effective barrier, as there has been no direct steamship communication between the two countries. This Order has been annulled by Chief Justice Hunter as *ultra vires*, and to obtain time for consideration Canada has temporarily suspended all labor immigration into British Columbia. The nature of the ultimate action seems inevitable, for not the most rabid Imperialist would abandon a "white Canada" policy for a theory of Empire. But the method of evading the dilemma will be instructive to Australia and South Africa, and will be watched on our Coast for its effect on the whole Oriental policy—Canada already being alarmed at the number of Chinese who are entering under a head-tax of $500 each.

The fight for Home Rule, in one form or another, has been going on for seventy-five years. It is thirty years since Gladstone, by making Home Rule an article in the creed of the Liberal party, made an Irish Parliament a political possibility again. A weary path has in the meantime been traversed, and it would be idle to pretend that the controversy has not come to wear new aspects. Consider, for example, the question of Irish land. It was probably the greatest single driving power in the original movement for Home Rule. Absentee landlords, rack-renting, the peasant insecure in his tiny holdings—these were among the bitterest of Ireland's grievances. Home Rule was to give the land back to Irishmen. But it has been virtually given back without Home Rule. A series of Land Acts for Ireland, including a vast scheme of buying out the landlords by Government aid to the tenants, have radically changed the whole situation, and given new hope and prosperity to Irish agriculture. Yet the Home Rule movement had gained such momentum, and still spoke for such a genuine national aspiration, that it could not be killed by kindness. The Irish would represent a permanently discontented element unless they had a chance to administer their own local affairs. Their age-long desire is now about to be granted. The passage on Monday of the Home Rule bill in the House of Commons, for the third time in this Parliament, virtually makes of it law; the labors of O'Connell and Butt and Parnell and Redmond and Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith are crowned—so far as the end can crown the work.

What remains to be done in Parliament with the Home Rule bill seems a rather intricate process. But this is made necessary under the provisions of the Parliament Act. It has already been put into effect with the bill for disestablishing the Welsh Church, and it is to be soon with the Plural Voting bill. These two, with Irish Home Rule, were the chief measures which the Liberals were pledged up to the hilt to pass before the present Parliament was dissolved; and, in order to do it, they were compelled to proceed under the Parliament Act. This makes it necessary to pass a bill three times in exactly the same form. The Lords can reject it twice, but the third time it becomes a law whether they reject or accept it. Yet it must come to the Lords each time in identical language. That is the reason why Mr. Asquith refused to permit in the House any amendment of the Home Rule bill whatever. He had to follow the strict procedure. It is well known, however, that amendment is intended. Two ways are possible. The bill may be amended in the Lords. Then it would go back to the Commons, and if the amendments were there accepted, they would become part of the law; if they were rejected, then the original bill would be put on the statute-books just as it stood. The other way is by a separate amending bill. This, if once through the Commons, could be taken or left by the House of Lords. The probability is, however, that it would be taken. Indeed, this seems the more likely way of throwing additional safeguards about the Protestants of Ulster.

A third Balkan war, over Albania, is not among the probabilities of the immediate future; but within the borders of the newly constituted state the outlook is for a continuous play of civil strife and diplomatic intrigue. Unrest is what the protecting Powers—Austria and Italy—most desire. The erection of a strong government would mean a postponement of hopes cherished at Vienna and Rome. So we are justified in regarding the unfortunate beginning of Prince William's reign as the first of a succession of episodes which will keep the pot boiling without actually causing it to spill over for some time to come. There will be small uprisings and civil wars, plots and counterplots, until the time seems ripe for a decisive stroke either from the north or from across the Adriatic. The elements of possible confusion are almost countless in Albania. Except for the tragic consequences, opera-bouffe would well describe it. A German prince ruling over a Mediterranean people, half-Christian, half-Moslem, under the protection of Powers hostile to each other, having for his Minister of War a rival claimant to the throne, and for the defence of his realm a native gendarmerie under a Dutch military officer—here is a combination that should render Albania a prolific source of news for some time to come.

PLATFORM SOLEMNITIES.

I do not dread so much the vengeance of the people against the party of which I am a humble follower as I do the distrust that will be bred by such an open repudiation of a solemn covenant touching the promises of all political parties and incidentally of representative government. Were it proposed by any man other than the President of the United States, holding the high place he does in the confidence and affections of the people, we should all recoil from it with horror.

To those who entertain any doubt of the exalted character of our political morality at the present time, we commend a thoughtful consideration of these impressive sentences from Senator Walsh's speech on the Panama tolls question. At no previous time in the history of the Republic could anything like this lofty view of the nature of platform pledges have been uttered without provoking a smile. We say nothing of the cynics whose attitude was summed up in the epigram that political platforms, like car platforms, are made not to stand on, but to get in on; what we have in mind is the position of honorable men, dealing in a patriotic spirit with public affairs. The idea that the whole document is to be regarded as a "solemn covenant," every part of which must be held equally sacred with every other—that the violation of any single clause would be an act of perfidy from which every decent man must "recoil with horror"—this idea was virtually unknown in former times, and stamps the present day as one of almost superhuman moral beauty.

In their platform of 1888 the Republicans "demand the reduction of letter postage to one cent per ounce." They carried that election, and had full control of both houses of Congress; but they have done nothing about the matter from that day to this, though they repeated the pledge in 1892. Mr. Walsh, as a good Democrat, may say that this is only what is to be expected of Republicans; but the point is that no human being, of either party, so far as known, has shown any symptoms of "recoiling with horror" from the performance. Moreover, the Democrats have at least as bad a record as the Republicans. In 1896 they declared against "life tenure in the public service" and in favor of "fixed terms of office"—in other words, they declared for the overthrow of the merit system as actually established in the civil service of the United States. But neither as a minority nor as a majority in Congress has the Democratic party, from that day to this, made any attempt to pass a law carrying that declaration into effect. So much for matters not in the centre of the stage; but it would not be difficult to point to bigger things. The plank in the 1864 platform declaring the war a failure, and demanding that a settlement be made by peaceful methods, was, of course, converted into pulp by military events; but long before its destruction had been thus completely effected, ninety-nine Democrats out of a hundred were glad enough to forget it. And the declaration four years later in favor of paying off the bonds in greenbacks was thrown on the scrap-heap in deference, not to the march of events, but to the general growth of sanity and intelligence on the subject. Nobody seems to have realized that such conduct, however rational and even necessary, was infamous or sacrilegious.

And, indeed, much as we dislike to accept a moral rating lower than the best, we have to confess that to our mind practical realities preclude the acceptance of the "solemn covenant" idea of a political platform. Take the particular case at issue. Nobody pretends that the Convention considered the tolls question even for an instant; the platform was read in its expiring moments, after the close of the exhausting struggle over the nomination, and was "adopted with a shout." But, it may be said, the sub-committee of eleven, which drafted the platform, represented the Convention in the matter. If, for the sake of the argument, we grant this, what did the sub-committee do? Senator Walsh says that while the plank was doubtless, as usual, inserted by some one person, it was adopted without objection in the sub-committee. He does not say that any person other than the proposer gave it any thought; he does not say that the fact that a majority of the Democrats in the House had voted against the tolls-exemption was mentioned; above all, he does not say that any consideration whatever was given to the crucial question of whether that exemption was a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. On the contrary, his statement that it was adopted without objection is virtually a statement that it was adopted without discussion, and that neither the record of the party nor the question of the treaty was brought up at all.

To regard every sentence written in a platform as invested with sacred authority is, therefore, tantamount to turning over to the decision of a few gentlemen sitting around a table, in the heat of a convention gathering, questions which, in the natural course of things, are matter for extensive Congressional debate and investigation; and to accepting that decision as unchangeable, no matter how superficial or thoughtless may have been their consideration of it. What the country is to do, or abstain from doing, during four years, on a large range of questions, is determined without recourse in a few hours, in a wholly haphazard manner, and by men not clothed with the responsibilities of either legislative or executive office.

MR. MELLEN'S TESTIMONY.

It is natural that Mr. Mellen's story of last week, on the inside financial history of the New Haven in the decade which ended with the panic of 1907, should be described as "amazing testimony" and "startling disclosures." Yet his narrative ought not to have caused the least surprise to any one who watched the course of affairs in that strange financial period. On this occasion, as in the life-insurance inquiry of 1905, the real source of interest lies rather in the extraordinary frankness with which one of the participants in the performances of that day unburdens his mind when he gets the opportunity, and in the details which his testimony provides for a background already familiar to intelligent observers.

Mr. Mellen's account of the "humiliating scene" in which, as the New Haven's president, he asked Mr. Morgan why the Westchester purchase should have cost the New Haven $11,155,000, when its tangible value did not exceed $4,000,000, and in which Mr. Morgan, according to Mellen's account, was "abrupt and very severe," and refused the information, has attracted the most attention. One obvious comment on it would have to do with the subservience of the president of a great corporation, in permitting what he declares he knew to be improper use of that corporation's funds. Yet we imagine that a similar

story might be told of a dozen episodes of that period.

Conditions in company finance which made possible the cornering of a $78,000,000 railway stock with borrowed money, by two competing financial autocrats; the using by inside financiers of $25,000,000 subscribed for the Steel Trust underwriting, and its repayment with 200 per cent. cash profit, but without a pretence of accounting; the tossing, to a group of stock-jobbers who had "held up" the Louisville & Nashville property, of ten or twenty millions profit, raised by mortgaging another railway; the demand that shareholders of a $52,000,000 city-railway property, when asked to lease it to a four-mile street-railway line, should "vote for it first and discuss it afterward"; the insistence, in the face of almost unanimous remonstrance by the Steel Corporation's shareholders, that $200,000,000 of its stock should be turned into mortgage bonds; the vote of the directors of a $200,000,000 railway company that their chairman be individually empowered to borrow such money as he should see fit, and "to execute in the name and on behalf of this company a note or notes for the amount so borrowed"—such a state of things, it appears to us, would lead very logically to "abruptness" and "severity" when some one not of the inner circle ventured to ask for a detailed statement of the amounts expended.

These were typical incidents of the times which Wall Street was accustomed to describe as the era of "thinking in hundred millions." It was, in fact, an era of complete infatuation, in which our great financiers had come to believe that the investor's money was theirs, to use as suited them. The old-fashioned notion that the directing of corporations was a trust, for whose proper exercise a strict accounting was the right of the investor, cut a negligible figure in the exploits of the period. If it so happened that investors' interests were a necessary topic of discussion, the public was assured that its welfare depended altogether on control by self-perpetuating directors, and on a capitalization so inflated that nobody could challenge or unseat them.

We are setting forth, in this brief summary of the period, facts which have long been known to every observant reader of the news, and to which Mr. Mellen's testimony merely adds a few typical retrospective details. It is nevertheless particularly instructive that the details should in this case concern a property whose treasury has been emptied and whose investment value has been shaken by the financial experiments of the autocrats. For nothing has come more clearly into view, with the progress of our financial history, than the fact that the judgment of the great financiers regarding the nature of a financial situation was repeatedly as bad, their methods as wasteful, and their use of capital as reckless, as might reasonably have been expected from men who were subject to delusions about American finance not less wild than any which now surround the social and political problems of the day.

It is of the first importance that the public which reads such revelations as those of Mr. Mellen should not lose sight of the fact that the system which made possible these episodes in our company finance has completely broken down. It was bound to do so, from the seeds of destruction which it bore within itself, if not from the active interference of the law. The severe readjustment of 1903 and the panic of 1907 were directly and immediately a consequence of the kind of financiering that prevailed in the New Haven. Had it been possible to resume and continue those financial methods in the whole field of company finance after 1907, the probability is that the system itself would have come to earth in a far more formidable collapse than had yet occurred.

But as a matter of fact, the shattered machinery could not have been reconstructed, unless the delusions of 1901 and 1902 had been again instilled into the brains, not only of the financial autocrats, but of the public at large—which, it should not be forgotten, shared enthusiastically in the imaginations and superstitions of a dozen years ago. Disappearance from the scene of two such leaders as Mr. Harriman and Mr. Morgan was of itself sufficient to break the spell. When Mr. Mellen further testified that, in his judgment, the present troubles of the New Haven are due primarily to Mr. Morgan's death, he might as well have said that only Mr. Morgan's individual force and power had made possible the rash experiments of the preceding decade.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES, THIS SIDE THE MILLENNIUM.

An editorial which appeared in the *Nation* under the title "The Right to Punish" has called forth a letter which we print in another column. Our correspondent appears to approve both the reasoning and the conclusions of our article, but asks whether it would not have been just as well if the summarizing sentence had been changed so as to read: "It is necessary to hold, with clear conviction, without tremor or apology, that the right *to protect society from the criminal* rests on the solid foundation of the highest public expediency."—the words italicized being substituted for the words "to punish" in the original sentence. "Is it clear without apology or tremor," he inquires, "that we ever have the right deliberately, without his consent, to inflict pain on any human being?"

Sincerely as we sympathize with the spirit of our correspondent's letter, thoroughly as we approve the idea of making prison life conduce in all possible ways to the prisoner's own ultimate good, we have to answer the first question in the negative and the second in the affirmative. The point is simply this: If in order to protect society from the criminal—that is, from crime—it is necessary to punish the criminal, to inflict pain or hardship on him, with or without reference to his own reformation, then society has the right so to punish him. Whether this be necessary or not is a question of fact, upon which indeed we may not be able to arrive at absolute certainty, but regarding which we have to act according to the best wisdom we can command. If it should be found possible to have prisons such that every discharged prisoner should look back upon them as "the best thing that ever happened" to him, it would still be a question whether or not the protection of society required that a punitive element should enter into the conduct of those prisons. And that question society would have to answer from the standpoint of its own needs. Supposing, for example, that it might be possible to reform each individual prisoner by giving him a perfectly delightful time during the whole period of his sentence, the question would remain whether this would deter other persons from crime in such degree as was de-

manded by the public welfare. If not, we should be bound, with our eyes open, and "without tremor or apology," to resort to punishment as punishment.

The point is by no means "academic." It is in the highest degree practical. Throughout a large part of present-day humanitarian discussion, not only of punishment, but of all questions relating to vice and crime and personal responsibility, there runs an underlying idea of the relation of society to the individual which must be firmly and fearlessly rejected if we are to have sound thinking and sound action in this whole domain. The root of the error lies in a tacit assumption that society has no right to do anything which in a perfect condition of society would be unnecessary; or, if you please, that it is the duty of society to be perfect, and unless that duty is fulfilled the responsibility for all transgressions of individuals rests on its shoulders and not on theirs. Whether avowed or not, this notion is at the bottom of the contention that when a poor boy becomes a ruffian, or a poor girl adopts a life of shame, it is not they, but society, that must be blamed. There ought to be no such thing as poverty, we are told; and doubtless if the idea of legislative eugenics should grow in strength and acceptance we should likewise be told that society is responsible for the shortcomings of every person, rich or poor, whose parents were unwisely allowed to marry.

The truth is, however, first, that nobody knows that it is practicable to abolish poverty or to establish a high standard of eugenics for the race; secondly, that nobody knows that the accomplishment of either or both of these things would in point of fact put an end to vice and crime; and thirdly, that whatever may be possible in some distant future, society must live in the meanwhile. It cannot live, it cannot make life decent and tolerable for the great mass of its members, otherwise than through supporting by such means as it has actually at command the fundamental institutions of morality and civilization. Of all those means, the most vital and indispensable is the enforcement of the idea of personal responsibility for personal conduct. It is this which operates everywhere and all the time. The overt acts of Governors and Legislatures, of courts and juries, touch but here and there the salient points of human conduct and misconduct. What keeps society whole is the play of character and motive in the millions of individuals composing it. Relax but by a small fraction the pervading sense of individual responsibility, diminish but by a shade the efficacy of that force which strengthens the thousands who are weak or perverse against the manifold temptations that beset them, and the injury will be beyond calculation, and beyond the power of any mere apparatus of reformation to remedy.

EUROPE ON WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA.

Sound literary criticism can hardly flourish on a Hoboken transatlantic pier in the presence of the United States Custom House inspectors. Yet in the case of a leader in criticism like Dr. Georg Brandes, we take it that even a hasty opinion uttered in the face of a battery of newspaper cameras is something more than a happy thought. Until fuller evidence appears to the contrary, we must assume that the eminent Danish critic's judgments on American literature as recorded by the ship-news reporters represent his seasoned belief. It then appears that of contemporary American novelists Jack London holds first place because he is so distinctly American in ideas and spirit; that close to him stand the late Frank Norris and Mr. Upton Sinclair, for the same reasons; and that Edgar Allan Poe is the greatest American poet. This appraisal may differ in detail from the standard verdict upon American literature by experts from abroad. The observant reader will be struck, for instance, with the omission of Walt Whitman, whose vogue among our foreign visitors is enormous. But as a whole, Dr. Brandes speaks quite in the tradition. The roll of fame in American literature drawn up for us by distinguished students from abroad is striking in its inclusion of names that we should hardly look for, and its omission of names that we should expect as a matter of course.

Just what is the American spirit which finds fullest expression in Poe, Jack London, and Frank Norris is rather difficult to define. But all foreign estimates of our literature until recently seem to be based on the assumption that, since we are a young, energetic, and rather barbarous nation, our literature ought to sound the note of youthful freedom from convention, of lust of living, of zest in barbaric conflict and victory. The "raw of life" is something quite appropriate to our genius. Our writers should be like our railways—swift, and disdainful of safety. Europe expected us to be reckless, spontaneous, original. American civilization, being young, ought always to be heretical and in revolt. "Be young, American poet and novelist, let those who will be sober." It sounds condescending, but it was often quite sincere.

Such, one imagines, was the way foreigners always reasoned and still do very frequently. But of late, visitors who land in Hoboken have begun to impose quite a different standard upon us. It resembles the first in being a standard which makes us rub our eyes. But it differs from the first in demanding just the opposite qualities in us. When Mr. H. G. Wells or Mr. Arnold Bennett lands in this country, he tells us that our greatest novelist or poet is some one of whom few of us have heard, but who, in obscurity, has been producing work quite in the spirit of European literature. That is, Messrs. Wells and Bennett, and a growing group of native critics who follow in their steps, congratulate us on the fact that we have outgrown the kindergarten stage of literary appreciation which rejoices in blood-and-thunder adventure or chocolate-cream romance, congratulate us on the rise of novelists who envisage life soberly, objectively, and with the remorseless honesty which characterizes the best realistic literature of Europe. When Dr. Brandes praises Jack London he speaks in the older tradition. When Mr. Bennett praises Theodore Dreiser and Robert Herrick he speaks in the new tradition. Now we are exhorted to remain young. Now we are reminded that we are grown-up, and must act and write accordingly.

Between the two catalogues the ordinary American stands dazed. On the one list Poe and Jack London; on the other Robert Herrick and Theodore Dreiser; on neither apparently is there room for Hawthorne, Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Edith Wharton. The puzzled citizen is constrained to ask: How if we are not quite so youth-

ful as some foreign critics imagine us to be and yet not so grown up as other foreign critics would have us be? How if we have outgrown the stage where Jack London can be said to express perfectly the American spirit and have not yet reached the stage where we recognize in Mr. Dreiser's experiments in European realism the true expression of that spirit? How if the truest expression of the national spirit is to be found, after all, in the man who combines the American humor, the American optimism, the American shrinking from the dregs of life and character, with a faithful study of the broad realities of the national life and character, of life as it is incorporated in the great mass of ordinary American men and women? Dr. Brandes as an expert in the correlation of literature and life could construct a much more real American type from the pages of "Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," "The Lady of the Aroostook," and "A Hazard of New Fortunes," than he will derive from the pages of Jack London on the one hand or Theodore Dreiser on the other. Foreign critics, having urged us to be ourselves, promptly pass over the books in which we have come nearest to showing ourselves as we are.

GOLF "INVASIONS."

American mortification over the inglorious failure of our best amateur golfers to carry off the British championship may be tempered by the reflection that, anyhow, we gave the English a good scare. This was perhaps the most ludicrous part of the whole matter. No one who has read the anticipatory comments of English golfing critics can doubt that the believers in the supremacy of the "British cleek" were in a good deal of a funk. Here was a carefully planned invasion. The Americans were not only sending over their finest golfers, but were applying scientific principles to the game, were taking long weeks of practice, studying every point, exhibiting to the full the national genius for organization. Who was sufficient for these things? This was the alarmed question in English golfing circles when the American invasion "o'er pale Britannia passed." A gallant resistance was undertaken. But the prevailing trepidation was unmistakable; so that the result, with not one American contestant surviving to the last sixteen, is almost as much of a joke on the English as it is on us.

But the joke of jokes is now seen to be the whole theory upon which this American invasion was planned. It was all fatally in the limelight, and accompanied by a blare of trumpets. These means were certain to defeat the end. For not only the public, but the players themselves, were tremendously keyed up nervously by all the preliminary advertising and shouting. Their every step was dogged by reporters and cameramen. Every game they played, nearly every shot they made, was gasped at and exclaimed over and duly recorded. Moreover, nearly all the best American players engaged themselves to cable thrilling descriptions of the championship matches, including their own sensations. Thus their tension was in every way made as great as possible. When Travers stepped to the tee a week ago last Monday he felt in every fibre the concentrated gaze of the world upon him. Is it any wonder that he played like a duffer? Could there have been, in fact, a more ingenious method devised to put our golfers off their game than to have surrounded them for all these weeks with an atmosphere of clamor and puffery, and thus made them—what every experienced golfer knows to be deadly—intensely self-conscious?

Only contrast what happened this year with what took place in the 1913 amateur championship in England. Then we had a player entered of whom few in this country had ever heard. He quietly slipped off his ship and, almost without any practice, began playing in the tournament. And this American, Heinrich Schmidt, came very near winning. He went to the semi-finals, where Hilton beat him only on the nineteenth hole. But Schmidt went over unheralded. When we began to read of his beating Englishman after Englishman, people were everywhere asking, "Who on earth is Schmidt?" We were conducting no "invasion" that year. A sturdy young golfer was simply let alone to do his best, his nerves not fluttered by loud thundering in the index, and his fingers left to grip his clubs instead of a pen.

It is not pretended that the self-defeating methods of our golf invasion of England tell the whole story of the American downfall at Sandwich. Some of our men pulled themselves together, notably Evans. He had the bad luck last week to be pitted against a man who, for nine holes, played superhuman golf, against which no man living, amateur or professional, could have stood. That the display was merely one of those magic intervals that sometimes come to a player and seem to make it impossible to miss a shot, is shown by the fact that the wonderful performer was only an ordinary mortal in his next round, where he was beaten. But the possibility of meeting such a man is always before the American who faces the whole British field, and it must enter into any sober calculation of his chances. So must the English custom of making the matches at eighteen holes, instead of our new plan of thirty-six. Evans might have beaten MacFarlane in thirty-six holes; nobody could have beaten him in eighteen.

Our golfers should have learned something from this year's experience. They ought not to repeat the folly of going to hunt the British cup with a brass band. Moreover, they must have discovered that the quality of English golf is higher than ours. England has three or four times as many amateurs in the first flight as we have. It is this fact which makes the chances so heavily against any one man. Two English ex-champions were put out at Sandwich, along with our men, besides several players whose winning was thought quite possible. It is not only that the English have been longer at the game, but their golfers have more skill in adapting their style of play to the modern architecture of the links. This has imposed heavy penalties on a "pulled" ball. It used to be the favorite shot, when malign traps were not placed to catch it; but now the best English players have given it up. Americans, however, still have a weakness for it. James Braid warned Travers against it, when he saw him play at Walton Heath. But at Sandwich Travers was pulling into bunkers on half the holes. And Ouimet actually "hooked" a ball into a trap on another hole than the one he was playing! We fancy that our golfers, returning on their clubs if not with them, will be frank to say that the English can yet teach us several things about the fine points of the game. One lesson is that golf cannot be played as Alfred Jingle played cricket—banging the ball one moment, the next twanging the lyre.

Foreign Correspondence

MR. ASQUITH AS DEBATER AND LEADER—SUSPICIONS OF WEAKNESS—A COMING TEST.

LONDON, May 15.

It would be an interesting study for a psychologist to analyze the popular conceptions of the characteristics of political leaders. Public opinion has a strange way of affixing a label to prominent statesmen before they have advanced far in their career, and then of interpreting all their subsequent actions in such fashion as to conform to this premature judgment.

It is conceivable that the reputation enjoyed by Mr. Asquith as the strong man of modern English politics, wise in judgment and firm in determination, may be a case in point. In some respects, of course, the general opinion of his qualities is beyond the risk of any destructive criticism. When Lloyd George declared that the Prime Minister, in a single short address, had told his audience more of what was meant by the Government's land policy than he had himself been able to do in five speeches of an hour and a half each, he paid a just tribute to his chief's unrivalled gifts of concise and lucid exposition. In parliamentary debate to-day, both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour are unapproachable in their respective styles. The Conservative ex-leader can take an apparently hopeless case and so play upon it with the subtleties of his dialectic as to make the most convincing objections to a certain course seem like irrefragable arguments in its favor. When he has no longer a leg to stand on, he can stand on his head, and can almost persuade his hearers that that is the only proper attitude from which the world should be viewed.

Mr. Asquith, on the other hand, is at his best when such clever minds as Mr. Balfour's have been at work on a great question, confusing the issues or distracting attention from main points to unimportant details. When the House is getting muddled by this artificial complexity, Mr. Asquith will rise from the Treasury bench and, in a few sentences, straighten out the whole tangle. His manner is unemotional and unrhetorical, but his words have such an effect that his conclusion appears not only right, but inevitable.

So far public opinion is agreed, nor is it likely that this estimate of Mr. Asquith's debating power will ever be disturbed. It is with regard to other qualities of his that the final verdict is still in the balance—to be decided, possibly, by the events of the next few months. "Trust Asquith" is the Liberal watchword. "Wait and see" is his own counsel to those who are perplexed by his action or by his inaction. If he seems to be yielding, the retreat is only the preliminary to a victorious advance. If he appears to have foolishly given an advantage to his opponents, they will find presently that they have not gained an opportunity, but have walked into a trap. If you think he has been taken off his guard, his apparent inadvertence will be proved sooner or later to be a consummate stroke of tactics.

An adherent of the accepted Asquith theory would probably quote the most sensational development of this year's army crisis in disproof of any reluctance to admit his hero's grasp of a difficult situation. The Prime Minister's dramatic resolve to take the War Office into his own hands was a coup that was both courageous and prudent. It did much to restore the shaken confidence of his followers, and to check the premature self-congratulations of the Opposition. But the story of his attitude on the Curragh affair as a whole can scarcely be put forward, on reflection, as illustrating either shrewd judgment or prompt decision. The very necessity that sent Mr. Asquith to the War Office was a result, not by any means the first, of the loose rein that he had been giving to Cabinet Ministers whose policy should have been under the control of their chief. It was a revelation of astounding slackness in a body whose members are supposed to be under a discipline that is inconsistent with individual initiative of this wayward kind.

The gun-running in Ulster, bringing to a head in open defiance of the King's authority the rebellion that had long been threatened, might have been expected to arouse the most pusillanimous Prime Minister to the need of making a firm stand for law and order. Mr. Asquith expressed his opinion of these proceedings and of his own duty in his characteristically direct style. "In view," he said, "of the grave and unprecedented outrage in Ulster, the Government will take without delay appropriate steps to vindicate the authority of the law." Three weeks have passed since the "outrage." Nobody has been punished for it, and nobody is going to be punished.

And now in this present week the Prime Minister has announced that the concessions which were originally offered to the Opposition as the price of a "settlement by consent" are to be embodied in an amending bill whether the Opposition is willing to treat or not. The country has waited, and it has seen. It has seen the Government retreating, not inch by inch, but mile by mile, from the unassailable position it held under the Parliament act, and, with all its professions of firmness, answering every insult to its authority by a fresh surrender. How long, some are asking, shall we have to wait before we see the collapse of the Government and of the Liberal party in an electoral débâcle? So far they have been saved by the almost incredible ineptitude of the Unionist official leadership. If Unionists had the wit to put Sir Edward Carson in Bonar Law's place, the Ministry might no longer be able to presume on the continuance of its good fortune.

At any rate, the test that is rapidly approaching is likely to settle, once and for all, whether the Prime Minister has really the stanchness and determination with which he is credited, or whether, as Bismarck said of an earlier British statesman, he is only "a lath painted to look like iron." H. W. H.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA—EFFECTS OF THE NEW MILITARY SERVICE—DEALINGS WITH SERVIA.

VIENNA, May 12.

The scene of political activity in Austria-Hungary has been shifted from Vienna to Budapest, the Hungarian capital, where the meetings of the Austrian and of the Hungarian delegations have been taking place.

The most anxious question disturbing the tranquillity of the country is that of its relations with Russia. It has long been known that they are merely "correct." Count Berchtold referred to the question in his exposé, and in his courtly manner described them as "satisfactory." Count Berchtold is an old aristocrat, a travelled man of the world, and his diplomatic language is ever carefully chosen, his words deliberated upon and smoothed down until they lose the force given to the communiqués issued by his predecessor, Count Aehrenthal, who was a new man, the grandson of one who had risen from the ranks.

Other utterances made by men with no authorization excepting their mandates as delegates plainly showed where the trouble between the two countries lies. The resentment felt in Austria-Hungary at the propaganda carried on so incessantly by Russia on the frontier, among the Ruthenes and the Little Russians, who are Austro-Hungarian subjects, was plainly expressed, and the politicians on the Neva were given to understand that Austria-Hungary was well aware of the machinations of Russian political agents all along her frontier, whether as religious enthusiasts anxious to obtain converts for political purposes, or as spies.

Reference was also made to the relations with Rumania. The news of the two alliances, with Greece and Russia, respectively, has caused considerable annoyance here. A large number of Rumanians have lived quietly and peaceably under the central government, and will continue to do so so long as there is a good understanding between Rumania and Austria-Hungary, but should Rumania accept the overtures made by the Czar, there is likely to be trouble on the frontier.

One of the most important subjects under discussion at the meeting of the delegations has been the results of the introduction of two years' military service in this country. The immediate effect will be a considerable numerical increase in the effective force of the Austro-Hungarian army. Under the three years' service system there was always a much larger number of recruits available than could be trained with the existing machinery. The standard of selection for recruits was thus always kept high, the strongest and healthiest men being chosen. Even under these circumstances a large number were sent home, as unwanted, the men being selected by lot. Under the new system the strength of the Austro-Hungarian army will be increased by a fifth. The new law has already begun to have a beneficent effect, which will be seen more clearly in the course of five or six years, parents being

less inclined to send their children to the gymnasium and university to prepare for a learned profession. This last course was necessary for all young men who wished to avoid the long military service, as only youths who could produce a certificate from their gymnasium or college, showing that they had completed the course, were allowed to serve as "volunteers," that is, for one year, at their own cost.

If the signs of the time may be trusted there will now be a great reaction against the common practice of educating boys for the learned professions. Parents, relieved of the three years' service bogey—for it has long been known that the new service rule would be introduced—send their sons to modern schools and business colleges. Employers have long deplored the present state of affairs, which gives them a man with a degree, but no practical knowledge of business. They want a young man who is an expert at shorthand and typing, not an encyclopædia of useful knowledge. Another factor, which will make parents welcome the change, is the great increase of cases of suicide in this country, especially among boys who have been spurred on to study too hard by parents, who considered that they were ruining their careers by failure to get through the course at a secondary school. Pressure was thus put upon boys who were quite unfitted for study. The diversion of some of the best brain power of the country and of the services of sons of the moneyed classes from the professions to trades and to ordinary business will have an excellent effect on commerce.

The Austrian delegates left Vienna for Budapest, to attend the delegations with instructions from all and sundry to do their best to prevail on the Hungarians to deal with Servia in a neighborly manner, and to attempt to win back the territory lost during the war. It is realized that much toil and money must be put into commercial effort before the situation of supremacy enjoyed ten years ago can return. A large river shipping company published its balance sheet some days ago, from which it was seen that the losses caused by the war and the cholera had been immense. Traffic on the lower part of the Danube was stopped during the war, and afterwards the precautions rendered necessary by the cholera maimed trade for months. The company has, however, now resolved to increase its capital and to put on a number of new boats, to repair its losses, and this is the spirit shown everywhere in the country, just at present, instead of the former attitude of "it can't be helped."

Meanwhile, the news that Servia and Greece have come to a decision that Salonica, the great port for the Levant shall become a free harbor for fifty years causes but slight satisfaction here. Greece is to administer the port, but all Servian goods may be loaded and unloaded without payment of duty, and Servia instead of depending on Austria to take her agricultural products and to purchase her superfluous meat, will seek new markets along the coasts of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. L. R.

French Watering Places

CURES AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

PARIS, May 9.

Some years ago I noticed in Government statistics that France had 1,026 licensed watering places, each with its thermal or mineral springs. Looking through memories of many years, I found I had seen fifty-six of them. More have been licensed, and I have visited more since. Who has heard of Escouloubre and Carcanières, separated only by the river Aude, in the eastern Pyrenees? Yet they have three establishments between them, furnishing board and lodging "with the use of the waters" for seven francs ($1.20) a day if you eat at the first table, and five ($1) if you eat at the second!

Last year I made an excursion to the magnificent ruins of the château of Beaucens, in the central Pyrenees. The straggling village below is away from the beaten track, and there was no hotel, though I noticed a large building going up. A black-coated man arrived and asked the farmer who was my guide why the "cabins" were not yet up at the spring. This was the primitive provision for bathers, of whom there are a few hundreds every year. It was a professor of the University who came for his annual cure. He told me he took a room with a peasant, and that the sulphate water was immensely strong for sciatica and varicose affections. It has been known through the region ever since the château was built, in the twelfth century; and the new building is a regulation establishment. A company has at last taken hold of the springs, and will try to make money out of them. Medical authorities assure me the waters are really good in a few specific complaints; and the low mountain air—more than 1,500 feet high, however—is good, and the region picturesque up the valley from Lourdes. Why should not over-eating, un-exercising Americans find their way thither some day? But let them first learn if the accommodations are possible to their exacting habits of life.

There is no class of the French population, rich or poor, which does not "take the waters." It came to them with their civilization. It was the universal remedy of the Romans, who tried always to set up their fortified camps where the soldiers could heat and steam away their ails in hot springs.

At Néris, in Auvergne, I have seen cheap bathers packed like sardines into a surviving Roman piscina excavated in the rock above one of the bicarbonate of soda springs—temperature 120 Fahrenheit, with steam never-ending. At Ax, in the eastern Pyrenees, over towards Spain, there is still the "Bassin des Ladres"—a great open-air pool built by St. Louis, King of France, for his crusaders, who came back with what they called leprosy. Light clouds of steam mount up from it; and I saw housewives coming for the hot water ready to their hand. Business clerks, street-car men, school-teachers, domestics, all like to take their yearly few days off at such waters. Day laborers and miners are not shut out altogether, if some of these baths are within reach. I have seen coal miners from Commentry and factory workmen from Montluçon coming to Néris in their Sunday clothes.

Michigan's proud device: "If you want to see a fine peninsula, look around you," might have its answer from France: "If you want to take waters, hot baths, or mineral drinks, all my roads lead to them!" The state licenses these watering places after the Academy of Medicine has certified that the waters are profitable. The region of the locality always reserves their free use for its citizens, and often builds a hospice for them. At Cauterets they have clean beds, good food, and the best medical attention, besides stimulating mountain air, 3,000 feet up, for 40 or 50 cents a day. Dr. Meillon tells me that, with these patients, he never has any trouble in applying such modern methods as weekly blood analysis, which he has great difficulty in proposing to the rich. The poor wish to get all that is going, and so he is able to acquire precious results for medical science; but the rich are afraid he is going to impose some new expense on them for his own purposes. At least, the doctor's sensitiveness makes him think so.

The use of mineral waters at their source, with their radioactivity at its full, and with possibilities of varied applications, is rapidly becoming a separate and fruitful branch of practical medicine. This has been recognized at recent congresses of hydrology; and a special professorship has been organized for it in the medical faculty of Paris. What the life-loving Romans learned by experience, modern science with infinitely wider experience confirms and develops. In England a national movement has begun to bring back the native public to such springs, which were far more frequented in less travelled times. At the German baths you are pretty sure to find Americans, whom I have seen as far afield as the Hercules Baths of Hungary, down by the Iron Gates. But I believe there is no country where hot springs and mineral springs, to soak the outside and rinse the inside, are applied to such a number of the whole population as in France.

To one who has time and is not looking for the cosmopolitan fashion of Vichy and Aix—and who has a little use of the language—half the pleasure of these watering places is in the history that crops up all about and in the mem-

ories of noted men and women who have passed that way. For these watering places are not limited to their "cure," which is universally and mathematically twenty-one days. Nor are they mere resorts of summer travel, such as the mountains and seacoast have. As they are not new discoveries, most of them have a little or a great deal of archæology to show. And, of course, any amount of literature has grown up around them as the centuries pass.

Néris pretends to a visit from the Emperor Nero. The terraces of the soldiers' camp are still plain, overlooking the valley; and here is the pleasant main road along which remains are dug from their officers' villas. There the legions marched, cursing like an Englishman, by Jove, or by Castor and Pollux—"Edepol!"—or by Hercules—"Hercle!"—as we learned in our grammars when Latin was studied. In a rose garden, which has more varieties than the Roseraie at Bagatelle in the Paris Bois de Boulogne, and sends cuttings to New York and New Zealand, I saw a well of one of these rich Roman houses emptied of the débris of the ages. The rubbish must have accumulated until somewhere about A. D. 1000, as nothing was found that could be dated after that time.

This was genuine archæology, for the gardener came on it in enlarging his watering pool. There was nothing of great value, but all was interesting. There was the handle of a jug, with the stamp in Greek letters of the maker, probably a Greek of Marseilles. There was a brooch with the antique safety-pin seen in Gallo-Roman remains of the French National Museum at Saint-Germain, worn by some young officer to fasten his cloak. And there was a long black spoon, like those used by Egyptians to extract aromatic unguents from bottles. At the other end of the town, in an old manor house of the time of Francis I, where the artistes of the little theatre troupe were lodged, I found the garden walks marked off with bits of broken sculpture of the Roman days.

Not all these watering places go back so completely to the time when Gaul was a flourishing Roman province; but very many have their little ruins, and make the most of them. One of the excursions of Luchon is to the quarry where the Column of Trajan, which is at Rome, was cut out of the perpendicular face of the rock. It makes a very striking scene in the midst of a delightful mountain landscape; but I regret to say that last summer I found the village to which the quarry belongs has given permission to begin working it again. From the same rock marbles were taken for the Trianon at Versailles by Louis XIV. At Uriage, just outside the city of Grenoble, in a lovely valley overshadowed by the last western peaks of the French Alps, only vestiges remain to show Roman work. At Plombières, in the Vosges Mountains, with twenty-seven springs whose temperature ranges from 59 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit, the ancient "Etuves Romaines," or public vapor baths, are still in use below the level of the street; and you get to them by going down from the "Bain Stanislas," which has its name from the Duke of Lorraine, whose daughter was the lonely, unloved Queen of Louis XV of France. Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie brought Plombières into fashion again, as they did Vichy; and the French Republic continues, as at Vichy, to control the use and sale of the waters by farming them out to a company.

Most of these places drop out of known history through the dark and middle ages, when people wrote little or else their writings about their doings have not survived or been studied. It would be a great mistake to take it for granted that there was any age when men abstained from the use of such evident and easy healing. Néris has an unbroken record, with remains and testimonials of its cures for every century since Nero and before. The present property rights of the springs at Cauterets are held by seven communes of the valley in virtue of deeds of A. D. 945; and even then one of the conditions which the local sovereign, Raymond I, Count of Bigorre, made to the monks of Saint Savin was that buildings should be forever kept up for the baths. Here Marguerite of Navarre, sister of Francis I, wrote her tales of the Heptameron; and Rabelais came to talk them over. One of the excursions nowadays is to the farm up the hills where Queen Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, rode horseback over the mountains to take the waters.

There are twenty-two springs giving out 400,000 gallons of waters a day, variedly combining sulphur, sodium, and silicon at still more varied, but not extreme, temperatures from cool to warm. Last summer I took the treatment whole and entire, scientific, severe, efficacious, and not unpleasant. At five o'clock in the morning, on an empty stomach, I started by an electric railway for a particular spring a mile and a half up the mountain—drank and gargled. Then I walked on a half-mile to another spring, very powerful—and drank. Then further, to Swedish gymnastics and a douche. In the afternoon there was more drinking and gargling at a spring in another direction, with another good walk to get to it. Walking in high mountain air may help; but the waters do surely work. And this is what Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, said of Forges, and Madame de Sévigné—in plainer speech than is customary nowadays—of the abundant drinking at Vichy.

S. D.

Golf on the Campagna

The only way to see a country is to walk over it, and the only thing in these days that induces most people to walk is golf. The syllogism completes itself: to see the Roman Campagna it is necessary to play golf over it. It is curious how relatively few visitors to Rome have discovered this elementary truth. They may have heard that somewhere on the outskirts of the city is a golf course, but somehow in popular estimation the game, however royal and ancient, does not seem to gibe with the eternity of the city, and golf is assumed to be one of the things that the Romans do not do. I have often, in point of fact, cried aloud my doctrine of the Campagna in a wilderness of superior and archæologically minded persons, recommending them by all means to include their golf sticks among the impedimenta of travel which they intended taking with them to Rome, and have only partially assuaged their scorn and saved my reputation as a person of moderate intelligence by assuring them that the learned head of the British Archæological School may not infrequently be surprised pursuing his accustomed work of excavation on the golf links of the Campagna.

Some two miles from the Porta San Giovanni on the Via Appia Nuova two splendid fir trees stand out against the blue of the sky, forming a landmark that is seen for miles around. They are familiar objects in the foreground of many pictures of the Campagna, and they possess an added claim to distinction in that they figure conspicuously on one side of the monthly medal of the Rome Golf Club, the design for which was made by an American, Mr. Breck, formerly the head of the American School at Rome. A little to the right of the trees is a small cluster of firs, among which nestles an unpretentious-looking farm building, which serves as the clubhouse.

Roughly speaking, the golf courses which are now scattered over the Continent of Europe may be divided into two classes. There is the one which partakes of the nature of a country club, with an elaborate clubhouse, furnished with showers and upholstered lounges and a French chef—and, incidentally, a links; and there is the other, a less prosperous and fashionable institution, which is the pride and joy of a small colony of English and American residents who have banded themselves together to play the game of golf on an alien soil. Of the former class the links at Cannes, where the Grand Duke Michael solaces his exile with the semblance of a court, is an excellent example. There, until a few years ago, when some revolutionary souls of Anglo-Saxon

extraction insisted on a cold collation at a side table, from which they were permitted to rise without the august sanction, the luncheon was a tedious process, which began only when the Grand Duke felt hungry and ended when his Imperial Highness gave the signal to rise. Not the least of the charms of the Roman club is its friendliness and informality. Spaghetti and omelettes are within the resources of the smiling Hebe who presides over the clubhouse, but this fare is usually supplemented by the player himself, who brings with him from the city whatever form of sustenance his heart most desires—and proceeds to share it with his neighbor.

I notice these details of the domestic economy of the clubhouse only to emphasize the fact that the spirit of Roman golf is in tune with the spirit of the Campagna. A modern clubhouse, with stretching lawns and spacious verandas dotted with the white expanse of waiters' shirts, would be anathema. Here is nothing that intrudes on the brooding peace of the Campagna. At the very start one is brought into tune with one's surroundings, so that even a drive topped into the yawning valley that should be carried, yet taxes the capacity of a short driver, may be accepted in a philosophical spirit; for from the first tee is obtained a view of the whole expanse of the Campagna. To the left is the long line of the Aqua Marcia, stretching snake-like across the plain, still bringing water to the city from the Sabine Mountains as it did two thousand years ago, and nearer still two or three great arches stand out in ruin, the remains of the aqueduct that Claudius led from Subiaco. On the other side is the old Appian Way and the tomb of Cæcilia Metella; and, further away, in the middle distance, looms up the great dome of St. Peter's, as ever, dominating the city. Straight ahead, over the plain, are the Alban hills, bright splashes of white marking the Castelli Romani, Tivoli and Frascati and Rocca di Papa; and on a clear day on the far horizon may be descried the gleaming peaks of the snow-capped Apennines.

Along the Appian Way, the new one, which is already old, trudges a procession of wine carts, gayly painted, on each a sleeping man and a wakeful dog, and dotted over the Campagna, and invaluable to us in keeping down the grass of the course, are flocks of sheep with uncannily human Roman noses, and their picturesque but, except from the windward, somewhat unapproachable guardians.

The scene is not to be taken in at a passing glance from a hired carriage, but those who frequent the links at Acqua Santa (the name is from a mineral spring near by which once had a considerable reputation for its curative properties) grow to know and understand it, and even the most irascible golfer, I think, finds himself insensibly mellowed by its influence. Remove the aqueducts and Cæcilia Metella's tomb, the clubhouse and the red flags from the greens, and it is much the same scene that Numa Pompilius looked on when he made his way to the clump of oak trees, not a quarter of a mile from the links, now called the Bosco Sacro, to seek counsel or comfort from the nymph Egeria. It is not surprising to learn from Plutarch that he loved to pass his time "wandering about alone in the sacred groves and lawns," and perhaps, like the irascible golfer, he was assisted by the charm of his surroundings to the exercise of "patience, discipline, and philosophy" (the ideal golfing temperament), which, we are told, were the means by which he still further subdued "a mind naturally disposed to virtue." S. W.

Poetry

THE WHITE SLAVE.

"Sincerely seeking to make the great idea of universal peace triumph."—Nicholas II, August 24, 1898.

With her mock-marriage still the heaven rings:
The holy hope, the spousal flush she bore,
The White Czar's kiss, the acquiescent Kings,
And that bland hypocritic smile they wore
While unplumbed knaves and cynic underlings
To Crœsus sold her privily behind the door.

Dragged in the ruined wake of war aghast,
Mid drums and trumpets smothering her cries,
Her wooed, unwedded, stricken life is passed;
By corpses in the cold moonlight she lies;
With all her soul abhors her lot is cast:
I marvel how she keeps the love-light in her eyes.

What profit tears? What profit countless hands
Held up in prayer? Or hearts that for her ache?
Is not her sale-price known through all the lands?
What others traffic for shall we not take?
The White Slave of the Nations there she stands
And waits—till we betray her for our honor's sake.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Some Modern Painters

PERSONAL NOTES IN TWO CHAPTERS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

CHAPTER I—A PRIVATE ACADEMY BANQUET—HORSLEY—SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON—FRANK HOLL—HERKOMER.

For some years previous to his death, Sir Henry Tate, the munificent donor of the picture gallery that will perpetuate his name, was little seen in London. He took his rest in his mansion at Streatham Common, with its far-reaching garden and its long glass corridor, filled with hothouse plants leading to his beloved picture storehouse. He, nevertheless, almost up to the last, made a point of coming to town for the private view of the Royal Academy, staying for the banquet, at which, for many years, he was an honored guest. His upright figure, his ruddy countenance, his bright smile, and his cheery manner did not indicate the approach of the end. But he had passed the limits of four score, and was suffering from what Gladstone, talking of his own case, used to call the "incurable disease of old age."

Every year, on the eve of the opening of the Royal Academy, he had his own private and peculiar Academy banquet. It is a far cry to Streatham Common, and a long drive back, more especially for those living in the painters' colony north of St. John's Wood. But the R.A.'s and the A.R.A.'s rarely missed foregathering at Sir Henry's hospitable board. On one occasion only I met Horsley at these pleasant gatherings. It was at the time when his crusade against painting from the nude or anything approaching that state of nature subjected him to good-natured badinage. I happened to sit at dinner between him and Boughton. Leaning across me Boughton said:

"I was afraid, my dear Horsley, when I heard you were going to be on the Hanging Committee, that what I regard as my best picture of this year would be rejected."

"Why?" asked Horsley, puzzled at such an apprehension.

"Well, the scene is winter-time in Holland. I painted a tree in the background and all its limbs are bare."

With the exception of Sir William Agnew, head of the great house of picture dealers, I was the only outsider habitually present at these delightful dinners. It is sad to think how many whom one used to meet there preceded their host on the journey into the silent land. The first to go was Frank Holl, leaving behind him in Sir Henry's gallery some of his earliest work, now the property of the nation. Then Lord Leighton, better known as Sir Freder-

ick, and Sir John Millais dying in the same year, and Stacy Marks, who survived his old friend Leighton not quite two years.

All these artists found their earlier selves reflected in work hanging on the walls of the picture gallery built in the garden at Streatham. Dinner over, the company assembled in the gallery for a smoke. To me nothing was more interesting than to see men like Millais, Leighton, Alma Tadema, Orchardson, Luke Fildes, Frank Dicksee, and Briton Riviere sitting contemplative before pictures painted at a time when they were still struggling into assured position. In the days of its fulness there was no private gallery containing so many masterpieces of modern British art as Sir Henry Tate's. His treasures are now on view in the Picture Palace on the Embankment with which he endowed the nation. What it must have cost him to strip his home walls of familiar and cherished treasures he only knew. But he made the sacrifice, as he did all things, cheerily.

For the first time for many years the Academy banquet of 1894 lacked the grace of the presidency of Sir Frederick Leighton. Stricken by a fell disease, he went off to Algiers, there to seek the absolute rest and quiet which the doctors peremptorily prescribed. A short time before he left I met him in Pall Mall, and was shocked at the altered appearance wrought in a brief interval. Up to within the last twelve months there was a breezy summer-day look about him, refreshing in the dusty world of London. His fresh-colored complexion, with the flowing necktie whose equally bright tint artistically contrasted whilst harmonizing, his bright eye, his brisk walk, his cheery talk, seemed to promise vigorous old age. He was not at this time sixty-five, as the almanac reckons. But the previous twelve months added as many years to his life. Angina pectoris was the dread disease that clutched him at an age when he might have reckoned upon enjoying some years of further opportunity of work. Sir Frederick possibly plumed himself more on his banquet speeches than on any other section of his Academy work. Year after year for seventeen years he was obliged to propose the same round of toasts, no slight task for an orator even of Gladstone's versatility and resource.

It is interesting to recall the fact that at the outset when there was talk of the imminence of a vacancy in the presidential chair of the Academy, the name of Sir Frederick's actual successor was not mentioned. It appeared reasonable that Sir John Millais, who filled the chair at the Academy banquet in the rare absence of the president, might expect to be nominated permanently to occupy it. But Sir John was himself getting stiff in harness, and the prevailing idea among painters pointed to the selection of a younger man. The favorite was Val Prinsep, who, apart from his position in the art world, had some special qualifications for the post. He was rich, well connected, and in personal appearance scarcely less decorative than Sir Frederick Leighton. He had not long been a full Academician. The circumstances attending his election were at the time regarded as significant. J. W. Waterhouse was in the running, and was by many severe critics regarded as standing on a higher level than Prinsep. His being set aside in favor of the latter when there was a vacant chair among the R.A.'s was regarded as part of an organized movement for bringing Prinsep to the front as candidate for the presidency.

In the late 'eighties visitors to the Royal Academy on private-view days would come across a gentleman wheeled round the gallery in a bath chair. It was naturally presumed that this privilege was reserved for a person of high distinction. As a matter of fact, the occupant of the chair was a gentleman in the tombstone line of business, hailing from far-off Aberdeen.

He obtained this exceptional privilege of admission to the Academy as he won another and rarer possession, by sheer persistency. If he wanted a thing he asked for it, and kept on asking till he got it. The importunate widow was, by comparison, an unenterprising person of retiring manner.

The worthy tombstone dealer's greatest triumph through a long and industrious life was the acquisition of a unique picture gallery. His idea was obviously founded on the Uffizi Gallery of Florence.

Aberdeen isn't Florence, nor was Mr. Macdonald's modest mansion a gallery of world-wide renown. But following the line adopted by the directors of the Uffizi Gallery, he met with amazing success. He wrote to an artist offering for his portrait done with his own hand some small sum, varying, I believe, from £15 to £25, according as the work would be in oils or black and white. He admitted the sum was inadequate, but he explained that he was forming the gallery with intent to bequeath it to Aberdeen. He rarely met with refusal, and when he died his collection was as valuable as it was rare. He did not leave it to Aberdeen, but to his wife, who, upon her death, faithfully passed it on to the city.

The last picture Frank Holl had in hand when death interrupted his work was a portrait of John Walter, of the *Times*. He had finished the head, making a striking likeness, but the rest of the canvas was a blank. It had been arranged that the painter was to receive £600 for his work, but as it was not completed the contract fell through. Sir William Agnew, acting in the interests of Holl's family, took the matter in hand, and brought it to a happy conclusion. At his suggestion Herkomer undertook to finish the picture. Mr. Walter gave him a sitting for the hands and figure, and Herkomer filled in the canvas, which thus, in these rare circumstances, embodies the work of two masters of their craft. Mr. Walter cheerfully paid £600, and Herkomer refusing to take a penny for his work, the whole of the sum went to Mrs. Holl. The picture is now in the possession of the chairman of the *Times* proprietorship, grandson of the subject.

I saw Frank Holl only a few weeks before his death at his studio near Swiss Cottage. He was looking a little languid and over-tired, but spoke bravely of the amount of work he had done and had undertaken to do. Nineteen portraits, he told me, he had painted in the year. I suppose he was earning more than any other living English artist. He was a silent man as a rule, never a good talker, but, like every great painter, observant. While painting his portrait of Gladstone he was much impressed by the magnitude of his head and by the pride he took in the size of his hat. He told me that Mr. G. made him feel his bumps, and pointed out how much more developed they were on the left side than the right.

Like other great painters, he seemed an imperfect judge of his own work. I don't think he at all appreciated the merits of his portrait of Lord Spencer. He much preferred Sir Richard Webster's (now Lord Alverstone), which certainly is not among his successes. His house, called "The Three Gables," was one of the handsomest in that street of palaces, Fitzjohn's Avenue. It stood next door but one to Pettie's. I don't know how much it cost to build, but it is no secret that Holl paid the purchase money out of a single year's earnings, and houses of Norman Shaw architecture in Fitzjohn's Avenue are not cheap. In his early days, when he was a painter in Camden Town, he certainly had to battle with poverty, and the sadness of his first canvases was due to personal surroundings.

Herkomer was a marvellous compound of vitality, genius, and variety. Master of the brush, he with equal success etched, engraved, and worked in metal. If he had not been a painter, he would have been a musician or an actor. Passion for the last profession assailed him midway in his career, and, as was usual with a new idea, took possession of him. In its pursuit he made a sacrifice from which most men would shrink. For years he was known in society and in the studios as the possessor of shapely whiskers, beard, and moustache. At a private view of the Academy some

time in the early 'nineties I was looking at a picture when a man came up, shook hands with impressive friendliness, and indicated some points in the canvas I had been studying. I turned and scanned the clean-shaven face without recognition. There was something familiar in the voice, and as he proceeded it flashed upon me that this was Herkomer, like Bottom, but in different fashion, translated. He told me he had written a play to be produced at his house at Bushey in which he would take the part of the principal character. As whiskers, beard, and moustache were incompatible with it, he ruthlessly sacrificed them.

Eighteen months before he died he wrote me a cheery letter on the state of his health:

My Dear Luey:

It is too bad that we have met so seldom, but I was for years not able to go out. Now I am *re-born*, with a *newly made* inside,* and after twenty years' constant suffering feel the perfection of health. I trust, therefore, after the holidays, to see more of you and Lady Luey.

My wife joins me in all good greetings.

Ever Yours,

HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

This reference indicates the performance of a marvellous surgical operation of the kind which restored the French General Gallifet to life after fearful wounds received at Gravelotte. In another letter he told me that, like Sargent, he had resolved to give up the profitable work of portrait-painting and devote himself to landscapes. With that object he drove about the country in his motor car sheltered from the inclemency of coming winter, and made sketches wherever he happed upon an attractive point of view.

During my editorship of the London *Daily News*, Herkomer approached me with a characteristic suggestion. He proposed that he should, anonymously of course, perform the functions of art critic of the paper. For reasons I do not remember the piquant prospect was not realized. Dining with me some eight years later I reminded him of the incident. He wrote on the following day:

Mar. 3, '94.

Dear Mr. Luey:

No, I fear I was rash when I suggested to you the desire to criticise work of art—I *do* speak on art matters, and speech is my form of expression, and I always have opportunities to give vent to my feelings. Besides, signed articles would cripple my hands—speech is different—

Thank you all the same. Certainly send Mrs. Lucy's fan; after the *20th*.

Yours ever,

HUBERT HERKOMER.

I had a most enjoyable evening with you. The fan alluded to was a birthday present to my wife on each blade of which some of the principal painters of the day drew an original sketch in black and white.

*I am a living Wonder of Surgical Art.

Books and Men

MR. HOWELLS'S SHAKESPEAREAN FANTASY.

Mr. Howells, attending an open-air performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at Cheltenham, had his attention attracted by two men who sat in front of him. They were of good height, but one was bulkier than the other, and seemed of a more cheerful disposition. At the end of the scene in which Bottom and his men rehearse their play, the slighter of Mr. Howells's neighbors leaned towards the other, and said:

"It always seemed to me that this was one of the places where you fell down."

"I know it," the stout gentleman acknowledged. "But it always got a laugh."

"From the groundlings."

"From her Grace herself."

"The taste of her Grace was not always to be trusted. In matters of humor, of fun, it was a little gross, no? A little rank?"

"She certainly had a gust for the high-flavored in anecdote; but I don't know that this scene is exactly of that sort. Coom to think of it, Oi——"

"*Coom? Oi?*" the other challenged.

"*Come* and *I*, Oi *mane*," the stout gentleman owned with a laugh. "I do forget my London accent mostly, now that I've got permanently back to my Warwickshire; it's so easy; after a language a dialect is like slippers after tight shoes. . . ."

It does not require a great deal of this conversation to convince Mr. Howells, and the reader of his book, that he is in the presence of the author of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He is in that presence whichever theory you hold about the authorship, for the other, the melancholy gentleman, turns out to be the ghost of Lord Bacon, as his companion of the Warwickshire dialect is the ghost of Shakespeare.

The travels and adventures of the two Elizabethans with the American are described by Mr. Howells in his new, and slim, volume: "The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon" (Harper; $1 net)—a title to which he honestly, and obviously, adds the explanation, "A Fantasy."

Together they go up to Stratford for the Shakespearean festivals, they experience difficulties—especially the ghosts—in finding lodgings, they visit the sights of the town, and talk about many things. They talk about the Baconian theory—a delusion which nearly puts Lord Bacon into a frenzy.

"Paucity of biographical material!" he roars, when Mr. Howells gently suggests that as a reason for the repetition of unpleasant stories about Shakespeare, "let me tell you that there is comparatively a superabundance of material, as Andrew Lang shows in his excellent book on 'Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown.'"

And he bangs the open page of the book in his hand. It is a copy of the Encyclopædia Britannica, by the way. Bacon has been reading up on Virgil. He goes on about Shakespeare.

"Far more is known of his life than of the lives of most other famous poets."

"Shakespeare smiled at me," writes Mr. Howells, "with a shrug of helpless protest, as if he would say, 'He *will* do it.'"

Later, Lord Bacon admits that he does not covet all of Shakespeare's fame. "I shouldn't mind having written the sonnets," he says, when their author was not by, "but the 'Venus and Adonis,' the 'Lucrece,' and some of the plays—excuse me! Honestly, would *you* like to have written 'Pericles, Prince of Tyre' or 'A Comedy of Errors'?"

Lord Bacon delivers a considerable address on Virgil. It rather bores Shakespeare, who takes refuge in watching a gardener—they are in the garden of New Place—trying to destroy some wasps. "He watched with a scarcely conscious smile the antics of the much-carbuncled gardener who had been pouring hot water down the wasps' nest in his flower bed and was stiffly capering about with the kettle in his hand to avoid the pursuit of the exasperated insects. As he finally disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, Shakespeare burst into a shout of laughter. . . ."

"May I ask," Bacon demanded, severely, "what is so very diverting in the suggestion I have made? We will not pursue it if you prefer not."

"Oh, it isn't that," Shakespeare choked out, "it's the ga-ga-gardener and the wa-wa-wasps!"

"I hadn't noticed," Bacon returned, with dry offence. "You must excuse my inadvertence," and he moved towards the house.

The ghost accompanies the living man to the Memorial Theatre, to the "Birthplace," and even to the church and grave. He talks most tenderly of his wife and of the son who died when a boy.

In the intervals, when the two great phantoms are absent, Mr. Howells wanders by himself in and about Stratford, engages in a quietly amusing quest for tea, is beset by the wasps which make tea-time in England (when accompanied by jam) an hour of peril, and has other pleasant adventures. The book would have been an agreeable book even if no ghosts had come from the grave—but I am glad they did come.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

THE HISTORY OF ILLINOIS.

For several years Prof. Solon J. Buck, of the University of Illinois, has been gathering data for a comprehensive bibliography of the history of Illinois. A section of the work, in three parts, has just been published by the State Historical Library. The first, and more interesting, portion is an account of the books of the earlier travellers and writters who visited or described the country now embraced within the limits of the State, from 1763, when the Illinois country was, by the treaty of Paris, transferred from France to Great Britain, down to 1865. The earlier books of the first French explorers are reserved for another volume covering the French régime in Illinois.

The books of Travel and Description in the volume before us are arranged chronologically by date of writing, manuscripts not printed until recent times being entered under their original date. The journal of Col. George Croghan, who was sent out by the Government after the treaty of peace of 1763, is entered under 1765, though it was first printed in a magazine in 1831. It is interesting to note that the first English book containing an account of Illinois printed after the British took possession is Major Robert Rogers's "Concise Account of North America" (London, 1765). The earliest book of real importance was Capt. Philip Pittman's "Present State of the European Settlements on the Mississippi" (London, 1770); Pittman having been an English engineer who was in the Illinois country from 1765 to 1768. It contains a series of interesting maps. Most of the eighteenth century books included in the bibliography are general histories like Mitchell's "Present State of Great Britain and North America" (1767); Entick's "Historical and Geographical Description of the British Empire" (1770), and "The History of the British Dominions in North America" (1773); but there is one other important book by a captain in the British army, who spent several years in the Illinois country. This is Thomas Hutchins's "Topographical Description of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and North Carolina," of which two editions were printed in 1778. A very rare pamphlet of fifteen pages, written in French, by a resident of Kaskaskia, "Invitation Sérieuse aux Habitants des Illinois," was printed in Philadelphia in 1772. Only a single copy is known, but should another come into the market, it would probably prove to be the most expensive book on Illinois in print.

In all, down to 1865, six hundred and sixty titles are given, generally with full transcripts and short collations, while numerous re-issues are recorded in the notes. Collectors of books on the Mississippi Valley generally will find this a useful compilation of books by many Western travellers such as Pike, Ashe, Schulz, Melish, Flint, Darby, James, Schoolcraft, Hall, and others who passed through Illinois, including also a large number of emigrants' guidebooks, gazetteers, and general works.

With books it is generally the small pamphlets which are the most difficult to procure. Sabin records a work by George B. Douglas, with the title "Valley of the Mississippi and Customs of the Indians," published in Philadelphia in 1858, which, if ever printed, has totally disappeared. The book is only known from a German edition printed in Düsseldorf, probably in 1858, with the title "Das Illustrierte Mississippithal," which is itself very rare. It is a volume of 431 pages, with eighty colored views, by H. Lewis, a landscape painter of St. Louis, showing cities and points of interest along the whole length of the river. It is generally entered under the name of the artist. While the book was certainly written in the English language, it is doubtful if it was ever printed.

The second part of Professor Buck's volume describes no less than four hundred and fifty-nine county histories, atlases, and local biographical collections.

The third section records various issues of territorial and State laws of Illinois from 1788 to 1913. The introductory matter to each of the three sections is interesting, and there is an elaborate index.

Correspondence

COLUMBUS'S NEW CHARTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial mention of the new charter of the city of Columbus, O., you say: "It is not easy to see why the principles of non-partisan election and preferential voting should not be applied to the Council as well as to the other elective officers."

As to the first matter, allow me to quote from the charter itself: "The ballots used in all elections shall be without party marks or designations." (Sec. 201.) And again, "Candidates for the office of City Councilman shall be nominated only by a non-partisan primary election." (Sec. 202.) The charter further provides that those candidates receiving the highest number of votes at the primary are to be on the ballot at the regular election, in number not exceeding twice the number of vacancies to be filled. (Sec. 205.) Whether this will secure the ablest Councilmen is a question for experience to answer, but it is certainly non-partisan.

It was felt by the Commission, and almost generally conceded, that to choose three or four men for Council by preferential ballot would so complicate the ballot that it would be a veritable mathematical problem. Perhaps they believed that the problem of choosing five men to conduct the affairs of the city was a heavy enough burden for the electors.

L. S. Paxton.

Columbus, O., May 18.

[Our information was obtained from Columbus newspapers. We are glad to have it corrected by reference to the charter.—Ed. The Nation.]

"THE RIGHT TO PUNISH."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your discussion of the right attitude towards malefactors, would it subvert your conclusions if the summarizing sentence were to read: ". . . It is necessary to hold, with clear conviction, without tremor or apology, that the right *to protect society from the criminal* rests on the solid foundation of the highest public expediency"?

"To punish" suggests to the average mind "An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth"—in a word, revenge. Its meaning actually is, to inflict pain, to chastise, to castigate, to chasten. Is it clear, without apology or tremor, that we ever have the right, deliberately, without his consent, to inflict pain on any human being? Society to exist certainly has the right to protect itself from everything that is noxious, harmful, or destructive; to segregate the contagiously diseased, the irresponsibly insane, and the criminal; to deprive them of their liberty until such a time, if ever, when they are no longer a menace to society. But that right does not imply the right to punish, in the old, familiar sense of the word.

Without a trace of weak sentimentality, but out of the deepest fountains of wisdom, justice, and pity, based on ample experience, it is quite possible to contrive a prison, the counterpart of the modern hospital and insane asylum, of which the discharged prisoner shall say: "That is the best thing that ever happened to me!"

Does the deliberate infliction of pain often win that reaction?

S. Marshall Ilsley.

Santa Barbara, Cal., May 11.

"THE HONOR SYSTEM."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If among the various honor systems of conducting examinations which have been adopted by the colleges of this country the definite article is to be applied to one *par excellence*, it may fairly be claimed by the honor system of the University of Virginia—not only because of its seventy-odd years of successful working, but because it has served as a pattern for so many other institutions. I hope I may be pardoned, therefore, if I err when I understand Professor Firkins's article in the *Nation* of May 7 as intended to apply to a system having the essential features of the one in use here. If this be the case, his misunderstanding, both of the spirit of the system and of the letter of its code, is almost complete. His misconception is shared by many college teachers who have not a first-hand acquaintance with the subject, and I believe it will be of interest to your readers to learn the essential features of the honor system of the University of Virginia.

The absence of the instructor from the examination room is *not* an essential feature of the system. If Professor Firkins's view of it as a bargain between the faculty and the student body to abolish surveillance in return for a written pledge were a correct interpretation of its spirit, I fully agree that it would be

"honesty by purchase"—and at too high a price. As a matter of fact, the instructor is supposed to be present; not as a spy, but to give dignity and formality to the occasion. Far from resenting his presence, the students prefer it. Nor is the honor system primarily a method of making honest men out of rogues.

As I regard it, there are four conditions necessary for the successful working of the system: a student body made up of men with a keen sense of personal honor; a tradition of uniform working; the written pledge, and a single penalty of dismissal for infractions of the code. Let us consider these in order.

In the first place, an overwhelming majority of the student body must be personally honorable. The percentage of men who could even be tempted to cheat must be very small. The honor system makes each of these students throw the cloak of his personal honor about the fair name of the university and the class; it makes of the individual consciences of the honest men a corporate conscience, powerful in moulding public opinion and in enforcing the law of the code. Its essence is the soul of democratic government. It is well known that the average student prizes the rewards and honors which his fellow students bestow far more highly than the empty academic honors which emanate from faculty approval. He is taught by the honor system to fear their judgments. The faculty takes no part in this; if an instructor has evidence of cheating, he lays it before the student "honor committee," which takes the matter out of his hands. The real gain to the university is not the honest examination. That is only a by-product. The gain is in the possession of a student body trained to self-government.

Secondly, there must be no failures of justice. An undiscovered cheat does little harm to any but himself, but it is essential that punishment should follow detection as surely as night follows day. It is this tradition of uniform working which gives to the student opinion its assimilative character, so that it moulds the usually susceptible freshman spirit until it enters into its full share in the understanding and guardianship of the honor of the university. This feature is very hard to copy; it is what makes the adoption of the honor system *de novo* by an institution a different matter from the adoption of a card-index system or the installation of a heating plant.

Thirdly, no feature of the honor system is more misunderstood than the pledge, and I have heard criticisms similar to those of Professor Firkins from a number of college teachers. The effect of the pledge is to make the offence specific. "Cheating" is a vague term; a man may obtain or give aid in an examination in various ways. It is hard for a body of students to estimate the moral obloquy attaching to this or that particular line of conduct, and in no case should they be required to do so. The honor system is not a system of ethics. It is a code, and any breach of the code should be as clear and definite as possible. The pledge accomplishes this. The offending student can plead no ignorance after signing that pledge, can make no claim that he failed to understand the requirements. "I, A. B., do hereby certify upon honor that I have neither given nor received aid during the time of this examination, whether written, oral, or in print, in giving the above answers." Here is no room for interpretation—he is not supposed to interpret. Even if he gives aid unintentionally, or receives it unwillingly, he is required to state the fact, and failure to state it is a breach of honor. And not only to the offender, but to his fellow students the pledge supplies a basis of action. The requirement of the pledge makes of the honor committee, not a set of judges to interpret the law, but a jury to determine the facts. The question is not, "Did A. B. do a dishonorable thing?" but "Did A. B. knowingly sign his name to a false pledge?" Honest men might differ as to the first question, but reasonable men would agree on the second.

Finally, there is the single penalty. Just as the honor committee is not required to interpret the law, it is not called upon to fix the sentence. The sentence is automatic and unchangeable.

I hope I have succeeded in removing some of the misconceptions to which I have referred. I have tried to show that the honor system is not a device to save the faculty trouble, neither is it an ethical system holding before the students a collection of abstract principles and monitions. In its essence it is student self-government, and a government by law. CARROLL MASON SPARROW.

University of Virginia, May 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to my article on the "Honor System," Professor Sparrow suggests that my misunderstanding of the system now in force in Virginia is "almost complete." I regret my unfortunate condition the more because it casts a stigma of negligence upon an institution which I unite with Professor Sparrow in respecting. Some two months ago I wrote to the president of the University of Virginia, telling him that I had written an article on the honor system which I was unwilling to offer to the public without some first-hand official information as to its practical workings in his University; I asked for printed matter, reports or bulletins, and begged him to add a single word of personal testimony to the effectiveness of the system in his own day. The president ignored my appeal to his private judgment, and contented himself with handing my letter to a graduate student of twenty years who shared with me in a very courteous and obliging way his personal experience of the workings of the honor system. There was, it seemed, nothing documentary or official to be shared. But let us see how far Professor Sparrow's interpretation of the system is subversive of my points.

He makes much of the instructor's presence in the room on test days in Virginia. But the instructor's departure from the room, both in my article and in life itself, is merely a pictorial symbol, so to speak, for that renouncement of supervision in return for which the student undertakes to play the part of an honest man. While this understanding persists, the objection is valid, whether the instructor leaves the room or turns his back or shuts his eyes or merely shuts his mind and his mouth.

Professor Sparrow lays down four conditions for the successful working of the system. The first two of these are "a student body made up of men with a keen sense of personal honor" and "a tradition of uniform working." These conditions restrict greatly the application of the system, and it is the question of suitability to schools in general rather than its prosperity in the parent institution that interests the public at large. The proposal to introduce the honor system into a given school disavows the existence of the tradition and hints pretty clearly that the standard of student honor is inadequate. In the absence of two of his indispensable conditions, Professor Sparrow's estimate of the probable fortunes of the honor system in these troubled institutions must be quite as lugubrious as mine.

The most interesting and the most curious part of Professor Sparrow's argument is the reason he assigns for the institution of the pledge. The jurisdiction of honor, it would seem, is universally and reverently acknowledged in Virginia, but the meaning of honor is so elastic that the only way to bind the most honorable man to any particular act of virtue is to pledge him beforehand to that act. Honest men might differ as to whether A. B. did a dishonorable thing when he gave or received aid in the examination; in other words, some honest men approve of cheating, others not, and the only way of circumventing the difficult class of honest men who endorse cheating is to pledge them at the outset not to cheat.

These are logical, not actual, consequences: I am neither so unjust nor so stupid as to accuse our brothers in Virginia—least of all the gentlemanly critic of my own views—of living up, or rather down, to the deductions from their philosophy. But I believe that the argument in question discloses the existence of a real danger, the danger that concentration on the merely verbal aspect of honor may diminish or confuse the sensibility to its other obligations.

O. W. FIRKINS.

University of Minnesota, May 17.

"ONE OF THE GIANTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If those who go to press every week or so on the subject of Mediævalism in graduate English study have time for facts, the following, taken from the Official Register of Harvard University, may be commended to their attention. I list ten primarily graduate courses for 1912-13, giving immediately after each the graduate registration. The courses of special study are placed by themselves.—Romantic Poets, 34; Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, 21; Early English (1200-1450), 19; Early English Metrical Romances, 19; Beowulf, 17; Carlyle, 13; Drama from 1590 to the Closing of

the Theatres, 12; Shakespeare, 12; Wordsworth and Coleridge, 11; Seventeenth Century Prose, 9. Special study was pursued in Anglo-Saxon by three graduate students, in Middle English by two, in Modern English (under the direction of Professors Greenough, Kittredge, and Neilson) by five, not counting the work in drama by two. Observing that Beowulf and the Early English courses fill comfortable berths between the seventeenth and the eighteenth century course on the one hand and Carlyle on the other, should you say either that mediæval studies are neglected or that they are cultivated at the expense of other subjects?

The following list of doctoral thesis subjects is instructive: William Godwin; Horace in English Literature from 1500 to 1800; Joseph Dennie and his Circle: A Study in American Literature from 1792 to 1812; Illustrations of Chaucer in the Life of the Fourteenth Century; Humanitarianism in the English Periodical Essay and English Poetry, 1700-1760; Dramatic Irony: Studies in its History, its Definition, and its Use Especially in Shakespeare and Sophocles; Celtic Influences in the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century; A History of English Stage Conditions from 1800 to 1870; English Pageantry: An Historical Outline. Note the subjects involving special study of the classics. And in this connection, should we not account it one of life's little ironies—not to say a piece of its general foolishness—that an accomplished classicist, whose English scholarship is based squarely upon classical learning, should now be accused of casting his influence against the humanities? Indeed, the thing is ridiculous; and must seem so except to those who confuse the humanist on parade with the humanist of solid attainment. To such persons we can only say: *Procul, O procul, este profani.* H. S. V. Jones.

University of Illinois, May 15.

SAINT-SAENS'S ESTIMATE OF GOUNOD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: M. J. G. Prod'homme, one of the best-known Parisian authorities on musical matters, has recently issued two volumes of documents, nearly all here published for the first time, bearing on the life of Charles Gounod ("Gounod: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres"; Paris, Delagrave). The work opens with a short Preface by M. Camille Saint-Saëns, who gives this estimate of his fellow-composer:

> Gounod tenta de faire en France ce que Mozart avait déjà effectué si heureusement en Autriche, un opéra tout ensemble vocal et instrumental, mélodique et symphonique, laissant à la voix le rôle principal, recherchant avec soin la vérité dans la déclamation, cette vérité, principe fondamental de l'ancienne Ecole française, que l'Ecole moderne, légère, coquette, ne cherchant qu'à plaire, avait eu le tort de négliger.
>
> Quels obstacles il eut à surmonter, ceux-là seuls qui l'ont vu à l'œuvre peuvent en avoir connaissance. "Vous ne réussirez jamais," lui disait-on; "vos œuvres ne sortiront pas d'un cercle d'admirateurs intimes." Il laissait dire et marchait dans sa voie.
>
> Les œuvres pondérées, discrètes de Charles Gounod, si elles font hausser les épaules à nos modernes esthètes, n'ont pas pour cela démérité près du grand public; celui-ci n'a pas cessé de se laisser prendre au charme de cette musique où la saine raison s'allie si naturellement aux voluptés permises, celles qui ne blessent ni l'oreille ni le goût.
>
> Est-ce à dire que les œuvres de Gounod soient parfaites? Non. Nul n'est parfait. Mais ce qui manque à Gounod est si peu de chose! Possédant à fond l'art d'écrire, cet art qui manquait à Gluck et même à Berlioz—deux génies!—il n'eut pas cette grande virtuosité de la plume dont certains maîtres ont fait leur gloire, mais dont certains aussi n'ont pu se défendre d'abuser, au détriment de la clarté, au détriment du bon sens. Dire simplement ce qu'on veut dire, le dire bien, le dire juste, n'est-ce pas quelque chose? C'est assez, c'est exactement ce qu'il faut dans la musique d'église, aussi trouvera-t-on dans le Temple ce que Gounod a écrit de plus pur et de meilleur; à certains égards, il est incomparable.
>
> Mais ce n'est pas là ce qui l'eût rendu populaire; pour le grand public, Gounod, c'est "Faust," c'est "Romeo." Il est bien à regretter que des scrupules, assurément respectables, aient empêché les héritiers de Gounod de laisser représenter "Maître Pierre," son œuvre posthume; il y a là des pages exquises, apportant à son œuvre une note inédite. Sa gloire peut s'en passer; ses admirateurs y auraient trouvé de nouveaux motifs d'admiration, de nouvelles raisons de chérir le maître que ceux qui ont eu le bonheur d'entendre sa voix charmeresse, de goûter son enseignement, n'oublieront jamais.

Theodore Stanton.

Paris, May 10.

THE GOTHIC ROMANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Chesterton has somewhere defined a Socialist as a man who thinks an umbrella and a walking-stick are the same, because both go into an umbrella-stand. What shall we call the historians of the Gothic Romance who class Beckford's "Vathek" with Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," because both contain thrills? Frequently the classification is made, explicitly or by implication. Prof. Herford, for example, says, "The novel of terror, created in jest by Horace Walpole, had taken imposing shape in the Oriental imaginings of Beckford's 'Vathek.'" ("The Age of Wordsworth," p. 92.)

Is there, as a matter of fact, any but the vaguest connection between the two, so far as either external or internal evidence shows? Shall we not, indeed, clarify all our muddy discussion of the sophisticated romances written under the Gothic revival, and afterwards, if we first make even such simple distinctions among them as the older romancers made among their writings?

> Ne sont que trois matières à nul home entendant.
> De France, et de Bretagne, et de Rome le grant.

The sophisticated romances of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, similarly, embrace matter of miracle, of chivalry, of magic, of myth, of pseudo-science. If we are to study creative impulse, contact with audience, and narrative workmanship in these romances (and little else in them is worthy of interest), we need to study them in these divisions. To group together all t' tales of wonder written in prose, as if they formed a school or carried on a tradition, leaves us with Chesterton's Socialist. Harry W. Hastings.

Hanover, N. H., May 20.

"ACROSS UNKNOWN SOUTH AMERICA."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Such marked publicity has been given to Mr. Henry Savage Landor's "Across Unknown South America," so many favorable reviews of it have been written by writers not conversant with the country discussed, and the two volumes are so imposing and attractive in appearance, that it seems desirable to call the attention of your readers to a review of this book written by Dr. J. C. Branner, which has just appeared in *Science*.

Dr. Branner, who has recently become president of Stanford University, is probably the foremost living authority on Brazilian geography.

Any one can see by looking at Mr. Henry Savage Landor's volumes that the only part of South America which he covered in his journey that was at all "unknown" was in Brazil. As no one is better qualified to speak authoritatively on Brazilian exploitation than Dr. Branner, I should like to call your particular attention to the following sentences from the review just referred to:

> After a few days in this "unknown" region he came out in the road leading from Rosario to Diamantino, and near the latter place took a canoe, without the necessary outfit, and descended the Arinos and Tapajos.
>
> Here again he seems to regard the region as unknown. But the Arinos and Tapajos, in spite of their many and difficult falls and rapids, have been navigated constantly for more than a hundred and fifty years.

After referring to various accounts of this journey printed in the older works of travellers, Dr. Branner goes on to say:

> If it is too much to expect that the writer of such a book should take the trouble to acquaint himself with the older literature of the subject, surely it is not unreasonable to expect him to look through the indexes of the Royal Geographical Society of London in order to find out whether the region he traversed was unknown. Volume thirty-two of the *Journal* of that society, pages 268-280, contains an account by Chandless of his trip down that river more than fifty years ago, together with his determinations of latitudes and longitudes. . . .
>
> Pages 181 to 230 of Volume I are devoted to the Bororó Indians, their customs, and legends. One is amazed at the great amount of material gathered by a person who knew nothing of the language. The length of his stay among them is not definitely given, but he left them before May 20 (p. 233), and as he had entered Matto Grosso May 11, it is clear that he was with the Bororós less than a week. . . .
>
> From a scientific point of view, such a book is not worthy of review space. The cosmic and ethnologic theories propounded in the preface, and the evidence on almost every page of untrustworthiness of statement, put it quite out of the rank of books that can be regarded as contributing to any branch of science. It is a great pity that so much energy and money should have been expended to such little purpose.

Hiram Bingham.

Yale University, May 18.

Literature

MONARCHS OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY.

Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking (from the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century). By E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.

The authors of "China Under the Empress Dowager" laid the world under obligations by writing the life of a woman of the East whose appetite for power was nearly equalled by her capacity for ruling; they present to us now a prologue and a sequel to their account of the "Old Buddha" in a review from contemporary sources of all the monarchs of the dynasty. To Mr. Backhouse must be ascribed the selection and translation of the material. Mr. Bland's share in the book is apparently that of the "practiced writer" who has employed his more experienced pen in the discursive remarks connecting the various translations. Only those familiar with the abundance and diffuseness of the originals from which these excerpts are made can appreciate the skill that has welded them into a volume of such dramatic interest as the one before us. To Mr. Bland are also probably due the reflections upon "the surface phenomena of Young China's political activities," echoing the opinions of his "Recent Events and Past Policies," reviewed in these columns last year. His skepticism as to the worth of the doctrinaire revolution of 1911 is fairly supported by its failure to transform a race attitude and political habits acquired by ages of experience. What he says supplies a proper corrective to sentimentalists in our part of the world who have misinterpreted the signs in the recent upheaval in China and imagined a complete reversal in the secular operation of an antique governmental system. But while we cannot expect and ought not to desire a denial of China's inheritance on the part of her people, change of a drastic sort is necessary before she can assume her rightful place among nations; and such a change Young China has at least initiated.

Even whilst we recognize that its shrill-voiced iconoclasm and loud beating of imported drums present but little justification for optimism, yet this, at least, must be placed to its credit, that its fervor of zeal for Western learning has been, and is, an intelligent protest—a conscious reaction—against the petrifaction of the Confucian system, against "the letter that killeth"; a wholesome breeze of dawn, stirring the dead bones in the dark valleys of Chinese tradition. The lamp which they have lighted can never again be extinguished; the old order must pass, giving place to the new. It will be well for China and the world if, in destroying the fetters of the past, the leaders of the people find grace and wisdom to seek once more the pure well of moral philosophy from which the early sages drew their sweetness and their light.

Those already familiar with the outlines of Chinese history will be curious to learn if these new sources materially modify the standard accounts. Only one statement seems to call for comment here, mainly because the authors follow Manchu rather than Chinese authorities. The conventional story of the establishment of the Manchus upon the throne of Peking attributes their success to the heroic decision of Wu Sankeui, that great Chinese commander preferring to invite the Manchus to the capital rather than to serve under the successful rebel Li, whose capture of Peking had driven the last Ming sovereign to suicide. Wu's moral greatness at this crisis does not appear to be of quite the same sort as that ascribed to him by Chinese historians. There is no question of his military genius; he must be placed high among the world's great captains, "but of his principles and patriotism," we are warned, "the less said the better. . . . His final decision, to throw in his lot with the Manchus against the rebel and violate his avowed allegiance to the Ming Heir Apparent, was due, not to love of his country, but to his passion for a certain singing-girl, of whom, after the fall of Peking, Li had deprived him." Upon the authority of a contemporary diary it appears that Wu first fought and defeated Li because the latter had taken the singing-girl into his harem; then, when Li in great straits sent him the girl, together with the acknowledged Ming Heir, he agreed to an offensive and defensive alliance with the rebel commander against the common enemy, on the basis of dividing China into two empires; but upon Li's retreating toward Peking the general joined the Manchus, renouncing both his treaty and his allegiance to the Mings.

The situation was extremely critical for all parties, and it is scarcely surprising that the testimony should be conflicting, but the Manchus proved themselves to be superior politicians and won their success by the promptness with which they saw and seized their opportunity. It was at this juncture that they showed their hand and gave Wu San-kwei no option but to throw in his lot with them, abandoning the Mings, or to fight against their superior forces. Wu hoped to be able to keep the Manchus busy with pourparlers while he carried out his plans and took stock of the situation at Peking, but Prince Jui, the Manchu Regent, suspicious of his intentions, hurried on from Shan-hai-kwan to Chin-chou. There, hearing of Wu's loyalist proclamations, he sent him an urgent message forbidding him to enter Peking in state and declaring that no Ming Emperor would be recognized. "Wu made his choice, and the Ming dynasty's chances of restoration went with it."

Wu's military prowess subsequently aided the Manchus, when for seventeen years the Chinese resisted their domination, but they paid dearly for it in the end. One of the few Chinese generals consistently loyal to their service throughout the period of the conquest, he was rewarded with the satrapy of the two southwestern provinces, where he held royal state and maintained an army of his own. But he rebelled at last, when K'ang Hsi, in 1674, undertook to reduce his independent authority, and carried on a war against overwhelming odds, which for sheer courage and desperation was one of the most amazing adventures of modern Chinese history. He died unbeaten in the fourth year of a fierce but futile reaction against a dynasty that had already proved its fitness to govern China. Wu is China's last great heroic figure.

With the wars and policies of K'ang Hsi—made known long ago to Europe by the Jesuit missionaries—this volume has little to do. It is not a history, or it might be accused of offering us a distorted portrait of her greatest monarch. As an amplification of history it is, however, both significant and thoroughly interesting. So graphic is the delineation of these documents that the whole nature of the man is made plain, shifting from strength to silliness, from dignity to pettiness, until we see him at last stripped in the nakedness of truth. Such a view of an Oriental despot is rarely vouchsafed to Occidentals. He began his reign as a child under a regency appointed by his father, but at the end of five years, aided and abetted by a strong-minded grandmother, he dismissed the regents, partly, we are told, through displeasure at their treatment of the Catholic fathers at the capital, and assumed the government at the age of thirteen. One of these regents, the Duke Ao Pai, was quite too powerful to be crushed off-hand. While visiting the palace of his grandmother to consult her upon a safe method of dealing with the haughty Minister, K'ang Hsi found a eunuch throwing dice, and, taking them up, made a cast on his own account. They fell, as it happened, "all different"—the highest possible throw in the Chinese game—upon which the old lady exclaimed, "You needn't fear him any longer!" The young Emperor was so heartened that he immediately got the Princes together to consult upon the proper punishment for the offending grandee. There is no one so great, it appears, as to be regardless of support, even on an Asiatic throne. The Emperor of China has never been safe unless he could count upon the backing of

the members of his family and the palace officials. The authority of the old Dowager also calls for comment, here as in other incidents. No decisive step was taken in her lifetime without consulting her, and wisdom in the present instance seems to have been justified in her children, for by advising against Ao Pai's execution by the "lingering death" and in favor of a gracious permission to commit suicide, she prevented a dangerous palace *émeute* on the part of his numerous henchmen.

K'ang Hsi had thirty-five sons, twenty-four of whom attained to manhood. The domestic history of his long reign is retailed here as a striking indictment of the results of polygamy partially to "explain the failure of the East's patriarchal system as an integrating social force." The conclusion advanced is not altogether obvious, for European history in the days of absolutism reveals about as much discord within its dynastic houses as does Asiatic. The great Ottoman Sultans met this difficulty in a masterful manner by murdering their brothers before they could imperil the succession by fomenting rebellion; polygamy cannot in their case be accused of producing a weak or incapable line of rulers. Among the Manchus, as among the Mongols who preceded them in China, the decay of the family on the throne seems to have been due to the enervating influence of a culture higher than a semi-barbarous race could endure, while a continued peace deprived them of their normal occupation of fighting. K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung, its two great monarchs, wisely employed their warlike clans in extending the limits of empire, but when the task was accomplished by the conquest of every territory within reach of their arms, the Manchus displayed no ability in amplifying the institutions of an ancient state or in so ordering its economic life that it could profit by the commercial and industrial expansion made possible by intercourse with Europeans. While the inception of a "hermit nation" policy, checking the normal advance of the country, cannot truthfully be imputed to the Manchus more than to their Chinese officials, we may see that the desire for isolation was inspired in each of the two races by different motives. The Tartar was indifferent to trade and did not care to promote it; the Chinese, desiring trade intensely, feared the competition of new peoples. All this has been changed recently; but while the Chinese, abandoning his high-protection theories, is able to live and learn, the Tartar, deprived of his old vigor by two centuries of palace life, sinks helplessly into that stronger racial mass which has absorbed so many of the same masterful stock.

To the disorders arising from family dissensions in the reigns of K'ang Hsi and his son was added the demoralization of government by favorites under his grandson, Ch'ien Lung. This Emperor's Grand Secretary, Ho Shun, a Manchu guardsman raised to the highest office in the empire, amassed by incredible rascality a fortune roughly estimated at seventy million sterling, which was, of course, taken from him when the day of reckoning came at the accession of Chia Ch'ing. The example of his prodigious and systematic corruption demoralized the whole official class of the empire under whom, as in every patriarchal government, the morals of the people suffered deterioration when they began to reflect the disorders of those in authority over them. So matters passed from bad to worse in capital and country during the whole nineteenth century. With the ascendency of favorites at court came inevitably the return of eunuch influence, the peculiar curse of the Ming dynasty, and the canker which eats into the heart of all despotisms where the harem is maintained. We know already something of this influence in the story of the Empress Dowager and her myrmidon, the eunuch Li Lien-Ying. Her successor, Lung Yü, Kuang Hsü's widow, imitated her in establishing one Chang Yuan-Fu as head eunuch of the household, and into his supple hands were gathered during the brief course of the regency powers so considerable as to make him in fact the Government of China. A story is told of this insolent parasite having a duke of the Imperial line publicly whipped by his retainers at a horse-race, and so completely did his mistress regard herself and her retainers above the law that no one was punished for the scandal. This occurred only a few months before the Manchu dynasty, their ill-gotten gains and their misbegotten issue, were swept from the throne. One cannot regret their fall. If this volume has a moral, it is that the Tartar clan, under which China has been so humiliated before the world, was incorrigible, and that the first step in her regeneration necessitated their removal.

Taken all together, we have in these pages a wonderful repository of the big and the little, the sublime and the stupid in old China. The book has a value, far transcending its interest as a series of stories and scenes, in relation to our estimate of the Chinese people and their ideas. It shows how far wrong we were a few years ago in our endeavors to interpret the motives of their conduct towards us, and to what an extent foreign speculation upon these matters was sheer guesswork. And when it came to guessing, the intuitions of some Americans, like Burlingame, who were laughed at for their opinions, prove to have been nearer the truth than those of many merchants and diplomatists of other nations.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Child of the Orient. By Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Under the thinnest disguise of fiction we have here another attractive volume of reminiscences dealing with domestic life in the Turkish capital, both Ottoman and Greek. Demetra Vaka is herself a child of the Orient and of Greek parentage, and her narrative begins with memories of childhood. She recalls her fifth birthday when her uncle presented her with a Greek flag and impressed it upon her that the flag stood for the highest civilization the world has known. He also reminded her of her duty to hate the Asiatic yoke and to rear sons for the great war of liberation. Convinced of the inferiority of Turkish civilization and of the falseness of its Prophet, the child endeavored to spread her views among her Turkish playmates. Nevertheless, the passive quiet of the Mohammedan life won her, and to the moment of her departure for America her closest friends were of the hated race. The book is rich in anecdote illustrative of the attitude of Turkey's Greek subjects to their masters. Amusing are the author's own escapades of childhood, which brought her into touch with extraordinary persons and places.

The Salamander. By Owen Johnson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

What Will People Say? By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Bros.

The meaning of a city is always written large in its women. The French understand this, and their language permits them a graceful expression of the correlation between Paris and the Parisienne. We have no name for New York's feminine product, nor has her existence been very fully recognized in our literature. This is the advantage that Mr. Johnson and Mr. Hughes shared when it occurred to the former to write the drama of the Girl and the City, and to the latter to record afresh one of the ever-recurring fatalities of passion.

In his choice of a heroine Mr. Johnson was blessed with a bright idea —the idea alluringly developed in his "Foreword." The Salamander of the preface is a phenomenon we have all watched and wondered at—the innocent adventuress, precocious at substituting the vivid enterprise of being a woman for the dull problem of self-support, who has acquired the rudiments of her curious art somewhere in the obscure hinterland of the interior and is drawn to New York like a moth to the flame. The degree to which she can safely make good looks serve in lieu of any other livelihood is, of course, the chief point upon which

speculation centres. With some lack of discretion, it seems, Mr. Johnson has gone the full length, and represents his golden-haired Dodo as subsisting altogether upon the proceeds realized from the gifts of admirers (a whole host of these kept in a state of properly respectful subjugation), yet all untempted by the powerful capitalist who wants her for his mistress, or the theatrical manager who proposes to marry and star her. A further moot point—what becomes of a Salamander?—is settled by letting an ex-inebriate (saved by her influence and possessed of a comfortable number of millions) marry her just in the nick of time to prevent her elopement with an unhappily married city magistrate. It will be seen that the author himself has quickly put an end to all interest except that inherent in the development of an amusing absurdity. He recognizes the Salamander as the baffling little animal she is, surmises that hers is merely the brief impunity of youth, but goes no further towards explaining her. In his anxiety to keep her lovable, he has reduced her to a dainty impossibility, a pretty actress giving an exhibition of childish incorrigibility in a stage picture of New York.

"What Will People Say?" is a much more vigorous piece of work. The author has seized upon the current dance craze as a mood of civil self-revelation. He has written with some verbal gesticulations that are truly extraordinary, not to say grotesque, yet after all not inappropriate to a tale of the barbarous tango era. It is word-slinging, nothing less, and often of the rudest sort, but surprisingly deft in conveying a lively impression of New York, characteristic sights and sounds, sensations of speed and danger, costly perfections, ostentations, crudities, and always the smell of money in the air. His heroine is the cool-headed society girl who understands everything except the passions latent in her own heart. A loveless marriage puts her at their mercy with no defence beyond an instinctive dread of scandal. She is the tragic exponent of all this need of luxury and excitement bred by artificial conditions, very lovely in her exotic perfection, very pitiful in her helplessness before the tempest—a life lacking the beauty of any guiding principle, lived in a hurry without time to think. Wherever else the author's artistry fails him (and the plot is the oldest known to man and clumsily patched at that), the conception of this character at least seems to us very fine. Not less interesting is the genuine thrill of enthusiasm with which Mr. Hughes communicates his discovery that an old cosmopolitan truism can flourish admirably in our own soil—"He only knows a city who has loved its soul in a woman."

"AFRICA FOR THE AFRICANS."

The Real South Africa. By Ambrose Pratt. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.50 net.

Whatever opinion may be held as to the general conclusions at which Mr. Pratt has arrived, there can be no doubt that he has written a book of extraordinary interest. In undertaking to give a picture of the "Real South Africa" he has essayed an ambitious task, and it is certain that, particularly in South Africa itself, some of his conclusions will be bitterly criticised. Mr. Pratt accompanied Mr. Andrew Fisher, the Prime Minister of Australia, when the latter visited South Africa in 1910, "to convey to the people of the South African Union the fraternal greetings and good wishes of the people of the Commonwealth of Australia on their achievement of union" (we quote from the introduction written by Mr. Fisher), and some of the material included in the present volume was contributed originally to the Melbourne *Age*. The author possesses the instinct for news of the trained journalist, and adds to an indefatigable industry in the acquiring of facts the gift of presenting them in an orderly and readable manner. Furthermore, he has spared no pains in going to the first sources of information and his arguments are supported by liberal quotations from Government reports and statistics. On the other hand, it may be argued that it was hardly possible in the course of a comparatively brief visit to gain an experience of the country sufficiently comprehensive to warrant as definite a statement of conclusions as he gives us, and it will almost certainly occur to those who differ from him that his investigations, with however honest an intent they were undertaken, may to a certain extent have been influenced by preconceived ideas and by the sympathy with the point of view of labor that is to be looked for in an Australian.

The British jingo who still considers the South African war to have been a just and holy enterprise and is fond of alluding to the new dominion as "the brightest jewel in the crown of empire," will find little comfort in these pages; but neither will those who used to be termed Pro-Boers. The two parties in South African politics are, in his view, playing the same game that Mr. Chesterton accuses politicians in England of playing, but with a more sinister purpose. They have their petty differences and are sharply divided along racial lines, these differences showing themselves principally on questions of language and education, but "apart from that they aim at cognate goals, they profess the same ideals, and their policies are undistinguishable. Both parties are essentially conservative." The business of the Dutch Nationalists is to look after the Boer farmer and to protect him from taxation, and in return for this they are willing to let the British Unionists have their way with the mines, whose interests they represent. Both are banded together to check the rise of the native from a position of virtual servitude.

The native question is the crucial one in South Africa, and Mr. Pratt preaches from the text, "South Africa is a black man's country." The root of all the evils which afflict the land, as Mr. Pratt sees it, is in the pernicious caste system which has been substituted for slavery, and this system, while putting grievous injustice on the black, is working even more insidious harm for the white population. Through it the black man has attained a practical monopoly of the unskilled labor of the country. Work that a Kaffir can do a white man must not do; that is the unwritten law of the land, and it has its consequence in an alarming spread of indigence among the white population. Those who have not been trained to skilled labor—and the enervating caste system tends to deny to most of the rising generation the opportunity of being so trained—are destined not to labor at all. Mr. Pratt sums up the situation pessimistically as follows:

> For the unskilled laborer, the farm hand, the moneyless agriculturist, the shop assistant, the clerk, and the professional man, South Africa has little to offer save a miscrable existence and a pauper's grave. There are thousands of such people scattered all over the country seeking work and finding none; eating the bread of charity and living by crime.

These are the people who, to quote from the report of a Royal Commission on ndigency, "are bound to join the ranks of those who have already become the victims of the caste system—the poor whites."

It is interesting, in this connection and in view of recent events in South Africa, to read Mr. Pratt's estimate of the Labor party, as he saw it, in the owly position of which at the time he ound "something infinitely pathetic":

> . . . its ideals are broad-minded, progressive and democratic, without being tainted or defaced with rabid Socialistic doctrine. It aims at the establishment of a South African democracy; the opening up of the unskilled labor market to the whites; the destruction of caste prejudice; universal compulsory education; a standard living wage; an eight-hour day, and equality of opportunity for all.

Yet, we learn, "the Dutch Nationalists ignore its existence, and the Unionists treat it as a joke." The joke recently narrowly missed being on the Unionists, and the Nationalist Government recognized the existence of the labor movement to such an extent that it put the

country under martial law and exported ten of the leaders.

The black man, meanwhile, according to Mr. Pratt, is profiting by his opportunities and is gradually insinuating himself more and more into the field of white labor. Two opposite solutions of the problem are offered: to repress the black man by every means, which is the method that most appeals to the average South African, be he Boer or British; or to assist the Kaffir in his efforts to rise by affording him increasing facilities for educating himself. Whichever method be adopted, the author takes a gloomy view of the outlook for the white man. The South African natives are "naturally a capable and gifted people," and it will be quite impossible to keep them down. They exhibit a passion for education, in marked contradistinction to the phlegmatic Boer of the veld, who opposes education by every means in his power and even demands payment for allowing his children to attend school, and already there is a well-defined movement, centring in the Ethiopian Church, which has for its motto "Africa for the Africans." The hopes of the black people are focussed on Basutoland, the independent negro state, subject only to the suzerainty of Great Britain, concerning the development and resources of which Mr. Pratt writes a chapter of extraordinary interest, containing information of a somewhat startling character. From here is expected to come the salvation of the race, and Mr. Pratt hardly disguises his conviction that the day will come when the question of the supremacy of black or white will have to be decided on the battlefield.

For the Boer of the veld Mr. Pratt has little admiration. He is an anachronism, lazy, shiftless, dirty, and ignorant. His methods of farming are obsolete, and he is satisfied to produce a bare subsistence for himself and his family. The work of the farm, such as it is, is done by Kaffirs; the Boer lounges on his stoep and smokes.

> The veld Boer's ideals of life are sensual. He exists for the pleasures of the flesh. He eats hugely. He marries early. He lives in his wife's apron pocket. The woman who commands universal Boer admiration is the sturdily built, well-sexed house frau—the big feeder and big breeder.

The fine physique of the race is a striking illustration of Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest:

> The truth is that the average Boer farm house is no nursery of weaklings. The surroundings are so filthy, insanitary, and rough, and the Boer housewife's ignorance of the simplest duties of motherhood is so dense, that, although many babies are born, few outlast their infancy. Child mortality on the veld is positively appalling, and were it not that the Boers are enormously prolific the race would have long since tapered towards extinction.

On the other side of the picture, however, is the small class of cultured Boers, of whom Mr. Pratt says:

> It would be impossible to discover, the wide world over, a stronger, and in every sense a more satisfactory, human type. The women are bright, intelligent, and witty. The men are little short of intellectual giants. Educate the average Boer, and the result is a man whose mentality, strength of character, energy, initiative, and resource can compare favorably with the highest types of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Subject to the reservations which we noted at the beginning of this review, Mr. Pratt has written a book of great value, one that should be read with careful attention by all who are interested in the problems of the British empire, and one, too, that reflects infinite credit on the school of Australian journalism.

MEXICO VIEWED BY AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST.

Modern Mexico. By R. J. MacHugh. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

After accompanying the Servian army in the Balkan War, Mr. MacHugh was sent by the *Daily Telegraph* to investigate Mexico. He has performed his task well, and his methodical handling of materials shows that, however brief his visit, judicious use of the best authorities available and the serious efforts of a trained and balanced writer have produced one of the most satisfactory of recent books on this subject. It is true that his work discloses no hitherto unrevealed solution of the Mexican problem; his style seldom rises very high, but neither does he betray the absurd ignorance of some journalists. He marches steadily forward; his fixed opinions, due to lack of sympathy with the American point of view, or to British prejudices, are entirely apparent, deceiving nobody; and he succeeds in preparing an informed report of the conditions which may be received as wholesome and sound.

In introductory chapters the author outlines what is known or assumed of Mexico before the Spaniards came, and traces the transition from colonial dependence to independent disorder. Independent Mexico presents a difficult problem for summarizing. Mr. MacHugh refers to such excellent sources as Noll's "From Empire to Republic" and Mme. Calderon de la Barca's "Life in Mexico," but his emphasis is sometimes mislaid, and insignificant points are presented when they deserve no place in so brief a review. His treatment of the Mexican War of 1846-48 is indeed more just than that which many American historians have accorded it. The discussion of Maximilian's empire is unusually able, coming from a writer evidently familiar with the history of European diplomacy and finance. He brings out the interesting point of the projected arrangement between the Mexican leaders at that time and the seceding States of the American Union. The most admirable writing in the whole book is inspired by the unhappy end of Maximilian's rule.

In the seventh chapter, Mr. MacHugh traces the gradual development of the present situation from conditions in the closing years of Porfirio Diaz's Presidency. The causes and relations here traced surpass in detail and logical sequence most other accounts. He even mentions the recourse which President Madero had to spiritualism, and he takes into consideration many factors which have escaped the attention of other writers. One must differ with him, however, in his refusal to allow the Zapata movement political significance. Agrarian troubles, which this movement represents, certainly constitute one of the most difficult and fundamental of Mexico's problems.

A report on Mexico's resources—industrial, mineral, and agricultural—is so glowing that it reads like a promoter's prospectus, and yet it is all justified and authoritative. British enterprise and capital are mentioned rather often, but it is well to be reminded that there are other interests in Mexico besides ours. The development of electrical power from the falls at Necaxa by the Mexican Light & Power Company is a notable monument of such interest.

In the concluding chapter on Mexico and the United States, Mr. MacHugh records the large amount of opinion on his side in believing that "the policy of President Wilson is a mistake." He also notes the remarkable similarity between the President's attitude and that of Gen. Carranza, in demanding the elimination not only of Huerta, but of his Government as well. He is plainly mistaken, however, in another assertion:

> One unpleasant feature of the situation as between the United States and Mexico—at least so far as Great Britain is concerned—is that there is a party in the United States whose opposition to Gen. Huerta is based on the assumption that his Government was rendered possible by the support of British interests in Mexico, and that they are bound, as a matter of policy, to oppose it.

Mr. MacHugh, at the time of writing his book, feared that since the American people are "subject to very remarkable outbursts of sentimental public opinion," if Americans were murdered

in Mexico, "the United States Government would find itself face to face with a popular demand for intervention which it could not possibly refuse." The case for annexation is presented thus:

From the European point of view, so far as the internal peace and welfare of Mexico and her people are concerned, there is little doubt but that United States intervention would, after a certain period, be the very best thing that could happen, especially if it were followed by the establishment of something in the nature of a protectorate over the Mexican republic, similar to that which is exercised over the republic of Cuba. The United States would then become a guarantor for the maintenance of peace and settled conditions, and whatever injury might be inflicted upon the national sentiments of Mexicans, the material prosperity of the country and her people as a whole would benefit enormously from the new order of things that would be bound to result.

Yet Mr. MacHugh reminds us that the French under Napoleon III tried to subdue Mexico with an army of 200,000 men, and he estimates that at least a quarter of a million men would have to be maintained by us in Mexico for a decade or longer, and that the cost would be incalculable.

In view of the scope and detail of this work, the errors of fact and the misprints are comparatively few. "Licenciado" is often misspelled, however, as is the name of our former Minister, Mr. Poinsett. Although Señor Lascurain enjoyed the Presidency for only twenty-six minutes, he does not deserve to have his name given as Lauriscan in one place and Laurican in another. Texas would rise in arms again at reading April 23 as the date of the battle of San Jacinto, instead of April 21, and Senator Bacon would scarcely have been pleased at the reference to him as "Señor Bacon."

Most interesting of the few genuine errors is the author's distortion of judgment regarding General Felix Diaz. Throughout he speaks of the General in terms of admiration. He even regards him as the possible "*deus ex machina* who can restore public order." Testimony to his character and ability is presented in his record as Commissioner of Police for Mexico City. He is actually credited with having been the real leader of the successful revolution against Madero. The support of Porfirio Diaz and the administrative ability of Governor Landa y Escanon were, however, what maintained General Felix Diaz as Commissioner of Police, and General Mondragon far outstripped the younger man in the arts of conspiracy and revolution. The ease with which Gen. Huerta eliminated young Diaz from the situation, and the subsequent failure of the latter's pretensions, seem to establish his weakness.

GEN. REYES ON PANAMA.

The Two Americas. By Rafael Reyes. Translated by L. Grahame. Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

Gen. Rafael Reyes, ex-President of the Republic of Colombia, made a tour through the two Americas, in which he visited several of the larger republics. Numerous articles based on his experiences were published in the New York *Times*. Gen. Reyes speaks excellent English himself, but was, nevertheless, fortunate in having had his essays translated from the Spanish original by Mr. Leopold Grahame, who was for many years the editor of an English journal in Buenos Ayres. These articles have now been considerably revised and put in the form of a book. Coming from an ex-President of that South American country which has been dealt with more harshly by the United States than has any other, this book is noteworthy for its moderate tone and its marked desire to increase, as far as practicable, that friendly recognition of the other nation's laws and usages commonly called international comity. Gen. Reyes makes some interesting animadversions on the now much-discussed Monroe Doctrine, in which, although assuming a very friendly attitude towards the United States, he says:

President Monroe proclaimed the doctrine of "America for the Americans," which surely implied that that eminent statesman included the Ibero-Americans as well as those of the north. The devotees of modern Imperialism in the United States appear to reject this view by their belief that the term "Americans" signifies only those born under the Stars and Stripes; and that they are the absolute owners of the two Americas, although, as I have already said, that spirit of mischievous exaggeration is, happily, confined to very narrow limits.

One wishes that these limits were so narrow as to leave no room for further misunderstanding on this subject.

The portion of the book which covers some of the smaller republics that Gen. Reyes did not visit is rather dull. On the other hand, the chapters dealing with the author's own early explorations, and the paragraphs relating to the Panama Canal, will be found very profitable reading. Particularly striking, in contrast with a certain recent Autobiography, is Gen. Reyes's modest statement of the difficulty which he met in attempting to put down the revolution in Panama in 1903:

A few days later, when my Government placed me in command of a military force to reëstablish order in the Isthmus, these cruisers prevented our landing, and, being then unaware of the causes of the attitude so taken up by the United States, I directed a note to the commanding officer, Admiral Coghlan, requesting to be informed on the subject. The reply to that note by Admiral Coghlan simply stated that "his peremptory orders were to prevent the disembarkation of Colombian troops with hostile intent within the limits of the State of Panama."

. . . At that time the Colombian army consisted of 10,000 men under arms, a force more than sufficient to have suffocated the rebellion in Panama if the Government of the United States had not prevented the embarkation at Puerto Colombia of the troops under my command, and at Buenaventura, in the Pacific, of others under the command of various general officers.

To conclude this narrative of the circumstances in which Colombia was deprived of her sovereignty and her territory it is only necessary to add that, having prevented the Colombian Government from using the forces at its disposal for the suppression of the revolution, the United States Government, with unusual haste, within two days of the declaration of its independence, recognized the republic of Panama as a sovereign and independent State, and fourteen days later entered into a treaty with that republic guaranteeing its independence, and providing for the construction of the canal in that territory.

Even to those unaccustomed to the methods adopted by the nations of the world in the recognition of newly formed States, the action of the United States in relation to the republic of Panama can leave no doubt in the minds of intelligent persons that it was a wide departure from conventional custom.

Rarely has an actor in a bitter political drama spoken so moderately of the deeds of his opponents.

A LAND OF FASCINATION.

Picturesque New Zealand. By Paul Gooding. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

We cannot be too grateful to the author of this work for reminding the world that New Zealand is something more than an economic laboratory. Without minimizing in the least the importance of the colony's sociological and industrial innovations, we are glad to read that the main purpose of these chapters is to afford a panoramic view of the group of islands that form one of the outposts of the British Empire.

New Zealand itself stretches a thousand miles along the Tasman Sea, which separates it from Australia, its extreme breadth being only a fifth as great. Its governmental jurisdiction, however, covers forty-two degrees of longitude and forty-five of latitude. Its northernmost possession, near the pearl-shell lagoon of Penrhyn, is only eight degrees below the Equator, while its southernmost limits, the mountainous Campbell Islands, are more than three thousand miles from Penrhyn's Shoals. The largest land divisions of the colony are the North Island, about the size of Pennsylvania; the South Island, approximating the area of Florida; and Stew-

art Island, slightly more than half as large as Rhode Island. New Zealand is largely mountainous; consequently less than half its surface is suitable for agriculture. In the South Island, the more mountainous of the two main islands, elevations of from eight to ten thousand feet are common. In the North Island few of the mountains are more than four thousand feet high, and only on the loftiest of them, steaming Ruapehu, are glaciers found.

Climatically, New Zealand has been likened to Italy, with which it closely corresponds in latitude. To a large extent it is a rainy land, but as most of the precipitations are at night and in the early morning, parts of it have sunshine records equal to some of the best obtained in Italy. The climate is varied and healthful; in the last twenty years the average annual death-rate has been less than ten per thousand, one of the lowest rates recorded anywhere.

Obviously, this is a land of high destiny—and yet a destiny beset with difficulties. In 1642 the Dutch navigator, Abel Tasman, got sight of it, only to shun it, three of his crew being murdered by the Maoris. One hundred and twenty-seven years later came Capt. Cook, who also sailed away after a similar disaster to one of his crew. For many years thereafter European navigators, terrified by these and other tales of deadly strife and often bloody feasts, feared to land on New Zealand's inhospitable coasts. In 1814 the missionaries began to tame the Maoris, but white settlement did not really begin until seventy years ago. Troubles innumerable occurred for many years, and it was not until the early nineties that anything approaching stability was reached.

It would be hard to know where to begin or where to stop in noting the points of interest in these islands. Persons familiar with the Yellowstone geysers will wonder if they compare with those of the thermal region of New Zealand. Weird caves also abound. Mr. Gooding thus describes the Glowworm Grotto:

> As we approached it in the darkness, for effect, we saw what looked like a roof of gems. These "gems" were the steady gleam of thousands of glowworms, shedding day and night a dim light suited only to goblin worlds. On this scene the guide flashed a magnesium light. The result was startling. Hanging closely together from the roof were countless tiny pendants resembling fine wire strands and weighted with millions of drops of moisture. The whole formed one glistening, gently swaying screen across the damp ceiling. These filaments were the threads of glowworms. Looking down, we saw the glittering canopy reflected in a dark expanse of water.

He tells also of cañons and depths matching those of the Yosemite and the Grand Cañon of Arizona, and of mountains that rival the Swiss Alps. "The German," he declares, "is proud of the castellated Rhine; the Frenchman's eyes sparkle at mention of the historic Seine; the Englishman grows poetical over the upper Thames; the American points to the palisaded Hudson; and the New Zealander says, 'Behold the Wanganui.'" For the greater part of its length Wanganui flows through a deep gorge, with lichen-draped cliffs and higher, forested slopes. It has many rapids, and in passing through these the voyager has exciting moments. In the southwestern part of the South Island lakes and sounds divide the land among themselves, and ramble irregularly over the country, cutting into the heart of the mountain ranges, forming islands, peninsulas, and promontories, and receiving the waters of innumerable streams. In this region is Milford Track, "the finest walk in the world."

The tantalizing character of Mr. Gooding's descriptions is enhanced by the excellence of the numerous illustrations with which his book is enriched.

CHRISTIAN FAITH IN A JAPANESE SETTING.

The Faith of Japan. By T. Harada. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

To insure a sane and well-balanced judgment of the Japanese personality and people it is imperative to inquire sympathetically into their religious ideals and proclivities. Hitherto the faiths of the East have been so associated with feebleness and folly as to produce in the progressive Occidental an attitude of indifference and contempt. But the real power shown by Japan in her national and international development during the last quarter of a century, and the growing appreciation of the tremendous latent power of China—power that must be interpreted in a spiritual way—have been changing this attitude; and the public is prepared to welcome a volume such as that of Dr. Harada. Of all the colleges founded under missionary auspices in Japan, the Doshisha of Kyoto, of which he is president, has been the most successful. It was the result of the junction of two intellectual currents: ardent young Samurai from the island of Kyushu and able Congregational missionaries from this country. The leader among these young men was Joseph Neesima, a real personality, who has left his impress on the institution. It is pleasant to note that the present volume—essentially the "Lamson Lectures," delivered at Hartford Seminary several years ago—is "In Memory of My Teacher and Predecessor, Joseph Hardy Neesima, Educator, Patriot, and Christian."

In the chapter on Michi: the Way of Humanity, the term used in translating the Greek λόγος of the Gospel of St. John, there is a significant paragraph. It is well known that modern Hegelianism, which has been of such aid in the reaction against materialism, has been fructified from the Orient. Dr. Harada says:

> As one studies the religious and ethical ideas of the far East, it becomes increasingly evident that the Oriental mind is indeed intuitive, mystical, and poetic rather than strictly rational, scientific, and practical. . . . Certain scholars are disposed to make light of what does not submit to analysis or allow of expression in scientific terms, failing thus to grasp its real, though elusive, content. Yet the unrationalised protoplasm of psychic life is coming to be recognized as the matrix of the greatest influences, the most far-reaching forces of soul control, exercising a power in the lives of the people far greater than that of any conceptions which are clearly defined and easily grasped by the intellect.

None of the various faiths that have taken root in Japan, Shinto, Confucianism, Buddhism, has been monotheistic, insisting on what the Shorter Catechism calls in its opening statement "the chief end of man, to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." Consequently, sin as something hateful to God and demanding a penalty as from a taskmaster, is alien to Japanese thought. Recognizing no divine Judge, the Japanese have little dread of a coming punishment after death. Pantheistic Buddhism, polytheistic Shintoism, positivistic Confucianism are alike silent on this theme. Dr. Harada associates the absence of any clear perception of a personal God among Japanese with the lack of a clear perception of the personality of man himself. "It follows that they have never attained to an adequate conception of the worth of the individual. Sometimes the idea of duty has been confused with the idea of submission to authority; blessedness has been identified with happiness, and sin has been confused with crime. Hatred of sin and love of righteousness have been but feebly felt."

Loyalty and filial piety, regarded as the two cardinal virtues by the Japanese, are at the heart of the teaching of Shinto and Confucianism. The seeming depreciation by Christianity of these virtues presents a great barrier to its reception in the Far East. Dr. Harada, in this connection, quotes the passage in St. Matthew where Christ declares that "He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." Still less to the liking of conservative Japanese is the more emphatic form of the saying in St. Luke, "If a man cometh to me, and hateth not his own father and mother . . . he cannot be my disciple." The solution of the difficulty is aided by Buddhist ideals, where the principle of renunciation or self-sacrifice holds a vital place. Indeed, later on in the same chapter in

St. Luke the saying is repeated in terms of renunciation. And the Cross, from the standpoint of self-sacrifice, declares Dr. Harada, presents no special difficulty to his countrymen. "Though the cross may be a stumbling block to Jews and foolishness to Greeks, it is not to the Japanese."

Mr. Y. Okakura, in his recent "Life and Thought in Japan," concedes that his countrymen are revengeful. Yet Dr. Harada asserts that they have a spirit of magnanimity, which is incompatible with revenge: and history seems to bear out his statement. The greatest of Japanese generals, low-born, "monkey-faced" Hideyoshi, was ever magnanimous to his foes. In the late war the Japanese treatment of their Russian prisoners was admirable. It is true that passionate loyalty, as in the case of the Forty-seven Ronins, often took the form of deadly revenge; but this may be regarded as the "defect of a virtue." Revenge has not been a ruling passion in the story of the people.

The late Baron Kato, at one time president of the Imperial University in Tokio, grimly disliked the Christian faith and published a book entitled "The Evils of Christianity." Yet there he admits its age-long devotion to philanthropic ministration, and its pre-eminence in this field. Dr. Harada would not, however, rest his defence of Christianity on what he terms "by-products" like these. He mentions five points where it seems to have appealed most strongly to his countrymen: a Father in heaven who completely meets their ideal; the personality of Christ Himself—pure, exalted, comprehensive; a positive, optimistic conception of life; a comparatively satisfactory world view which avoids, on the one hand, the extinction of personality, or Nirvana, taught by higher Buddhism, and, on the other hand, the physical paradise held out by popular Buddhism; and lastly, the innumerable examples Christianity produces of its power to produce repentance, transformation, and new life.

The introductory chapter has some details regarding Shinto which will interest women particularly. Among the thirteen sects that it includes, there is one of recent origin which approaches a monotheistic faith and makes Amaterasu, whose emblem is the sun, the Mother-God, whose sunny spirit pervades the universe, giving birth to all things by her light and heat, and unceasingly nurturing them all. Two other popular modern sects, Tenrikyo and Remmonkyo, have been established by women. It also contains an interesting account of the development of Buddhism in Japan, differing so markedly from its history elsewhere. Accepting the native gods or Kami as incarnate forms of one or other Buddha, the Indian faith was harmonized with the national consciousness and became secularized. But the chapter has nothing to say of the military type of Buddhist monk, which became a national menace in the sixteenth century.

The author, who contributes the article on God (Japanese) to Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," has a wide and accurate knowledge of his subject, and furnishes ample footnote references. It is a pity that the books mentioned, with details of place of publication, translations, and editions, are not given in a bibliography at the close. Some of the poems he quotes, translations of Japanese *uta*, require revision. Twice the vulgarism "lay" for *lie* spoils the whole passage; and on page 120 "vice-regent" appears for *vicegerent*. The diction throughout, however, with a few exceptions, including an awkward use of "claim," is idiomatic and clear, and the whole is a weighty contribution to a live subject.

Notes

The forthcoming publication of "The Great Society," by Graham Wallas, is announced by the Macmillan Company.

The Oxford University Press has in preparation an authorized translation, by G. McN. Rushforth, of Signor Rivoira's new book, "Architettura Mufulliana, sue Origini e suo Sviluppo."

"Punch and Judy," by Edwin Pugh, will be published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company on May 30.

The Century Company announces for publication next month "The Renaissance, the Protestant Reformation, and the Catholic Revolution," by Edward M. Hulme. The same publishers are bringing out a one-volume edition of Shakespeare's "Principal Plays," edited with notes and introduction by J. W. Cunliffe and others.

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish on June 13: "When Thoughts Will Soar," by Baroness Bertha von Suttner; "Broken Music," by Phyllis Bottome; "The Story of a Thousand-Year Pine," by Enos A. Mills. An English translation of Wassili Kandinsky's "The Art of Spiritual Harmony" has been added to the list of Houghton Mifflin's publications announced for June 3.

THE entertaining account of Thomas W. Wilby's attempt to cross Canada in an automobile from Halifax to Vancouver, contained in "A Motor Tour Through Canada" (Lane; $1.50 net), should help forward the movement for a national east-and-west road through the Dominion similar to the proposed Lincoln Highway. The book may not incite others to emulate Mr. Wilby's feat at the present time, but it reveals most graphically the splendid possibilities of such a route. The author left Halifax in August, 1912, over roads reduced to the consistency of a batter pudding as the result of weeks of rain. He drove through Truro and the beautiful Evangeline country, around Minas Basin, and up through the peninsula to the Tantramar Marshes on the New Brunswick border. From Moncton he followed the north shore of the Bay of Fundy to St. John, up the St. John River to Fredericton and Grand Falls, and on through Quebec to Rivière du Loup. The north shore of the St. Lawrence was taken from Quebec to Montreal, thence to Ottawa, through eastern Ontario to Toronto by way of Kingston and the Thousand Islands, and north to Lake Simcoe and North Bay on Lake Nipissing, over unspeakable roads, and with many breakdowns.

AT North Bay the plucky traveller was faced with the fact that there was no road of any description to the westward. He was reluctantly compelled to ship his car by rail to Sudbury, from whence a road of sorts took him to Sault Ste. Marie. There the situation became hopeless. No road of any kind was available around the north shore of Lake Superior. He must, therefore, take a steamer up the Lake to Fort William, and traverse by rail the roadless country between Fort William and Winnipeg. From Winnipeg it was comparatively good going over the prairie to Brandon, Moosomin, Regina, Moose Jaw, Lethbridge, and Macleod. Roads of very doubtful quality took him through the Crow's Nest pass to British Columbia and down south to the International Boundary, where fourteen miles westward had to be negotiated over the railway ties. Then came a zig-zag course up and down the beautiful British Columbian valleys, and finally down the Fraser to Vancouver. Some day it will no doubt be possible to cross the Dominion by a similar route and enjoy all the charms of the country with none of the discomforts.

QUEBEC politics and the working of municipal and parliamentary institutions are only slightly touched upon in Mr. Beckles Willson's book, "Quebec; The Laurentian Province" (Stokes; $3 net). In describing Montreal he is interested only in the best aspects of the city, and there is no suggestion that the city has also its slums. It is Sherbrooke Street and the St. James's Club that are emphasized. Moreover, while adequate attention is given to the iron, lumber, and wood pulp industries, and to farming, the author quite ignores Valleyfield and Ste. Hyacinthe, where, better than in the industrial suburbs of Montreal, French-Canadians can be seen as workers in the textile mills. Apart from these defects, Mr. Willson's book is one of the most comprehensive and satisfactory on the old French province that have been published in the last ten or fifteen years. His description of the place of the Catholic Church in the life of the province has seldom been excelled by a writer who was neither a French-Canadian nor a Roman Catholic. Mr. Willson is not invariably in agreement with the church; but its adherents cannot complain that he is unsympathetic. Similarly, the habitant has never had a more favorable interpreter than Mr. Willson. Occasionally it would seem that his admiration of the characteristics of

the French-Canadian carried him a little too far, as in his strictures on the author of the "Tragedy of Quebec." This is the story, as told by Mr. Robert Sellar, who has lived for half a century in Huntingdon, of the gradual displacement of families of British stock in the Eastern Townships by French-Canadians, and of the part that the church has played in the transformation of what was two generations ago the only English-speaking area of rural Quebec. The chapter on the Eastern Townships is scanty; for there is no mention of the large immigration from Great Britain that was organized by Edward Ellis—Bear Ellis, of Hudson's Bay and House of Commons fame—in the thirties of last century, at a time when in England it was deemed expedient that there should be a line of English-speaking colonists between the American border and the settlements of French-Canadians.

A BRIGHTLY written manual of information on the people, the missions, the hunting and fishing, and the possibilities in commerce and exploration of a semi-Arctic land, Cuthbert Lee's "With Dr. Grenfell in Labrador" (Neale; $1.50 net) represents special knowledge gained in a year's work as volunteer aid among the "liveyeres," or white natives, the Eskimos, the Indians, and the sailors of the coast. The author has a missionary purpose in what he writes; and his account of two narrow escapes from drowning, of his clerkship in Labrador's one court (of which Dr. Grenfell is magistrate), of storms on sea and land, and of hunting adventure, together with his sense of humor and color in native life, dissipates effectively any conception of the country as dull and bleak. He represents the "liveyeres"—the descendants of English fishermen intermarrying with Eskimos—as a hardy, religious, and picturesque race, and the land as one by no means without stern natural attractions. Dr. Grenfell writes a chapter upon its economic possibilities, with especial reference to his project, recently noticed in the daily press, of stocking Labrador with reindeer as a substitute for its fast-disappearing salmon and seals. Already a herd of twelve hundred of these animals is multiplying in Alaska; and, with proper funds and legislative encouragement, he believes that the barren lands of the peninsula can be covered with many thousands.

IF Mexico of to-day were only as charming and delightful as Mexico of 1840 appears in the pages of Mme. Calderon de la Barca, there would be little need for us to worry about the future. Few American countries have given rise to volumes of travel that have, or will, become classics. Mexico is an exception, and the editors of Everyman's Library have done wisely in recognizing this fact, and in issuing as one of their latest numbers that fascinating "Life in Mexico During a Residence of Two Years in that Country" (Dutton; 35 cents), whose first publication was largely due to the urgent recommendation of Prescott the historian. Originally published anonymously in 1843, these letters of the Scottish wife of the first Spanish Minister to Mexico achieved a deserved popularity. Even the critics received the book kindly, the *Athenæum* remarking that Mexico had hitherto never been visited "by any one gifted with so keen an eye and so pleasant a pen"; and the *Edinburgh Review* observing that the book has "all the natural liveliness and tact and readiness of remark which are sure to distinguish the first production of a clever woman." It is, indeed, the kind of volume which one may open anywhere and dip into with perfect assurance of being entertained.

IN "South America" (Macmillan; $2 net), Mr. W. H. Koebel, already favorably known for his excellent books on Uruguay, Argentina, and Chili, has attempted to give a brief history of the continent. It is not a success, and yet there are so few books like it that until a better one is written it must be reckoned with. There is no attempt at any analysis of the leading movements. Most readers will feel that too much space has been given to the Colonial period. There are too many names, and there is too little explanation of their significance. On the whole, the book is considerably below the standard set by the author's other works. It is one thing to be able to go into a country, analyze its present conditions, and give a faithful picture of prevailing tendencies, economic and political; it is quite another to digest the complex and kaleidoscopic histories of a number of different republics. There is still room for a good one-volume history, although the reader who has Mr. Koebel's latest work, for the early period, and Akers's "South America," for the latter part of the nineteenth century, should be able to arrive at a fairly good understanding of South American history.

IN the field of travel and description, Mr. C. Reginald Enock is apparently endeavoring to emulate what the late Andrew Lang accomplished in literature and criticism. Hardly has one laid down what appears to be his annual volume when another suddenly appears. This time it is "Ecuador: Its Ancient and Modern History, Topography and Natural Resources, Industries, and Social Development" (Scribner; $3 net). As an excuse for his temerity the author rightly contends that there has hitherto been no comprehensive book in English dealing with this troublesome microcosm. To be sure, Whymper's highly prized "Travels in the Great Andes of the Equator" will continue to be for most people a preferable means of getting the real flavor of the country. Whymper's volume is, however, already difficult to procure, and not at all comprehensive, so far as the republic is concerned, whereas Mr. Enock has endeavored to give a fair amount of space to history and geography, archæology and politics, flora and fauna. This Andrew Lang of peripatetic writers has a facile pen; he has procured some good pictures and a passable map, and he has tried to fill a real need. The demand for books about Ecuador is not so great as to make it likely that similar volumes will be required in the near future. It would be ungracious to criticise too harshly the work of a compiler who so obviously depends for his information on his own explorations, his own books, and the ever-useful encyclopædia, particularly as he has taken the trouble to collect a mass of information not readily accessible. It is significant that while most of the volumes of Scribner's excellent South American series have working bibliographies, there is none in this case. Although Mr. Enock can make no pretence of being an authority on Ecuador, his latest book is better than some of his earlier productions.

THE popular edition of Sir Ernest Shackleton's splendid account of his farthest south, "The Heart of the Antarctic" (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $1.50 net), calls for no special review, as it is merely a cheaper reprint of the author's earlier, more comprehensive work. The scientific results are omitted, the narrative including all matters of general public interest. The conventional result of a modern trip of exploration is a twelve-dollar, two-volume publication, which is beyond the purse of most persons; so that a less expensive reprint such as the present one is a real boon. Many of the excellent photographs of the other edition are scattered through the text.

BRITISH self-complacency amusingly crops out in Anne Warwick's "The Meccas of the World" (New York: John Lane Co.; $2 net). Of course, "the world" means Europe and a very small part of America. Moreover, it includes only the parts of Europe the author happens to have been enough interested in to visit—not Berlin or Munich or Athens or Florence or Rome, but Paris, Madrid, Vienna, and London. On turning the pages you discover that these oddly chosen cities are not meccas at all—they are a dramatic entertainment, in which, for example, Vienna is the children's performance and Madrid the broken-down actor. Under such varied and disconcerting figures does the writer present sketches and criticisms of the peoples she has eyed askance, of their manners and amusements, of their morals and women. In her imperfect sympathies she finds some pleasure in the frank love-making of the Parisians, looks indulgently on the child-like gayety of the Viennese, but is inclined to frown on the traditional pride of the Spaniard. Of the two latter she seems to have taken more than fleeting glimpses, but in the United States she becomes rather supercilious. In New York, crude, vulgar, ugly New York, she cavils vigorously even at our providing for comfort and convenience, at our demand for efficiency, and also at our opera. The further one reads the more convinced one becomes that the reason why England is perfect is that no other place except Spain has such respectful servants, and even in Spain they are apt to be suspicious. Yes, it must have been the domestics that inspired her to compose this unwillingly insular book.

NOT a few travellers in Italy would gladly acknowledge their indebtedness to the pleasant companionship of Mr. Egerton R. Williams, jr.'s, "Hill Towns of Italy" and "Plain Towns of Italy." Mr. Williams has now completed his trilogy with "Lombard Towns of Italy" (Dodd,

Mead; $1.75 net), which does for the district of Lombardy what the previous volumes have done for the cities of the Appenines and for Venetia. Those who, like the writer of this note, confess themselves held by the spell of that flat, fertile country, intersected with great *cavone*, dust-laden in the burning heat of summer, snow-covered in winter, the architecture of whose cities reflects the stern, independent genius of its people, will acknowledge and accept Mr. Williams's apology for seeming to rank this district as only "third in interest and fascination," and will agree with him that "there can be no real rank amongst those three most alluring provinces." In an admirable preface, the author summarizes so much of the general history of Lombardy as is indispensable to an intelligent interpretation of its art. A commendably clear map is in its right place, at the beginning of the book (facing the first page of Chapter I), and not at the end. As a matter of make-up, this map would be even more useful were it extended from a blank page, so that it might be consulted readily, without the necessity of turning back to it. All the cities of Lombardy are included in the volume with the exception of Milan, which, as the author explains, "would require a volume in itself," and of Como, which is omitted for the obvious reason that, as it is situated in a mountainous district, it does not properly belong to Lombardy. Mr. Williams follows the general method which he has found successful in his previous volumes, prefacing his description of each city with an historical outline, and then giving an account of his own wanderings through the place, supplemented by quotations from other writers and by references to the authorities. Some of the descriptive chapters are more likely to prove of practical value to the tourist than to sustain the interest of the general reader, but it is almost inevitable that a narrative of this kind should in places become somewhat pedestrian, and as a companion of a journey to supplement the severely businesslike Baedeker, this book can be cordially recommended. The index, so far as we have tested it, is full and accurate.

THE reader of "Siciliana," sketches of Naples and Sicily by Ferdinand Gregorovius (London: G. Bell & Sons; $1.60 net), will wonder why such delightful and informing essays have waited sixty years for a translator. Most of the material comes from the author's "Wanderjahre in Italien," published in 1853, though the concluding chapter, on Segesta, Selinus, and Mount Eryx, is from the "Kleine Schriften," which appeared in 1888. Nearly half the volume deals with Naples and the regions round about. The treatment is both historical and descriptive, and the description loses nothing in interest from the fact that so much of it applies to a Naples that has been swept out of existence by philanthropic and sanitary measures which can be commended more heartily for original good intentions than for intelligent execution and satisfactory results. His remarks on life in Santa Lucia, within the narrow limits of which he spent six weeks, should be read in connection with Matilde Serao's "Il Pellegrino Appassionato," which voices in the form of an excellent short story its author's feeling that the *risanamento* which followed the cholera epidemics of the eighties attained its maximum in the destruction of the charm of the old Naples and its minimum in enhancement of the welfare of the new.

A NEW historical guide to Geneva, "La Genève des Genevois," by Professor Doumerque, the author of the well-known biography of Calvin, has permanent value, and will be of especial interest to many of those who this summer attend the Geneva centenary, and *Fête de la Réformation*.

WE have received Baedeker's "Russia" ($5.40), "Southern France" (sixth edition, $2.40), and "Egypt" (seventh edition, $4.50). The "Russia," the first edition of this guidebook to be published in English, includes also Teheran, Port Arthur, and Peking. The volume is prepared with the same care for accuracy which habitually marks the Baedeker handbooks. In the introduction of sixty-two pages, besides special information of a practical kind, are given excellent short sketches of the geographical and ethnological history, and of the political, economic, and social history of Russia, as well as chapters on Government and Administration and on the Russian Church. The book is accompanied by forty maps and seventy-eight plans. The "Southern France" and the "Egypt" are enlarged from the previous editions, the most noticeable additions being in the number of maps and plans.

AS the sub-title informs us, "A Pepys of Mogul India" (Dutton; $3.50 net), translated by William Irvine and abridged by Margaret L. Irvine, is an edition of the "Storia do Mogor" of Niccolao Manucci, who ran away from home in Venice at the age of fourteen and passed a life of adventure in India from 1653 to 1708 (1717?). He found employment under Shah Jahan's son Dāra, till the latter died, when he took other service and eventually, "turning himself into a physician," obtained a position at court. Here, as elsewhere, regular employment soon began to fret his vivacious spirit and he escaped to Goa, where he was knighted for diplomatic success with the Mahrattas. Later he went to Madras, where he married and became a theologian, whose interest in the disputes between Capuchins and Jesuits succeeds at last in extinguishing the reader's interest in Manucci himself. For this reason the editors have cut down the four volumes of the "Storia," by omitting theology and other tediosity, to one handy volume of three hundred pages, which has not a dull page in it. It is a delightful story of a scrupulous adventurer, whose piety and dare-devilry combine to make fascinating his personal experiences, as his high position and the stirring times he lived in make his record of great historical value. He is in constant danger of his life and is robbed frequently, but with equanimity. He helps to save a woman from committing suttee; he sees another leap into a pit of flame instead of ascending a pyre; he amuses himself with starting a panic among the Emperor's elephants, etc., etc. These are chance items in a notable record. But why should "our Manuchy" be called a Pepys? He had few of Pepys's characteristics.

THE death was announced on May 19, in London, of William Aldis Wright, vice-master of Trinity College, Cambridge, from 1888-1912, and author of "The Bible Word Book" and works on Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, and Edward Fitzgerald, and a commentary on the Book of Job, from a Hebrew manuscript. Mr. Wright was editor of the Cambridge Shakespeare, and was a contributor to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, 1860-1863. He was also secretary to the Old Testament Revision Committee, 1870-1885, and joint editor of the *Journal of Philology* from its commencement in 1868.

RUDOLF TOMBO, JR., who died on May 21, was associate professor of Germanic languages and literature, and director of the Deutsches Haus at Columbia University, and secretary of the Germanistic Society of America. Dr. Tombo graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1895, and later studied at Columbia, receiving the degree of master of arts in 1898, and of doctor of philosophy in 1901. In 1902 he was appointed to the position he held at his death, and at times he was also registrar of the University, and secretary of the Alumni Association, and editor of the *Columbian Quarterly*. He was also one of the editors of the *Germanistic Society Quarterly*.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THE secretary of the American circle of the Lyceum Club, Mrs. John Hartness, is advocating in the English press the erection of an American church in London as a permanent memorial of the centenary of peace between England and the United States. The building is to cost about $1,250,000. American churches, it is argued, have been successful in Paris and Berlin; why not, then, in London? The projector seems to overlook the difference that is made by the fact that in Continental cities the local churches do not provide services in the English language. The question of establishing in London a social centre for American residents and visitors—which forms part of Mrs. Hartness's scheme—is quite another matter.

MR. BALFOUR'S English Association address on the comparative value of prose and verse as the vehicle of didactic argument has been widely commented on in the London press. The *Times* points his moral by urging the Association to help to enlarge the common conception of literature, which excludes great preachers and philosophical writers from the circle to which poets and essayists are admitted. "It is perplexing to think of the comparative neglect of Jeremy Taylor and South, and many others who might be mentioned, and the unending care and reverence with which Bossuet and Massillon and Bourdaloue are studied in France." There are many preachers "who are rich in golden sentences, though their the-

ology may be obsolete or dubious" and philosophical writers "who, when not busy with the technique of their systems, merit to be read as much as the classics of the age of Louis XIV."

THE same discussion has induced the editor of the *Westminster Gazette* to give his readers a peep inside his own sanctum. He finds on his table, he says, every morning a pile of manuscripts in verse and prose. The verse contributions are positively more numerous than the prose, and their level of accomplishment is on the whole higher. It is apparently more difficult for the majority of these contributors to produce a good prose article than to turn out a quite accomplished set of verses. While really good poetry remains as rare as ever, the power of rhyming, of writing to measure, of managing the sonnet form or ballade form without catastrophe, seems constantly on the increase.

REFERENCE has already been made in the *Nation* to the discoveries and restorations in and around the Lausanne cathedral which have given that town an additional interest for the antiquary. The municipality has granted to the Musée du Vieux Lausanne the building with the square tower or dungeon near the old Episcopal palace, which is being reopened and restored by M. Otto Schmid, who accomplished such good results at Chillon. The main part of the building is of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but it has been much concealed and disfigured by subsequent patchwork. Prior to the work of restoration, considerable excavations must be made. These have already revealed some interesting details as to the construction of the building, a part of which probably belongs to a much earlier date than the superstructure.

THE famous manor of Steen, near Vilvoorden in Belgium, once the residence of Rubens and his beautiful wife, Helène Fourment, was offered for sale the other day by its owner. The house as it stands is still the same that the artist inhabited; and in the country around, several views can be recognized by the amateur of art who is familiar with Rubens's landscapes. In the house the old massive table is still to be seen at which the painter used to work. Even a copy of the printed notice announcing the sale at which Rubens, in 1635, purchased the estate, is also extant. Senator de Becker-Remy, of Louvain, into whose possession the castle has passed, is a well-known lover of art, who will doubtless take pride in preserving this wonderful record of a famous period in the history of Belgian painting.

ANOTHER no less celebrated treasure of the Belgian nation, the Museum Plantijn-Moretus, at Antwerp, is to lose its director, Mr. Max Rooses, the well-known essayist and art critic. Mr. Rooses has completed his seventy-fifth year, and he feels that, at his age, he should cede his place to a younger man. American admirers of the Flemish school of art will remember his publications dealing with Rubens and the Antwerp painters. Since 1876 he has been in charge of the Museum Plantijn-Moretus, which has attained its world-wide renown, thanks largely to his devoted activity.

Science

PREVAILING CONCEPTIONS OF LOGIC.

Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences. Vol. I: Logic. By Arnold Ruge, Wilhelm Windelband, Josiah Royce, Louis Couturat, Benedetto Croce, Federigo Enriques, and Nicolaj Losskij. Translated by B. Ethel Meyer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The purpose of this encyclopædia, as vaguely explained by the German editor, Dr. Ruge, is to set forth the systematic unity of the philosophical sciences, after the fashion of the "Encyclopädie" of Hegel; only not, of course, the unity of a personal system, but the unity of tendency among philosophical thinkers; "unity with freedom," as explained by the English editor, Sir Henry Jones. The unity seems to lie mainly in the fact that Royce, Couturat, and Enriques are all more or less interested in the symbolic logic; or, as Couturat prefers to call it, the algorithmïc logic, or logistic. The freedom is represented by Croce, who likens the logisticians to peddlers crying up "specious and glittering wares" which no one wants. Indeed, what the volume chiefly teaches us is the variety, contrariety, if not the mutual irrelevance, of the prevailing conceptions of logic.

According to Royce, logic is the theory of rational order. According to Croce, it is the process of history become self-conscious; the philosophy of philosophy; the finally critical process of all critical thought, for which poetry and ordinary experience supply the material. But more than his brief article is needed to make his Hegelian pragmatism intelligible. Windelband presents a thoroughly Kantian scheme of logic, but he again is too condensed for one who is not at home with Kant, though full of suggestiveness for the student of philosophy; while the article by Enriques, in which logic is identified with scientific method, is so summary as to seem superficial. Losskij strikes an important note in contending that the foundation of all logic is the principle of sufficient ground. How far this agrees with Windelband's recognition of the "principle of consequence," how far Royce rejects the principle of sufficient ground in calling it inadequate, is left for the reader to say.

The truth is that logic, which, after many centuries of slumber, is only lately awake, and still rubbing its eyes, is a poor subject for the exhibition of unity. What the present volume offers is an interesting collection of personal views of distinguished writers, French, German, Russian, Italian, and American; and, in the most satisfactory articles by Royce and Couturat, an excellent introduction to the mysteries of the symbolic logic and to newer ideas about scientific method. Judging only from the English, we should say that the translation, a most difficult task, deserves high praise.

Couturat makes it clear to us that the symbolic logic (or logistic) is the natural outcome of an attempt to remedy the defects of the Aristotelian logic of the syllogism. The syllogism deforms and, one might add, bleaches our meanings by reducing all their shades and complexities—their variety of terms and relations, as Couturat puts it—to relations of inclusion or exclusion between classes. Thus the pregnant suggestion of Socrates that virtue is knowledge, which owes all its philosophical significance to the implication that all knowledge is likewise virtuous, is reduced to the insufficient and seemingly empty statement that virtue is but one of the kinds of knowledge. Logistic is to remedy this insufficiency, as Couturat explains, by a "calculus" which will cover all kinds of terms and all kinds of relations. Yet this, it might be urged in reply, is also the intention of the syllogism. But the syllogism, as we all know, is unable to handle a proposition until it is reduced to a statement of "extension," or range: all virtue is some knowledge. And it is this that rouses our suspicions. For when we discover that, for purposes of argument, "virtue is knowledge" can mean only that a little circle, named "virtue," lies within a (possibly) larger circle, named "knowledge," we are led to wonder whether we are now talking about virtue and knowledge or only about circles, conveniently so named.

To the reviewer it seems that suspicions of this character are suggested only more strongly by the algebraic formulæ of logistic, if not confirmed by the explanation of the formulæ—the suspicion, namely, that logistic is, after all, only a calculus of symbols, or counters. We are then justified in asking whether the symbolic logic, so far from covering a wider variety of relations, is not simply developing the category of extension to the crude and bitter end. To this question Couturat supplies no answer. Like most of the logisticians, he seems to care little about giving his science a foundation in the nature of thought. It is worth noting, in passing, that his article closes with an appeal for a universal language, though why he should seek to enlist the philologists is hard to say; for in a culture ruled by a perfect logistic we should expect the symbolic language to be sufficient for poetry and philosophy as well as for science.

Royce undertakes to give the symbolic logic a local habitation and a respectable name in the world of thought and being by showing that it reveals to us

an "infinitely rich" realm of ideal objects which is at the same time implied in all rational thinking, in the procedure of empirical science, if not also in the possibilities of rational conduct. The question may be asked, how, from certain facts given, we may infer others; how we may know that the given facts are a "fair sample" of the whole. The principles of the uniformity of nature or of sufficient ground, which are usually invoked here, Royce rejects as insufficient, and holds that a certain determinate distribution, or order, in the constitution of the field studied is implied in the activity of any rational agent. Royce then uses the formulæ of logistic to illustrate the principal types of order. From this point of view the symbolic logic becomes a further and more detailed extension of Kant's "deduction of the categories"; and, according to Royce, the theory of order will be a fundamental science in the philosophy of the future. Meanwhile he seeks to throw light upon the types of order by regarding them as necessary types of rational action. And this seems to leave us with a pair of bitter alternatives: either our personal thought and conduct must attain to the seemingly pale impersonality of logistic, or they must abandon all claims to rationality and truth. Yet here, in the end, lies the problem of logic: to show how personal thinking may also be objectively true.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for March contains a careful summary, by E. Banse, of what is known of an almost unexplored region of Africa, the Libyan Desert and Tibesti. A study of the different seismological charts by Prof. Rudolph and Dr. Szirtes shows the geographical distribution of earthquakes. All the known volcanoes, both active and extinct, are indicated on the accompanying maps. The military department treats of the strategic changes in Russian Poland, the defences of the Gulf of Finland, and the inadequacy of the new boundaries of the Balkan States from the military and economical point of view. Among the contents of the same journal for April are an account of a journey by caravan from Mosul to Aleppo, the present condition of the Libyan Desert for exploration, and a treatise on the terminology and classification of mountains. The work of the air-ship in the exploration and service of the German colonies is also described, and, in the military department, an account is given of the fortifications of the Algerian and Tunisian coast.

The *Geographical Journal* for May opens with an account by J. Lied, director of the Siberian Company, of a voyage made last summer from Norway to the Yenisei River. Accompanying him was Dr. F. Nansen, who gives the results of his scientific observations on the ice conditions, showing the possibility of regular navigation. This is essential to the development of central Siberia, and to assist it the Government has established three wireless telegraph stations on the Kara Sea, and will probably add an aeroplane service. It is not impossible, as the Russian Consul-General in London maintained, that this region will become the granary of the world and the chief source of the timber supply. There are also accounts of journeys through central Arabia by Capt. Leachman, and in northern Burma by the late Capt. Pritchard, and a description of Canberra, the new capital of Australia, by G. Taylor. A valuable map of the Balkan States shows their boundaries, in accordance with recent treaties, and in the accompanying text some of the frontiers are traced in detail.

A congress of Spanish-American geography and history was held in Seville during April, in commemoration of the quadricentennial of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. An interesting and valuable collection of maps and documents was loaned by the Spanish Ministry of War to aid in the discussion of political, geographical, and historical facts by special investigators from many countries. This first public exhibition of priceless Americana was due largely to the active interest taken in the celebration by King Alfonso.

Sir Francis Henry Laking, M.D., physician in ordinary and surgeon apothecary to the King of England and the Prince of Wales, and apothecary to his Majesty's household, died in London on May 21. Sir Francis was born on January 9, 1847. He was educated at Heidelberg and at St. George's Hospital, London. He was a Knight Commander of the Bath and a Commander of the Legion of Honor, and was created a baronet in 1902. He also received the Grand Cross of the Crown of Italy, the Grand Cross of the Immaculate Conception, Portugal, and the Grand Cross of the Dannebrog Order.

Paul Louis Toussaint Heroult, the scientist through whose research work the production of aluminum was first made commercially profitable, died recently in Paris. H. Heroult, who was of Norman stock, was born on April 10, 1863, at Thury-Harcourt, Calvados, France. As a boy he was educated in London, later entering the Lycée de Caen, Calvados, France, and his education was completed at the Collège Sainte Barbe and Ecole des Mines in Paris. He invented and patented the Heroult aluminum process in April, 1886, and the following year became the technical manager of the aluminum works at Neuhausen, Switzerland. In 1889 he came to the United States, and in 1890 he was made a director of the French Aluminum Company, known as Société Electro Metallurgique Française. In 1899 M. Heroult invented the electric steel furnace and process, and in the appliance of his method he was officially connected with the United States Steel Corporation, and with many other companies in this and foreign countries. The results of a survey which M. Heroult made of Canada's mineral deposits are embodied in a textbook on the subject.

Drama

THE STAGE OF HENRI BECQUE.

"The Vultures" and Other Plays. By Henri Becque. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

There was a time, thirty or forty years ago, when the name of Henri Becque occupied a very prominent place in the list of contemporary French playwrights, but his works seem hopelessly old-fashioned now, and it is not easy to divine the special reason which induced Mr. Edwin Björkman to include these pieces in his Modern Drama series. Still more difficult is it to acquiesce in the judgment of the translator, Mr. Freeman Tilden, who, in his preface, acclaims Becque as an epoch-making revolutionary, the discoverer of the drama of the commonplace, and a pioneer for Ibsen. Admirers of the famous Norwegian will not be pleased by the insinuation. Unquestionably, Becque, going to the masses for his subjects, was an innovator when compared with such writers as Augier, Feuillet, Sardou, and the younger Dumas, and was, in one sense, more of a realist than any of them. But he was essentially either a melodramatist or a *farceur*, and was inferior to his rivals in constructive skill, imagination, the composition of emotional climaxes, and polished dialogue. He had wit, a good sense of situation, an honest indignation against public abuses, and the courage of his convictions, but in his illustrations he was not much nearer to the truth of nature than the romanticists themselves.

This is the reason why "The Vultures" ("Les Corbeaux"), instead of being an effective satire upon an iniquitous system and professional rascality, becomes a diffuse and conventional melodrama of no particular significance. The subject—the opportunities afforded by then existing French regulations to greedy and unscrupulous practitioners to rob the widow and orphan under the cover of legal technicalities—is a good one, and it need not be doubted that, in selecting it, M. Becque was animated by sincere and philanthropic purpose. But he spoils a strong case by the extravagance and manifest artificiality of his premises and the complete theatricality of his personages. All the conditions of his story are prescribed, transparently, to insure a predestined issue, and would therefore be impotent as a demonstration, even if they could be regarded as fairly typical. His lewd and usurious old financier, his grasping and scoundrelly lawyer, his speculative architect, his dishonest tradesman, and the lesser vultures who batten upon the unfortunate Vigneron family, are one and all ancient puppets of the melodramatic stage. Madame Vigneron and her daugh-

ters, and the fortune-hunting Madame de Saint-Genis are almost equally destitute of originality or freshness. None of the characters, with the exception of the faithful old nurse, conveys the impression of an actual living human being. For their inveterate loquacity, which constantly clogs the action, the responsibility, of course, rests upon the author, who has made them the mouthpieces of his explanations and protests; but the mixed literary quality of their discourse must be put to the credit of Mr. Tilden, who has employed all sorts of current American colloquialisms which seem strangely inconsistent with the supposed place and time, however ingenious they may be as English equivalents of French phrases.

"The Woman of Paris" ("La Parisienne"), which was vehemently denounced at the time of its first production as a gross libel upon the sex, is written with a certain cleverness and vivacity, but is no way brilliant either in form or in psychological analysis. It is a simple variation of a formula upon which hundreds of farcical comedies have been built. The fickle wife, who deceives an abominably complacent or phenomenally stupid husband, has, in this case, two lovers. There is a domestic quadrangle instead of the usual triangle. The construction is arbitrary rather than plausible or ingenious, and the use of prolonged soliloquies is excessive. Theatrically it is inferior, in sparkle, point, and essential veracity, to scores of pieces of a similar character, while as literature or drama it is of infinitesimal value. As for "The Merry-Go-Round" ("La Navette"), described as a comedy in one act, that is an ordinary French farce, in which an unprincipled little baggage plays at fast and loose with three of her lovers at once, the first of whom she dismisses, only to take up with him again after she has failed to make satisfactory terms with either of the other two. It is a cynical trifle which skilled French comedians doubtless could make fairly amusing, but why it should be thought worthy of translation into English as a choice example of modern drama, French or other, passes comprehension.

In the *Burlington Magazine*, Mr. William Grant Keith describes his discovery and identification of the original designs for the entire scenery of Sir William D'Avenant's "Siege of Rhodes," as well as the plan and section of the stage upon which it was mounted, when first produced at Rutland House, Aldersgate Street, London, in 1656. The drawings are by John Webb, pupil of Inigo Jones, who was D'Avenant's collaborator in the production. The importance of the find lies in the fact that these drawings reveal the staging of D'Avenant's opera (the first play produced on an English public stage mounted with movable scenery in a modern sense) as the hitherto missing link between the Court Theatre as developed by Inigo Jones during the reign of Charles I and the public theatre of the Restoration; for Webb is shown to have modelled his work entirely on that of his master.

The Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, begin their annual season at the London Court Theatre on Monday, June 1, when Miss Sarah Allgood rejoins the company. In addition to their regular repertory, two new plays, a one-act comedy by Lady Gregory, named "The Wrens," and a three-act piece, "The Supplanter," by an untried dramatist, J. Bernard McCarthy, will be presented.

Lord Howard de Walden, who conceals many of his artistic activities under the pseudonym of "T. E. Ellis," has a scheme for providing Wales with a national theatre on wheels. As the Welsh, in the country towns at least, cannot go to the theatre, the theatre is to go to them. The "house"—including scenery, pit, gallery, pay-box, greenroom, and stage door all complete—is to be taken from one suitable pitch to another. As the *Daily Citizen* wittily remarks, "the Welsh national theatre at any rate will be in the van of the movement."

In an interview in London on his return from his recent American tour—which drew receipts of over half a million dollars—Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson expresses his regret that nothing has come of his suggestion as to the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre. He proposed that, instead of acquiring a fresh site and building a new theatre, the promoters of the project should purchase Drury Lane, "without exception the most beautiful and wonderful theatre I have ever played in." Even America, in his judgment, has no such stage for Shakespeare. Sir Johnston, who was a Royal Academy student in his boyhood, is likely to pursue painting as a hobby after his retirement. "I do not think," he says, "the colors ever become quite dry on the palette of the man who has once expressed himself with the brush, no matter how absorbing the work set him by another Muse."

The movement for a "People's Theatre Society" in England had an excellent send-off at a meeting held at Drury Lane on April 25. The condition of membership is to be the payment of a shilling subscription, which will entitle the subscriber to two reserved seats at any one performance given under the Society's auspices. The scheme is welcomed in the interest not only of the prospective audiences in the poorer districts of London, but also of actors and actresses, many of whom find themselves crowded out by the popularity of the picture palaces and music halls. It was a misfortune that some of the most prominent speakers at the Drury Lane meeting complicated the issue by introducing the vexed subjects of Sunday performances and restrictions on the employment of children. Some of the best friends of the new movement fear it will be seriously hampered if it is mixed up with other proposals on which there is a strongly marked division of opinion.

Music

DRAMATIC OPERA IN PARIS.

ALFRED BACHELET'S NEW WORK—AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE MUSIC A LIVING THING WITH THE TEXT—ANOTHER'S OPERA WITHOUT WORDS.

PARIS, May 16.

"Scemo" is a "lyric drama" and a new piece at the Paris Opéra; and it is new music. Its composer, Alfred Bachelet, carried off the Grand Prix de Rome and so has the right to three representations of one of his works at the Opera subsidized by the State which bestowed the prize on him. His piece has reached its fourth night, and, to all appearances, will go further. The similar new piece of last year—"Le Sortilège," by André Gailhard—had five representations. "Scemo" has an interest independent of the musical impression on opera-goers, which has to determine its long or short life, and cannot be foreseen. The prize work of its composer was remarked at the time for its wonderful mastery of all that is modern in musical technic; and now he has tried to interpret a text and its dramatic action on the stage closely, completely, and by adequate music.

In the old Italian opera the text was ridiculous for the most part, and, at best, was little more than an occasion for vocal flights. A like method was used in the poetry of serious tragedy, sometimes with undeserved felicity. At the end of the first scene of the third act of Metastasio's "Artaserse" the great King releases in profound secrecy his misunderstood Arbace from a prison cell. Not unaffectingly, he bids him escape. In the very nick and peril of time Arbace cannot be gone without first expressing dignified thanks. Then he risks more precious time for a few verses good enough as poetry, but of little pertinence:

> Water divided from the sea
> Bathes valley and mountain;
> A traveller in the river,
> A prisoner in the fountain;
> Murmuring ever and moaning
> Till it returns to the sea—
> To the sea of its birth
> Where its moisture arose,
> Where from long wanderings
> It hopes to repose.

Thereupon "he departs," according to the author's parenthesis for stage direction. Such was Arbace's conventional finale, impressing on the public his previous solemn declaration:

> I hope not to find peace till the day
> I return to my country and friend.

It pleased the audience at the Court theatre of Vienna mightily; and it

pleased Sir Arthur Helps, quoting it in his "Friends in Council." After other long intervals, historians of our own drama and opera may discover parallel instances in Maeterlinck and Debussy.

To Wagner's devotee of Latin race, text comes as little more than a *Vox Humana* mingling with other instruments of nerve-swaying, soul-compelling harmonies—for he cares little to know the German legend, and the German's philosophy he does not respect. In "Scemo" the composer obviously tries to make the music one living thing with the text. Now, the text, with all its romantic violence, is a poem of literary merit. It is by Charles Méré, who wrote the text for "Les Trois Masques" of Lara—the last piece given by the unlucky Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, which has just been taken over for an American season in Paris. Here again the scene is laid in wildest Corsica, where Prosper Mérimée, the author of "Carmen," also found the loves and hates of his "Colomba."

"Scemo"—the Fool—is the nickname of a half-mad shepherd. Francesca, wife of the village great man and herself daughter of the chief of the clan, loves Scemo because his eyes are so bright—remember we are in the land of the evil eye—and because he sings mysterious songs, and doubtless for reasons of her heart which her reason does not know. The suspicious husband seeks her in the shepherd's hut and finds only Scemo, who calms him. When he is gone, Scemo brings Francesca from her hiding place and begs her with music and passion to go home. No, she will fly with him instead, over the hills and far away. Shepherds discover them and sing loud insults till the husband, who has not gone far away, hears—and that is the first act.

Francesca's father, fearful of spells and devils, tries vainly to sleep amid wind and storm roaring and crashing to music. He dies, and the whole family, with Francesca's injured husband, set out for the hut of Scemo, whose eyes must have wrought the evil. Vainly he protests he has not left his hut; but the evil eye has that action at a distance, which was denied by Sir Isaac Newton. The Corsican crowd gathers as for a Mississippi lynching; and they tie Scemo to a tree to burn him alive. Francesca shall light the avenging fire. They drag her, with torch in hand, before the helpless Scemo. With a mighty effort, he frees an arm and with his own hands tears out the eyes which have done such evil—and this is the second act.

It is Easter Eve, but the husband's house has no answer for the joyful bells. They wake Francesca from her long swoon, and she rises unremembering. All in white, she comes forth to the crowd, where it is singing and dancing. Suddenly, she cries out "Scemo!" The husband cries back in fury that the Fool is dead, burned alive. "Swear," says the wife, "and I kill myself!" The husband, with his Corsican knife in hand, leaps up the hill to the cave in the rocks where Scemo lives in blindness, and he hears the Fool praying for Francesca's healing in body and in heart. How can he kill him? He puts the knife into the hand of Scemo instead, to slay himself, the husband, whose wrongs were else without end. The Fool has the inspiration of a single mind—his living eyes have done the evil, his dead eyes shall undo it. He is led towards unbalanced Francesca, who rushes to meet him—till he turns to her his empty eye-sockets and chants musically that his heart, too, is empty from overmuch love and pain. The spell is loosed, and her love fever dies, leaving naught but great and musical pity. And this is the end of the third act and the piece.

To each circumstance and emotion Bachelet has written harmonies and orchestration, now violent, now full of subtle coloring. There is no secret of modern musical expression which he has not mastered; and for two years he has gone up and down Corsica, listening for local tone, striving to enter into the local soul. If critics did not block the way, it might be curious to know what an untutored Corsican would feel from this lyric drama—

> But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old:
> "It's clever, but is it Art?"

Along with these representations of a new composer's work, the Paris Opéra, in virtue of the Russian Alliance, is giving another and broader synthesis of other arts with music. It is introduced by a name before which even critics stand in awe. It is the "Legend of Joseph," here first represented and personally conducted by the composer, Richard Strauss. It is really an opera without words; and it is produced in the "Russian Ballet" season, only because it is acted by those dancers. The composer is a German whom the Paris press persists in mixing up with Vienna and the Danube; the stage scenery is by one of the greatest decorative painters in cathedrals and palaces, Sert, the Catalan Spaniard; and the costumes, which are essentials of such music, are by the not less celebrated Russian decorator, Leo Bakst.

In this high tide of his success, the composer is said to have written "the work waited for and asked for ever since Wagner"; and in it he is supposed "to have found the modern formula of all the arts combined"—excepting the vocal art. The result is "an arabesque of sixty legs and as many arms—gestures adapting themselves to the subtlest of rhythms and harmonies."

The story, of course, is of the unfortunate Potiphar's wife; but the decorative art for the eye—pantomime and dance, scene painting and costumes—is Venetian of the Renaissance. A little, lithe young Russian, who acted in plays in his own country—Leonid Miassine—is the wordless but very active Joseph, and a very pretty one. His first dance—for it is not all acted pantomime, though it is certainly not ballet, Russian or other—is "turn by turn mystic and pastoral." Kousnetzoff, who is a great prima donna in Paris opera, passes through this act without words, gowned and moving to music. Michel Fokine leads all the choregraphy and had his reward when Richard Strauss rushed down on him at the rehearsal, crying "Kolossal!" S. D.

The list of operas from which the twenty offerings of the Century Opera Company for next season are to be selected include: "Madama Butterfly," "La Bohême," "The Jewels of the Madonna," "I Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Louise," "Thaïs," "Faust," "The Tales of Hoffmann," "Samson and Delilah," "Romeo and Juliet," "Aïda," "Carmen," "Martha," "Hänsel and Gretel," "William Tell," "La Gioconda," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "The Barber of Seville," "Rigoletto," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata," while the International Ballet will also be reproduced.

The dates for the Bach festival performance at Bethlehem, Pa., are May 29 and 30. Dr. Wolle, who will direct the performances, is a Bach specialist, and his choir is admirably trained. At this festival the second number of the "Mass," the duet "Christ Eleison," for two sopranos, will be sung by all of the first and second sopranos of the choir, eighty in number. The alto solos, "Qui Sedes" and "Agnus Dei," will be sung by all the altos, firsts, and seconds. The "Benedictus," a tenor solo, will be sung by all the tenors. All of the basses will join in giving the two solos, "Quoniam Tu Solus Sanctus" and "Et in Spiritum."

Concerning the performances of "Parsifal" at this summer's Wagner Festival in Munich, we are informed officially that they will be conducted by Bruno Walter. The Grail Cup has been made of alabaster, with precious gems set in by one of the most famous German goldsmiths (Theodor Heiden), and every other scenic detail is being attended to in the same artistic manner. Among the singers engaged are Heinrich Knote, Fritz Vogelstrom, the young Dresden tenor; Karl Erb, and Otto Wolf. For the rôle of Kundry, Frau Mottl-Fassbender, Berta Morena, and Edith Walker; for that of Gurnemanz, Paul Bender; for the rôle of Amfortas, Fritz Feinhals and Paul Bender; for the Klingsor, Desider Zádor and Fritz Broderson. The leading part of the chorus of the flower girls will be entrusted to the celebrated singer, Hermine Bosetti, the favorite of the Berlin and Munich Court Opera. The stage management will be in the able hands of Prof. Anton Fuchs.

A musical novel of which 200,000 copies have been sold—Ernst von Wolzogen's "Kraftmeyer"—has been issued by B. W. Huebsch in a good English translation, under the name of "Florian Mayr." In this book Liszt is vividly portrayed, together with a number of his pupils and others, who subsequently became famous. A more extended notice of it will appear in our literary pages in due time.

Art

THE SPANISH SCHOOL.

Geschichte der Spanischen Malerei. By August L. Mayer. In two volumes, with 286 Illustrations. Leipzig: Klinkhardt & Biermann.

Until the appearance of Emile Bertaux's work on Spanish art in André Michel's "Histoire de l'Art," no comprehensive and authoritative work on the subject was available. Stirling-Maxwell's "Annals of the Artists of Spain" is a labor of love, but an uncritical compilation which, if not entirely, is at least very largely, based upon Cean Bermudez and Palomino; and Passavant's "Christian Art in Spain" is little else than an appreciation. The work of Paul Lefort, a man of penetrating insight and the first serious critic of the subject, was of much importance when it appeared, but it has become antiquated and incomplete, particularly in regard to the early schools. Within its limitations as a hand-book, Dieulafoy's recent "L'Art en Espagne et en Portugal" contains much important information regarding architecture, but it treats of painting in an entirely superficial manner.

The work of Bertaux constitutes a very able presentation of the subject. In regard to sculpture it is the great, one might say the sole, authority. Concerning painting it is sound throughout, and of the greatest interest for the study of certain schools which are the predilection of the author, the Catalan and Valencian primitive schools, and also the painters of Valencia of the beginning of the sixteenth century, among them the Manchegans Ferrando de Llanos and Ferrando de L'Amedina. The work of Dr. August L. Mayer upon the Spanish school of painting, which has just been published in Leipzig, is the logical outcome of his previous books on Ribeira, Greco, Murillo, the Sevillan school, and of his articles in German and Spanish reviews. It is the work of a specialist who is a broad-minded man, interested in the whole field of art and having the knowledge of it which is necessary to give perspective, detachment, and a sense of the large relations to the appreciation of any particular school. But the work involved much research and could only have been written by one who is thoroughly familiar with that rich mine of documents, throwing much light upon the different manifestations of the art of painting throughout the Peninsula, which are to be found scattered in books, and particularly in the innumerable small local reviews and periodicals of Spain.

The plan of the work has been to show the development of Spanish art from the tenth century to Goya, and to give a connected exposition of the art and not a series of artists' monographs. It is logically conceived on big lines. For example, unlike Bertaux, who studies the art of Spain from the standpoint of its foreign influences, Dr. Mayer starts by studying the works of art in themselves before pointing out their relations to foreign schools; a method which has the evident advantage of not dividing the schools, while that of Bertaux complicates matters somewhat by dividing them into spheres of influence.

As an introduction the author gives a general explanation of the importance of the Spanish school and of its relations to other European schools, and he shows that its character is based upon the mixture of Northern with Oriental elements, and upon the peculiar, entirely racial, and most powerful, religious feeling. The chapter on the Catalan school of the eleventh and twelfth centuries treats of many works, hitherto little known, which are of the greatest importance because they are the very last evidences of the Byzantine influence in Western Europe. The chapter on that even less known Castilian school of the fifteenth century, of which virtually nothing can be seen in Madrid, brings out several artistic personalities and many typical works scattered in little places difficult of access. The tenebroso style of the Spanish school is defined and explained; and its differences from the Italian style, as well as the varied character of its manifestations in the provinces of the Castiles, of Valencia, and of Andalusia are clearly shown. Besides doing important pioneer work on special subjects, throughout the book the author coördinates the scattered existing information.

An excellent feature is the giving of comparatively little place to the few well-known artists upon whom there is an abundance of special literature, and the treating extensively of little-known men whose influence was great, such as the fifteenth-century Catalan Ferrer Bassa, and Jacomart, the master who superadded the Sienese and Giottesque elements of the early Italian Renaissance to the influence of the Flemish primitives, and was the dominant personality of the Valencian school of the fifteenth century. The author brings out clearly the intimate relation of Greco with Parmeggianino and the Bassanos, and explains how such an artist as Velasquez became a Castilian in his work; why Madrid became more and more the centre of Spanish art, and how it fell under the influence, inspiring at first but soon baneful, of the Venetians, of Rubens, and of Van Dyck.

While scientific and discriminating, the book is not pedantic. Moreover, it has a refreshing human quality. In the chapter on Goya, for example, Dr. Mayer attempts, by a most interesting comparison with Titian and Beethoven, to explain the extraordinary change in an artist who had already passed middle life, from his first, what may be termed his rococo, style to his second, the real Goya style, so original, deeply human, and superbly painter-like. It is to be hoped that a translation will make this useful and much-needed work available to the English-speaking public.

Spanish sculpture of the seventeenth century, despite the labors of Dieulafoy, Calvert, and Lafond, probably finds few admirers in America. It requires a resolute effort of detachment to put oneself into the mood of Jesuitical Romanism and the Inquisition. Yet this art is worthy of study, if only for its completely indigenous character. A young Spanish critic, Ricardo de Orueta y Duate, in his "La Vida y la Obra de Pedro de Mena y Medrano," offers much to attract both the specialist and the open-minded art lover. Pedro de Mena was born at Granada in 1628, and trained by Alonso Cano. Soon he relinquished the internationalism of Cano in favor of a drastic personal style wholly Andalusian. His most remarkable work is perhaps the forty wooden statues of saints for the choir of the Cathedral of Malaga. Many of the images are portraits of extraordinary intensity, shrewdness, or benignity. In the Virgen de Bélen, in Santo Domingo, Malaga, he achieves almost a Venetian sweetness and dignity. The coloring of his statues is often very pleasing. He continued worthily the haggard St. Francis type. The most remarkable example is in the Cathedral at Toledo. Peculiarly his own is the series of Repentant Magdalens regarding the Crucifix. The ecstatic concentration of the Magdalen in the Convent of the Visitation at Madrid is justly celebrated. Poems were written in her honor. The forms are of great strength, delicacy, and beauty.

These are perhaps the types that will most impress an art lover. For the rest there is much that is shocking to modern taste. Doll-like virgins to be dressed in real frocks, Dolorous Mother with real tears eternally caught on wan cheeks, sentimental martyrs. These are the unquestionable defects of an art that had great qualities of sincerity. It is all of a piece with the simplicity of Pedro's life. He owned no books, his four children became conventuals. He believed firmly, observed the humanity about him, and worked with a masterful hand. The refreshing thing about an art that has its elements of pietistic overstrain is its native idiom. Pedro with many of his fellow sculptors was free from the rather superficial cosmopolitanism of the ba-

roque style. The fervor and veracity of his matter give it perfect authenticity if not high importance. Dr. Orueta has conducted his work with scholarly thoroughness. There are a general essay, a catalogue raisonné with excellent critical comments, and appendices of all accessible documents. The book is in quarto form with many illustrations, many from the author's negatives. It is published at Madrid by the Junta para Ampliación de estudias é investigationes científicas. This careful work affords a favorable approach to an art just beginning to be duly appreciated, and gives an excellent impression of the thoroughness with which the art of Spain is being studied by her younger scholars.

Finance

MR. MORGAN, MR. MELLEN, AND THE NEW HAVEN.

The salient disclosures made by Mr. Mellen, in his testimony on the New Haven's past financing, were these: 8,000 shares of New Haven stock, worth $1,200,000, were exchanged for 24,000 shares of the Westchester Electric Road, worth in his judgment "about ten cents a pound." Under the auspices of the late Mr. J. P. Morgan, $11,000,000 was paid for the whole Westchester property, on which Mellen figured only $5,000,000 had been spent by its promoters; no accounting being made, and information as to why that price was paid being refused, according to Mellen, by Mr. Morgan when such information was requested. Up to date, $35,000,000 of New Haven's money had been put into the property, which has since been operated at an annual deficit of a million and a quarter. Through the medium of Senator Aldrich, the New Haven paid $20,000,000 for the Rhode Island trolley system, which Mellen estimated to be worth $8,000,000.

It is only natural that, in Wall Street and in the country at large, the statements regarding Mr. Morgan should have made a profound impression This was not by any means because of their implication as to the rashness of policy and high-handed use of company capital and credit by the leaders in high finance of a decade or more ago. That story has been told too often, in and out of the courts, to cause any new surprise or consternation. But there were two peculiar aspects of Mr. Mellen's testimony.

One of these was, that he represented Mr. Morgan's dictatorship in such a manner, and with such particulars, as to instil inevitably, in the minds of many people, the belief that Mr. Morgan actually diverted the New Haven's money to his personal uses. The other was that Mellen adroitly used this version of the case to represent himself as an innocent and injured person, whereas every one in touch with the past ten years of the New Haven's history had been convinced, long ago, that Mellen avowedly promoted the policy of reckless expansion which crippled the enterprise, and that his personal dealings with the people, the courts, and the Legislatures of New England were of a nature to mark him out as the mischief-maker.

It is quite true that, even if all this were to be proved, it would not clear up the record of Mr. Morgan's financial relations with the New Haven. But the fact that Mellen's story was so carefully framed to exonerate the man who told it, ought to leave the entire community anxious to have the version of the same events told by some one else who knew what actually happened. The general result of his testimony was to present a picture which might easily appear to show concerted and deliberate plundering of the property by other people, while Mellen, as its president, looked on with mild disapproval, shook his head when he heard of the misuse of the corporation's money, and sometimes went so far as to ask the reason for it.

Perhaps there is nothing to be added to this picture; but it must be described as somehow giving a sense of incompleteness. It is quite impossible to gather what Mr. Mellen really thought of the whole performance. So far as his testimony threw any light on how the New Haven's money had been wasted and its credit shaken, he was careful to place the full burden of blame on Mr. Morgan. Yet even here, his conclusions do not hang together. Having explained with great circumstantiality and detail how some fifty millions was, in his judgment as president of the road, entirely thrown away under Mr. Morgan's auspices, Mr. Mellen rounded up his testimony by declaring that he entertained the highest respect for Mr. Morgan's judgment, that the troubles of the company were due to Mr. Morgan's death, and that had he lived and continued to control its policy, the New Haven would still be paying dividends.

But this is manifestly nonsense. Either Mr. Mellen's testimony as to facts, or his inference from the facts, is unworthy of respect; for the two are wholly incompatible. If it meant that, had Mr. Morgan lived, the New Haven presidency would have remained in Mellen's hands, and that Mellen, in the presidency, would have gone on paying dividends, that at least would have been intelligible. During the last six years in which the company paid dividends, the annual reports confessed some $10,000,000 deficit, and the expert accountant who examined its books for the Interstate Commission held that, in all, $60,000,000 unearned dividends had been paid. Undoubtedly Mellen, with a longer term, might have continued to increase that deficit.

This, however, would scarcely have solved the New Haven's problem. Nor would the funding into long-term bonds of what Mr. Mellen calls the New Haven's $375,000,000 floating debt have helped, if the policy of reckless extravagance in capital expenditure, which was undeniably the characteristic of his whole régime, had been continued. His blunders in managing the company were certainly not all instigated by Wall Street banking influences, and they were not atoned for by his acceptance of a criminal indictment, with magnanimous motives which he himself is careful to point out. What is most evident, at this juncture in the inquiry, is that the whole story of the wrecking of the New Haven property has not yet been told. That it was a shameful story, Mellen's testimony would have proved, if it had not been known before. But the story will not be complete until the clear light has been turned on all the guilty parties—including executive officers who misused their trust.

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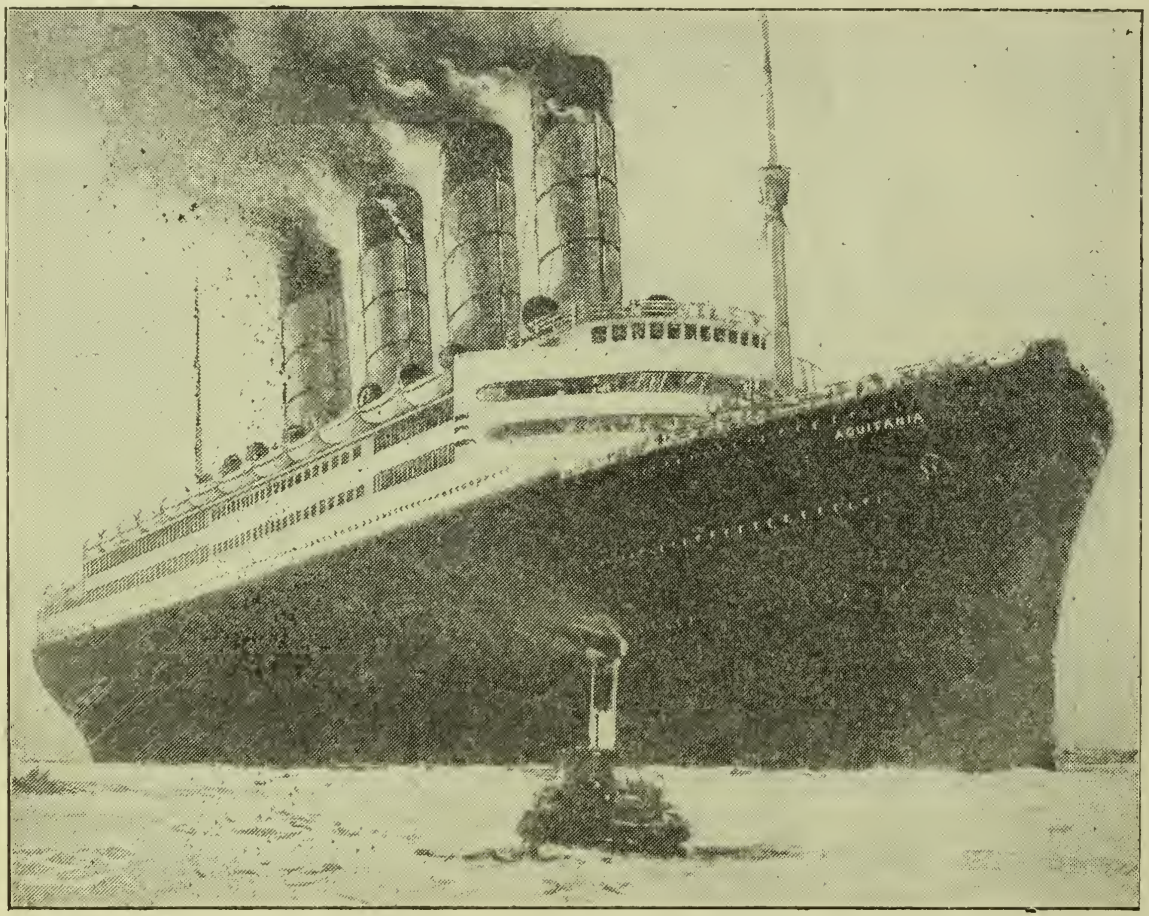

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1914.

Summary of the News

Rumor at Niagara Falls has been almost as many-tongued as when, in a first fresh outburst of martial enthusiasm, war correspondents fell to alluding to the water works at Vera Cruz as "the front." In last Thursday's papers there was an apparently well authenticated report, which subsequently proved groundless, that the terms of a settlement had actually been drawn up by the mediators, and had been submitted to President Wilson, while reports of insuperable obstacles in the way of a settlement have been of daily occurrence. The outstanding fact of the situation is that mediators and delegates continue to bend all their efforts towards finding a solution of the question, and the cautiously worded statements given out by Justice Lamar indicate that the margin dividing the various parties to the conference is being gradually narrowed.

The attitude of Carranza and Villa continues the most serious difficulty. A message was delivered to the mediators by an agent of Carranza on Friday of last week expressing the willingness of the Constitutionalists to be represented in the peace proceedings, and it is understood that negotiations to that end are still proceeding. The mediators, however, are believed to have insisted on the declaration of an armistice as a first condition to representation, a condition which the Constitutionalists are hardly likely to accept. The situation was somewhat complicated when, on Sunday, Gen. Carranza declared himself provisional President of Mexico, naming Saltillo as the temporary seat of government, and proceeded to the selection of a Cabinet.

The attitude of Villa towards his chief, despite rumors to the contrary, remains eminently "correct," and a statement was issued by him on Monday in which he again denied with an oath that he harbored any political ambitions, but rather serious dissension seems to have developed among the Constitutionalists in the state of Sonora, where there have been severe clashes betwen the civil Governor, José Maria Maytorena, supported by volunteers, and the military commander, Gen. Alfaro Obregon, and his troops. Meanwhile the southern campaign has been halted temporarily pending repairs to the railway between Gutierrez and Zacatecas. When these have been effected, Villa's forces will undertake the investment of the latter city. At Guaymas, the only place where the Federals have so far held their own, following some desperate fighting on May 28, an armistice was arranged, according to an official announcement made in Mexico City, pending the outcome of the mediation proceedings.

Arms for the Huerta Government, consigned to Vera Cruz, were landed last week at Puerto Mexico by the German liners Ypiranga and Bavaria. On the return of the ships to Vera Cruz fines amounting in the aggregate to some $500,000 were imposed on them by the American collector of the port, acting in accordance with Mexican law, on account of their having discharged their cargo at a port other than that which was designated in their papers. The ships were released on the putting up of a bond by the Hamburg-American Line. It is anticipated that the matter may be the subject of diplomatic discussion between Germany and the United States.

A statement on Progressive policies, somewhat nebulous in character, was issued by Col. Roosevelt before his departure for Spain on Saturday, and was published in Sunday's papers. Comment on the statement will be found elsewhere.

The treaty between the United States and Colombia has passed all three readings in the Colombian Senate, and is this week before the House, where it is expected it will be passed without delay. The treaty will probably not come before the United States Congress until after the vote has been taken on the tolls repeal.

The taking of testimony at the court-martial of the officers and men of the Colorado State militia on charges of murder, arson, and larceny was brought to a conclusion on May 29, when the commission adjourned until June 12. The most notable evidence given last week was that of Major Edward J. Boughton, who had conducted an investigation of the Ludlow affair, and warmly praised the conduct of the troops.

By a unanimous vote the House of Representatives on Monday adopted the amendment to section 7 of the Clayton Anti-Trust bill exempting labor, agricultural, and other mutual help organizations from the operation of the anti-Trust laws. We comment elsewhere upon the significance of this amendment, the wording of which is: "Nor shall such organizations, orders, or associations, or the members thereof, be held or construed to be illegal combinations in restraint of trade under the anti-Trust laws."

A disaster second only to that of the Titanic occurred early on the morning of May 29, when the Canadian Pacific steamship Empress of Ireland was rammed amidships during a fog in the St. Lawrence River off Father Point by the collier Storstad, of the Dominion Coal Company. The passenger ship sank within fifteen minutes of the collision. It was possible to launch only a few of the boats, and many of the passengers were unable to gain the deck before the vessel sank. Four hundred and fifty-two survivors were rescued by the Storstad and by the Canadian revenue cutters Eureka and Lady Evelyn. The number of those lost is estimated at 1,024. An investigation to fix responsibility for the disaster will be held by the Canadian Government at Montreal, beginning on June 9.

Time had one of its revenges last week, when Glenn H. Curtiss made a successful flight with the aeroplane built by Dr. Samuel P. Langley in 1903, which at its original trial fell into the Potomac River, and which has since been reposing in the Smithsonian Institution, pointed at as "Langley's folly."

Reports that the battleships Idaho and Mississippi had been purchased by Greece have been denied from Athens, although it is admitted that negotiations for their purchase had been carried on. The idea of Greece in opening the negotiations was doubtless to offset the recent purchase by Turkey of two Brazilian warships building in the Armstrong yards in England.

News was received on May 29 of the safety of Capt. Robert Bartlett, commander of the Canadian exploring ship Karluk with the Stefansson expedition, and of his company, concerning whose fate the gravest anxiety had been felt. Capt. Bartlett telegraphed from St. Michael, Alaska. The Karluk was crushed in the ice, near Herald Island, on January 16, 1913, but the company was able to disembark on the ice, and there was ample time to remove from the ship stores, sledges, dogs, and the greater part of the scientific equipment. Wrangell Island was reached, and a permanent camp made. Leaving his company in camp, where they are well provisioned, Capt. Bartlett undertook his solitary journey of 500 miles over the ice to obtain help for them. It is expected that a relief ship will be able to reach Wrangell Island by the early part of August.

Premier Gaston Doumergue announced the resignation of the French Cabinet on Monday, and on Tuesday the resignations were handed collectively to the President. The principal reason for the action of M. Doumergue, who formed his Cabinet last December, is said to be uncertainty as to his ability to control a majority in the new Chamber, which assembled on Tuesday, and in the composition of which the recent elections have produced some changes. Differences are also said to exist in the Cabinet concerning the financial measures to be introduced in the new Parliament, and concerning the question of the three years' military service.

The deaths of the week include: Sir Joseph Wilson Swan, the Right Rev. Charles Scadding, Dr. Joseph Edward Stubbs, May 27; E. Yamaza, May 28; Peter Paul von Mauser, Brig.-Gen. James E. Sawyer, Col. Leonard A. Lovering, Prince Peter Sviatopolk Mirsky, Euphemia van Rensselaer (Sister Dolores), Laurence Irving, Sir Henry Seton-Karr, R. B. McClure, May 29; the Rev. Samuel Henry Bishop, Dr. Emil Gruening, May 30; Henry François Joseph Roujon, June 1.

The Week

The substitution of civil government for military administration in the territory under Constitutionalist control, and the transformation of Gen. Carranza from "first chief of the revolution" to provisional President of Mexico, are now under way. The process has been accelerated by events in two places—Mexico and Niagara Falls. Both as against Huerta and as against those who are working for a peaceful settlement, Carranza takes a strategic position. It is to him that events point as Huerta's successor, whatever may be the machinery set up for effecting the transference of power; and in setting up his framework of cabinet and provincial government, Carranza is bidding the peace negotiators take notice of this important fact. There is at first sight a certain sense of unreality about the absence from these negotiations of the party and the man that are virtually bound to emerge from the situation. But precisely because of his strong position in the field, Carranza is represented at Niagara Falls. He is taken into reckoning by the negotiators, and his cause is defended by the logic of events—not to mention our own delegates.

Whether the hopes now entertained as to a settlement of the Mexican problem are to be fully realized or not, great things have already been attained. The war-spirit in this country has been shown to be virtually non-existent. This mighty industrial democracy has made clear its unwillingness to be turned aside from its paths of peace by any provocation yet given it by Mexico. If the whole peace negotiation were now to fail, the country would be filled with chagrin, and it would be difficult to cause to flare up again even so much of Jingoism and zest for fighting as manifested themselves a month ago. To have thus tested the nation and found its response one of peace is by itself a wholesome reassuring. Add to this the recovery of good opinion of us abroad. Europe has dropped the first sneering tone which spoke of Yankee land-greed joined to hypocrisy. It begins to seem possible in France and Germany and England that the United States may not, after all, intend to overrun and annex Mexico. And the revulsion of feeling which has come, to our marked benefit, in South America, is something that years of diplomatic and trade intercourse could not have effected. Idealism in an American President is not such a bad thing, after all, when it gains the country instant recognition, and puts in the way of becoming a practical force the friendly coöperation of all the republics on this continent. It seems to have taken a "dreamer" to make this old dream come true.

However complete our arrangements for preventing disasters at sea, disasters will still be possible through the imperfections of human beings. The great lesson of the Titanic was the vital importance of being so prepared as to reduce the loss of life to a minimum when the disaster comes. In her case, it was the shortage in the number of lifeboats that caused the loss of hundreds of lives which might have been saved; and the result has been that ships are now required to carry lifeboats enough to accommodate all on board. In the Empress of Ireland calamity, it was the shortness of time that made the loss of life so enormous. When a ship goes down in fourteen minutes after she is struck, every minute gained by any person on board may make the difference between life and death. And it would be extremely easy to gain many of these precious minutes. An electric bell might be placed in every stateroom, and close to every berth throughout the vessel, all of them controlled by a single switch on the bridge, the turning of which would cause them to ring, and to keep ringing indefinitely. The minutes saved by this mode of spreading an alarm might easily have meant the escape of scores, perhaps hundreds, of those who perished last week in the St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence disaster ought to have at least one result: concentration of public interest upon the La Follette bill pending in Congress, and the International Convention on Safety at Sea, also awaiting approval. Unfortunately, neither of these measures is unanimously supported by those who have studied the subject. Thus, it is declared that if the treaty had been ratified, the rescuing vessels might not have appeared in aid of the Empress of Ireland, since it would relax the provision for continuous wireless service. As to the La Follette bill, it is not satisfactory to shipowners, and is obviously drawn chiefly in the interest of the labor unions. As it now stands, it would put out of business many steamers in inland waters, because of the provision that there must be two able seamen for each lifeboat. Here is a great chance for statesmanship. Somebody, perhaps the Secretary of Commerce, might get all the interested together and see if at least a satisfactory bill cannot be agreed upon. The President and the Senate must decide if the treaty constitutes a retrogression as a whole, or whether its good points do not outweigh the bad. Some action on it ought to be taken soon.

It is a pity that President Wilson should have allowed himself to be manœuvred into a false position in regard to his Memorial Day address, and then at the eleventh hour have reversed his decision not to speak. It will be remembered that he similarly vacillated in regard to his Gettysburg address. It would really seem as if the President were often in need of better advice than he is getting—advice that comes in such a way as to carry conviction with it. As a result of this blunder, he faced an almost hostile audience, and lays himself open to the charge of having reversed himself at the last moment for political reasons. Unfortunate as this is, his words of Saturday were golden. Not a Jingo sentiment came from his lips; he refused point blank to glorify war. He dwelt upon the nobler sacrifices of peace, and yet he gave just and unstinted praise to the men of the Civil War, who are, as he said, above all others secure in their imperishable fame and the imperishable gratitude of the republic.

Secretary Lane presents with great force, and with abundant detail, the case for the establishment of a centralized administration of everything relating to the natural resources of Alaska. His communication is addressed to the chairmen of the Committees on Territories of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and is in support of the bills —substantially identical—pending in the two houses of Congress for the creation of a board or commission to have full charge of Alaskan development. The Sec-

retary points out that "practically all the lands and natural resources of Alaska are still the property of the United States," and that the time is now ripe for the institution of a policy which shall go beyond the mere protection of that property from seizure by monopolists, and shall provide for its use by legitimate enterprise, in such manner as to combine the promotion of the welfare and development of Alaska with the retention by the whole people of the United States of their proper share of the benefits of this great possession. The Government railway has been decided on, and is to be built; in order that this should yield its natural fruit, it is essential that the tangle of archaic laws and of haphazard and unharmonized jurisdictions be replaced by a system of management directed clearly and intelligently to the special needs of the Alaskan situation. Secretary Lane quotes President Wilson's reference to the subject in his message of last December; it is not amiss to add that both the railway and the commission were strongly urged upon Congress by President Taft in February, 1912, in conformity with the recommendations made by Secretary Fisher after a visit of investigation to Alaska.

The proposal which Prof. W. W. Willoughby, of Johns Hopkins University, made to the Mohonk Peace Conference is characteristic of a teacher of political science; but it is not therefore less significant of the public change since the Conference first met twenty years ago. What he desires is a "case method" of teaching peace. "He would have less reiteration of the principles and platitudes of arbitration, and a more detailed, technical discussion of it, its limitations and advantages." Something like this we have heard from President Eliot, who believes that education in pacificism is so far advanced that it is the constructive labors of peace, sometimes very indirectly related to it, which may now be stressed. The view is obviously open to objection that, even if correct, the work of propaganda must still not be abandoned; a passionate and literary presentation being always required to maintain the heroisms of peace and fraternity against those of war. It need not interfere, in bodies like the Mohonk Conference, with discussion of concrete, present cases of international friction. But Professor Willoughby's plan is built, in the first place, on a diagnosis of popular feeling that would have been utterly impossible twenty or fifteen years ago, as the Venezuela incident and Spanish War testify; and it indicates the emergence of an increasing number of men versed in international law, diplomats, and students interested in the problems and technique of arbitration.

In Col. Roosevelt's actual address before the National Geographic Society last week, the data regarding the newly discovered river are less precise than those embodied in the telegram given out after the lecture, a telegram addressed to the Brazilian Foreign Minister, Lauro Muller, by Mr. Roosevelt, and sent from Manaos. In this dispatch we have a definite record of degrees of latitude and longitude, with an enumeration of the affluents of the Roosevelt river, all of which should enable the recreant mapmakers to redeem themselves. Confirmation of the Colonel's telegram is contained in a dispatch addressed by Col. Rondon to the Brazilian Foreign Minister, and evidently based on the same set of observations. It is printed in the Rio de Janeiro *Jornal do Commercio* for May 2. In parts the language in the two telegrams is almost identical. Col. Rondon states that in view of Mr. Roosevelt's health the party had no time to make an exact determination of where the new river enters the Madeira, but on the fact of the river being an affluent of the Madeira the Brazilian explorer is positive. Mr. Roosevelt has therefore done much more than put a new river on the map. He has shown the old maps to be utterly wrong, not only as to the obscure hinterland, but as to the main stream of the Madeira, on which there has been traffic for centuries. Thus on our best maps, the river Aripuana is shown as entering the Madeira from the right near the fifth parallel of latitude. Cols. Roosevelt and Rondon make the Aripuana enter the new river from the left nearly two hundred miles further south. The affair still has puzzling details for the experts to clear up.

How much California has needed her Workmen's Compensation act, described as a vast improvement over the existing statute, is evident from figures given by her Industrial Accident Commission. To that body in 1913 were reported 24,177 accidents, 583 of which resulted in death, 864 in permanent disability, and 10,659 in temporary disability; showing that out of every thousand workmen injured 881 were temporarily and 71 permanently crippled, and 40 killed. The total wage loss was placed at $18,255,616. Set against these statistics there was a record, under the old law, of indemnity paid for 10,721 accidents, amounting to $613,862. The new measure is compulsory upon all except employers of casual labor and those engaged in agriculture; it provides, moreover, for a State compensation insurance fund, which since the new year has become responsible for policies on pay-rolls of over $30,000,000. It will protect two men where one was protected before. It is already attaining one of its aims—to increase the precautions which employers will voluntarily take to promote safety; for the report of last year's accidents is accompanied by testimony that the new act has resulted in greatly increased demands for the advisory services of safety engineers, for stereopticon lectures on safety provided by the Commission, and for the establishment of safety museums.

The American Medico-Psychological Association, in annual convention at Baltimore, rejected the resolutions proposed by the council of the Association recommending the enactment of laws requiring a clean bill of health and evidence of a normal mind before the issuance of a marriage license. According to a report of the meeting, when the resolutions were presented, a vigorous onslaught was made upon them, and when the vote was put they found but few supporters. It is particularly gratifying to see such evidence of soberness of thought on the part of a body of men whose absorption in their specialty would tend to make them magnify the evil to be remedied, and forget deeper and broader considerations. In this sphere, as in others, one great reason why ill-considered notions so often make such rapid headway is that the people who are skeptical about them or opposed to them do not make a "vigorous onslaught" upon them, but content

themselves with silence, leaving all the vigorous assertion to the other side. That resolutions recommending the segregation of the feeble-minded, imbeciles, and other mental delinquents, and the establishment of separate institutions for their care, were adopted unanimously, only emphasizes the stand taken by the Association in the other matter. Between a do-nothing policy and a meddle-with-everything policy there is ample room for discriminating judgment.

Ecclesiastical bodies are often betrayed into adopting ill-considered resolutions, simply because they are presented by a committee. Last week at Chicago the Presbyterian General Assembly accepted a report and recommendation on moral and social questions of the day, against one part of which many prominent Presbyterians are already up in arms. This was in the section dealing with temperance, and all Presbyterian ministers and church members were called upon to resign from clubs where liquor is or may be supplied. Doubtless the author of this recommendation supposed that he was merely proceeding in the spirit of "Come out from among them and be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing." He could scarcely have been aware of the rumpus which his counsel of perfection would kick up. Many Presbyterians are members of golf clubs, university clubs, social clubs, and are not at all disposed to give up their membership, merely because those who so wish can have drinks served to them. The Assembly's utterance goes beyond the matter of personal habits into that of personal associations. It will, no doubt, be generally disregarded.

It is a year since the unveiling, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, of a tablet commemorating the services of Dr. S. P. Langley to aviation; a token of a recent general recognition, in at least the upper circles of science here and abroad, of the value of his labors. He has for some time been accorded the credit of being one of the first to study flying on scientific principles, and to make practical application of his theories along the lines on which the art has since developed. Aviation has grown by the process of trial and error, and if his experiments seemingly ended in failure, he gave, nevertheless, a notable impulse. But in the demonstration last week that he builded better than he knew, his practical claims are also completely vindicated. Not merely his fundamental idea, but his construction, is shown to be so sound that all that was lacking was skill in operation; when a Curtiss took his machine, it rose successfully. To those who believe that the solution of the problems of mechanical and scientific progress will chiefly belong to men of exact scientific training and methods, like Dr. Langley, the flight at Lake Keuka will be highly encouraging. It need not detract from the achievement of other inventors, as the Wright brothers; but it vindicates courage and sincere effort founded on exact knowledge. The rusty aerodrome, which would look strange enough beside a finished aeroplane, is evidence that those who have virtually taken the citadel of flying have found, in Clough's phrase, the body of a first crusader before its walls.

Miss Alice Brown's winning of the ten thousand dollar prize offered by Mr. Winthrop Ames for a play of popular appeal is an extraordinary achievement; extraordinary because of the fact that Miss Brown is a veteran writer of proved talent and with a field and manner of her own. Prize contests nowadays are for the young and unknown, and not rarely for the unschooled. The adolescent victor in such contests wins by virtue of striking a fresh note, the freshness on closer examination consisting in a brave echo of several dead authors and a dozen living successful ones. Since in the terms of the Ames contest it was specified that the play was to be one of popular appeal, there was room for fearing the worst—say, a knockabout farce with pistol-play attachment. The character of the judges in the contest pointed, to be sure, in the other direction. But experience has shown incredible selections made by men of apparently good judgment. Until the prize play is given to the public, the general belief will be that Messrs. Ames, Thomas, and Klauber have reason to congratulate themselves that the anonymous contestant to whom they awarded the prize should turn out to be a writer of proved merit.

A form of international courtesy in which Americans—from their sense of the value of foreign relics and documents, and their wide acquisitions—ought to shine, has just been exemplified by a trustee of Wellesley College, in the return to King Alfonso of a MS. stolen from Seville, and offered for sale in Amsterdam. The notable precedent for the action, the late Mr. Morgan's restoration to Ascoli of the cope belonging to the cathedral, evoked a display of gratitude which should encourage every similar act. On his recent visit to America Signor Ferrero remarked upon it in connection with a general commendation of the much-slandered American taste for foreign treasures. But between citizens and governments of Europe similar examples of courtesy have recently been displayed. King Alfonso himself, lately noting in the Louvre two suits of Moorish armor without duplicate at Salamanca, was promptly presented with them by the Republic. To apply fully the principle that all objects of art taken by force or stealth from their native surroundings should be returned, would cause one of the strangest migrations in history. But while retroactive measures are impracticable, it is pleasant to see that lovers of art and history are setting their faces against a continuance of anything like sharp practice.

In spite of Rudyard Kipling's bad language, the war in Ulster refuses to come off. Indeed, Mr. Kipling's bad language is to be explained by the fact that the war has refused to come off. This may, of course, be the lull before the storm, but no sultry atmosphere hangs over Great Britain. If one may judge from the general tenor of news and impressions, a great indifference has settled down upon the British islands, partly to be described as reaction from much talk and hope of a fight long deferred, partly as the reassertion of common sense in face of the outstanding fact that no immediate doom is confronting unhappy Ulster, with six years and two general elections before she must submit to the yoke. There will be a resumption of verbal warfare after ten days or so, when the last formalities attending the enactment of Home Rule take place, and the Government's amendments are made public. But prospect of a midsummer civil war there is little.

THE COLONEL'S UNCERTAIN TRUMPET.

Lord Rosebery has said that the relations of a party leader to his followers have never been studied as they should be. One thing, affirmed Rosebery, is clear: the followers impose their will upon their chief as often as he imposes his upon them. Certainly it so seems in the matter of the political declaration which Col. Roosevelt left behind him as he sailed for Spain. It has internal marks which bear out the reports that his Progressive counsellors fairly demanded of him that he publish a statement. They were only too conscious that they needed encouraging. A bugle blast from him would hearten their despondent party. The Colonel himself said that it was doubtful if he could find time to put the trumpet to his lips. But finally he yielded to the importunities of his friends, though it must be said that the result was that he gave a most uncertain sound. If it was meant as a signal to the Progressive army to prepare for battle, it can only provoke comparisons with the French Colonel of the *Anti-Jacobin*, of whom it was written:

> He fled full soon, on the first of June,
> But bade the rest keep fighting.

We have had, of course, only a preliminary winding of Mr. Roosevelt's horn. He will be home again in a month, and will undoubtedly plunge into the political fray. To keep out of it would be impossible for him; and he would not be very fastidious about the point where he plunged in. He would sympathize with Gen. Kearney's direction to go in anywhere, as there was "beautiful fighting" all along the line. But we think he ought to be warned against following up the plan of attack on the Wilson Administration which he indicated on Saturday. For by assaulting in that way he would obviously be in danger of riding down more of his own soldiers than of the enemy, and even of unhorsing himself.

He proposes to hold the President and the Democratic party responsible for bad times. "There is widespread apprehension." "The pinch of poverty is felt." Well, if that is true in 1914, it was much more true in 1907. There has not yet been a Wilson panic, as there was alleged to be a Roosevelt panic seven years ago. The *Nation* can speak with the more frankness on this point because we steadily contended in 1907 that it was unjust to charge up to the Roosevelt Administration the financial crash of that year. But if Roosevelt himself is now going over to the doctrine that the President is to blame for bad times, how can he possibly escape the deadly consequences of his own logic? If he now steps forward as a guarantor of "prosperity passed around," it will be incumbent on him to explain why he passed around distress and misery in 1907. It is plainly inadvisable for him to grasp a two-edged sword that is certain to wound himself.

Equally ill-judged is Mr. Roosevelt's assertion that the reduction of the tariff has not helped, and that nothing has been done to "solve the Trust question." A man who is on record as having been frightened out of his determination, as President, to urge Congress to reduce the tariff might with more grace leave that topic alone. Moreover, it can fairly be argued that the moderate lowering of the tariff by the Democrats is in line with the asserted purpose of the Progressives, as laid down in their 1912 platform. In fact, as Representative Palmer points out, nearly all the Progressives in Congress voted for the Underwood bill. Were they right or wrong in doing so? And as for the Democrats being clear off the track as regards dealing with the Trusts, the Colonel might rather have accused them of stealing his own idea. For are they not acting as if bent on legislating in order to carry out one of the planks of the Progressive platform? We mean the one promising "a strong Federal Administrative Commission," which was to "maintain permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in interstate commerce, . . . doing for them what the Government now does for the national banks, and what is now done for the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission." Why, the pending Trade Commission bill is so palpably in line with this that the Colonel might have called upon good Progressives to rally to its support! But that, we suppose, would not have been hitting the line hard.

The net effect of Mr. Roosevelt's hurried and rather halting pronouncement will not be great. If it was intended to yield good cheer to the Progressives, a portion of that good cheer has plainly been "passed around" to the Democrats. They feel that their way will be made easy for them by a continuation of the split among their opponents. On the other hand, the Republicans are led to believe that the lack of vitriol thrown their way, in the Colonel's statement, prefigures his return to the party of his first devotion. He is, in any case, plainly waiting to see how the course of politics—the true River of Doubt to him just now—will change, before taking a more vigorous and positive line of conduct. Meantime, those of his countrymen who think will be inclined closely to scrutinize his implied programme of prosperity for the rich and a chicken in every workingman's pot. This would mean a combination of high protection with the doctrine of a division of goods—a sort of alliance between standpatism and sans-culottism.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD WITH LABOR.

If there were no other objection to the so-called compromise agreed on by the President and the Democratic leaders on the one hand, and the labor-union men on the other, and passed unanimously by the House, its dishonesty would be sufficient to condemn the proposal. This dishonesty consists in something far beyond any ordinary question of legislative obscurity or vagueness. The words which have been added to the clause in the Clayton Anti-Trust bill may be interpreted so as to add nothing at all to the meaning of that clause, and they may be interpreted so as to bring about that complete exemption from the operation of the anti-Trust laws which the labor-union men desire. And the proposal is being accepted by both sides not *in spite* of this extreme and fundamental ambiguity, but *because* of it. We confess our own total inability to determine which of the two interpretations would be most likely to be given to the words by the courts; and it is upon the general existence of such inability that the whole scheme is based. The labor men are to accept it because it may give the unions all they want; the opponents of class legislation are to accept it because it may give the unions nothing at all. To write such a provision into the statute-books of the country, to do it deliberately and for the very purpose of conciliating each side by holding forth the prospect that the other side will get the gold-brick—this can be

characterized by no term less harsh than that of a degradation of the law-making function.

The objection of ambiguity applied, indeed, to the labor-and-agricultural organization clause as it stood in the first place. It was as follows:

> That nothing contained in the anti-Trust laws shall be construed to forbid the existence and operation of fraternal, labor, consumers', agricultural, or horticultural organizations, orders, or associations, instituted for the purpose of mutual help and not having capital stock or conducted for profit, or to forbid or restrain individual members of such organizations, orders, or associations from carrying out the legitimate objects thereof.

If by "legitimate objects" was to be understood objects not in conflict with the general provisions of the law, this gave to the organizations in question no special privileges; if, on the other hand, the phrase were to cover all the purposes and practices which such organizations were in the habit of pursuing, it might go far towards exempting them wholly from the prohibition of the law. But assuming the first interpretation to be correct, the provision would still have the effect of completely meeting the contention of Mr. Gompers that, under the Sherman act, it might be possible for the courts to declare these organizations illegal in their very nature. The words which have now been adopted by the House—

> nor shall such organizations, orders, or associations, or the members thereof, be held or construed to be illegal combinations in restraint of trade under the anti-Trust laws—

either merely say the same thing over again, or go the whole length of taking these organizations—and apparently even individual members—out of the jurisdiction of the general law altogether. It is therefore literally true that if this should be put into the law, nobody knows whether it would have no effect whatever, or whether it would give the labor unions the whole of their most extreme demand.

What that demand is, everybody knows. There is no secret about it. Labor unions desire a declaration that nothing in the anti-Trust laws shall apply to them. That the President is opposed to such class legislation, that he regards it as intolerable, he has indicated in various ways, and on various occasions. It has been given out that he would veto any bill that embodied such a provision, or a provision coming near to this. When he gave his approval to the amendment, it must have been with the expectation that it would not produce the effect which alone makes it acceptable to the labor-union men. We confess that we see no point of view from which this position is defensible. If the words mean nothing, the labor men ought not to be deceived into thinking they mean something. Moreover, the matter cannot end there. What they think they are getting, or may be getting, this time, they will demand next time as a matter of good faith. *Obsta principiis* is the only rule in a question of this kind. The time to assert the integrity of the law is when that integrity is first attacked, not after a breach has been made in its defences. The case is that of the Sundry Civil rider over again, only worse. Mr. Wilson let that go through, on the express plea that it would make no difference—that in any labor-union case he would use funds other than those forbidden. That the principle of the rider was wrong, he plainly stated; he let it go because it would have no effect. In this present matter, it is not in his power to determine whether the effect will follow or not; yet he seems ready to waive the principle on the mere hope that the effect will not follow. Will not the natural next step be to abandon the principle outright?

THE TRUST BILLS AND BUSINESS.

In replying to the representatives of Western manufacturing interests who called upon him on Thursday of last week, President Wilson gave three reasons for thinking them mistaken in asking for a postponement of most of the Administration's anti-Trust programme. They had urged that in the present unsatisfactory condition of the country's business it would be unwise to enact, on top of the tariff and currency acts so recently passed, a mass of new legislation affecting the conduct of business generally; that action of this sort should not be taken until a thorough inquiry had been made by a commission which should consider the actual facts of the situation and report what measures would meet it in a satisfactory manner. To this the President replied, in effect, first, that it was better to do the thing now than to do it later, because uncertainty is the worst thing that can happen to business; secondly, that it was better to pass the moderate bills proposed than to invite the danger of extreme measures through the accumulation of more radical forces; and thirdly, that the present business depression is "merely psychological," there being "no material condition or substantial reason why the business of the country should not be in the most prosperous and expanding condition."

There would be force in the first point if the business world were laboring under a kind of uncertainty similar to that which precedes the enactment of a tariff bill—uncertainty which affects the particular operations of specific business enterprises, and which the enactment of the law would remove. This resemblance, however, does not exist in either respect. If the tone of business is depressed by uncertainty as to legislation, it is not because a man does not know what goods he will be well-advised to buy, or sell, or make, because of possible changes in the law which will affect their prices; it is because of a vague, but none the less important, feeling that business in general may be disarranged, in ways that nobody can define, by the action of Congress. And, so far from this kind of uncertainty being eliminated by the carrying through of the Administration's legislative programme, it is quite within the possibilities—even the probabilities—that it will be increased. The Supreme Court decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases brought about a definiteness, as well as an effectiveness, in the Sherman Anti-Trust law which had never before existed; the new legislation bids fair to introduce new uncertainties, the extent of which no man can foretell. "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly"—but that "if" is of the essence of the matter.

The second plea is one that can always be urged for any measure to which conservatives object. In the present instance, it is entitled to even less weight than usual, since, so far as regards a large part of the proposed programme, there is hardly any perceptible pressure from radical sources in its favor; nor does it involve any clear principle which is being opposed by the business world in a standpat spirit. In such a

matter as workmen's compensation, or the income tax, there is much validity in the argument that if the capitalist class opposes such a concession to the demands of the time, the resentment provoked by their attitude will result in the pressing of more radical measures; but it is difficult to see anything of this nature in the present situation relating to the Trust bills. What the business world says is that it does not want legislation for legislation's sake; that laws should not be passed on the subject without substantial assurance that they will accomplish great good; that there is no possibility, in the present session of Congress, of subjecting these bills to the kind of examination and amendment which would be necessary for such assurance—the kind that converted the banking and currency bill from a dangerous and unworkable into a safe and workable law. To these arguments the reply that if we don't take what is offered we shall have to put up with worse is certainly not one that commends itself to any man who has the courage of his convictions.

Finally, we are told that the trouble with business is psychological, that the material conditions are all favorable. Well, is not that precisely the point that Mr. Wilson's visitors were making? What they are asking is that one of the causes of that psychological condition be removed. If the trouble were in things over which we have no control—if it were in bad crops, or the exhaustion of capital through overconfident enterprise—the President might well say that his visitors were looking in the wrong direction for relief; but just in so far as the trouble is psychological, they are justified in insisting on the importance of the effect of anything the Government may do, or leave undone, on the temper of the business world. If there were a clear case for these bills, a case grounded on their inherent merits and necessity, it would be right to pass them, whatever their immediate effect upon business. But since their case is highly doubtful in itself, since there is no time for their proper consideration or amendment, and no sign of genuine public demand for their enactment, the all but universal desire on the part of the business world for their postponement is, in the present condition of trade and industry, entitled to serious consideration.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE SLAVS

The death of Francis Kossuth, which we recorded last week, has come at a time when the fortunes of the Independent party, of which he was the leader, are on the decline. This has been brought about by internal political developments within the Dual Monarchy, but to a greater extent by the remarkable changes in the international situation in the Near East. The Independent party, under the son of the great Kossuth, came prominently to the fore about a dozen years ago. Its aim was the reduction of the relations between Hungary and Austria to a personal union; and there were those who anticipated that even this slender tie would disappear with the death of the venerable Francis Joseph. This was the time when the break-up of the Hapsburg monarchy was so confidently predicted.

The great issue on which the Hungarian patriot party carried on its campaign was the complete Magyarization of the Hungarian army. For years the battle raged over the so-called "words of command," the demand that the Magyar troops should be not only officered by men of their own race, but drilled and directed in their own tongue. Many concessions were made by the Emperor, but on this last point he has remained obdurate. The Independent party never came into power, but has been strong enough at times to prevent the long continuance of orderly constitutional government. Hungary during the last decade has been ruled largely by bureaucrat Cabinets which have managed to do business by alternately bargaining with the Opposition and threatening it. At one time the Independent party controlled a majority of the Diet. To-day it hardly numbers a hundred followers, divided into two factions, led by Kossuth and by Justh. The death of Francis Kossuth seems to promise its further disintegration.

A masterly counter-stroke to Magyar aspirations came in the year 1905 when the Fejerváry Cabinet brought forward the proposal of universal suffrage for Hungary. This was carrying the war into the enemy's territory. It was the weak point in the case of the Magyar nationalists that, while striving to vindicate their privileges against Austria, they were themselves in a minority in Hungary and jealous of any concessions that might threaten the Magyar ascendency over the Slavs, Rumanians, and Ruthenes under the Hungarian crown. Universal suffrage would have badly shaken, if not totally undermined, this ascendency; and to the present day the project of universal suffrage has remained in suspended animation. To the same degree it has remained an effective weapon in the hands of Ministries nominated from Vienna. In Austria universal suffrage became a fact in 1907, but in Hungary at the present day the electorate is only one-fourth of the male population over twenty years of age. To ward off the ever-present danger, the process of Magyarization has been carried on ruthlessly among the subject races; and with perceptible effect. In 1890 the Magyar element numbered 48 per cent. of the total population of Hungary. In 1910 it had risen to 55 per cent. Yet this is obviously no such overwhelming predominance but that universal suffrage would bring about a radical redistribution of power among the races. The menace is present, and the comparative slackening of Magyar self-assertion as against Austria is partly the result.

Developments in the Balkans have been working for harmony between the two parts of the Hapsburg monarchy. The high tension in international relations which set in with the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina some five years ago made it more unlikely than ever that the Emperor would consent to any concessions that might weaken the efficiency of the Dual army. The recurrent crises that marked the progress of the Balkan wars accentuated this tendency. In earlier discussions regarding the possible break-up of the Dual Monarchy, the habit was to assume that Austria needed Hungary more than Hungary needed its partner. But the Balkan wars, and in particular the second war resulting in the aggrandizement of Servia, aroused disquiet at Budapest. Servian ambitions, fired by unanticipated success, are now directed towards the realization of the ideal of that Greater Servia which cannot be complete without the three million Serbs and Croats now under Hungarian rule. There is danger also on the Rumanian frontier. Rumania, too, has profited by the Balkan wars, and nation-

alist aspirations are consequently turning towards the three million Rumanians in Hungary. The danger may not be immediate, but what is, indeed, immediate is the unrest created among the Slavs and other subject races in Hungary by the triumphs of their kinsmen to the south.

Events have thus tended to remind the dominant Magyar element that their case is not so different from that of Austria, of which they have been in the habit of thinking as a conglomeration of peoples ready to fall apart. Pressure from the southern Slavs is bound to increase. There are Hungarians who take a pessimistic view of the final outcome. But even optimists are recognizing that the two partners in the Dual Monarchy have greater need of each other than ever. Under such circumstances, it is not likely that they will waste their energies in quarrelling with each other. Of this, the decline of the Independent party in Hungary is a sign.

A NOTABLE PUBLIC SERVANT.

In an hour when we hear more complaints than ever about our State Legislatures, and more than one Governor is proved unequal to his task, a recent happening in Massachusetts reminds us that there are some American public servants of most satisfactory type and service of whom the general public hears but little. We refer to the retirement from the office of chairman of the State Board of Health of Dr. Henry Pickering Walcott, after thirty-three years of devoted and enlightened service with that body. No less than 2,200 physicians and surgeons united in an address to him in which they recited his many and varied responsibilities of the past, recalled the fact that he was invariably reappointed by Republican and Democratic Governors, and declared that he had met all the duties assumed "with such wisdom, discretion, and rare modesty as to make the task of your successor who would uphold the standards bequeathed to him a difficult one indeed."

Such "rare modesty"; so great was it that, although this useful public servant had toiled thirty-three years for his State, it might almost be said, as in the Scripture, "Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man." Dr. Walcott, were he less modest, might have claimed for himself a large part of the credit for the remarkable water supply of Boston and its neighboring towns, in obtaining which he was a prime agent; just as he led in the work of establishing the North and South Metropolitan Sewerage systems, in improving the Charles River estuary, and the Concord, Neponset, and Sudbury Rivers. Under his guidance the sanitary conditions of numerous towns and cities in the State have been vastly improved. Yet if he were asked as to his own share in it he would probably say that it was all done by sub-committees of the State Board. He would doubtless even deny that his own connection with the Board was a chief reason for its being wholly out of politics, and for its having such a high standing with the Legislature that, since 1886, when he became chairman, the State's lawmakers have invariably referred to it all important sanitary matters, instead of creating special commissions. Because of this the State has saved hundreds of thousands of dollars and takes front rank among American commonwealths for its handling of these questions. As the letter to Dr. Walcott states: "The investigations and recommendations of the Board have commended themselves to the Legislature and in general have been carried out ultimately as presented. . . . You have borne the responsibilities both of recommendation and of execution."

Meanwhile, Dr. Walcott has found time to be chairman of two State Commissions to consider various important tuberculosis problems. During almost this entire period he has given, as an Overseer, and as a Fellow, since 1890, the same kind of administrative service to Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1858. At times he was acting president in Dr. Eliot's absence, and there are many who believe that his years alone prevented his being Dr. Eliot's successor. Always he has been a wise and judicial executive, weighing the evidence and deciding with care, and invariably abreast of the times in his knowledge of progress in medicine, science, and the arts—rare traits these when reputations for acquiring all-embracing knowledge overnight are so readily made! Such talents as his might early have won him distinction in many money-making fields. As a physician he no doubt could have earned startling fees, and as a consulting sanitarian he might have made his fortune. He has deliberately chosen to be, if not a "poor wise man," a wise man who lives as modestly as befits a great one, and has rejoiced in a wealth of the "durable satisfactions of life," of the dividends that accrue to him who gives his life in keenest intellectual pursuits for the benefit of others and the general welfare of the community.

What a rare taste Dr. Walcott's is; how out of tune with the time! He has flung away his talents, according to many. He should have written as an expert for our muckraking magazines, yet the columns of *Collier's*, *Everybody's*, and the *Saturday Evening Post* knew him not. He has had no press agent. He did not blurt out his views when the Lawrence strike was on and rush to the White House to tell the President what was his duty, nor seek the factory-owners to tell them theirs. He never rose in public hearings uninvited to say "Civis sum" and orate to the reporters. In fact, he bore no resemblance whatever to the type of the Lindseys, who can never be accused of hiding their lights under a bushel, and who can scent capitalistic conspiracies from afar. Dr. Walcott fought Beasts, too—beasts of ignorance, of disease, of neglect. By his quiet, constructive work he insured life to millions. Yet he never wrote a book about it, never called himself a Progressive, or pronounced himself a saviour of society, or boasted of a single achievement. He has merely gone on being a quiet, honest, high-minded gentleman, happy in his service to the State, content—though "no man remembered that same poor man"—in a patriotism that cannot be surpassed, certainly not on the field of battle. So long as Massachusetts or any other State can have such service as Dr. Walcott gave, no American need feel that the science of government fails to advance within our nation. But it remains the duty of all teachers of our youth to bring out the lasting value of such great constructive service as Dr. Walcott's and its vast importance, despite the absence of all flourish of trumpets and of all methods of self-advertisement.

Foreign Correspondence

"KILLING WITH THE MOUTH"—RUDYARD KIPLING'S ATTACK ON THE GOVERNMENT—PETITIONING THE KING.

LONDON, May 22.

"Scathe: to injure, especially by blasting or withering up." So runs the dictionary definition.. When, therefore, one reads on the contents bills of a daily paper the line, "Rudyard Kipling's Scathing Attack on the Government," it would seem a safe inference that "the Laureate of the Empire," as his admirers call him, has achieved something that the Opposition forces in Parliament have for eight years been attempting in vain. It is to the man of letters, we have been assured again and again, that we must look for a really statesmanlike solution of the problems of the modern world. While the party politicians—ignorant and stupid creatures like Herbert Asquith and Viscount Morley and Arthur Balfour—are still occupied with their sordid wrangles, the poet or the novelist, from his vantage-ground of unprejudiced detachment, can alone deliver the nation from its perplexities by bringing his clear intellect and calm judgment to the redress of the people's needs.

The utterance by which Mr. Kipling has thus revolutionized the political situation took the form of a speech at a recent Unionist meeting on Tunbridge Wells Common. He compared the present Cabinet to the embezzlers, murderers, and other criminals with whom his duties as a reporter used to bring him in contact in India. When a man got crooked, one thing led to another, until, at last, he had to put some one out of the way to get straight. That was just the history of the Cabinet. Their crooked work led to the passage of the Parliament act by which they assured themselves of a straight run of at least five years' salary. Then they had to give private members of Parliament a direct financial interest in voting for Cabinet measures, so the House embezzled public funds by voting itself £400 a year per head as salary.

But, even then, their majority was not big enough, so they bought the Irish Nationalist vote by means of the Home Rule bill, which broke the faith of generations, and subsidized the secret forces of boycott, outrage, intimidation, and murder. It was to men with such a record of crime and hatred that the Cabinet prepared to hand over a portion of the United Kingdom, for no other reason than that they might continue in enjoyment of their office. Mr. Kipling continued, in the same vein, to describe how one thing led to another, until, in order to get straight again, the Cabinet decided to put Ulster out of the way by organizing a killing on a large scale, but was foiled by the patriotism of the army, which, to its eternal honor and glory, saved the Empire.

Once upon a time, a popular writer of verses poured scorn upon the people who thought they were making a real contribution to national defence by killing Kruger with their mouth. Killing Asquith with one's mouth is just as easy and just as contemptible. Yet, after all, Rudyard Kipling's tirade of vulgar abuse is a valuable service to political history. In days to come the student of this period will dig it out from the newspaper reports with the same delight with which the archæologist discovers in the sands of Egypt some authentic record of ancient life. For this speech crystallizes, in half a column of print, the unthinkling rage with which the present Government is regarded by an influential class of its opponents. For a generation Mr. Kipling has been "the high priest of Imperialism." This latest outburst is a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the Imperialistic temper. It shows what a man of exceptional talent may come to when this madness begins to work in his brain.

Not a few suffragists who do not ordinarily endorse the "militant" programme have supported the plan for presenting a suffrage petition directly to the King. The idea is, of course, utterly preposterous, and could not be approved by any one who had the least glimmer of an understanding of the function of the Crown in the British Constitution. It is quite true that, technically, the King receives petitions from his subjects, just as, technically, he personally appoints every captain in the army. But in constitutional practice petitions, and the deputations that present them, are received only through Ministers. The situation has been plainly put by Sir H. H. Johnston in a letter to the committee of a suffrage society, of which he is a vice-president. "For good or ill," he reminds them, "we have deprived the Sovereign of all initiative action in legislation, and it is as absurd to invoke the precedents of the seventeenth century in this respect as to petition the extinct Star Chamber. If suffragists are to invite the Sovereign to be unconstitutional over the woman's vote, they cannot complain if he is similarly unconstitutional in opposing or initiating other legislation they might vehemently desire or dislike. If the King is advised not to receive this deputation by his Ministers, how can he reject their advice? He might, on the same grounds, next year or in the next few years, refuse to sign his name under 'Le Roy le veult' at the foot of a great measure of female enfranchisement."

The ceremony at what was to have been the opening of the Anglo-American Exhibition on May 14 was marred by an absurd fiasco. The invited guests had the pleasure of listening to the speeches that had been prepared by the Duke of Teck, the Earl of Kintore, and other distinguished persons, but all they were permitted to see of the show itself was gained by peering through the dusty panes of locked doors. Disappointing as was this failure, the explanation of it is, in one respect, highly creditable. The doors of the halls were closed because the exhibition authorities had not satisfied the London County Council inspectors. The management complains that the inspection was made so late that there was not time to comply with the official requirements before the day fixed for the opening ceremony. Be that as it may, it is satisfactory to know that no influence can deter the Council from insisting upon the precautions that it considers necessary to provide for the safety of the public.

The purveyors of popular entertainment ought already, one would imagine, to have learned this lesson of the inflexibility of the L. C. C. from what happened in connection with the opening of Oscar Hammerstein's opera house in Kingsway a few years ago. The first performance was advertised to be given on a certain Monday night. Up to the previous Saturday afternoon Mr. Hammerstein was confident that he should be able to induce the Council to abate some of its conditions respecting exits, etc. Only then did he realize that he was up against an authority whose instructions were not meant to be a basis for discussion, but were as absolute as the fiat of a Czar. When at last the truth dawned upon the astonished proprietor of the new building, he had to get together, post haste, a staff of workmen and keep squads of them at it, night and day, until the structural alterations were luckily completed just before the first ticket-holders appeared at the doors. It was a narrow shave for Mr. Hammerstein, but the reminiscence of it is apt to be somewhat exhilarating to those who take a pride in the efficiency of the Council.

H. W. H.

JAPAN'S DEFENCES BY SEA—THE FIVE NAVAL PROGRAMMES SINCE THE WAR WITH CHINA.

TOKIO, May 12.

So much has been said of late about the development of militarism in Japan, and her alleged naval programme of elaborate and even sinister proportions, that an examination of the facts is but fair to Japan and may prove of considerable interest as a relief to apprehension, so far as it exists abroad.

What actually is Japan's naval programme is an extremely difficult question to answer offhand; for not only is it wrapped up in the secrecy that naturally pertains to such questions, but it is rendered still more complicated for the outsider to unravel by the fact that it consists of a series of programmes doubling upon one another.

There are at present in force five naval programmes, which have been inaugurated by the Imperial Navy and approved by the Imperial Diet. The first one was inspired by experiences in the war with China, when Japan for the first time began to realize the importance and necessity of an adequate naval force. At the time that war broke out, Japan had a fleet of thirty-three ships, aggregating a tonnage of only 61,000, and no battleships at all comparable to those possessed by China. Only after Japan had succeeded in torpedoing and sinking at Wei-hai-wei China's two big ships was the intense anxiety of the nation relieved. No sooner had peace been resumed than Japan set about elaborating a naval expansion programme of 211,000,000 yen, and this, her first, naval programme was carried to completion in 1911. What it did for the Imperial navy may be inferred from the fact that in 1903 Japan

found herself in command of a fighting force of seventy-six ships, with a total tonnage of 258,000.

In this year came another naval expansion programme authorizing an expenditure of 99,000,000 yen, spread over a space of twelve years, ending in 1915. This programme involves the construction of a certain number of battleships, naval weapons, buildings, a replenishment of war craft, and repairs to naval ships. In 1904, another naval expansion programme was launched, involving an outlay of 123,000,000 yen, spread over seven years. Again, during the war with Russia, a further plan for laying out 76,000,000 yen on the navy was promulgated, the time required being seven years. In 1910 appeared a fourth programme for spending on the navy the sum of 80,000,000 yen in six years; and, lastly, in 1911, the Saionji Cabinet promoted a scheme calling for an expenditure of 90,000,000 yen, to be spread over a period of ten years.

Since the war with Russia there have been added four battleships, eight first-class armored cruisers, six other cruisers, besides numerous smaller war craft —all these in addition to the twelve battleships captured from Russia, having a displacement of some 103,500 tons.

A comparison of the fleet that faced Russia with the present naval strength of Japan will further indicate to what extent the naval programmes have been executed, as well as the nation's position as a naval power on the Pacific. Japan met Russia with six battleships, eight armored cruisers, forty-four minor cruisers, as well as other warcraft, including eighty torpedo-boats and nineteen destroyers, representing 157 ships, with a total tonnage of 283,743. To-day the Japanese Empire commands a fleet of fifteen battleships, three of which are of dreadnought strength; thirteen first-class armored cruisers; seven second-class cruisers; thirteen third-class cruisers, representing an aggregate tonnage of no less than 453,115, to say nothing of her sixty destroyers, fifty-nine torpedo-boats, and thirteen submarines, as well as her efficient aerial corps.

Under the fifth expansion programme of 1911-12, her naval strength is greatly enhanced, but this programme is as yet only on paper. It involves, however, an outlay of some 90,000,000 yen, much of which is to be devoted to heavy fighting units. The most deadly weapons of the Japanese fleet are not her dreadnoughts, so-called, but her magnificent array of fast armored cruisers, with a speed of over twenty-six knots, and heavy fighting equipment.

The concluding naval programme of the Japanese authorities was seriously interfered with by the action of the House of Peers at the last session of the Diet in refusing to concur in the naval budget, deleting a sum of 70,000,000 yen from the estimates. This attitude ended in the downfall of the Cabinet.

Japan asks and will insist upon the same treatment as one civilized nation is entitled to ask from another; and her navy stands as a wholesale warning to all who hesitate to accord her this common justice. J. I. B.

Some Modern Painters

PERSONAL NOTES IN TWO CHAPTERS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

CHAPTER TWO — ALMA TADEMA — EDWIN ABBEY—LUKE FILDES—MR. GOW—SYDNEY COOPER.

I happen to possess three masterpieces by Alma Tadema that never hung on the line at the Royal Academy. At present they hang on the line in a corner of my dining-room, where, indeed, the work was executed. Dining with us one night, Tadema, pencil in hand, took up one of the menu cards and wrote on the back a group of cabalistic figures displayed thus:

21	21	
15	15	138
31	31	

Deftly turning the card to the left, he with a few swift strokes of the pencil clad the group of three figures with cap and kerchief, producing the comely faces of two country dames. With similar lightning-like treatment he transformed the figures 138 into the face and hatted head of a broth of an Irish boy.

Among the guests was Archdeacon Wiberforce, Chaplain of the House of Commons. Closely watching the magical process which seemed as simple as writing down the figures, he asked if he might reproduce it.

"By all means," said the genial R.A.

The Archdeacon got the figures all right, turned the card into the proper position, and painstakingly copied the drawings. The result was an unrecognizable blotch. The gentle reader will probably do better if he gives his mind to the experiment.

Edwin Abbey got a big price for his picture of the Coronation of King Edward. The payment did not realize money value for time and labor expended. He was content to take the balance out in renown. As was shown in Sir George Hayter's picture of the Coronation of Queen Victoria the subject is not one to be mastered by ordinary art. Only supreme genius could lift it above the colored woodiness reached by the court painter of sixty-six years. Abbey made a picture as well as a portrait gallery. The likenesses are in the main excellent. What strikes one first is the glory of the mass of color, the life and movement that pervades the scene.

On Coronation day the artist was obligingly provided with convenient recess in a tomb in Westminster Abbey immediately facing King Edward's chair, in which the new sovereign was seated. There, while he looked on, came to him the happy thought of seizing for his picture the moment when the Primate raised aloft the crown with intent to place it on the King's head. Simultaneously the cloaked peers, hitherto carrying their coronets in their hand, with one accord uplifted them, placing them upon their heads as the King was crowned.

"At sight whereof," as the ancient office hath it, "the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cry 'God save the King!' The trumpets sound, and by a signal given, great guns at the Tower are shot off."

Abbey told me that while various sitters of high estate gave him much trouble in the matter of sittings, Queen Alexandra excelled all. The best sitter, always urbane, thoughtful of the troubled artist's time and convenience, was King Edward. Punctually at appointed hours he drove in a private brougham to the artist's studio, solely accompanied by an equerry in mufti. He listened smilingly to the artist's instructions as to pose, and implicitly obeyed directions. With the Queen all was different. Abbey attended upon her at command, often waiting over an hour, when he was informed that he could not see her Majesty on that particular day. There were all kinds of trouble with the royal robes, culminating at a time when the artist believed his task was over in demand for alterations which upset all arrangements for the public exhibition of the picture, deferring its opening till the London season was over and the town empty.

At the date of the Coronation Mr. Balfour was the First Minister of the Crown, entrusted with direction of the destinies of the Empire. It would seem reasonable that in an historic picture of this kind he should figure prominently. Prolonged search discovers the Premier at the extreme edge of the crowd, absolutely the last man but one admitted within the charmed circle. Only a minor canon between him and the unnamed multitude outside. The incident throws a flood of light on one of those ordinances upon which, all unknown to the otherwise astute man in the street, the British Constitution rests. In the ceremony of the Coronation the order of precedence, sacred and immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, is paramount. The Prime Minister, an official designation of comparatively modern birth, had at the date of King Edward's Coronation no place in the table. Consequently he could claim no precedence either at the Coronation or in ordinary gatherings of official or social life. Accordingly in the Coronation picture, which now decorates one of the walls of Buckingham Palace, he, more or less humbly, stands on the outskirts, a special Providence having set immediately before him the Lord Chan-

cellor (Lord Haisbury), over whose wigged head he can quite conveniently survey the scene.

Next to the King and Queen, standing immediately behind her Majesty, the most striking figure in this pageant is that of the Bishop of Norwich. This is by reason of his robes, whereby hangs a tale. The Primate and other occupants of the Episcopal Bench were arrayed for the Coronation in their ordinary official robes. The Bishop of Norwich was gorgeous in cloth of gold and priceless tapestry. The raiment originally belonged to quite another personage, the Emir of Bokhara to wit. A Norfolk man being on the spot when some upheaval in that far-off country led to the Emir's apparel coming on the market, he bought his robes of state, and on returning to his native country presented them to the Dean and Chapter of Norwich. As the delectable thing would not go round the full capitular company it was resolved to endow the Lord Bishop with its sole possession. It was accordingly, with the least possible alteration, transformed into an episcopal robe, which the Bishop wore at the Coronation, and subsequently lent to Abbey for the uses of the picture.

What his right reverend brethren thought of the little vanity was not spoken, at least not publicly. But the Bishop of Norwich decidedly had the best of it in the show.

When Cecil Rhodes paid his last visit to London, he, at the request of a personal friend, sat for his portrait to Luke Fildes. The great man, whose temper in mildest seasons was not lacking in peremptoriness, wholly failed to realize the dignity of an R.A. He refused to take up the position and pose suggested by the artist. He would be painted as he chose to sit, and in no other way. If Fildes didn't like it, he must leave it.

Fildes certainly did not like it. But in the end it was Rhodes who had to leave it, the studio doors being closed upon him, with order to the servants that they were not to be reopened. This was a sacrifice of some labor, and a fee of 500 guineas. But the situation had become unbearable. Fildes retained the portrait in its unfinished state, and the friend who commissioned it is inconsolable.

Mr. Gow, R.A., who is well known at the Arts and Garrick Clubs, never got rid of the status bestowed upon him by a former Lord Mayor of London. Unveiling the Academician's Jubilee picture at the Guildhall, his Lordship, observing on the frame the magic letters "R.A." after the painter's name, eulogized him as "Mr. Gow, Royal Artillery."

Like the owner of the Shamrock, the Lord Mayor (Sir John Voce Moore) was a tea merchant, though, unlike Sir Thomas Lipton, he did not add bacon or other comestibles to his stores. He laid the foundation of his fortune at Cambridge, where, years ago, he kept a grocer's shop. Overhead lodged an undergraduate, who since has made far-reaching fame in the world of letters. One night he gave a supper to celebrate some happy event. The guests stayed late, and began to grow uproarious. The worthy grocer remonstrated with only partial effect. As at the conclusion of his remarks he turned to descend the staircase, the sight of his bald head proved irresistible. The host, taking up the unfinished bowl of more than half hot punch, dropped it over the staircase on to the head of the future Lord Mayor of London.

When the Cambridge grocer assumed the majesty of the Mansion House, the ex-undergraduate wrote him a letter of congratulation, reminding him of the pleasing incident. Strange to say, he received a chillingly cool acknowledgment. The Lord Mayor fully recalled the incident, but expressed no desire to renew the acquaintance. What was fun to the undergraduates was a bath of hot grog to him.

Sydney Cooper, born in Canterbury four years before Waterloo, died there in the spring of 1901. He was at work almost up to the end, preparing to avail himself of his privilege as R.A. to have his latest masterpiece hung on the line at Burlington House. Talking to Sir William Agnew a short time before his death, he said he remembered that sixty years earlier Sir William's father had suggested to him the subject for a picture. It was a herd of cattle standing knee-deep in a grassy pool at the foot of a verdurous hill.

"And now," said the cheerful old gentleman, "I'm going to carry out the idea."

To those familiar with the general character of Sydney Cooper's works, few of them excluding from their composition three acres more or less and a cow, there is something delightful in the idea, which evidently possessed the veteran artist, that in his ninetieth year he was starting out upon quite a new style. To all appearances he was happily unconscious of any declension of the popularity of his prime. In his eightieth year he endowed Canterbury with a gallery of art, in which many of his pictures are now on view. He hinted that there was a more precious legacy in store for the institution. He made no secret that in his will he had made provision that the work upon which he chanced to be engaged at the time of his death should be added to the gallery, and that the brush falling from his hand and the palette he should never more use should be exhibited to coming generations.

News for Bibliophiles

"JOHN DUNTON'S LETTERS FROM NEW ENGLAND."

Prof. Chester N. Greenough's critical study of "John Dunton's Letters from New England," which appears in the most recently printed volume (XIV, pp. 213-257) of the Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, is of more than ordinary interest and value. For Mr. Greenough has settled for all time the question of the authenticity of a book that has hitherto held a place of some importance with the early works descriptive of seventeenth-century life in New England by producing evidence which compels us to catalogue the volume anew and transfer it from the history shelf to that devoted to early English fiction. Mr. Greenough proves beyond cavil that this erratic and irresponsible London bookseller is guilty of plagiarism of the most flagrant sort.

Dunton wrote many books, of which the best known is "The Life and Errors of John Dunton, Late Citizen of London," published in that city by S. Malthus (1705), in which he has given an account of his visit to New England in 1686. This part of the book was inadequately reprinted by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1814. But it is as the author of a series of eight lively letters, purporting to have been written at various times during 1686, giving another and perhaps later version of his stay in New England, that Dunton chiefly commands our interest. These apparently authentic letters, from the pen of a not unfriendly observer, remained unpublished for more than a century and three-quarters, and first saw the light in 1867, when printed for the members of the Prince Society (Boston) from the original manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and edited by William H. Whitmore. The edition was limited to two hundred and ten copies (including twenty on large paper), and the book, much sought by collectors, has long been one of the scarcest of the Society's publications.

John Dunton, the son of a clergyman and himself intended for the ministry, was born May 4-14, 1659. Beginning life in "fairly affluent circumstances," he did not escape the misery of poverty, largely the result of his own mad ventures. He has been not inaptly characterized by the elder Disraeli as "a crack-brained scribbling bookseller, who boasted he had a thousand projects, fancied he had methodized six hundred, and was ruined by the fifty he executed."

Dunton came to Boston in the Susannah and Thomas, Capt. Thomas Jenner, bringing with him a considerable stock of books. Upon his arrival, after a perilous journey of nearly three months' duration, he consoled his wife, "dear Iris," by sending her many "letters of tenderness." To his friend, George Larkin, he thus confides: "When Fairweather left Boston (which was a week ago) he had no less than sixty Letters of mine in his Bag (a whole Cargo of Love!) and all directed to Iris."

The bookselling venture did not prosper. Dunton remarks, with some bitter-

ness, that the inhabitants of Boston are ready enough with promises, but slow in making their payments, and, in speaking of his "Brethren the Booksellers," he says: "I am satisfy'd that I'm as welcome to 'em as Sowr Ale in Summer."

For his account of the customs of the Indians, Dunton drew on Roger Williams's "Key into the Language of America" (1643), although he professes to have obtained his information "from a friend." Also, his essay on John Eliot, whom he greatly admired, is largely taken from Cotton Mather. These borrowings, together with minor ones from Josselyn's "Two Voyages" (1674) and J. W.'s "Letter from New England" (1682), are noted by Mr. Whitmore in his Introduction to the Prince Society volume. Yet, "with these imperfections," writes the Editor, "the Letters must remain as unique sketches of New England life, honestly drawn, and defective rather than erroneous."

And, with the exceptions here given, the "Letters," as original productions, appear to have remained unchallenged until Mr. Greenough made his searching study of them. The extent of Dunton's plagiarism is extraordinary. The evidence adduced by Mr. Greenough is conclusive, and has the effect almost of taking one's breath away. In pointing out our author's propensity for borrowing without credit, he says: "That Josselyn actually was Dunton's Baedeker appears when we examine the short descriptions of the various towns which Dunton visited in his rambles. There are twelve of them in all, and the description of each is taken almost verbatim from Josselyn." Moreover, Dunton was not content with taking his descriptions of places ready-made from earlier writers. The most interesting part of his "Letters"—that concerning the people he met in and about Boston—is copied from several books of "characters," and is, therefore, worthless as characterizations of Dunton's acquaintances. No less than thirty-one passages have been traced to these sources—"fourteen from Overbury, seven from Fuller, four from Earle, three from Flecknoe, and three from the author of 'The Ladies Calling.'"

Not only does Mr. Greenough quote many passages, in parallel columns, from Dunton and the authors from whom he plagiarized, but he has also compiled a very useful table of such borrowings as have been traced to their source by Mr. Whitmore and himself. It appears from this list that Dunton, in at least eighty-four cases, incorporated borrowed material in his "Letters." To Mr. Greenough's industrious researches we are indebted for fifty-one of these.

We may here indulge in but a single example of John Dunton's method by placing side by side a sentence or two from his character of Mr. Heath, merchant, of Boston, and Thomas Fuller's character of The Good Merchant in "The Holy and the Profane State" (1642):

FULLER.	DUNTON.
2. He never warrants any ware for good but what is so indeed. . . . 5. He makes no advantage of his chapman's ignorance, chiefly if referring himself to his honesty, where the seller's conscience is all the buyer's skill, who makes him both seller and judge, so that he doth not so much ask as order what he must pay.	There are two things remarkable in him, (and I will instance no more.) One is, That he never warrants any Ware for good, but what is so indeed. And the other, That he makes no Advantage of his Chapman's Ignorance, especially if he refers himself to his Honesty. Where the Conscience of the Seller is all the Skill of the Buyer, the Seller is made the Judge, so that he doth not so much ask as Order what he must pay.

It is not a pleasant thing to have one's faith in an old worthy shaken, even if that worthy is of the Dunton type. But Mr. Greenough has rendered a genuine service to the student of to-day and of to-morrow by pointing out that "John Dunton's Letters from New-England" must be accepted, if at all, only with the utmost caution. The book can never again be used as history.

JOHN THOMAS LEE.

Correspondence

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the correspondence printed in your issue of May 14, two communications appear in answer to my letter on the constitutional power of the courts. The first communication is from Mr. Rayner W. Kelsey, who objects to my statement that he offered two passages from the Constitution as "proof" of the contention that the Federal Constitution confers upon the Federal Judiciary the power to declare unconstitutional any enactments of the Federal Legislature which they may deem to be so. Mr. Kelsey says that he cited the passages not as "proof" of the contention, "but merely as the basis of the argument." If the passages do not furnish any such basis, the error is all the more serious. These two quotations from the Federal Constitution are the only quotations from that document to be found in Mr. Kelsey's first letter. Bearing this in mind, let us read once more this sentence from that first letter: "Most of us still venture to believe that the above-quoted lines of the Constitution confer upon the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional." If this be not the citation of those passages as "proof" of Mr. Kelsey's contention, I confess to an inability to make anything out of the letter.

But let us come to the chief point in Mr. Kelsey's rebuttal. In my letter of April 23 I said: "Nowhere is such a power expressly given to the judiciary in the first Constitutions of the original States; nowhere is such a power expressly given to the Federal Judiciary in the Federal Constitution." Mr. Kelsey takes issue with these statements, and he is kind enough to say that if I had only taken the precaution to read a standard general history of the United States I should not have made the mistake. Then he quotes from Prof. A. C. McLaughlin's volume in the American Nation series. In that quotation I find three instances of the assumption, or, if you prefer, exercise, by State courts of the power to declare laws passed by their respective State Legislatures unconstitutional. I find nothing else.

Now, if possible, I should like to make my point clear. It is this: In no State Constitution in force before the adoption of our Federal Constitution is there an express grant to the judiciary of the power to declare acts of the Legislature unconstitutional. If Mr. Kelsey can find such an express grant of power I shall be pleased to have him quote the passage in which it is embodied. Simply to quote instances of the exercise of that power by State courts is to beg the question. For the question is: Were those courts constitutionally endowed with such power, or did they merely assume it?

The same question applies to our Federal Supreme Court. I must pass over much in Mr. Pearson's interesting and courteous letter that seems to me to be irrelevant, and much that seems to me to be a misunderstanding of my position. But in his letter of May 14 Mr. Pearson says, or implies, that the fact that the Federal Constitution limits the field in which the Federal Legislature may legislate is proof of the contention that the framers of the Constitution intended the Federal Judiciary to be the judge of whether, in any contested case, the Federal Legislature has overstepped the limits of its field. Surely the power to declare acts of the Legislature unconstitutional is a grave and far-reaching one. Was not the confiding of so great a power to the Federal Judiciary worthy of a distinct, definite, and unmistakable passage in the Constitution? And if it was the deliberate intention of a majority of the framers of the Constitution to endow the Federal Judiciary with such a power why did they not insert such a passage in the Constitution?

E. M. H.

Moscow, Idaho, May 20.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for April 16 an authority on immigration, Prof. Henry P. Fairchild, of Yale University, offers some melancholy reflections on the Irish element in America. In the interests of national reason, I hope I may be allowed to express a somewhat different view in a weekly famous for its Irish editor.

It is as an hereditary American that Mr. Fairchild puts the case against the Irish element. With a delightful tact in classification, he says that when the Irish began to arrive in this country they suffered the antipathy that existed among the native stock for "paupers, criminals, diseased persons, and Roman Catholics." The question now is, was this antipathy ill-founded? Mr. Fairchild declares that the more friendly assumption "is open to serious question." He declares specifically that "among criminals, the Irish stand at the head of the foreign-born as regards the total number of offences," and that "the number of Irish paupers in this country is out of all proportion to their percentage of the total population." In addition, he contends that the original agitation rested on a

solid foundation, insisting that many so-called American evils are traceable to these early immigrants. He intimates that the Irish have had an evil influence on public affairs, and especially on questions involving England. He expects the Irish to love England. His general conclusions are vague, but he testifies that we owe a debt to the agitators of an earlier period, and he is certain that under new standards the America of 1914 would, if it had the chance, reject three-quarters of the great Irish migration of 1845-1855—a migration which landed "swarms of miserable wretches on our docks," an "indiscriminate dumping of foreign paupers and criminals on our shores."

It is certainly true that the great Irish migration was largely composed of "miserable wretches." Between 1845 and 1855, 2,000,000 Irish suffered famine, and famine does induce miserable wretchedness. Of these, one million died in Ireland. In the words of Mr. Fairchild himself, "the famine had passed the death-sentence upon a large proportion of the people; emigration—to carry out the figure—merely commuted that sentence to exile. It furnished an outlet to thousands who were otherwise doomed to die." Had antipathy had its crabbed way, the rest of the miserable wretches would, by his own showing, have been pent up for death in a land of death. Happily enough for these beneficiaries of English rule, immigration had not yet come under the ægis of the Sacred Codfish. I do not wish to falsify. Perhaps the fact that the canals and railroads never could have been built without the sturdy Irishmen of 1830 and later, made the new arrivals not unwelcome, but I feel, also, that some misguided natives received them in the spirit of another hereditary American, who saw his land as the "Pole-star of light in Europe's night," a country where

> Each shall care for other
> And each to each shall bend,
> To the poor a noble brother,
> To the good an equal friend.

Statistics, however, have no bowels of mercy, and Emerson is no answer to them. As the spokesman of native conscientious selfishness, Mr. Fairchild is entitled to make his case, and if the Irish have proved inordinately pauper, criminal, and diseased—in addition to being inflicted with a discreditable religion—they have certainly been a poor bargain for those to whom God gave a vested interest in this country.

What are the actual facts? I shall quote against Mr. Fairchild nothing but his own work on "Immigration." From that book I should conclude that no scrupulous person would venture to arraign any class of early immigrants on the data at hand. In regard to crime, for example, he asserts on page 331, "the utter inadequacy of the data for making any deductions as to the influence of immigration upon crime in the United States." In regard to pauperism, it is equally impossible to conclude. While basing his present contentions on the list of paupers in the almshouses, he admits in his book that "these tables, taken by themselves, are wholly unreliable a indicating relative tendencies among races," and neither he nor any one else has as yet any exhaustive data to supplement these tables. In point of fact, the data as to outdoor relief indicate the preponderance of German pauperism

To return to the allegation that the Irish take the lead among foreign-born criminals. In his valuable book Mr. Fairchild gives this allegation an entirely different complexion. There he says: "It appears that the Irish stand at the head as regards the total number of offences and the German next. In respect to major offences, however, the Germans stand first."

On what principle should criminality be judged? Mr. Fairchild asserts very wisely that "tests of criminality, to be accurate, should include quality as well as quantity." On his own principle, then, he stands convicted of inaccuracy—the sort of inaccuracy which an Irishman would feel discreditable, since it would prove that he had not felt the full obligations of truth. What swells the Irish criminal total is the fact that "the Irish and Scotch are addicted to drunkenness." Crimes against property are, apparently, a German proclivity. And, so far as can be ascertained, "the Italians are pre-eminent in crimes of violence or crimes against the person."

In view of the fact that the early Irish immigrants "were a destitute and helpless lot, and fell an easy prey to the machinations of [a] host of exploiters," I think it is reasonable to expect much pauperism, but I am inclined to believe that this is imported pauperism, and Mr. Fairchild has certainly not proved that it is notoriously inherent pauperism. As to criminality, his own words betray him as, in this instance, unsound and, in the strict sense, untruthful.

There remains the question of the corrupt Irish vote. As to this, I shall venture upon three admissions and three accusations: (1) The uneducated Irish came here without ever having had opportunity in self-government, through no fault of their own, (2) they took advantage of the native spoils system, (3) they contributed to bad municipal politics. But (1) on its own side, the United States exploited the cheap Irish labor and failed to educate it politically, (2) the man "higher up," the big grafter, was not usually an Irishman but a corrupt American, sometimes even a New Englander, and (3) the shame of the American city was attributable to causes far deeper than the existence of a convenient Irish medium. I do not defend the culpability, but seek to ascribe it to the proper cause.

In public life, there is this to say: the Irish immigrants certainly have failed to accumulate property proportionately. But the accumulation of property is n the final test of human value. They have done the United States considerable service in such comparatively non-lucrative vocations as the army, the police, the great fire departments; as journalists, a educators, as lawyers, as contractors, as leaders in trade unionism, as clerics, eve as athletes, and also possibly as a Celtic qualification of Puritanism.

The Irish immigration brought to this country the antecedents of many admirable people. I can think of the unadvertised Irish blood in Prof. William James, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Edwin L. Godkin, as well as the Irish blood in "Hinky Dink" and "Bathhouse John." I can credit Ireland with Mitchel, McAneny, and Prendergast, as well as discredit it with Croker and Murphy. And when I think of the greatest political event of recent years—the smash-up of the Republican party—I see nothing Irish in the visages of Penrose, Barnes, Guggenheim, Lorimer, "Big Steve," of Colorado. It is pathetic to have a political commentator laying at the door of the immigrant evils which were inherent in the commercial intention of the last forty years and in a government imperfectly socialized.

Restriction of immigrants may now be economically expedient; this is one of the genuine problems before us. But I urge that a narrow Americanism is bound to pervert us, as it has perverted Mr. Fairchild—and it can never be a possible basis for this democracy. To adopt the polite words of Gildas, we are all "whelps from the kennel of barbarism." To mount from barbarism, each to each must bend.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

New York, May 21.

"THE HONOR SYSTEM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The author of the interesting article on the honor system in the *Nation* of May 7 seems to be entirely ignorant of some of the most important provisions of this system. In the first place equal trust is not placed in every student. The system is simply a form of government by the students. In the University of Virginia and many other institutions which hold the same "patent of nobility" the management of this government is in the hands of a special student committee. Each student pledges his honor, first to abide by the rules of the examination and secondly to report to the committee any dishonesty which may come under his notice. Naturally "the skulking fellow, . . . with the abridged forehead and the saurian eye" (and he is to be found in every institution) would readily give and as readily violate the first pledge, but the presence of the second is a strong deterrent. How strong it is depends upon the honor of the students about him. If he knows that the honor system is thoroughly enforced, he is afraid to cheat.

The virtuous student receives no *quid pro quo*. His honesty is not conditioned upon his teacher's absence or presence. There is no "obsequious withdrawal" of the teacher and the honor system has no proviso, stated or implied, as to which he shall do. Often the teacher remains to answer questions and to attend to details of the examination.

Too much stress has perhaps been laid upon the "honor" of the system. It would perhaps better be called the common decency system. Exactly the same credit redounds to the individual member of the group as to a member of any other self-governed community—and no more. He has only done his duty when he obeys and upholds its laws.

As to whether the honor system or some other should be used in a given institution depends upon circumstances.

Certainly, if the honor system works, the sense of responsibility for one's self and for the group, which it develops, is worth much, and is a distinct advance over any system of inspection, but each system must of course be judged by its results, and if the students do not enforce the honor system it becomes a wretched farce and should be abandoned.

Experience with college students in institutions from Nebraska to Massachusetts leads me to believe that many are strongly influenced by their surroundings in matters of collegiate honesty. Many would not cheat under any circumstances, some would cheat whenever they thought detection or punishment unlikely, many, especially at the beginning, would cheat if others did or if the group winked at such deceit and punishment was not likely to follow, but would not cheat if that were dangerous or unpopular. Under a well-enforced honor system this last set not only refrains from cheating, but grows to regard the practice with disgust. The student regards his teacher's code of morals as a maximum of excellence which it is not necessarily a deep disgrace to fail to reach, but that of his fellows as a minimum to fall below which means ostracism.

In a large institution where the individuals of the group are known to relatively few and where no common interests draw the group together in ways in which it may act upon the individuals powerfully, the honor system may be impracticable, but in smaller, more closely knit institutions, the failure of the honor system when fairly tried would be a sad commentary on the sense of honesty and responsibility among the students.

W. A. Colwell.

Spartanburg, S. C., May 19.

NON-UNION MINERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial entitled "The Colorado Puzzle," in the *Nation* of May 7, you say: "No one seems to be speaking for the non-union miners."

Notwithstanding the strike, there are 10,000 men at work in the coal mines of Colorado. The strikers total not more than 2,000. Many of the leaders never worked underground a day in their lives. Some of them are bartenders and saloon-keepers.

The mine owners have sustained enormous losses and are risking the total destruction of their property to insure the non-union men the right to work without paying tribute to any set of self-constituted bosses.

Is it quite true that "no one speaks for the non-union miners"?

Charles W. Comstock.

Denver, Col., May 16.

[Yes. No one of their number speaks officially for them.—Ed. The Nation.]

"HOWLERS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following "howler" seems worthy to be added to the delightful collection printed in your issue of May 14:

An English schoolboy, confronted with the phrase, "Voici l'Anglais avec son sang froid," translated it, "Here comes the Englishman with his bloody coldness."

S. R. T.

Sharon, Conn., May 25.

"LIBERTAS SUB REGE PIO."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: By a curious coincidence, I happened to be reading the biography of Sydney Smith only a short time ago and I find in my notebook one of the "howlers" to which the writer on the rationale of schoolboy blunders refers in his article, page 564, May 14. It was the translation of Viscount Sidmouth's motto, and the translation of it was by Sydney Smith's brother, nicknamed Bobus, who rendered it (significantly in the reign of George III), "Our pious King has got liberty under."

B. R.

Halifax, May 18.

Literature

CAVOURIANA.

La Giovenezza di Cavour. Da Francesco Ruffini. 2 vols. Milan: Fratelli Bocca. Lire 10.

Cavour Agricoltore. Lettere inedite di Camillo Cavour a Giacinto Corio; precedute da un Saggio di Ezio Visconti. Florence: Barbèra. Lire 4.

Cavour e la Formazione del Regno d'Italia. Da Pietro Orsi. Turin: S. T. E. N. Lire 3.50.

L'Italia Moderna. 1750-1913. Quarta Edizione continuata fino alla Conquista della Libia. Da Pietro Orsi. Milan: Hoepli. Lire 7.50.

Cavour and the Making of Modern Italy. 1810-1861. By Pietro Orsi. Heroes of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Since the centenary of Cavour's birth in 1910, two works of real importance concerning his life have appeared in Italy. In addition there have been various magazine articles and pamphlets, and some personal recollections scattered here and there in newspapers.

The most notable contribution is by Prof. Francesco Ruffini, recently rector of the University of Turin, who has made a very careful study of Cavour's youth. Having worked with the consent of the statesman's heirs, he has enjoyed free access to Cavour's papers. The result is that he is able to supplement the information which Berti first gave in 'Cavour Before 1848," published in 1886, and in Cavour's "Diary," published in 1888. Many things which Berti found it discreet to omit thirty years ago, Professor Ruffini quite properly makes public now; and, besides new material, he supplies names which Berti hid behind initials or asterisks, and he gives us in their entirety letters which Chiala, who also was hampered, printed in fragments only. Among new sources which Professor Ruffini has tapped, the letters of Cavour to his cousin, Adèle de Sellon, and her husband, Baron Maurice, are particularly rich.

In general, this valuable study does not cause us to revise our opinion of Cavour's youth and early manhood; on the contrary, it confirms the impressions derived from preceding biographers, and it makes us wonder all the more at the accuracy of outline and the justness of insight displayed by William de La Rive in his beautiful memoir published in 1862.

On many details, Professor Ruffini sheds new light, by which we realize how difficult Cavour's position was in a household sincerely devoted to Reaction and wholly persuaded that the young Liberal was either wilfully perverse, or crazy, or both. The depth of family affection among young and old alone prevented an irremediable explosion. Their toleration of the black sheep is perhaps more remarkable than is his own abiding affection for them.

Of Cavour's rustication to Grinzane and management of the estate there, and of the steps which led to his undertaking to direct the still larger venture at Leri, Professor Ruffini has much to tell. We do not find, however, any further explanation of Cavour's banishment to the Fortress of Bard, or of his love affair with the Marchesa Giustiniani. As to the latter, the author states frankly that, until material which is known to exist is released, not much can be added to Berti's chapter on the *Incognita.* On the other hand, the letters of Cavour and his father in reference to the son's "plunging" on the Paris Bourse and losing 45,000 francs are documents of capital interest. They show alike the fundamentally magnanimous nature of Camillo and the fair-minded, long-suffering (from his point of view) quality of his father. Our only regret is that the first letter has been lost.

Professor Ruffini has taken great pains to investigate Cavour's relations with his Swiss kinsmen; and again he fills in many details. The importance of Cavour's connections with Switzerland, which includes the fact that his mother was Swiss and born a Protestant, and that from his earliest childhood his visits to Geneva brought him into contact with Liberal and progressive minds, cannot be overestimated; and the editor is right in devoting much space to this factor in Cavour's development. His study extends even to an account of the Geneva revolution of 1841.

So satisfactory is Professor Ruffini's work that it is to be desired that he may be allowed to bring out, as soon as possible, an unexpurgated edition of Cavour's Diary and Juvenilia. That

he is a member of the Commission, appointed by the Italian Government, to issue a national, complete edition of Cavour's letters, documents, and speeches, ought to be a guarantee of thoroughness and fidelity.

The volume, edited by Ezio Visconti, of 264 letters from Cavour to Giacinto Corio, who had the business management of the Leri estates, will be studied by every one who wishes to see how solid and minute a training in agriculture the future statesman gave himself. He knew the character of each acre of land, the value of each crop, the capacity of the laborers, the time to buy and the time to sell. Being ambitious that Leri should be a model for Piedmont, he tried experiments, borrowed suggestions from England and France, consulted agricultural chemists, and studied how to improve the system of transportation. One item illustrates many: he seems to have been the first large importer of guano into Piedmont.

Besides the technical side, these letters reveal also Cavour's human side in dealing with his farm-hands—the acuteness with which he estimated their industry, his sense of justice, his considerateness towards the unfortunate and old. Occasionally, there is a passing reference to political matters: as when he confides to Corio the "joyful news" of his resignation as Prime Minister. These letters, with the sixty already published by Chiala, and the volume edited by Berti containing Cavour's correspondence on financial concerns with De La Rue, the Genoese banker, leave no doubt as to Cavour's ability as a master of business on a large scale.

Some fifteen years ago Count Pietro Orsi, who has subsequently been a professor at the University of Padua, and is now a Deputy in the Italian Parliament, compiled a useful short history of Italy from 1748 to 1898. This he has recently extended to cover recent events down to the Italian conquest of Libia. He has also written in Italian a popular life of Cavour, which appears in an English translation in the Heroes of the Nations series. The English version follows closely enough the Italian original, and has, besides, a large number of illustrations.

Count Orsi's "L'Italia Moderna" is particularly serviceable on account of its supplementary chapters covering the reign of the present King, and giving a survey of the political, social, and industrial condition of Italy in 1913, and of its leaders in literature and the arts. In addition, a bibliography of sixty pages should be mentioned. Count Orsi is a "safe" historian: he refrains from criticism which might rasp partisans of any stripe, and possesses the elements which make him a popular and respected writer.

CURRENT FICTION.

Drum's House. By Ida Wild. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Clever and mannered, by a writer who knows her Meredith and her Hewett, the story concerns a group of county people in "Bandyshire." Its preliminary confession of faith is a trifle menacing:

> The great physician does not scruple to look at your tongue and to ask (with reason) many a bold and pointed query. No more should the novelist limit himself to certain phases; he must go far, ask much, know much. . . . But this is a poor parallel. For though I may have my finger on the pulse of the world, that will not content me; I must be chucking and chucked under the chin. To be frank, I am the world's lover and mistress in one.

After that, the reader is bound to look for something extremely "modern" and disconcerting. If his nerves have not been too well dulled by contact with the current British novel, he will find it. These people are certainly not respectable in the nineteenth-century sense, and that, we suppose, is an object. A middle-aged couple who chiefly love gambling and those Continental resorts in which that form of activity is encouraged, return to England and Drum's House because they have two daughters to be married off. Both marry Bandyshire men. One achieves grass-widowhood in the course of a honeymoon. The other, after a secret marriage with a social inferior, becomes the mistress of a contemptible parson, and the pair are slain in each other's arms—presumably by the injured husband; but that is artfully left to guesswork. The parents, if not respectable, are thoroughly lovable, and the devoted and neglected wife of the miserable parson is a warmly human figure. A good deal of ingenuity is employed in developing the narrative.

Children of the Dead End. By Patrick MacGill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A pessimistic and melancholy Jack London might have told this story. The writer says that it is largely autobiographical. It is the tale of a fighting Irishman who became an English tramp and navvy and Socialist and, incidentally, a writer. Dermod Flynn finds life unjust from the outset. Before he has entered his 'teens he is sent out of his peasant home by the parents who have thrust him into the world. He is expected not only to make his own living, but to help meet the exactions of the landlord and priest at home. He learns his hard lesson of what is to be expected between master and servant. "The covert sneers, the insulting jibes, the kicks and curses were good, because they moulded my character in the way that is best. To-day I assert that no man is good enough to be another man's master. I hate all forms of tyranny, and the kicks of Joe Bennet and the weary hours spent in earning the first rent which I ever paid for my people's croft, were responsible for instilling that hatred into my being." He goes to Scotland among a squad of potato-diggers, learns to gamble and drink and thieve for a meal, learns, above all, to use his fists. He is a better man than he looks, and at eighteen has made himself feared along the roads and among the railway and mining camps. He is a fighter and gambler by nature, and has no shame in drink as a resource. "I know not whether drink and gambling are evils. I only know that they cheered many hours of my life, and caused me to forget the miseries of being. . . . To gamble and drink was part of my nature, and for nature I offer no excuses. She knows what is best." He despises the church and her time-serving officers, society and her false way with the poor. It is a gloomy book, rebellious rather than powerful, though not without touches of power.

A Stepdaughter of the Prairie. By Margaret Lynn. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"I think my eyes were born tired of he prairie," writes Margaret Lynn in the first of these essay-narratives; but he affectionate appreciation diffused through the book leaves a far different mpression upon the reader. The author has observed well, she has caught from her childhood memories a sentiment that warms and deepens her pictures, and she has a whimsical and sensitive style. Those who think of rural life as barren, or the Western plains as monotonous, can find no more truthful orrection. The affairs of the farm family have humor, the school is described with animation, the woods and fields are invested with an adventurous glamour. For dramatic insight into a trivial matter take the recurrent question of who should carry the dinner bucket to the ittle white cross-roads structure:

> Dramatic and emotional possibilities hovered about this problem, which was no simple one. It involved intricate issues of precedence and succession and privilege and physical superiority and age and sex and who did it last and vigor of conscience and proportion of appetite and some occasional problems which no system could foresee or provide for. Mary shamelessly pleaded privilege of sex and age. But I, being a suffragist by birth, accepted my turn as a matter of principle and only contended that I should not have more than my turn. Having brothers is a great quickener of moral courage. One day Henry, who was at times sophistical beyond belief, proved by some masculine system of logic that if women ought to vote, I ought to carry the bucket as often as both he

and John; and they set the lunch at my wrath-paralyzed feet.

The author's experiences are, unfortunately, thoroughly feminine in point of view; the prairies, as a vast realm of outdoors, really belong to the boy. The bookishness of the childhood which passes before us in these pages is also unusual; although it is by no means rare, for, as Miss Lynn remarks, it is on the prairie that children have time to read, and an environment which whets, not dulls, their intellectual curiosity. The book is a far cry from the urban travesties of country life which stud the fiction shelves nowadays, and has many hints for any one who would treat a social phase in essay form.

Keeping Up Appearances. By Maximilian Foster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Jim Agnew, narrator of this story, galled by the fact that he is a mere clerk, though his ancestors lived on their income, decides to emigrate to New York. In the business community where he lived, "money," according to Mr. Foster, "not only talked, but shouted; money was the only impulse in men's lives; all were rated by the standard of dollars and cents." New York then appears as his only haven, the only place where he, too, can become rich and make a showing. Yet once in New York, Jim and his wife are engulfed in the costly whirl of an empty, pleasure-seeking, make-believe society which lives only in to-day, since to-morrow is uncertain. They fall victims to the life of restaurants and first-nights. Their resources are soon drained, and then they find that they cannot retreat, cannot cease making a show, that they must continue keeping up appearances or else be swamped by creditors. Squabs grace the board they offer their guests, bread-and-butter their own. The break does come, and they return to their home town and to a clerk's salary.

The theme is, of course, not new, save that Mr. Foster introduces a worldly, ambitious husband to replace the usual dissatisfied wife. Both husband and wife are normal people. Mr. Foster also introduces a chorus of minor personages excellent in characterization. They are the common city types. There is Mrs. Hodge, whose one and only pursuit was enjoyment, which she got by whatever means was handiest; Mrs. Figler, who began each day with a feverish, consuming study of the social columns and spent her husband's income on clothes and in Fifth Avenue public places; and Figler, the hanger-on, who "at forty had retained the buoyancy of a college freshman, a steady flow of high spirits to which was coupled the fawning manners of a lap-dog." The book presents a concise, straightforward narrative, with a minimum of sensationalism.

NATURAL CRIME.

Criminology. By Raffaele Garofalo. Translated by Robert Wyness Millar. With an Introduction by E. Ray Stevens. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1914. $4.50 net.

The *Nation's* review of the first numbers of the Criminal Science series (August 3, 1911) brought forth from the chairman of the committee on translations a protest against the use of quotation marks in connection with criminal "science." The translation of Garofalo's "Criminology" enables us to illustrate the necessity of these quotation marks by pointing to a typical case. There are two kinds of "scientists": the soft-headed variety, who will accept anything that appears to have an empirical origin, and the hard-headed, who attribute an empirical reality to anything that is perfectly tangible. Baron Garofalo belongs to the hard-headed kind. He is looking for a hard and fast criminal type; and when he finds what he wants he puts it down for a fact, whether it be taken from his own experience as a judge, from the prison records, from Dostoievsky's "House of the Dead," or from a tale by Poe (p. 103). On the other hand, this quality of hard-headedness makes him stimulating reading and introduces an element of stern common-sense, which helps to atone for a not too subtle psychology and gives to his treatment of crime a tone somewhat less sensational than that of his compatriot, Lombroso. In this connection we may mention his rather striking plan for enforced reparation and payment of damages on the part of those who are neither violent criminals nor confirmed thieves. Again, he insists that severity of punishment does deter, though his reference to English experience (p. 202) raises the question whether it is the severity of punishment that deters or its certainty.

Garofalo's chief contribution to criminology is the conception of "natural crime." According to him, the criminal is not a man; hence, not a savage, for the savage is not deficient in love for his kind; nor a child, for many criminals are persons of mature intelligence—although most of those introduced by him seem rather strikingly naïve. The criminal is a degenerate product of the human species, but in himself he constitutes a perfectly distinct non-human type, with a psychology which is unintelligible from a human point of view and a physical organism that bears certain irrevocable "stigmata" of crime, such as the protruding jaw and the retreating forehead. In reply to the objection that some who are not criminals bear these Lombrosan stigmata, Garofalo reminds us that not all the criminals are in jail; and if many of those in jail are without them—well, not all who are imprisoned are criminals. The mental "stigmata," if we may call them such, are compactly summarized as deficiencies in "altruism," which is divided into the two departments of "pity" and "probity." Evidently, in Garofalo's view, these are qualities—or, rather, quantities—which may be accurately weighed and measured; a man either has them or has them not. Hence, as he repeatedly maintains, there can be no casual criminals. No man not born a criminal can become a criminal. Criminality cannot be diminished by social reform, by religion, or by education; nor, according to this view, can it be materially affected by alcoholism. Least of all can it be cured through reformation. Both the reformatory and the retributory theories of punishment presuppose moral responsibility, which Garofalo dismisses as so much folly and nonsense. His own remedies are repression, by enforced reparation—how this differs in theory from reformation is not quite clear—and the more consistent remedy of "elimination," by banishment, when convenient, or by death, but not by life-imprisonment. Here one asks why his selectionist philosophy should not require a similar "elimination" of the insane. Garofalo replies by saying that this would do violence to the sentiment of pity, which, he boldly affirms, is not disturbed by the execution of the criminal "monster." Evidently, with moral responsibility abandoned, this crucial distinction is too much for him.

In Garofalo, who is nothing if not definite and systematic, criminal "science" takes the form of a striking but deceptive simplicity. Taking from Spencer an iron-bound theory of natural selection, which Spencer himself thought to be better adapted for the lower forms of life than for the higher, Garofalo carries the conception beyond the biological field into a region supposed to be touched, at least, by intelligence and moral responsibility; and then, to avoid complications, moral responsibility is quietly dismissed. The result is the "natural criminal," a creature neither animal nor human and so grotesque as to be inconceivable. Garofalo claims, indeed, to be analyzing the "motives" of crime, but in his psychology a motive is indistinguishable from the thrust of a piston or a charge of electricity. He will not for a moment assume that criminal conduct may be made humanly intelligible. And it is noteworthy that, in spite of his own extensive experience, of which he makes liberal use, all of his more intimate descriptions of criminals are borrowed from Dostoievsky. For himself they are only uncanny specimens. There appears to be but one "extenuating circumstance." His book seems to show that in his own country, in the custom

of the vendetta and in such organizations as the Sicilian Mafia and the Neapolitan Camorra, he faces a régime of crime, and especially of violent and vindictive crime, to which perhaps there is no complete parallel. Probably he is more than commonly familiar with types of peculiar moral insensibility, if not also with physical stigmata.

THE COMING SOCIALISM.

Progressivism—and After. By William English Walling. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

In his latest book Mr. Walling describes the steps by which the "Progressive movement" will lead to "Socialism," and gives it as his opinion that the journey will be completed in some twenty-five years. It is important to understand precisely what he means by "Socialism." "Socialism," he says, "does not mean that there will be no social groups—or classes, if we call all such groups by that name; it does mean the abolition of all group or class rule. Class rule implies that more or less fixed classes exist *one above the other*, and classes of this fixed character can, must, and will be abolished. The social groups that remain will not be superimposed one above the other. There will be no class rule" (p. 321). In brief, what he means by Socialism is complete political *because* complete economic equality.

At present the author distinguishes four main groups or classes in society, viz., large capitalists, small capitalists, "privileged" non-capitalists, and non-privileged non-capitalists. The rule of the large capitalists has passed away, and under "Progressivism" the small capitalist is coming into power. When he does, a state of society will result which Mr. Walling calls "State Capitalism." In due course power will fall into the hands of the "privileged" non-capitalists, and then we shall have "State Socialism." The last stage of all will come with the overthrow of this rule by the non-privileged non-capitalist class, and then class-rule will cease and Socialism be an accomplished fact. Only two of these three stages, Mr. Walling thinks, are at present fully recognized. The Progressive recognizes the contest between the small capitalist and the large capitalist, and the Socialist recognizes the struggle against the dominance of the small capitalist; but no one seems to recognize the necessity of the last struggle of all—viz., that of the non-privileged wage-earners against the privileged wage-earners, which ends in Socialism, as Mr. Walling understands—and desires—it.

Chapter xvi, describing the transition to "Socialism," is one of the most interesting in the book. It is not difficult to see even at the present day the trend towards "State Socialism," but it is the final stage that presents the main difficulty, and in this chapter the author describes this stage. Under State Socialism the non-privileged workers will be in a permanent minority in a numerical sense. Their efficiency in class-warfare, however, and their power to injure the other class in society, will be much increased, and by a method of scientific "sabotage" and the "intermittent strike" they will be able to compel the final change, especially as the then ruling class will have but little to lose by the change. And so we come to "Socialism."

Pragmatist as Mr. Walling has declared himself to be, he is at the root as much a determinist as was Marx. His formula is in its way as fixed as that which required the Marxian "catastrophe"—which never came. And because of its materialistic rigidity in conception this book is not very convincing. Your true pragmatist can never be "cocksure" in his predictions—but Mr. Walling is amazingly so. Yet he has done a genuine service in his writings in one respect, and that is in making clear the nature of the Socialist movement as it is to-day after abandonment of the Marxian hypothesis. If we understand him rightly, Socialism is nothing but complete democracy—complete because it is economic and *therefore* political as well. All that he holds of the Marxian theory are the doctrines of "economic determinism" and the "class-struggle."

A CAMPAIGN DOCUMENT.

The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom. By L. Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcumb Pinchon. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

As a campaign document this volume is particularly interesting; a calm, judicial history, containing trustworthy data regarding the progress of Mexico during the past one hundred years, this it is not. Commencing with the vigorous, if somewhat exaggerated, statement that "the Mexican people have democratic traditions as grand, pure, and sane as those of any race in the world," it is not surprising to find many other exaggerated half-truths running riot throughout the book. In their desire to deify the downtrodden Mexican peon, the authors have even gone to the ridiculous extremity of stating that "modern archæological and philological research bear emphatic witness to the fact that they [the Mexican peons] are ethnologically as remote from the wild nomads of North America as are the so-called white races themselves." Coming on the first page of the book, this is certainly fair warning of the kind of stuff that is to follow, and prepares the reader to accept, without blinking, the next statement—that the Mexican peons at the time of the Spanish Conquest "were in full enjoyment of a civilization greatly superior in many respects to that of Teutonic Europe, and certainly superior in every respect to that of the Spanish nation which subjugated and enslaved them." To the ardent enthusiast, bent only on achieving the end in view, modern archæological, philological, and historical researches are of little value if they do not furnish abundant proof of desired premises. The horrible features of the bloodthirsty religion of many of the native races of Mexico are brushed aside with a word as being simply the practices of a small and degenerate section of the master class, the priesthood, and as representing that "common barbarity of priestcraft in all ages and climes."

The authors assume that "all that we know of the evil that is Mexican is the product of a small, parasitic, and originally alien section of the nation," and then in the blandest manner they go on to say: "Bearing these simple basic facts in mind, the maze of Mexican history may be threaded with ease." Naturally, having established themselves on a broad basis of misstatement and misconception of historical truths, it is perfectly easy for the authors to "thread with ease" the maze of Mexican history in such a manner as to arrive at the desired results. The actual facts of history have no terrors for these writers.

Nothing can surprise the reader after such a beginning, not even the statement in regard to our first Mexican War that it "was a preconcerted and predetermined affair on the part of the ruling classes of both the nations involved." It may even be a comfort, to some, to be told by these Mexican apologists that our first war with Mexico was due to a Mexican clerical conspiracy, for "only amid the carnage and confusion of a foreign invasion could the church feel at all safe in the prosecution of plans so bitterly distasteful to the great mass of the people." With constant bitterness rankling in their hearts against the ruling classes of both Mexico and the United States, the authors have succeeded in producing a book which can only be read without irritation by those already blinded by strong sympathy for their cause.

On the other hand, great emphasis is laid on the statement that the people of Mexico have little faith in their leaders. They had shouted at one time "Viva Madero!" but these cries became stilled when, "surrounded by the old element of corrupt politicians, conscienceless peculators, brutal military and scheming prelates, Francisco Madero lost every trace of his vaunted democratic ideals and became consciously or unconsciously the mere creature of that same intolerable oppression and exploitation which had provoked the Revolution of

1910." Now, we are told, they no longer fight for a man, but their cry is "Viva la Tierra! Viva la Constitucion!" and "in this clarified attitude of the Mexican people lies the great hope of the present revolution. No man henceforth can ride on their backs into power. They will go forward unwaveringly, irresistibly, until they have established the new social order. They have learned democracy's great lesson: *that the individual cannot assume the functions of the collectivity.*" The keynote of the conclusion is, "International capitalism can no longer throttle the freedom of the Mexican people with impunity." The book is simply a rabid campaign document, absolutely untrustworthy and without historical value.

Notes

IT is appropriate that in the year of the opening of the Panama Canal some slight tribute should be rendered to the memory of the discoverer of the Pacific. Keats, in a celebrated sonnet, credited "stout Cortez" with the achievement; but the world knows better. Quintana's "Vida de Vasco Nuñez de Balboa," edited by Prof. G. G. Brownell (Ginn; 65 cents), has the merit of timeliness. Quintana has narrated the feats of his hero directly and concisely. The selection is admirably adapted for the purposes of a textbook. The romantic achievements of Spain's early navigators and conquistadores will never lose their charm.

DURING the Hilary term of last year, Mr. Edwyn Bevan delivered four lectures in Oxford on "Stoics and Sceptics," and these have now been issued in a slender volume by the Oxford University Press; ($1.50 net), a good and not too technical study of a subject which has been undergoing a good deal of investigation of late. Mr. Bevan does not conceal the fact that, in exposing the illogical dogmatism of the followers of Zeno and the unsatisfying suspense of the Pyrrhonic school, he has in mind to show the world's need of that unreasoning loyalty to the "Friend behind the Universe" which the Greek philosophers failed to meet, and which was to become the faith of the Christian church. But he does not bear hard on this aspect of the question, and his attitude towards the teachers who were transforming the Socratic doctrine into something more malleable for the moulders of Christianity is thoroughly sympathetic. Perhaps the most valuable of the lectures is the third, which deals with Posidonius. Of recent years German scholars, out of the patches of that philosopher's works and the occasional references to him, have been building up a great figure which is to dominate the intellectual world of Cicero's time. Mr. Bevan examines the evidence for such a theory carefully, with the conclusion that Posidonius was no creative genius, but merely an influential representative of the general tendency towards eclecticism then everywhere prevailing. "People," he observes, "got the idea of a sort of common philosophic stuff at the back of the differences, very much, I think, as a large number of people of to-day cling to the idea of something which they call 'undenominational,' 'undogmatic' religion—the idea of some common religious stuff which you may take for granted at the back of all articulate religious beliefs. That observation not only fits well with what we know of the work of Posidonius, but explains also why the philosophers of his kind are now receiving so much serious consideration.

THE "English Literary Miscellany" of Theodore W. Hunt (Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co.; $1.50 net) presents the gleanings in familiar fields of an orderly but quite unoriginal mind. There is not a fresh judgment to be found in the book, not a gleam of humor or sally of fancy. On the other hand, there is no pretension to anything of the sort; and at a time when we are so hard beset by cleverness and the attempt at cleverness, there is a kind of relief in coming now and then upon a book which is willing to be commonplace. Professor Hunt writes like a professor of another day, before it became the fashion to coruscate *ex cathedra*, to strain at brilliancy for fear of being found academic. His style is, to tell the truth, pretty dull. It never escapes the rigidity and dryness of the opening sentences of the Preface: "The papers herein presented are discussions within the definite province of English letters. They are developed along historical and critical lines, and they seek to relate the study of our vernacular literature with the manifest progress of English thought and life." The old-fashioned method of exegesis is employed—numbered headings, capitalized catch-phrases, and so on. The substance of the book is sound and well-considered. It might be a serviceable introduction to English prose and verse for a student of exceptional seriousness and patience. As for the progress of English thought and life, they are but dimly shadowed forth in these pages, which are bookish or nothing. The development of literary forms and movements is the real theme. The author's detailed comments are often of ingenuous simplicity—as that Keats's sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," is "justly celebrated"; or that "to have written 'In Memoriam' and 'Idyls of the King' is enough to make an author permanently famous." Upon Tennyson is lavished a commentary as ardent and reverent as was the fashion thirty years ago; and it is recognized in the vaguest manner possible that there has been some sort of literature since the Victorian: "Of the Contemporary British Drama, represented in Swinburne, Austin, Jones, Phillips, and others, suffice it to say, that it has merit, but not masterly merit." These papers differ a good deal in length and theme, but they are all the product of the same earnest humdrum mind. They have all been printed in the *Bibliotheca Sacra.*

PRESIDENT THWING has written a well-informed, well-balanced book on "The American College: What It Is, and What It May Become" (Platt & Peck; $2 net). He is so old-fashioned, or so bold, as to think that the primary purpose of the ideal college is still to give a liberal education, a secondary purpose being to make men of efficiency. A glimpse of his temper is afforded by his consideration of the question of compensation for college professors, in which he applies Adam Smith's five principles of compensation, and reaches the conclusion that, on that basis, it is hard to make an argument for larger pay, although it would be an advantage to the college to have the position represent a higher salary. He is equally calm in discussing athletics; concerning football, he offers some constructive criticism. Co-education draws from him the remark: "We do not know enough about the intellect of women or about the intellect of men to say whether on the ground of sex the training should be the same or different." He will commit himself to no more specific proposition than that "thought and appreciation and righteousness, as aims in education, are equally important for men and women." This is clearly no book for the educational fanatic, although he sadly needs it, but others, whether parents, students, professors, trustees, or philanthropists, will enjoy the ripe wisdom in its pages.

THERE is a pathetic entry in the last, the tenth, volume of the Emerson Journals (Houghton Mifflin; $1.75 net), which suggests why it is necessarily inferior to the notable series which it closes. Emerson, in his sixty-fourth year, writes: "I find it a great and fatal difference whether I court the muse, or the muse courts me: That is the ugly disparity between youth and age." The last volume contains entries from 1864-1876—for days and weeks the journals were neglected. The last five years of silence and forgetfulness are hinted at in an editorial note. The decline, as one may infer it from these last journals, had little that was painful in it, was faced with a brave and conscious resignation, and enlivened by intervals of the old lucidity. On the whole, the writing in this last volume is that of a tired old man, but of one infinitely curious and wise. The note on Hawthorne's funeral reveals a keen regret at not having come nearer that solitary spirit. An appreciation of Charles Sumner has much of the old fire. "Sumner's moral instinct and character are so exceptionally pure that he must have perpetual magnetism for honest men." A passing remark on the commonplaceness of greatest genius is true Emerson. "Great men are the universal men, men of the common sense, not provincial; Raffaelle, not a mannerist. Everybody would paint like Raffaelle, if everybody could paint at all." The racier side of the essayist appears in such aphorisms as that reform is chiefly impossible because of the "invincible depravity of the virtuous"; or in the definition of home: "My idea of a home is a house in which each member of the family can, on the instant, kindle a fire in his or her private room." The flair for valuable oddments is perfect still, even though the creative moment seems nearly past. The most curious information may be gleaned by an attentive reader. We may com-

mend to psychical researchers the strange incident of a friend of Lowell's dreaming the substance of a famous line of the Commemoration Ode the night before Lowell first read it. Artists will welcome the anecdote of Turner seriously studying the nutrition of the whale before he painted that most impressionistic canvas, The Whale Ship, now in the Metropolitan Museum. Educators will note an early and apparently successful experiment in student self-government at Antioch College. This volume closes the series worthily. From the ordeal of the revelation of this mass of private jottings Emerson reappears not only undiminished, but substantially enhanced. Gratitude is due the editors for the thoroughness and tact with which their task has been accomplished.

A REPRINT of the volume of Henry Vaughan's "Sacred Poems" which was originally published as one of the Aldine Poets, in 1882, has been issued by G. Bell & Sons (New York: Macmillan; 35 cents net). In accordance with the prevailing mode the book is made of rather thin paper and is light to handle. The memoir by the Rev. H. F. Lyte is retained, which was itself not new when prefixed to the Aldine edition. He had prepared himself for the sketch by a careful examination into the traditions of Vaughan's life (though with scant success in the discovery of fresh facts), and little or nothing has since come to light—unless Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has in her possession material of the sort not yet made public. But of Vaughan's erratic and interesting twin brother, the mystical "Eugenius Philalethes," Mr. Lyte knew, or told, less than might have been expected. This, no doubt, makes a slight defect in his memoir of the poet, but his writing, from the critical point of view, is decidedly thin, and might well have given place to a more adequate study of Vaughan's position as a follower of Herbert. Vaughan is certainly best known for his religious poems, and all of these the new edition contains; but some of his secular pieces, especially his satires, are of excellent quality, and, as their bulk is small, it is not easy to understand why they should have been kept out of this reprint. As it is, for those desiring a cheap volume, Methuen's edition in the Little Library still offers a fuller collection in more attractive form.

"RELIGION and Free Will" (Oxford: Clarendon Press; 7s. 6d.), by W. Benett, consists of nine essays, closely but not clearly connected, the aim of which, it seems, is to establish the principle of *credo quia absurdum*, or, in the author's corrected version, *non credo quia non absurdum; i. e.*, in matters of religion scientific intelligibility is a ground for suspicion rather than belief. According to Mr. Benett, evolution is a process in which every forward step, every higher satisfaction, only initiates a conflict with still higher needs. All that evolution accomplishes is the strengthening and elevation of character. Its value and meaning are transcendental and must be sought beyond science in religion. "Thus it comes that the foremost and most vital interest of religion is to keep itself aloof from science . . . seeing that even the faintest infusion of scientific probability will impair its emotional effectiveness, and a complete rationalization destroy it altogether." Religion is bound to be incomprehensible if it is to elevate character. Precisely in this incomprehensibility, which secures it from controversy, lies the power of religious dogma. This argument is carried so far that the reader is at times obliged to pause and wonder whether he is not being made the victim of a deep and subtle irony. But Mr. Benett is as sincere as he is also intellectually competent and original. His language and logic have a flavor of thirty years back, but he is fairly abreast of the times in his philosophy, and has evidently made a deep study of religion both in Europe and in the East.

"PATIENCE: An Alliterative Version of 'Jonah' by the Poet of 'Pearl'" (Oxford University Press; $1 net), edited by Israel Gollancz, is the first of a series of Select Early English Poems which the editor has planned. He promises us in the near future similar editions of "The Parliament of the Three Ages," "Winner and Wasted," "St. Erkenwald," etc. The present poem is preserved in the British Museum MS. Nero A. x., which contains likewise "Pearl," "Cleanness," and "Sir Gawayn and the Green Knight"—all most probably by the same author. This MS., it seems, came to Sir Robert Cotton from the library of Henry Savile (1568-1617), of Banke, in Yorkshire. It had belonged, no doubt, to one of the northern monasteries at an earlier period, but passed into private hands after the dissolution of those bodies in the reign of Henry VIII. "Patience" was included in the *editio princeps* of the poems of this MS., which was prepared in 1864 by the late Richard Morris for the Early English Text Society, and it was also brought out separately by Hartley Bateson in 1912. Dr. Gollancz, however, had already edited "Pearl" and other poems of the same period and district, and had, besides, of recent years devoted several papers to the vocabulary of the group, so that he possessed qualifications for dealing with this very difficult set of texts which render his edition of the present form the best that has appeared. The glossary, especially, represents a decided advance on that of his predecessors. The notes, too, throw light on some of the worst of the linguistic puzzles. A special feature of the text is that the lines are arranged in quatrains, which seems to have been the intention of the author. In the Preface the editor merely summarizes what is known concerning the various problems that are suggested by the text. He does not discuss these problems at length, as we should expect in a definitive edition. The work includes a reproduction from the MS. of the first page of the poem; also reproductions of the accompanying illustrations, which are in the rudest style of mediæval art. It closes with what appear to be the Latin sources of the poem, viz.: the Vulgate version of "Jonah," the beatitudes from St. Matthew's Gospel, and a part of the "Carmen de Jona et Ninive," which was formerly attributed to Tertullian.

DR. JOSEPH EDWARD STUBBS, president of the University of Nevada, who died on May 27, was born in Ashland, O., on March 19, 1850. He graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1873, and received an M.A. degree in 1876. In 1875 he graduated from Drew Seminary, and was ordained to the Methodist ministry in 1874. He studied at Berlin University from 1890 to 1891. Dr. Stubbs was president of Baldwin University, Berea, O., from 1886 until 1894, and had since been president of the University of Nevada. He was a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London in 1901, and was president of the Ohio Collegiate Association, 1891-2, and of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, 1899-1900.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

SOME of Mr. Herbert Jenkins's experiences during his first year as a London publisher have been given by him to an interviewer. Within that period he has had 834 manuscripts submitted to him. He admits that some of the books he has declined have reached a second edition after acceptance by other publishers. On the other hand, he has sold 17,000 copies of two novels that had been rejected elsewhere. In his opinion novices may often benefit by advice from their publishers as to the best use of their material. "Young authors are frequently very bad architects, and as often as not tell two or three stories in one book." When he started his business Mr. Jenkins wanted to adopt "Barabbas" as his registered telegraphic address, but the Post Office authorities ruled it out as unsuitable.

ON May 18, a new hall was inaugurated in the Napoleonic museum which has been created in Empress Josephine's château of Malmaison, just outside Paris. It contains collections of interest in history and art and in the local color of a most interesting time. They are due to M. Charles Follot, president of the Chambre Syndicale of wall-paper manufacturers. There are various series of colored wall-papers in the original designs, or as executed under the Directory, Consulate, and Empire. One series of thirty pieces is thought to be the only remaining example of the "Campaigns of the Army of Italy." There are also decorative draperies, printed on velvet backgrounds, between 1800 and 1810; and there is a panel of Psyche, after a composition of the great house decorator of the day, Laffitte. All these are good, and, for the most part, unique original examples of the brilliant years of Josephine's career. It should also be noted that the decorations which have been applied to the various rooms of the château in transforming it into a museum, such as damask wall-hangings, have been carefully copied by modern manufacturers from fragments or designs of the originals used by Josephine.

AMONG other recent notable gifts dating from the time, there is the harp of Queen Hortense, who was not only Josephine's daughter and mother of Em-

peror Napoleon III, but also composed sentimental songs, of which one, at least, has a fame as wide as the world—"Partant pour la Syrie." As usual, where political feeling enters into historical criticism, her authorship, both of words and music, has been successively denied. They both came into the world under her name, and the alternative musical composer is Alvimare, Josephine's harp teacher—so the harp is in its place. It comes from Empress Eugénie, who had it in her husband's inheritance from his mother. In memory of her bereavement, the aged Empress has also bought land to keep an open vista from Malmaison toward Rueil, where the remains of Josephine and Hortense lie in the parish church, beneath sumptuous marble tombs, monuments of the filial piety of Hortense and Eugène, her brother, and of Emperor Napoleon III. To this land, Empress Eugénie wishes to transfer the mausoleum erected by public subscription for her son, the ill-fated Prince Imperial. It is at present placed in a private garden of Paris; and it is probably her pious intention to have his remains transferred hither—and, who knows?—Napoleon the Third's as well—at some time propitious to their memory.

IN the April number of *De Gids*, one of the leading monthlies of Holland, Mr. Th. M. Roest van Limburg publishes some startling facts with regard to the housing problem in Rotterdam. The author's statements carry weight, as they are based on an experience of years acquired as chief of the Rotterdam police. In this most prosperous of Dutch cities, 75 per cent. of the population lives on a yearly income of $400 or less, and of its half a million inhabitants, 30,000 live in single-room dwellings under the most unhygienic conditions. Queen Wilhelmina has lately shown her interest in the housing of the poor by personally visiting some of the most miserable haunts in Amsterdam. Her Majesty's example is bound to give a stimulus to every one concerned in solving this difficult problem.

TRAVELLERS who have left a part of their souls in Granada will be glad to hear that the restoration of the Alhambra, which is going on, is being done with due reserve and discretion. This is altogether to the credit of the Spanish architect, Cendoya. He has begun by unwearied researches in hitherto unexplored archives, so that he might tread only in the footsteps of the original builders. He has discovered that there were three palaces successively occupying the precincts, with mosques of the court and harem. He has also been able to ascertain the plan of the fortifications which shut in the precincts, and the history of their forty towers. In a square hall at the top of the tower of Las Damas he discovered the first portrait paintings by Arabs (Moors) which have yet been found. These have been studied by Dr. Edmond-Vidal, who is sure that they were painted by artists from Africa, and are not Byzantine works. They represent knights armed *cap-à-pie* riding to war or the chase.

The attitude of the persons is that peculiar to Arabs and is easily recognized by any one familiar with the North of Africa. Even the details show the Arabic origin of these paintings: the features, cut of beard, movements, and garments—all belong to the Moors. The domestic animals—hunting hounds, mules, camels—are African. The Arab horse is drawn with an exactness which shows perfect acquaintance. The wild beasts are full of life; and it would be impossible for a painter to represent so faithfully the attitudes of such animals unless he had taken part in a lion or panther hunt.

Dr. Edmond-Vidal hopes to come on other finds of this little-known and long-doubted Arab art in Morocco. There the painters of the Alhambra took refuge when the Moors were expelled from Spain, and it is known that many palaces were decorated by them.

Science

EDUARD SUESS.

A TRIBUTE TO ONE OF THE MOST VERSATILE AND STRIKING OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

The death of Prof. Eduard Suess, of Vienna, on the 24th of April, removed one of the most versatile and striking of scientific men. For over sixty years his writings have made him known beyond his immediate Viennese circle; his long and busy life brought to him recognition from all quarters of the globe. Few scientific bodies of prominence failed to place his name on the list of honorary or corresponding members.

Professor Suess was born in London in March, 1831, and was the oldest son of a German merchant, an importer of wool from Bohemia. A few years later the growing consignments of this staple from Australia destroyed the Bohemian business and forced the elder Suess to remove to Prague. The parents planned that their son Eduard should enter his father's business, but as the lad approached manhood his fondness for natural science became too strong to be checked, and his career was shaped in accordance with his bent. His first published work was a description of the Carlsbad Springs, prepared when he was nineteen for the use of foreign visitors. By an extraordinary coincidence we find him returning to this theme fifty-two years later, and delivering in his seventy-first year an address, by invitation, to the Gesellschaft deutscher Naturforscher und Aerzte. The society was in convention at Carlsbad at the time and the theme of hot springs ("Ueber heisse Quellen") was selected by Professor Suess. The paper is practically a further study of Carlsbad, with some conclusions regarding the derivation of the waters from deep-seated igneous rocks. It exercised no small influence upon the discussions then very animated in this country about the source of those ground-waters which rise from the depths of the earth. We may rank the contribution as one of the most influential among the many which came from the pen of the gifted author.

In 1851, when twenty years of age, and after student years passed in the Universities of Prague and Vienna, Eduard Suess became assistant in the Imperial Museum at the latter city. Six years later he became Ausserordentlicher Professor in the University. In 1862 he retired altogether from the Museum, and five years later received the full professor's chair. The ten years from 1851 to 1861 were chiefly passed in studies in one form of fossil life and another. Professor Suess's interest in the affairs of his home city was, however, deep and irrepressible. The water supply of the city was bad, and fevers were causes of grave anxiety. The great need of the community led him to prepare and to publish in 1862 a notable volume of 362 pages on the geological foundations of Vienna, their origin, structure, and relations to the life of the citizen ("Boden der Stadt Wien, nach seiner Bildungsweise, Beschaffenheit und Beziehungen zum bürgerlichen Leben"). The monograph led to the conclusion that a supply of pure drinking water from the Alps was necessary. Professor Suess at once sprang into prominence as an available adviser in these matters, and was elected to the Town Council and to the board having in charge the new aqueduct. When in 1873 the water was finally brought from a source over eighty miles away, the services of Professor Suess were recognized by an election as honorary burgess of the city.

In 1866 he entered the Austrian Parliament and for thirty years was one of the strong men of the Liberal party. His skill in expressing his thoughts in epigrammatic phrase gave several brief and terse sentences which became part of the common speech of the day. Parliamentary experience led to interest in the great economic questions then debated. The matter of the gold standard was becoming yearly more important. In consequence Professor Suess prepared in 1877 an essay on "The Future of Gold" which was widely read. In 1892, in the height of the silver agitation, he wrote a second brochure on "The Future of Silver." The conclusions were so much in harmony with the views of a strong faction in the American Congress that, by direction of the Committee on Finance of the United States Senate, the work was translated, printed in the Government Printing Office, and widely circulated. Professor Suess's conclusion, after a review of the mining industry for the precious metals, was summed up in these words (p. 100): "From this it follows, furthermore, that, *assuming that the system of metallic coinage continues to exist* (and I see as yet no prac-

ticable substitute), *silver will become the standard metal of the earth.*" In this anticipation the course of events in the twenty-odd years since the publication of the essay must have left Professor Suess somewhat the possessor of hopes and expectations deferred. One cannot avoid recalling the words of J. D. Whitney, our distinguished countryman and one of the foremost mining geologists of his time, who, in the "Metallic Wealth of the United States" in 1854, wrote as follows (p. 185):

> Silver is in a geological point of view the metal best adapted to a standard of value, since—possessing all the valuable qualities of gold suitable for that purpose—it is not liable to those fluctuations in its production to which gold is exposed. There is no discovery of a new continent to be looked forward to, whose mines will deluge the world with silver, and any increase in the amount of metal produced must come chiefly from the working of mining regions already known, by the application of increased skill, and capital. As it is obtained mostly from mines wrought in the solid rock, any additional development they may acquire must be gradual, while gold from the very nature of its occurrence can never be produced with that steadiness which characterizes the metals wrought chiefly in deep and permanent mines.

Professor Whitney, no less than Professor Suess, could not foresee the gold production of the Transvaal, nor the vast output of silver from our Western lead and copper mines.

The greatest scientific services of Professor Suess were rendered in connection with physiography. With his remarkable work in this department of geology his name will always be most closely associated. As early as 1862 we find evidence in his papers of a growing interest in this special branch. He began by interpreting the strata of the past as a source of light on the geography of later time. In 1863 he advocated the former land connection of Africa with Southern Europe. Subsequent years of study and reading led to the preparation of his truly extraordinary book on "The Face of the Earth" ("Das Antlitz der Erde"). The first volume appeared in 1885, and passed through a second but unaltered edition in 1892. The second volume was issued in 1888. The first part of the third volume reached its readers in 1901 and the second part in 1909. During the last decade of the nineteenth century and the opening decade of the twentieth, geological exploration was very active in Asia and Africa, and brought ever new stores of information to Professor Suess. Happily they all came in time to be included in the closing volume of his *magnum opus*. As one reads the pages of this thorough review of the earth's physical features, one is amazed at the extent of the author's learning and researches. Every language containing geological records seems to have been at his command, and no part of the globe escaped his watchful eye. Every mountain range of to-day is studied from the point of view of its geological history and structure and as the end-product in a long series of events which are recorded in its strata.

Professor Suess became greatly impressed with the arc-like or crescentic outline of the ranges and emphasized this feature as had no previous observer. He also borrowed from the vocabulary of the miner the old-time word "Horst" for a block left in relief by down-dropping faults on each side. Both the terms, arcuate mountain ranges and Horsts, have in consequence become part of the common geological speech to-day. "Das Antlitz der Erde" has taken its place as a comprehensive compendium of the physical features of the earth and as the encyclopædic book of reference to which the physiographer and geologist naturally turn. It has been translated both into French and into English.

Professor Suess married in 1855 the daughter of a prominent physician of Prague—Dr. Strauss. He is survived by five sons and one daughter. An excellent portrait accompanies a sketch by Sir Archibald Geikie, in *Nature*, May 1, 1905.

J. F. Kemp.

Columbia University.

A unique method in bird photography is described by Mr. Guy A. Bailey in *Bird-Lore* for March-April. By means of an electric current he releases the shutter of his camera at such a distance that he is able to obtain pictures of birds absolutely undisturbed by his presence. In a description of the whippoorwill, Mr. T. G. Pearson calls attention to the fact that this is one of the most valuable of birds to the farmer, since it destroys many harmful insects. Pictures are given of the granite monument, unveiled last October, which was set up in Salt Lake City as a thank-offering to the gulls that saved the first settlers from famine. It is the work of a grandson of Brigham Young, and is surrounded by a fountain where birds may quench their thirst. The incident commemorated happened in the summer of 1848, when flocks of gulls made successful war on the grasshoppers that were destroying the crops.

Peter Paul von Mauser, the inventor of the rifle bearing his name, died at Stuttgart, Germany, on May 29, at the age of seventy-six. Von Mauser was born on June 27, 1838, in Obendorf. While serving his time in the army he made a study of the technique of weapons, and in 1867 he went with his brother to Luttich, where, financed by an American named Norris, they perfected the Mauser rifle.

Sir Joseph William Swan, who died in England on May 27, was the inventor of the first incandescent electric lamp, which was produced in 1879, and of various other electrical devices, including a miners' safety lamp and an electric meter. He also invented the carbon process for making permanent photographs, known as Autotype, and discovered the means of making rapid dry plates, which revolutionized the art of photography. Sir Joseph was born on October 1, 1828, and was privately educated. His honorary degree of D.Sc. was from Durham University. He received the Hughes medal for his invention of the incandescent electric lamp in 1904, and was knighted in the same year. In 1905 the Albert Medal of the Society of Arts was awarded him. He was past president of the Society of Chemical Industry, of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and of the Faraday Society, and was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Sir Henry Seton-Karr, who perished in the wreck of the Empress of Ireland on May 29, was born in India on February 5, 1853, the son of G. B. Seton-Karr, of the Indian Civil Service and Resident Commissioner at Baroda during the Indian Mutiny. He was educated at Harrow and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where, in 1876, he took second-class honors in law. He was called to the bar in 1879. Sir Henry had travelled and shot big game in Western America, British Columbia, and Norway, and was interested in state colonization. He was a member of the Royal Commission on Food Supplies in Time of War. He was formerly a Member of Parliament, representing St. Helen's, Lancashire, from 1885-1906, in the Conservative interest. He was the author of "Call to Arms," 1900-1; "My Sporting Holidays," 1904, and various sporting articles and reviews. He was knighted in 1902.

Dr. Emil Gruening, formerly president of the American Ophthalmological Society and also of the American Otological Society, died in New York on May 30. He was born on October 2, 1842, in Hohensalva, Prussia, came to this country in 1862, and entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University. His course was interrupted by service in the Civil War, but he graduated in 1867. He studied abroad for three years under Virchow and Von Graefe in Berlin, Paris, and Vienna, and began practice in New York city in 1870. Dr. Gruening filled various positions in the hospitals of New York, and at the time of his death was consulting surgeon to the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, where he had served actively for thirty-five years, to the Mt. Sinai Hospital, the German Hospital, and to the New York Hospital for Women and Children. Dr. Gruening attained distinction in the two highly specialized branches of medicine, ophthalmology and otology. His most lasting achievement was the development of the mastoid operation as it is performed in America to-day. He was also the first to call attention to the danger of blindness from wood-alcohol poisoning. He contributed voluminously to medical journals on the subject of the eye and ear, and in the Encyclopædia of Diseases of the Eye, edited by Norris and Oliver, he wrote the chapter on Injuries to the Eyes.

Drama

CRITICISM BY INSTINCT.

Studies in Stagecraft. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Clayton Hamilton is a dramatic critic justly esteemed for information, alertness, coolness, sanity, and the command of a forcible and pointed English. In his latest work, comprising twenty-four essays on topics that combine generality with timeliness, he is ordinarily on the right side—the side of truth and seriousness against artifice and frivolity, of elasticity against rigor in the application of formulæ, of catholicity against exclusiveness, of imaginative suggestion against aggregations of detail. He is liberal enough to tolerate conventions, to admit farce and melodrama to the rights of legitimate drama, and to detect artistic possibilities in the moving-picture show; he even finds room in his text for a humane word on the much-decried commercial manager. He exalts duly, perhaps unduly, the functions of mechanism and management, but even here he endorses simplicity and combines an admiration for Belasco with a preference for Reinhardt. His most obvious bias is a fondness for novelty, an excessive emphasis on those heterodoxies of yesterday which have become the orthodoxies of to-day. Synge and Brieux, in particular, are glorified with a fervor hardly consistent with the ascendency which drama proper, as distinct from poetry or didacticism, should hold in the mind of a dramatic critic. We may add that the author's cool intellectualism gives an effect of partial unreality to the frequent superlatives and avowals of enthusiasm by which the march of the logic is rather checkered than checked.

Mr. Hamilton, like other observers, has been struck and a little perplexed by the extent to which contemporary dramatic successes are associated with the rejection or reversal of established principles. In "The Undramatic Drama," after an admirable exposition of the bankruptcy of all the formulæ from Aristotle to Brunetière, he is disposed to fall back upon Mr. Archer's dictum that "the only really valid definition of the dramatic is: Any representation of imaginary personages which is capable of interesting an average audience assembled in a theatre"—a definition in which the critics intrench themselves behind impregnable defences, but announce at the same time the abandonment of the campaign. In an interesting paper, "The Plays of Yesteryear," the author puts forth a spirited and indignant reply to Mr. William Winter's* disparagement of the current theatre in the interest of the theatre of fifty years ago, and the younger critic has made out his case, if we concede his tacit assumptions that not répertoires, but products, and the best of the products, shall be accepted as the ground of comparison for the two periods. Under the heading, "Organizing an Audience," cordial and apparently merited endorsement is given to the work of the Drama League, though one suspects Mr. Hamilton of a vague idea that there exists somewhere a latent or potential audience, not included in the ninety-odd millions of the latest American census, which can be summoned from the vasty deep by the conjurations of an enterprising society.

Mr. Hamilton sets much store by analysis, but analysis is hardly his strong point. He is both fortunate and unfortunate in the mastery of a logical mechanism and cast of sentence which is equally well fitted to embody the clearness of his thinking or to disguise its obscurity. When he has fixed a thought in one of these logical moulds, his self-criticism ceases; his eye for relations of all kinds is quick, but he lacks the circumspection which converts acuteness into sagacity. For instance, on page 18, he talks about "expressing poetry" and defines poetry as "that solemn, tremulous happiness," etc., thus, in a single paragraph, confounding poetry, first, with the feeling out of which it springs, and, secondly, with the feeling which it awakens. On page 125 the "staggeringly admirable" craftsmanship of Pinero's "Thunderbolt" leads him to infer the necessity of a return to nature, obviously on the theory that naturalness declines as art rises. But this generalization, true of certain phases of art, is not true of art as a whole, and that "The Thunderbolt" is not comprised in those phases is proved by the fact that its superiority in naturalness to a play like "The Profligate" or "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" is as noteworthy as its superiority in art. The illustrations are sometimes partial. To compare the effectiveness of appeals to the ear and eye, he cites (pages 34-35) as representative of the two senses a single line from Alfred Noyes and the Venus of Milo. At this rate, conclusiveness is easy. Mr. Hamilton should retrench or renovate his philosophy; to philosophize for the uncritical is futile; and if, as we gladly concede, he has written a good book in spite of all deductions, it is because his opinions are the outcome of his sound instincts rather than of his fallible analysis.

*A reference to Mr. Winter's text shows that that gentleman is assailing representations while Mr. Hamilton is defending literature.

An English version, by Federico Sardo and Carlos D. S. Wuppermann (Albert & Charles Boni), of Don José Echegaray's "Mariana" (75 cents net), does scant justice to a work of notable imagination and power. It is written grammatically and probably with literal correctness, but the style is cramped and awkward, without fluency or much sense of characterization. It may, however, serve to give English readers some notion of the dramatic abilities of the Spanish dramatist. In its use of highly improbable coincidence and artificial mechanism, the piece doubtless belongs to the category of romantic melodrama rather than true tragedy, but in the ingenuity of its plot, in deftness of construction, in the presentation of varied and well-balanced personalities, and in the intensely emotional climax, it is masterly. The workmanship is comparable with that of some of the cleverest inventions of Sardou. The heroine is a beautiful young woman, rich, brilliant, and passionate, whose natural disposition has been warped by her experience in childhood of the tragic fate of her mother, the victim of a heartless and infamous seducer. Mistrustful of all men, she plays the part of an unscupulous coquette, alternately alluring and repulsing her adorers, until, in spite of herself, she falls in love with Daniel, whom she has tortured most of all. At the moment of surrender to him she discovers that he is the son of her mother's betrayer. In her despair she bestows her hand upon a rival and thus brings about the final tragedy. The two central characters of Mariana and her lover are veracious studies showing a rare gift of psychological analysis. They have a dramatic value altogether independent of the circumstances in which they are placed, and to which they contribute the necessary theatrical thrill. They are developed with consistency, are artistically supplementary to each other, and come logically to the catastrophe in which they are overwhelmed. And in these days of sexual realism it is worth noting how a genulne dramatist, telling a story of passion, can make it theatrically poignant without any approach to cheap vulgarity. Other personages In the cast, the chivalrous but stupid soldier; the purblind and semi-grotesque old archæologist; his fair and frail wife and her *cavaliere servente;* the benevolent Joaquin, and the rest, are conventional types, on the English as on the Spanish stage, but are delineated with a sure and skilful touch, while each is worked adroitly into the general scheme. Their outlines are badly blurred in the present interpretation.

Thanks to the investigations conducted by Dr. Mummenhoff, archivist of Nuremberg, it has now been definitely ascertained that Hans Sachs, the poet and dramatist of the sixteenth century, was born at 23, Brunnengasse. This street used to be known as the Kotgasse. Unfortunately, the original No. 23 was partly demolished in 1874, and made one building with the next house. Hans became proprietor of No. 23 when he married Kunigunda Kreuzerin in 1519, and was still the owner in 1542, when he

bought the well-known house in the present Hans Sachsgasse.

Laurence Sydney Brodribb Irving, the actor and manager, who went down with his wife in the disaster to the Empress of Ireland on May 29, was the second son of the late Sir Henry Irving and Florence Fanny O'Callaghan. He was educated at Marlborough College, and at the Collège Rollin, in Paris. Originally intending to enter the diplomatic service, he was drawn towards the stage, and in 1893 made his first appearance at Dundee in F. R. Benson's Shakespearean company. After some experience in the provinces he joined his father, for whom he wrote "Peter the Great," a play of considerable merit, although unsuccessful. He was the translator of "Robespierre" which was written for Sir Henry by Sardou, and himself played Taillen. He continued to play various rôles in his father's company until he entered into management for himself, acting in England in "Bonnie Dundee" and "Richard Lovelace," and later in "Raffles." He had made great advancement as an actor, proving himself an eccentric comedian of fine finish, when he and his wife (Mabel Hackney) appeared in New York in 1909-10 in "The Incubus" ("Les Hannetons") and "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont." Recently he was the Iago in Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "Othello."

Music

A book by Caruso entitled "Wie man singen soll" ("How to Sing") is to appear soon in Germany.

Some years ago, when Mark Twain gave a dinner to caricaturists, Caruso was greatly disappointed at not being invited. "Perhaps," he said, "he knows me only as a singer!" To his artistic colleagues he is almost as well known as a caricaturist as he is as the leading tenor of the time. A day hardly passes when he does not sketch somebody. The Italian periodical *La Follia* prints many of these caricatures, and a revised collection is now offered in book form by the publishers of that journal. What strikes one as peculiar is that he hardly ever succeeds with women. The pictures of Geraldine Farrar, Lucrezia Bori, and some others are simply hideous, without even a faint resemblance as a redeeming feature. Far better are his caricatures of men; some of them, indeed, are worthy of the greatest artists. Humperdinck, Leoncavallo, Massenet, Mahler, Gatti-Casazza, Alfonso XIII, are among these. His pictures of himself are among the funniest. Excellent also are the drawings of Toscanini. Polacco, and Hertz, whose gradual evolution from a heart is particularly ludicrous.

"Who's Who in Music and Drama" (New York: H. P. Hanaford) is a volume of 555 pages, edited by Dixie Hines and Harry Prescott Hanaford, which gives not only elaborate data regarding the careers of prominent artists of the dramatic and the musical stage, but contains also the casts of first performances in several cities and other useful features.

Scherer and Dirks's "Deutsche Lieder" is a collection of German songs made by the supervisor of German in the public schools of Indianapolis (New York: American Book Company; 25 cents). The best German poets are represented. Some of the songs are for one volce, with piano accompaniment; others are provided with three or four-part music.

"Petit Recueil de Chants Français" is a collection of forty-eight French songs for use in schools and homes, made by H. Carter and G. Dyson (Oxford University Press). Attention is called in the preface to the fact that, while France has produced fewer songs for high-school pupils, it has been fertile in songs for the younger children. Many of them are printed in Wekerlin's three volumes, entitled "Echos du Temps passé"; the editors have borrowed some of these, substituting other poems for those that were of an amorous nature. All these songs are very simple, both in melody and in harmony, and in character and style they are delightfully Gallic.

The latest addition to the Musiclans' Library of the Oliver Ditson Company is an "Anthology of German Piano Music" ($1.50), selected and edited by Moritz Moszkowsky. It begins with Froberger (who died in 1667), and ends with Beethoven. Other composers included are: Pachelbel, Kuhnau, Mattheson, Moffat, Handel, Graun, three Bachs, Krebs, Kirnberger, Haydn, Hässler, and Mozart. Most of these composers are now forgotten, but Moszkowsky has succeeeded in rescuing pieces of theirs which are decidedly worth hearing. The editor's pithy comments on these composers are printed in the original, as well as in a translation, by F. C. Burkart.

The Dresden baritone, Scheidermantel, has received the prize of 10,000 marks offered by the German Stage Association for the best new translation, into German, of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." There were sixty-seven competitors. The great esteem in which this masterwork (neglected in New York) is held in Germany is shown by the great importance attached to this competition. Among the judges were such eminent men as Leopold Schmidt, Otto Neitzel, Schillings, Krebs, and Fuchs.

Mr. Thomas Beecham has prepared a revised version of "The Magic Flute" for the opening of the opera season at Drury Lane this summer. He has not touched the music, but he has compressed and somewhat altered the various scenes, so as to speed the action up somewhat. Further, he is abolishing the usual spoken dialogue, and is substituting some specially written recitatives, in the Mozartian style, to be accompanied by a small band of nine stringed instruments and a harpsichord. In Mr. Beecham's opinion, the conventional condemnation of this opera, on the ground that its libretto is absurd, is in itself absurd. He cannot understand why some people persist in regarding opera as a species of real life upon the stage. The realists who introduce into an opera such phrases as "Have a whiskey and soda" are doing something that is more ridiculous than the "Magic Flute" libretto.

Art

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 4, 1914.

The Academy is always the Academy. Yet perhaps, if anything, there is less to arrest the attention this year than usual; but, on the other hand, as usual, little arrests it so successfully as the work of Sargent.

A portrait of Henry James would be an event in any case. Sargent gives it the vitality and vigor so in contrast to the inanimate, wooden Academic portraits surrounding it that you would stop to look at it, even if you did not know who was the sitter. It is small, a half-length, with no special distinction of pose or design, but an admirable likeness, full of character in the shape of the head, the subtlety of the mouth, in the familiar attitude, one hand stuck in the armhole of the waistcoat, in the waistcoat itself; and then it gives the sense of life and power in the painter to which Sargent owes his too easy triumph in a lifeless exhibition. He scores with so slight a struggle that I never go to the Academy without wishing he could be tesfed by comparison with the masters, as he would be were his Henry James of this year placed by the side, for instance, of that beautiful head of the old Philip at the National Gallery. At the Academy he has no masters, and but one or two rivals. Few other portraits have any serious claim to consideration. He himself sends a second, for the moment breaking through his resolve to have done with portraiture. But in his Lady Rocksavage, also a small half-length, he suggests more interest in reviving the old Lely formula than in studying the character of his sitter, with the result that he gives a charm, a grace, not heretofore associated with his work, and little besides.

After him the honors fall, curiously enough, to G. A. Storey, an Associate of many years' standing, who has seen a long succession of his contemporaries recognized by election to full membership, while he was passed by. He has been content during all these years to exhibit rather colorless paintings nobody remembers, and then suddenly, last spring and this, he resurrected masterly little portraits, presumably done in his youth, that either were not shown or not understood at the time. One, this spring, is A Young Painter said to be himself; the other is Edward Cressy, Architect and Savant, of whom the present generation, I fancy, now first hears, and in both, though the manner is a tribute to the Old Masters. the beauty is in the expression of a distinct and arresting personality, in the careful and sensitive modelling, in

the appreciation for the right placing of head or figure on the canvas.

The expression of personality, but in the painter rather than in her sitters, makes Mrs. Swynnerton's David and Jonathan, Sons of H. Fenwick, Esq., stand out with undeniable force. The two small boys, in their childish white, have wandered along a straight path to the immediate foreground of a brilliant sun-drenched garden. Flowers and foliage have something of that metallic quality which Mrs. Swynnerton finds everywhere in Nature, in the faces and little bare legs of the children as well as in the flowers; the children themselves are merely subordinate details in the whole design; but she sees so frankly for herself and has evolved a way so frankly her own of putting down what she sees that she forces respect even when the violence of her vision may be deplored. It is extraordinary how the honesty with which she works out her scheme and the unity she achieves in working it out, strike one in a room where far more conspicuous places have been assigned to Mrs. Laura Knight's March Many-Weathers and John Lavery's The Studio of the Painter. The group of Mrs. Knight's canvas, a man on a horse with a child seated in front of him and the storm-agitated sky, fairly jump at you from the frame as if their ultimate object were to compete with the familiar big machines of a Paris Salon, and whatever merits of workmanship there may be are overwhelmed by the brutality of the technique. Lavery pits himself against Velasquez on too huge a scale to remain unnoticed. It is a dangerous game to play, and he cannot be said to come off with flags flying. As in Las Meninas, there is the group of figures in the Studio, there are the reflections in the mirror, there is the painter at work, there is the wide space above in the lofty room. But Velasquez filled this space in his room with atmosphere and made it an essential part of his composition; in his Studio Lavery leaves it a vast expanse of canvas and is unable to conceal the difficulty he found in daubing it over with paint. Each figure in Velasquez's group is as perfect as the group itself. But perhaps the comparison is unfair, too cruel, and no doubt Lavery is reserving his best things for his own show next month.

In point of size Herkomer's Managers and Directors of the Firm of Krupp in Essen goes still further than Lavery's Studio. But the wilderness of canvas is no better than a coarse bit of scene-painting, the figures posing as if for the camera, in spite of a desperate determination to represent each one as doing something. Herkomer might have found out from Rembrandt and Hals that men and women may live on the painter's canvas when they sit or stand there doing nothing. However, if Herkomer never fulfilled the promise held out by some of his early work, like The Chelsea Pensioners, if his portraits again this year are without refinement, or grasp of character, or sensitiveness to the beauty of paint and the dignity of design, still with him the Academy loses one of its few members who had the courage of experiment and fearlessness in tackling a large canvas.

There is the inevitable annual crop of wooden royalties, judges and statesmen in their robes, well-known men and women of the day, but nothing else of note. Sir James Guthrie paints with official restraint an official portrait of the Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, but he himself has surpassed it often when less weighed upon by the splendors and insignia of office. Mr. J. J. Shannon's recent sitters have not succeeded in interesting him or providing for him the chance he made such fine use of in his Phil May. C. H. Shannon, when Miss Miriam Levy posed for him, was much more engrossed in her Embroidered Shawl, which he has the honesty to give as title to the portrait. To look at Orpen's portraits is to suspect him of a cheerful willingness to rest on his laurels now that he has discovered, as most Associates and Academicians discover sooner or later in their career, that, an Academicial reputation once secured, the artist has but to keep to the broad and easy road to success for the remainder of his life. With a trifle more subtlety Clausen might have captured the character which he seems to have divined in Thomas Oakey, Esq., and then promptly lost in over-insisting upon it, and this is as true of Gerald Kelly in his study of Lady Gregory, for he emphasizes her strongly marked features almost to the verge of caricature. George Henry prefers to sacrifice character to prettiness and veers more and more to the Christmas supplement and the fashion-plate, a tendency to be regretted in so able a painter. And for the rest, Academicians like Dicksee and Fildes, Ouless and Solomon repeat the performances, each in his Academic way, which have rewarded them with a lifetime of popularity and prosperity. Where the public has grown accustomed to looking for them, there will their portraits be found.

There also, where the public has long been trained to look, the Academic subject picture dear to the Academic heart will not be searched for in vain. Some of the most popular painters of the Academical anecdote have gone forever with Leighton and Tadema, some show signs of weariness with Marcus Stone, who sends merely a study for another version of his young-ladyish sentimental problem in costume. But the president, Sir E. J. Poynter, is faithful, bringing his old treatment of laborious minuteness to his new subject, The Sea-Bath; and Academicians and Associates of the younger generation have quickly learned which way success lies. Indeed, the administrators of the Chantrey Fund could leave them no possibility of doubt in the matter. These administrators have been criticised during a long succession of springs, Royal Commissions have sat upon them, inquiries have been instituted. But they pay no heed, cheerfully going on their way undismayed, knowing what they want and getting it, whether or no it is what lovers of art want and what Chantrey left his money for. As they have bought Leightons and Herkomers, Dicksees and Vicat Coles for large sums in the past, so this spring they have lavished fifteen hundred pounds on a manufactured anecdote by Cadogan Cowper, who, young Associate as he still is, already is represented in the collection at the Tate Gallery.

Lucretia Borgia Reigns in the Vatican in the Absence of the Pope Alexander VI is the theme he has chosen as a peg on which to hang an infinity of detail and an orgy of crude scarlet paint. The Pinturicchio ceiling in the Vatican chamber is copied with a patience that has nothing to do with art; the cardinals and priests are rendered with an elaboration that is apt to be called Pre-Raphaelitic, though it has nothing to do with Pre-Raphaelitism, having none of the genuineness, the seriousness, the fervor that makes itself felt in the most immature achievements of the Brotherhood; symbols are scattered about, or I suppose they are symbols; mechanical gestures are relied upon for the dramatic effect; from beginning to end there is no study of Nature, no real observation—but, for that matter, after seeing the artist's portrait of a sportsman in the same show, I should question whether he has ever yet managed to open his eyes in the face of Nature or men and women as they exist in life and not in the painted anecdote. The Lucretia is the sort of picture that always seems built up for exhibition centres and Chantrey collections, and that, even if it has driven hundreds to the excesses of Cubism and Futurism and other foolish isms, continues to set the standard for the Royal Academy.

A much smaller sum of Chantrey money has been invested in Maurice Greiffenhagen's Women by a Lake; the three figures, with their draperies falling in simple massive folds, set against the blue sky of night that falls like a screen behind them. The design is a little artificial in its romanticism, a little empty; the color scheme is rather arbitrary. But the lines and spacing have a rhythmical feeling; Greiffenhagen is an artist who has done good work—better work which the Chantrey

trustees naturally disdained—and his Jewel certainly is the best thing of the kind in the Academy. To be sure, it is almost the only thing of the kind. I can name nothing else with it except perhaps Anning Bell's large Marriage at Cana, but this is so based on the old Italian painters that one sees in it chiefly an intelligent and sympathetic echo. Near it hangs a dark and purposeless Winter by C. H. Shannon, in which the design is as hard to find as the meaning. Edward Stott's subjects have gradually been leading him from the laborers he once painted in the English country he knew to the land of Biblical legend, where he must rely upon his own invention or the invention of others. The charm of his paintings was in their truth to Nature, the figures introduced in his landscape to give value to the gathering darkness at the close of day, to the mystery of the moon and starlit night. But when he began to borrow them from the Bible, he began also to subordinate his landscape to them, to insist upon the legend, until this year his Motherhood is not only such a group of a woman and her children as Raphael painted, but has all the sentiment and sugary sweetness of Raphael's made-to-order Madonnas. Charles Sims is losing himself almost as hopelessly in the maze of allegory, for which his art has scarcely the elegance, the distinction, which alone could justify it. William Strang, in his group of Card-Players, continues to dally with Post-Impressionism, which, but for him and one other exhibitor, would show no trace of its influence at the Academy. This other exception is, unexpectedly, Clausen, but as yet, to judge from the nude he calls Primavera, it has led him merely to simplification, not stridency, of tone and color. Many subjects besides these will claim admirers, but they are not worth even the easy task of exposing their triviality.

The landscapes arouse no greater enthusiasm. Here again Sargent towers by the sheer force of his impression and the vivacity with which he records it. He does not risk losing it by closer and more intimate study, nor improve upon it by deliberate arrangement. He gives what might be called the painter's snap-shot. It is amazingly clever, amazingly true. You feel the sun burning the hillside below his Cypresses and Pines, you blink in the strong light, and you feel also—in this and his two smaller sketches—the enjoyment of the painter in his power to express himself and his subject with each touch of his brush. Adrian Stokes is another landscape painter who, it is clear, enjoys himself while he is painting, but in a very different way. His is the close and intimate study of Nature. You see how faithfully he has followed the subtler effects of light on the sand-hills, the value of reeds and herons in the Marshes near the Sea, how tenderly he has noted the delicate gradations of color in the sky and on the dunes. His paintings are quiet, unobtrusive, but few others in the Academy convey such a sense of the painter's pleasure in his work and in his emotions before Nature. Clausen's large In the Fields in June explains the problem he set himself—the impressive beauty of a great level stretch of land under a great sweep of cloud-laden sky, and the dignity of the tiller of the soil. But he gets no further than the explanation. Level and sky are empty, and the figures have no relation to them. Mr. Mark Fisher's landscapes always have quality and dignity; they are always well composed; they never betray one's confidence in him as an accomplished painter. It must be confessed, however, that they tend to monotony, so that to describe them would be to repeat the description of former years. But what a relief it is to turn to them from the landscapes of the average painter, whose canvases reveal nothing save his own discretion in cultivating the monotony of mediocrity upon which the Academy has once passed approval.

Of the water-colors and the black-and-whites there is not much to say, except that the Academy, with an unwonted disregard of tradition, has removed them from their old sad quarters to two more spacious galleries, Nos. X and XI. Exhibitors will probably be alone in seeing an improvement in a departure which means a gain in quantity, not quality. The sculpture barely rises above the same depressing level. The absence of Alfred Gilbert is the more regretted as the years go on. Nor does the presence of Havard Thomas offer sufficient amends. The rejection of his Narcissus by the Academy was the year's scandal a few springs since; its acceptance now of his Thyrsis, a bronze, will create less talk. One can see in it but a careful study of a naked model. A bust of A. G. Ross, Esq., by John Tweed, has a rugged character; a bust of Lamia by Alfred J. Oakley and a tall, simple figure of Silence by W. Reid Dick are promising as the work of younger men. Americans will be interested to see Derwent Wood's Sketch Model for the William Pitt statue for the Capitol, Washington, simply because it is to go to Washington, while the same reason will make them wish it had more inherent dignity than the wig and costume of the period can give. In the architectural room one hesitates, as always, to pronounce an opinion, so overcrowded are the walls, so technically dry are most of the drawings, so dull the general effect. If John Russell Pope's Design for a Memorial to Lincoln in Washington, "Authorized by U. S. Congress," was exhibited at all, surely it deserved a more honored place than a corner on the walls of the vestibule, where nobody ever looks for anything except the time on the clock over the central door.

As I finish writing I hear the news of the attack upon Sargent's portrait of Henry James by a woman whose excuse is her desire for the vote. It makes one think of Whistler's saying that even the fool may do harm. Her action has deprived the Academy of its chief interest and the National Portrait Gallery of a portrait which the friends and admirers of Henry James had taken pride and pleasure in presenting to it.

N. N.

Finance

"PSYCHOLOGY" AND PROSPERITY.

President Wilson laid stress, in his answer last week to the Western manufacturers' delegation, on the theory that the present halt or depression in trade is psychological in its origin. He was not alone in that diagnosis of it; some of the most experienced financiers and manufacturers, especially in their private conversation, have described it in exactly the same way. But the explanation is rather unsatisfactory, for the several reasons that it is vague, that it leads nowhere very definitely, and that it may be made a pretext (as was the case in the famous "Sunshine movement" of 1908) for declaring obstinately that conditions do not exist which every one knows are in visible operation.

"Psychology" has beyond any doubt a powerful influence in emphasizing tendencies, already operative for other reasons. Force of example is unquestionably contagious. In panic times, a great many people economize who do not need in the least to do so—precisely as, in "boom times," a good part of the community lives beyond its means, because of the general atmosphere of prosperity. The man who is perpetually feeling his own pulse and taking his own temperature may be really in good health, but he will sometimes develop the symptoms of disease by merely looking for them. It is not wholly different with "business."

But in any case, some actual economic influence, in the community at large, is always back of these imaginary movements. The psychological influence may merely have put a more striking color on the situation; or it may have prolonged that situation, after the legitimate cause for it is past; but either supposition assumes that a real cause is or has been in operation. The question at present is, In which of these two ways is the mental influence operating? If it is merely emphasizing real conditions,

then the problem remains, as to what is causing those conditions. If it is artificially prolonging a situation whose actual cause has ceased to operate, then forces are accumulating which must greatly accelerate the movement of recovery, when the truth of the matter is visible to every one.

On Tuesday of last week, in the New York Stock Exchange, only 76,232 shares of stock changed hands. That suggested interesting comparisons. It was barely one-fourth of the average full day's trading, even in recent years. It was low record for 1914 to date, and the smallest since the 57,600-share day on the 24th of last November, when the showing attracted wide attention. But what is still more in point, it was, with four exceptions, the smallest business of any five-hour day in eighteen years.

Nor was it an isolated case. The total Stock Exchange transactions of last month were the smallest of any May since 1897. The same was true of last February; and, in fact, to find a smaller twelve months' total than that of 1913 as a whole, one would have to go back upon the record to the same year 1897—a year when the great financial and industrial "boom" of the decade past had not yet begun. This is a rather extraordinary series of comparisons. It naturally suggests the inquiry, whether, now that the epoch-making financial and industrial boom that followed that interesting year is over, we have permanently relapsed, on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere, into the era of small things which existed seventeen years ago.

That question may be promptly answered in the negative. To take only three typical bases on which to measure the difference between the periods, we shall find that, although the sales of shares on the Stock Exchange last year were the smallest since 1897, the country's clearing house exchanges in 1913 were $169,500,000,000, as against $57,400,000,000 in 1897; its iron production 30,966,000 tons, as against 9,652,000, and its population 98,700,000, as against 72,600,000. Comparison of bank deposits, production of manufactures, and total estimated wealth would show an equal or greater expansion during the intervening period, and those are the economic factors which, under normal circumstances, regulate the legitimate volume of both investment and speculation in Stock Exchange securities.

How are we, then, to explain this remarkable shrinkage in business on the Stock Exchange? One explanation is, that a great part of the huge transactions on the Stock Exchange, in the decade after 1897, was in reality fictitious business. It largely represented sales and purchases made simultaneously by the same customers; and, aside from that, an excessively rapid succession of purchases and sales, made in great blocks by speculators who were following a violently manipulated market. That class of business has certainly disappeared from the market of the past two years; a very substantial part of it will never return, for the reason that it has fallen distinctly and rightly under the ban, both of the Stock Exchange authorities and of the statute law.

This would account for a substantial shrinkage from the activities of 1901 or 1906, for instance, but not for a fall to the small totals of 1897. It is supplemented, therefore, by two other familiar explanations. One is, that the decade of enormously heavy dealing in stocks was a period of rapid and perpetual change of intrinsic values, due to a dozen different causes, and that both speculative and investment buying naturally followed it; whereas intrinsic values now are not changing with any such rapidity. The other is, that both investors and speculators are perplexed and uncertain about numerous phenomena of the day. They believe general economic conditions in this country to be too sound to justify selling of such securities as they hold, but cannot see far enough and clearly enough ahead to persuade themselves to buy more.

There remains another influence to consider—international in its scope—which the progress of time will eventually remove. We had our great economic boom; it culminated in the economic crisis; then came the long and trying era of liquidation and rehabilitation. In this country, that period has already been prolonged beyond the usual scope of the aftermath of great financial panics. The one reason clearly in evidence for that prolongation has been the economic distress and the absolute tie-up of capital, on all the world's markets outside of the United States, due to their own extravagant experiments with capital, which came later than our own. Perhaps that liquidation also must be ended, before we can be sure that our own Stock Exchange activities, and with them the play of business confidence and credit, are again under wholly normal influences.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bradley, M. H. The Palace of Darkened Windows. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Bruce, Henry. The Eurasian. London: Long.
Conrad, J. The Nigger of the Narcissus. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.
Daviess, M. T. The Tinder Box. Century Company. $1 net.
O'Brien, H. V. New Men for Old. Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Pugh, Edwin. Punch and Judy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Tchekoff, Anton. Stories of Russian Life. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Thorne, G. Chance in Chains. Sturgis & Walton. $1.10 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Barrington, Mrs. Russell. The Life of Walter Bagehot. Longmans. $4 net.
Cæsaris Commentarii de Bello Gallico. Ed. by T. Rice Holmes. London: Warner. £1 1s.
Carpenter, W. S. The Summer Paradise in History. The Delaware & Hudson Co.
Count Lützow. The Hussite Wars. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Fitch, A. H. Junípero Serra. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.
Funston, F. Memories of Two Wars. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Hall, E. H. Excavations in Eastern Crete, Vrokasto. Philadelphia: University Museum.
Innes, A. D. A Source Book of English History. Vol. II. Putnam. $1.10 net.
Moore, E. The Physician in English History. Putnam. 65 cents net.
Osborne, T. M. Within Prison Walls. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Sanday, W. The Life Work of Samuel Rolles Driver. Oxford University Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Taft, W. H. The United States and Peace. Scribner. $1 net.
Wickersham, G. W. The Changing Order. Putnam.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Carpenter, W. B. The Spiritual Message of Dante. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Carrington, H. The Problems of Psychical Research. Rickey. $2 net.
D'Eraines, J. Le Problème des Origines et des Migrations. Brussels: Groenveldt. 7 fr. 50c.
Grossmann, L. The Real Life. Bloch Publishing Co.
Hibbert Lectures Series: The Early Development of Mohammedanism, by D. G. Margoliouth. Scribner.
Kerr, A. The Republic of Plato. Chicago: Kerr.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Antrim, S. B. and E. I. The County Library. Van Wert: The Pioneer Press.
Bennett, C. E. Syntax of Early Latin. Vol. II. The Cases. Allyn & Bacon. $4.
Burke, Edmund. Present Discontents. Putnam. 80 cents net.
Crippen, Layton. Clay and Fire. Holt.
Fletcher, R. H. Principles of Composition and Literature. Barnes.
Manual of the Russian Language. Leipzig: Baedeker. Scribner.
Mencken, Nathan. and Wright. Europe After 8:15. Lane. $1.25 net.
Monahan, Michael. At the Sign of the Van. Nova Hibernia. Kennerley. $2 net. $1.50 net.
Montessori, Maria. Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook. Stokes. $1 net.
Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America. Volume VII. Numbers 3-4. Chicago: University Press.
Rand, B. Shaftesbury's Second Characters. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Sommer, H. O. The Structure of Le Livre d'Artus. London: Hachette.

SCIENCE.

Brown, W. Habit Interference in Sorting Cards. Berkeley: University of California.
Crocker, F. B., and Arendt, M. Electric Motors. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1914.

Summary of the News

Alarmist rumors have been freely circulated during the past week concerning the Mexican crisis, and have gained the more credence from the fact that the sittings of the mediation conference were interrupted from Monday till Saturday of last week while awaiting a reply from Carranza to the last note sent him by the mediators. The "Tampico incident," which appeared at one time to hold the possibility of serious consequences, was happily settled on Monday, and its settlement leaves the conference at Niagara Falls in a stronger position than before. The incident arose from orders given by Gen. Huerta for the blockade of Tampico to prevent the entrance to the port of the steamship Antilla, which left New York on June 2 with a cargo of arms for the Constitutionalists. Rear-Admiral Badger was instructed to keep close watch on the Mexican gunboats, and the Administration announced that Tampico would be maintained as an open port. The situation appeared critical until it was announced on Monday that Gen. Huerta had countermanded the order for the blockade.

Correspondence with the Constitutionalists on the question of their participation in the conference is still being carried on, but the declaration of an armistice, the point on which the mediators continue to insist, remains the obstacle in the way of an agreement. Meanwhile, the United States has presented a further plan to the mediators, which, it is understood, embodies essentially the same provisions as those on which the mediators and the Mexican delegates recently agreed, and in which Gen. Huerta concurred; that is, it provides for a method of transferring the executive power in Mexico to a provisional government, which in a few months shall conduct elections for President, Vice-President, and Congress. It has also been intimated to the Mexican delegates that the United States will not demand any reparation in the nature of a war indemnity.

In Mexico Gen. Carranza was declared Provisional President at Saltillo on Monday to the accompaniment of a certain amount of pomp. The usual reports of differences between Villa and his chief have been circulated and denied, and it is stated that, whatever differences there may have been, an understanding has been reached between the two, and Villa is advancing on Zacatecas, the railway to which place has been repaired. There has been fighting in Sonora between the civil and the military authorities. Gov. Maytorena was besieged last week in the palace by the troops of the Obregon-Calles faction, but was rescued on Monday by the intervention of a band of Yaqui Indians, and regained control of the situation.

The Administration's entire programme of anti-Trust bills, consisting of the Clayton Anti-Trust bill, the Railway Capitalization bill, and the Interstate Trade Commission bill, was passed by the House on Friday of last week, and came before the Senate Committee on the Judiciary on Monday. The opinion is expressed by leaders in the Senate that difficulty will be experienced in passing the Clayton bill, and the prediction is made that, if the President insists on the passage of all three bills before adjournment, the session will be prolonged until far into the autumn.

Juggling in the tolls debate in the Senate resulted on Saturday in the introduction of an amendment intended as a compromise between the Simmons amendment, already accepted by the Administration, and one proposed by Senator Norris, asserting more specifically the right of the United States to regulate the traffic passing through the Panama Canal. The effect of the amendment, if incorporated in the bill, will be to leave the treaty rights of the United States unprejudiced by the tolls repeal legislation and their determination to be decided in the future, presumably by arbitration.

The United States Supreme Court on Monday handed down its decision in the Shreveport case asserting the authority of the Federal Government to regulate interstate commerce through the Interstate Commerce Commission. We deal elsewhere with the effects of the decision, which is of the utmost importance in the regulation of railways and which is welcomed by the railway companies as relieving them from the conflicting control of various State authorities.

The investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission of the affairs of the New Haven Railway were continued last week, and on Saturday the examination of the books of the Morgan company was concluded and the Commission adjourned. It is generally believed that the public hearing of evidence is now finished, but at the end of Saturday's session Commissioner McChord, who presided, stated that if it were deemed necessary to hold further public hearings, the persons whose evidence was desired would be notified.

Despite his thrice repeated denial of Gubernatorial ambitions, Col. Roosevelt's friends continue in his absence to urge his candidacy for the Governorship of New York State. An elaborate canvass of the sentiment up-State is said to have been undertaken, and if the result of this prove favorable, it is pointed out that there is precedent for the Progressive leader, though all unwilling, accepting a nomination.

The sixth international congress of Chambers of Commerce and Commercial and Industrial Associations opened in Paris on June 8. Three hundred and sixty-nine associations, representative of thirty-seven nations, took part in the opening session. The most important question that will be discussed by the Congress is that of international commercial arbitration.

Another of Italy's periodical general strikes was declared on Monday as a protest against the killing of two supposed anarchists by the police during a parade under the anarchist leader Malatesta at Ancona. Rioting has occurred in various places, but elaborate precautions have been taken by the Government to protect public buildings and works, and it is stated that the authorities have the situation well in hand.

Something in the nature of a Ministerial strike appears to have been in progress in France. Following the resignation of the Cabinet of M. Doumergue on June 1, the President invited M. Viviani, Minister of Instruction, to form a Cabinet. The latter accepted tentatively, but on Saturday informed M. Poincaré that he had failed in his efforts, the difficulty being, apparently, to select a Ministry which should be in harmony on the question of the three years' military service. M. Paul Deschanel, the President of the Chamber, also refused the Premiership, as did M. Théophile Delcassé, former Minister of Marine, and until recently Ambassador to Russia; M. Dupuy, and M. Peytral. On Monday, M. Ribot, a veteran politician and an ex-Premier, undertook the task, and was able to announce the personnel of his Cabinet on Tuesday. M. Ribot himself takes the portfolio of Minister of Justice, M. Bourgeois becomes Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé is appointed to the Ministry of War, and M. Clementel assumes the delicate position of Minister of Finance.

A state almost of anarchy seems to exist in Albania. It is extremely difficult to gain any exact information of what is happening, but one gathers from various contradictory reports as to a prospective change of sovereignty, what has been fairly patent throughout, that Prince William of Wied as Mpret of Albania fails to satisfy any considerable section of his subjects. The interesting question is whether any other ruler appointed from the outside by the great Powers would prove more successful in reconciling factions. It has been reported persistently that Prince William's abdication is imminent, and the insurgents have been threatening the capital; but, according to a dispatch published on Tuesday, they have been checked by a defeat at the hands of the Government forces at Tirana.

The deaths of the week include: Sir Douglas Straight, June 3; Harris Charles Fahnestock, Sir William R. Anson, Robert J. Redding, June 4; Dr. Amos Lawrence Mason, Earl of Lucan, June 5; Gabriel Ferrier, June 6; Walter Theodore Watts-Duncan, June 7; Chief Engineer George Edward Tower, U. S. N., June 8; ex-Judge Edgar J. Sherman, June 9.

The Week

The decision by the Supreme Court, on Monday, in the matter of conflicting exercise of power over railway rates by the Federal Interstate Commission and by a State Board of Commissioners, may fairly be called an epoch-making event. The substance of Justice Hughes's opinion, affirmed by the Court with two dissenting votes, is that a State has no right to impose such rates, even for services performed wholly within its borders, as shall interfere with the fair and equal operation of rates fixed by the Interstate Commission for similar services in traffic which crosses the State border. The decision therefore limits the power of a State in matters wherein such power has been constantly exercised; consequently it strongly vindicates the national authority. But it does much more than this. It declares inferentially that in the mass of rate regulations, Federal and State, which have frequently imposed two flatly conflicting orders on the railways, the instructions of the National Board are hereafter to be obeyed in case of conflict, and those of the State Commissions are to be ignored. The issue was raised by the State of Louisiana, which protested against conditions brought about by the State Railway Commission of Texas. It was indirect imposition of a protective tariff against a neighbor State.

The reasoning of the Court is briefly this: Unjust discrimination in rates, unduly favoring one community over another under similar conditions of traffic, is an evil which Congress has power to prevent. It is immaterial that this discrimination was caused by a rate imposed on traffic wholly within one State. The Federal authority is not bound, for the purpose of removing inequality, to reduce the interstate rate to the level of the rate within the State; if it did, it would merely protect interstate commerce by imposing a rate lower than it deemed fair and right. But since Congress has the power to intervene when the State Commission's rate involves discrimination; since it also may provide for exercise of such power through a subordinate agency, and since the Interstate Commerce Commission is the agency thus designated by the law—therefore the Interstate Commission's finding, as against the Texas State Commission's rates, is sustained by the highest court. The principles laid down in this extremely important decision are clear; their practical consequences are perhaps less obvious. The noteworthy forward step which the Court has taken is in assuming that the right, under the given conditions, to overrule a State Commission's rate policy is already inherent in the Federal Commission as an arm of Congress, and does not (as might have been inferred from the Minnesota rate opinion) have to await a new affirmatory vote by Congress.

The Supreme Court's decision that the Missouri Anti-Trust law is not invalidated by the fact that labor unions are exempted from its operation is of peculiar interest at this moment. It may not be conclusive evidence of what the Court would hold in regard to an act of Congress making a similar exemption, but it points strongly in the direction of the sustaining of the constitutionality of such an act. The Supreme Court holds that it was for the Legislature to decide whether the particular form of restraint of competition, or restraint of trade, involved should or should not be exempted from the scope of the statute; and, though there may be points of difference in this regard between a Federal case and a State case, it is certainly, to say the least, not improbable that the same view would be taken of an exemption of labor unions from the scope of the anti-Trust laws of the nation. If the Clayton bill, as passed by the House, were to become a law, the question before the courts would, indeed, be different from this altogether; the question would be, primarily, at least, whether the intentionally obscure language of the bill was to be understood as granting the exemption which the labor unions desire. But in voting for the bill like sheep following a bell-wether, many members made the excuse that there was no danger anyhow, since the courts would declare the provision unconstitutional if they found that it meant exemption. This refuge for cowardice no longer exists. The Missouri decision has come just in time to make unavailable in the Senate the excuse which was found so convenient in the House. Senators who are opposed to class legislation will be squarely called upon to make their votes agree with their opinions.

In his address at the unveiling of the Confederate monument in the Arlington National Cemetery—a fit pendant to his simple remarks before the veterans of the Civil War on Memorial Day—President Wilson happily pointed out those elements of the occasion significant of "a reunited people." The monument was dedicated by officers of the United Confederate Veterans and the Grand Army of the Republic. It had been proposed by President McKinley, himself a commander on the Union side; its cornerstone had been laid by another President, "elevated to his position by the votes of the party which had chiefly prided itself upon sustaining the war for the Union." With fine delicacy, he refrained from any allusion to the facts which made his own acceptance significant. As he remarked, the absence of sectionalism has been so complete that any reading of the salient lesson of the dedication seemed not merely simple, but commonplace; malice towards none, charity for all, had been a watchword even before the close of the struggle, and it remained only to impress it as a personal maxim, making every citizen, in attitude towards public affairs, a replica of a harmonious and forward-looking nation.

Mr. Ledyard's testimony at the New Haven Railroad inquiry does not leave Mr. Mellen in an enviable position. The point on which Mellen, in concluding his testimony of three weeks ago, laid the greatest stress was that he had voluntarily accepted indictment for the Grand Trunk negotiations, solely in order to shield Mr. Morgan, and that his reward had been dismissal from the New Haven presidency. Now comes Mr. Ledyard, who was present at the conferences with Mellen about this same indictment, and who testifies that Mellen had discussed his personal apprehension of being indicted; had declared his purpose "to waive immunity and tell the story," trusting thereby to escape indictment, and had dictated a letter to the District Attorney to that purport. There is surely no evidence of vicarious sacrifice in this. As for the fur-

ther testimony of Mellen, to the general effect that he was dragged reluctantly into the various questionable operations by Mr. Morgan, Mr. Ledyard testifies:

> In all my connection with the board, I never knew of any person but Mr. Mellen taking the initiative in bringing business before the board or any of its committees. . . . He had at his finger ends all the inter-corporate relations, and as a presiding officer he had the ability to put before the board what he wished in the most convincing way. The board had the utmost confidence in Mr. Mellen, and he was in that sense a power in the board. He was in that sense the one who dominated its policy.

It is only fair to say that Mr. Ledyard's statement is of general character, whereas Mellen's testimony, as to his own personal disapproval of the financial terms on which the Westchester and Rhode Island "deals" were conducted, was particular. It therefore remains to produce some further testimony which will bear on those special allegations. But as to the picture drawn by Mr. Ledyard of the general attitude of the New Haven's former president in its board, we are bound to say that it gives exactly the impression which railway men have always entertained. By them, at least, the notion of Mellen as being driven, a timid and unwilling participant, into the management's ambitious schemes, has from the first been greeted with incredulity.

The question of international commercial arbitration, the most important before the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce now meeting in Paris, is of sufficient moment to have received notice in several national legislative bodies. M. Max Leclerc, of the Paris Chamber of Commerce, recently submitted a comprehensive report upon the subject. So necessary is some rapid, inexpensive, and technically competent method of settling disputes in world business that textile firms, grain merchants, and publishers have voluntarily created boards of settlement. The Bourse of Paris has a model contract, for use in all centres of grain trade, and the executive committee of the International Congress of Publishers recently adopted a rule organizing arbitration. What is lacking is legal sanction to the results of these professional agreements. The cabled reports of the plans submitted Monday by Mr. Bernheimer, of New York, and Dr. Pozzi, of Milan, state that they look to legislative provisions "to clothe foreign arbitrators with powers to fulfil their functions, to provide for them legal protection, and to give executive force to the judgments pronounced by them." M. Leclerc proposed that the French Government call two conventions to consider the matter; the first of diplomats and business men, the second of diplomats alone, who might be relied on to reach a satisfactory solution. Clearly desirable as such a consummation is, beyond doubt it must come slowly. A law making international commercial decisions valid in France passed the Chamber in 1908, but has not yet been approved by the Senate. In face of the large difficulties before international action, business organizations must continue doing what they can in an unofficial way.

Rear-Admiral Fletcher's excellent reputation as an officer of judgment and humanity, free from jingoism or blatancy, is enhanced by his two reports on the operations at Vera Cruz. The first, admirably written, records his efforts to limit the loss of life and destruction of property, and strongly confirms the general impression that this unhappy enterprise was carried on with all possible skill, dispatch, and efficiency. The second lists an extraordinary number of officers and men who distinguished themselves by their coolness and bravery. Here again the Admiral's reputation for calm judgment—so highly praised by President Wilson at Annapolis last week—guarantees that all these men really merit the honors he asks for them. As to some other officers, the appearance of a list so unusually long would merely awaken doubts; with Rear-Admiral Fletcher's word for it, the country can be sure that it has in its naval service a high percentage of fearless and devoted men.

Though founded, it is said, on the same principle as that which initiated national aid to agricultural schools a half-century ago, the Hoke Smith vocational-aid bill, embodying the recommendations of the Vocational Education Commission appointed in January, may expect opposition from many sources jealous of the rapid extension of Federal functions. The Commission's plea that it will "help solve a problem too large to be worked out permanently save by the whole nation" seems rather speciously supported by the arguments that the migratory nature of labor makes the subject of interstate concern, and that the resources of the States vary widely in proportion to their burden. There is more force in the statement that the interest and prestige of Federal backing will give a needed impetus to a subject treated too indifferently. It is beyond doubt that State and municipal attention, though widely aroused, requires some further spur. The measure reported last week carries an ultimate expenditure of $7,334,000 a year, to be distributed among all States which will spend dollar for dollar, and submit their plans to Federal approval. Its supervising board would lay extra burdens upon the Postmaster-General and Secretaries of Commerce, Labor, Agriculture, and the Interior, who —with the Commissioner of Education as chairman—would constitute it. The many who feel that local and State divisions can most effectively solve the difficulties of this form of education will hope that debate may show clearly whether the Government would be wise to undertake it.

In his commencement address at Columbia, President Butler struck somewhat the same note as that sounded in his address a year ago. What he then spoke of was the tendency towards making life a Flatland, a thing without depth and without permanent roots, which was an accompaniment of our extraordinary absorption in the immediate problems of the time. This year it was the remarkable growth of the idea of regulation, at the expense of the idea of liberty, to which he directed the attention of his hearers. This is most emphatically a word in season. The prevailing tendency to accept regulation in place of personal liberty, in one field after another, is all the more dangerous because it is in large part due to changes in social conditions which justify regulation of many things formerly left to take care of themselves. Social relations are more complex, the things that have to be done by men in masses and not as individuals are more numerous, than they were half a century ago. But that is no reason why the "self-regarding" acts—to use Mill's term—of men should be subject-

ed to more restraint, but quite the contrary. The habit of regulation, growing inevitably and rightly through the pressure of certain plain social needs, threatens to invade every department of life. It is for university men, above all, to raise the voice of protest against this menace.

When Swinburne, in 1909, was carried from the Pines to his grave, it seemed as if one of the doors of Romance had been closed in England. And n w Theodore Watts-Dunton, who had occupied the same house with him on Putney Hill since 1879, has followed him on the way to the majority. The two were singularly well suited intellectually, and it would not be amiss to say that the later to die held a place as critic in the resuscitated romantic movement somewhat akin to that held by Swinburne as a poet. It is not our purpose to discuss now his powers and adventures as an accredited guide on the slopes of Parnassus. Those who care to read of these things may find them written out at length and in a manner somewhat fulsome in the biography published by his ardent disciple, Mr. James Douglas, while the master was still living. He was at his best, we are inclined to think, in those briefer articles, half personal reminiscence, half literary criticism, such as he wrote for the *Athenæum* on George Borrow, his friend and fellow in gypsy lore; or such as his note on "Rossetti and Charles Wells," printed as preface to a recent edition of "Joseph and His Brethren," with its charming glimpses of Rossetti's circle and especially of Wells himself, that adventurous failure in the romantic hazard.

In his more learned disquisitions Watts-Dunton easily lost himself in magnificent and vain generalizations, and the phrase, "the renascence of wonder," which has given him a kind of celebrity, has been the cause of no little loose thinking and large talking. That watchword of the so-called romantic revival is known to most readers from its place in the article on Rossetti in the Encyclopædia Britannica, but as a matter of fact it was first used by its author in connection with his own wonder-mongering story of "Aylwin." Its meaning, so far as it conveys any very definite idea, has been explained by its creator: it "merely indicates that there are two great impulses governing man, and probably not man only, but the entire world of conscious life: the impulse of acceptance—the impulse to take unchallenged and for granted all the phenomena of the outer world as they are—and the impulse to confront these phenomena with eyes of inquiry and wonder." His own novel, already named, and the rather complicated series of gypsy poems are exemplifications not so much of inquiry and wonder as of wonder and sentimentality, with an occasional flash of imaginative insight.

Alexander Ribot, who has been successful in the difficult task of constructing a Ministry in the face of Radical and Socialist hostility, has presided in his time over Cabinets made up of diverse elements. But that was twenty years ago and more. Since then French Radicalism has taken on a much sharper edge, and M. Ribot, on the other hand, has drifted more and more towards the conservative side. Consequently, there is something anomalous in his being called to the head of the Government after an election in which the Socialist and Radical forces in Parliament have been greatly strengthened. If the leaders of the majority groups find it hard to frame an acceptable policy with regard to the three years' military service law and financial reform, an outsider like Ribot would seem to be confronting an absolutely hopeless task. But it may be that the leaders of the majority groups are not averse to an interim Ministry under a man of national prestige like Ribot—one of France's Elder Statesmen—while they are composing their own differences. Ribot himself is undoubtedly in favor of retaining the service of three years. It was while he was Foreign Minister under Freycinet that the foundations were laid for the alliance with Russia. Any measure tending to weaken the country's military position is obviously out of line with the policy of the Dual Alliance.

One explanation of the prolonged Ministerial crisis is that the leaders of the Radical and Socialist majority are on strike against M. Poincaré. There have been stories that his enemies are determined to drive him from public life, and to that end are resorting to the dissemination of private scandal. It may be that personal and factional spite dominates the situation. But it is also possible that something of a constitutional issue is at stake. It will be recalled that when M. Poincaré was elected President he was hailed as the Strong Man who would check the absolutism of Parliament by the reassertion of the dormant prerogatives of the Chief Executive. His election was hailed as a setback for Radicalism. Now that the Radicals are firmer than ever in the saddle, they may have chosen the moment to assert in unmistakable form the supremacy of the Chamber of Deputies. By bringing M. Poincairé to his knees they would settle the question of the "prerogatives" of the President.

The terrible disasters which overtook the German navy's Zeppelin dirigibles have not in the least discouraged it from going on with other airships of this type. A new and more powerful one than either of the others, the "L—3," has just completed a trial voyage during which it stayed thirty-six consecutive hours in the air and sailed over a large part of Germany. Leaving Lake Constance early in the morning, it went by way of Bâle to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and at nine o'clock in the evening was at Metz. Five hours later it was in Bremen, after which it went out to sea to Helgoland. Just twenty-four hours after leaving Lake Constance, it had come back from Helgoland to Berlin, greeting the workers of the city as they hurried to their tasks. It then returned to the North Sea before finally descending in Berlin at seven o'clock in the evening. On board was the new Inspection Commission of the Navy Department, whose predecessors perished so tragically on the trial trip of the "L—2." While the weather conditions were on the whole favorable, there were some severe winds encountered, but the ship had no difficulty in holding her course. The same craft recently established a new altitude record for Zeppelin dirigibles by rising to a height of ten thousand feet. It is in every way the most powerful ship yet turned out by Zeppelin. Facts as to the engine power are not available, but as to size it is stated that in every dimension she far outstrips her predecessors.

THE FLUX OF PARTIES.

An examination paper on political parties, set in a course on "civics," would nowadays ask questions which it would bother a book-trained student to answer. Do we have government by party in the United States? Are the differences among Democrats, Republicans, and Progressives clear-cut? Does the party out of power steadily oppose the measures of the party having control of the Government, and vote solidly against its measures? We know what theory says on all these points. But what are the facts? Let the ingenuous youth who knows the paper account of party government go to Washington, and what would he see? If he had been in the House of Representatives on last Friday evening, when the anti-Trust bills were passed, he would have thought that our political parties were in a state of complete flux and hopeless confusion. Here were Democratic bills—and bills which had been attacked and denounced by the Republican and Progressive leaders—yet Republicans and Progressives voted for them in battalions. For one bill all of the Progressives voted, while only eight Republicans were against it. For another forty-one Republicans and fifteen Progressives voted. A handful of Democrats were against both. Thus party lines were not merely crossed, but broken.

Superficially, all this looks very like a great success for President Wilson's strategy. If the leader of the Democratic party is able to devise legislation that keeps his own party intact while seriously dividing his opponents, who can stand against him? It is certainly the fact that Mr. Wilson has had, thus far, a series of triumphs of this kind. In this particular, he shines by contrast with the bad luck of President Taft. The latter split his own party and solidified the Democrats. President Wilson has exactly reversed the process. He has held his own followers together while splitting the Opposition. He did it to a certain degree last year with his tariff bill and with his banking and currency legislation. He is doing it with his Panama tolls-exemption repeal, for which many Republicans voted in the House, and for which eight or ten Republican Senators are going to vote. And with his Trust bills he scored apparently the most decisive victory of all.

Things, however, are not always what they seem in politics. A little attention paid to the forces lying behind this seeming demonstration of the President's complete domination over Congress will disclose uncertainties and perils on every hand. In the first place, the Democrats who stood by the President did so without any great enthusiasm. They are in a state of political apprehension. At the very moment when the power of their party appears to be highest, they fear that defeat is impending. The Republicans, moreover, who fell in behind the Wilson bills in the House, have not the slightest thought of relaxing their attacks upon him. Congress is one thing; a national campaign and the poll of the people are another. The fight for the control of the next Congress will be waged just as bitterly as if the Republicans had kept their ranks unbroken in the voting on the Trust bills. Into those measures were written provisions—especially the concessions to organized labor—which many of them dared not go on record as opposing. But the President who urged the bills they will go on opposing to the best of their ability. It was no "era of good feeling" which was indicated by the remarkable switching over of the Republican vote to the Wilson bills.

What perplexes the ordinary citizen, in the presence of all this mixing-up of parties and their policies, goes deeper than anything having to do with elections. In the prevailing deliquescence he seems to find nothing to tie to. The party of his own preference he repeatedly discovers failing him, or leading him he knows not whither. Turning to the other side, he sees no better proofs of conviction and stability. If he looks to the third party, he perceives that the personally conducted Progressives are no more assured of themselves, or more clear in what they think and intend to do, than the others. A vast opportunism seems to have descended like a cloud upon American political parties. It is impossible to trace the old distinctions. For a man to call himself a Democrat or a Republican does not in the least signify any longer what his political convictions are. As for the traditional desire to have two parties in the commonwealth, one conservative and the other radical, few are left to cherish it as possible of realization. Radical views—some say that there are no conservatives left—permeate all parties. The result is obviously to weaken for the time being the standard conception of government by party. Doubtless the present flux will not indefinitely continue. But at the moment, it must be confessed, the break-up and fusing in our political life leave many disconsolate Americans in search of a party.

REGULATING THE REGULATORS.

Is the next step in the social service programme to be the private regulation of Government regulation of private business? Last Thursday the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations was taking testimony on the subject of child labor in the tenements. The representative of an association of garment manufacturers was asked what precautions were observed by employers in distributing work to be done outside of the shop. He replied that such outside work was sent only to duly licensed places under inspection by the State. Thereupon counsel to the Industrial Commission put the following question:

> Isn't it a fact that you have not taken the trouble to inquire into conditions, and haven't you heard previously, as has been testified before this Commission, that the State's inspections are so imperfect as to be unworthy of the name?

We have not at hand the reply of the dazed business man to this amazing interrogation. That he was dazed we are morally certain. For the assumption here was that the business man who is subject to Government regulation is bound to see that the regulators do their duty. Possibly even he ought to lay a complaint against the inspectors for not being sufficiently severe with him.

There was method, of course, in counsel's madness. As counsel for a Federal Commission he was presumably interested in proving the futility of State inspection, as opposed to Federal inspection. In order to score a tactical point he did not hesitate to imperil the entire case for Government regulation. It may be that the Federal Government is more efficient than this or that State government; after all, that is a question of degree. It is by no means our intention here to deny the truth of the statement made by counsel for the Industrial Commission. The case may be as he has described it. And whatever

may have been his immediate object, he has called attention to the fact that the difficulties inherent in the problems of public regulation are accentuated for us by the evil traditions of public inefficiency and the spoils system.

This need of a higher conscience and efficiency in the public service, whether the service of the State or of the Federal Government, is bound to loom up among the pressing problems of our democracy. For democracy will be directly on trial in the working of our public service commissions, our workmen's compensation commissions, our factory and health and tenement and fire-prevention inspectorships; more directly on trial, one imagines, than through the working of our direct primaries, direct elections, and reformed ballots. The difference is measured by the difference between the effort necessary to put a law on the statute books and putting it into practice. We are well into the process of legislation. We are just entering on the process of application. We are now concerned with the human factor upon which the success or failure of remedial legislation depends. It will not do to demand the abolition or reconstruction of a Public Service Commission when we have lost faith in it. All the tinkering and rebuilding in the world will be of no avail if the new machine is to be captured after a few years by the predatory political elements. The problem is to defend these new organs of the public welfare against seizure in the high places, and in all eventualities to prevent politics from laying a dead hand on the rank and file of the public service departments.

These are the perils of the moment. Ultimately it is our belief that the principles of an honest and efficient civil service will establish themselves in the departments we are so rapidly creating. And this will come about precisely because these new departments touch so intimately on the daily welfare of the population. The imagination of the average citizen is apt to remain cold to the more abstract ideals of civic activity. It requires some effort to translate municipal economy or an honest Police Department into terms affecting the daily life of the ordinary non-tax-paying citizen. But no such effort of the imagination is necessary to recognize the difference between an efficient and an inefficient factory inspector or the difference between an honest tenement-house inspector and a tenement-house inspector who grafts. Where the difference between conscientiousness and neglect on the part of a public servant can be measured up directly in the impaired health of the workers or in catastrophes like the Triangle fire, the demand for honesty and efficiency will sweep the politician out of power.

DOUBTS ABOUT DREADNOUGHTS.

From England comes the gratifying news that a foremost British naval authority, Admiral Sir Percy Scott, has come out against the building of battleships, not, it is true, on pacific grounds, but because in his judgment their day is over. It is the victory of the submarine which he reluctantly proclaims, for this is the officer who has done more probably than any other in the British service to develop the science of gunnery. His gun-carriages, his appliances for big-gun firing and for night signalling at sea, and, above all, the impetus he has given to target practice, have all greatly increased the efficiency of the British navy, and given the heavy gun an advantage in the duel between armor and ordnance. But now he declares that armor and gun alike have to yield before the submarine, and that every other type of craft must eventually give way before it. Airships, aeroplanes, and submarines will constitute the fleets of the future, in his opinion; he even goes so far as to say that the Admiralty will be wasting the country's money if it devotes another penny to battleship construction.

It is devoutly to be hoped that naval experts in other countries will now come over to Sir Percy's views. With this precedent before them, tongues may be unlocked which are now tied by fear of the charge of disloyalty to an accepted naval theory, or to the profession. In naval matters experts are much like sheep. When England brought out its Dreadnought, all the world was ready to impoverish itself to follow suit. When she produced a turbine battleship, turbines became the rage; her battleship-cruisers were at once imitated by all of Europe, if not by the United States. Were she to produce a Diesel-engine battleship to-morrow every designer in every Navy Department would hail the day of the coalless battleship. Now, we admit that while England sets naval fashions, no single expert, however eminent, can bring about so radical a change as Sir Percy foretells. Abandon the walls of steel which are the sole hope of Britannia? This Admiral may think himself lucky if he is allowed to remain in his service clubs. Yet his letter to the *Times*, if it is correctly reported here, is bound to set people, in and out of naval uniform, to thinking.

For some time past the current has been running against the big battleship. The British Admiralty itself has been building smaller ships, though our own Navy Department plans larger and larger ones. There has been a reaction, too, against the monster gun, as well as against the horrible expense of the latest war-monsters. The two just being provided by Congress are to cost no less than fourteen millions apiece; at the same time the Secretary is to be authorized to sell the Mississippi, and Idaho, vessels but six years old, which cost only about six millions apiece, yet are now so antiquated as to be unfit, according to the Navy Department, for service in the first line of battle. If the price of such ships of war has risen from less than six millions six years ago to fourteen millions to-day, what will it be six years hence? And conservative naval officers have been asking themselves whether, after all, these monsters are worth building in numbers if thereby all other classes of ships are of necessity neglected. Vera Cruz has shown that in an emergency of this kind a battleship is of less value than an armored transport or light-draught vessel, save that it houses more men and can send larger landing-parties ashore. Fourteen-inch guns on ships lying far out from shore are of no particular value against snipers; though they might have had some value if it had been necessary to help fight off an attack on American intrenchments far inland.

Writing in the *Army and Navy Journal*, a few weeks ago, a person who signed himself "Missouri," but is known to be one of the ablest of our recently retired admirals, asked no less than thirty-one searching questions in regard to the colossal battleship, the animus of which inquiry was plainly hostile. He wanted to know, for instance: "What

actual experience in battle can be quoted to justify this change of calibre from twelve to fourteen inches?" "Is," he inquired, "the increase in size of our newer battleships attended by any gain or loss in manœuvring power? If so, how great is the gain or loss?" It is needless to point out that if there were a gain, and not a loss, this question would not have been put. Some other interrogatories by him were these:

> Do the newer ships carry as many rounds per gun as the older ones? Does the larger ship *per se* offer any military advantages over the smaller, save that she may prove a more stable gun platform? Granted that, in a single ship action, the more heavy guns a ship can carry the better, does this hold true as to fleets? Do big men make better soldiers than small ones? With the same total number of guns, is it not conceivable that an admiral might prefer to have them distributed on more rather than on fewer ships? In a line of battle would not the loss of one such smaller ship be less grave in its consequences than the loss of a leviathan? Is the development of the monster battleship of to-day predicated on any study, however superficial, of what has actually occurred in naval warfare? Is it not rather due to a rivalry which prompts us to "see" our possible enemy and "go him one better"? If those leviathans are really what some people suppose them to be, why stop at a paltry displacement of 31,000 tons? Why not go at once to 100,000 tons and forty twenty-inch guns?

Now, to those who believe that the squandering of the people's money on these monsters is the most wanton waste of public funds in this day and generation, all these doubts are most encouraging. The battleship is certain to go in the long run, because its cost is ruinous, and because it mocks our Christianity; but it will go much faster —very soon, indeed—if other naval officers admit the folly of it from the purely naval point of view.

FATHERS AND SONS IN IRELAND.

A good deal has been heard, in one way and another, of the younger generation in Ireland, and of its impatience with the political ideas and some of the political procedures of its elders. Youth has the traditional privilege of rebelling against age; and it would be strange if Irish youth were an exception. Despite the pressure for solidarity which the Home Rule struggle has long exerted, there are many young Irishmen who do not assent to the political views of their fathers. A striking evidence of this is furnished by a play, "An Irishman's Home," recently published in London. It was written in collaboration by two young Irishmen, one of them the elder son of Sir Edward Carson, the other the nephew and adopted son of Mr. John Redmond. A Montague and a Capulet in agreement!

Reviewers say that the play itself is no great thing, which may well be believed. But the two authors have prefixed to it a "Preface for Politicians," in which they unfold their ideas about Ireland and Irish government in a way which would be noteworthy coming from any young writers, and which, coming from Messrs. Carson and Redmond, is really piquant. For these sons are in pretty thorough disagreement with their fathers. They are so in respect to personal attitude and action. Sir Edward Carson's son is actually a member of the United Irish League! He does not believe in all of its objects, but he wishes to emphasize by his membership in it his protest against the separatism of Ulster. On the other hand, young Redmond has joined the Ulster Volunteers! Not that he is not an ardent Home Ruler, but that he is strongly against the coercion of Ulster. He would not have Irishmen of any shade of political opinion compelled by force to give it up, or to submit to those of a contrary view. One rubs one's eyes as one reads of all this, and involuntarily asks, Is this Ireland? Is it merely a joke which freakish boys are playing?

No; the youthful Carson and the youthful Redmond are as serious in their way as their sires. They merely assert the right to think for themselves. And some of their thinking, as they have written it down in their "Preface," is of a sort to make the Ulster leader and the chief of the Nationalists gasp as they read it, and wonder what has happened to their own flesh and blood. Sir Edward Carson is told by his son that, if his convictions require it, he may keep up "an army of men in open rebellion" in Ulster, but "you must not call it 'Loyalty.'" Mr. John Redmond lights on a passage where his adopted son speaks of "Redmond, the political Syndicalist, bent on keeping the balance of power." But this is partly offset by a description of Sir Edward Carson as "the military dynamitard, whose example would turn every disputed election into a civil war." Almost might "King" Carson make his own echo the words of King Henry IV:

> I know not whether God will have it so,
> For some displeasing service I have done,
> That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
> He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me.

These irreverent children of revered fathers are able to give a reason for the political faith that is in them. Critical of the standpoint, and contemptuous of the rhetoric, of the generation that preceded them, they yet seek to build upon the labors of the past. They are obedient to the injunction to "think Imperially." So thinking, they would have Ireland knit to the British Empire as the great self-governing colonies have been —that is, by granting full local control of local affairs. From this point of view, John Redmond is pronounced the finest example of an Imperial Unionist; whereas "Carsonism, as representing Castle government, will in a couple of generations be looked back upon as the last relic of a mediævalism which, in our colonies, would have been sufficient to drive them into open rebellion in six months." Speaking of the immediate future, these sons of their fathers declare, with a moderation and sagacity that would not be amiss in the older generation:

> The measure of the concessions made by Nationalists to Orangemen will be the measure of the confidence and coöperation with which the men of the North will fall in with the men of the South to make the new Constitution a success. For the present situation has once and for all declared what every Irishman in his heart has already known—namely, that the Englishman does not and cannot understand the Irish problem. Nay, had we not lost our native sense of humor, we should recognize in one thunderous laugh that Sir Edward Carson's military demonstrations of Volunteers are the greatest declaration for Home Rule that has ever occurred in the great controversy, while the dragooning of Ulster would be the greatest piece of coercion since the rebellion of '98.

Warning not to exaggerate the importance of this deliverance of the younger Carson and Redmond is not necessary. The sons may lift their voices, but it is still the fathers who will have to dispatch the business. The truly significant thing in the Ibsenish knocking at the door by the younger generation in Ireland is that, by young as by old, the national sentiment is recognized as a living thing that must be dealt with. By the voice of youth as well as of old

men, Ireland still asks for an end of "the blundering past control," and demands that England, as George Meredith put it, "simply give her elbow-room."

AS THE WORKER SEES HIMSELF.

It may be chance, or it may be another sign of the quickened self-consciousness which has come to English workingmen in recent years, that two of the widely discussed books of the literary season in England should be by workingmen and concerned with the life of the workers. Patrick MacGill is by this time a name not unfamiliar to the discriminating reader on this side of the Atlantic. The name Robert Tressall is quite new. Patrick MacGill, "the navvy poet," though only twenty-four, began his literary career five years ago with "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrapbook," which led to his appointment on the editorial staff of a London newspaper. Within the present year he has published an autobiographic novel, "Children of the Dead End," and a volume of poems, "Songs of the Dead End." Robert Tressall—if that is a real name—is an English house-painter of strong Socialist leanings, who died and left behind him a manuscript of 300,000 words which came into the hands of Miss Jessie Pope, of the staff of *Punch*. Miss Pope prepared the manuscript for publication by liberal trimming, and has given it to the world as a remarkable human document, under the cumbersome but arresting title, "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.).

Fuller information than the editor of the book is willing or able to give regarding the personality of Robert Tressall would have been of value. For in reading this minute record of the work and talk and sufferings and reactions of the English artisan, one is immediately impelled to ask how typical of working-class existence was the writer's own experience. The book is a portrayal of the daily life of the British worker in a provincial town, done with a fine veracity so far as individual characterization goes. But the picture of the life it presents is of such unrelieved gloom that at once the question rises whether this is indeed one of the masses describing the life of the masses, or whether it is the impression created on a clever observer from the outside to whom the life is terrible because it is, after all, strange. This is aside from the author's obvious antagonism to the present organization of society, which is always outspoken and frequently makes the book, in spite of its lifelike figures, a violent Socialist tract. The phrase which the editor has taken for a title is applied by the writer to the workers whose good-natured indifference makes the present system possible.

An excess of pessimism in the depiction of the life of the masses always suggests a standpoint outside of the life of the workers. There may be intimate knowledge; there may be years of actual experience, as in the case of Patrick MacGill, the child of poverty-stricken Irish crofters, sent away to shift for himself when a mere lad and finding, before he was twenty, his full share of work, hard fighting, and drink. Yet MacGill did emerge early in life, and his recollections of the past are necessarily darkened by the inevitable comparison with his newer condition. One suspects the same forces at work in the case of the author of "The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists." It is not only that his story is a disheartening record of toil, starvation, failure, disease, and suicide, such as the mind recognizes for a distorted picture of the normal life of the skilled worker. Worse than this insistence on the tragedy of the worker's existence, is the denial of value to such brighter phases as even the most disenchanted of chroniclers is bound to notice. The British artisan's pleasures are described as animal pleasures, carried on in an atmosphere of beer and profanity. His ignorance of the political and social forces that shape his own destiny is pitiful. His powers of reasoning when applied to questions of the day are childish. This, our writer is constantly saying by implication or in so many words, is the brute condition to which our iniquitous social system has reduced the worker.

It is a method of observation which, applied to any class and any condition, is bound to show life empty and meaningless. Robert Tressall's house-painters and ditchers, engaged in discourse over their tea and bloaters, are not strikingly more illogical, more ill-informed, more the creatures of prejudice and superstition than many an audience of their betters. The same method has been applied with predilection by the French realists to the "bourgeois," and with similar results. Mr. Wells has applied it to the English shop-clerk to the same effect. We dare say one might play eavesdropper on a company of college professors at their ease and carry away a disheartening impression of a painfully limited outlook, of halting logic, of undeveloped sympathies. The attitude of Mr. Tressall's house-painters towards politics may easily find a parallel in the pages of the *Congressional Record*. And so with their pleasures. To the observer from the outside the atmosphere of the tavern to which the artisan repairs after his work may be painfully sordid, but, after all, there is no essential difference in moral or æsthetic value between the tavern and the bar of a Piccadilly hotel. If Piccadilly is ill at ease in the tavern, the tavern would be just as depressed in the Carlton.

In this tendency to regard as degraded in the worker's life what is only unfamiliar, to accentuate his intellectual limitations which are less the limitations of a class than of the human mind, such books as Robert Tressall's are untrue. Valuable when they deal with specific wrongs, when they protest against the exploitation of the worker, when they deal with the ever-present menace of unemployment and want, they depart from the truth when they seek to deny the worker a humanity which is his.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE YARD-STICK.

There lies before us an extensive questionnaire, addressed "To the Faculty Members of the University of Wisconsin," by "The University Survey," acting on behalf of the State Board of Public Affairs. With the memory of the Harvard episode of a year and a half ago still fresh, one instinctively asks, first of all: Is this another outbreak of the time-card notion of university management? There was no possibility of mistaking the matter in the Harvard case. No one who had any conception of the true nature and meaning of universities could tolerate for a moment that remarkable manifestation of philistine stupidity and arrogance. The Harvard faculty—or a sufficient number of its members—showed so plainly

what it thought of the scheme that it was incontinently dropped, with the explanation that it had been put forward, without adequate authorization, by an administrative employee of the University, the Assistant Controller. What that gentleman had in view was indicated in his statement that the information was desired "as a basis for pro-rating salaries to the various classified functions"; and it was plain that the answering of the great network of questions concerning the exact disposition of each professor's time was intended to be a regularly recurring performance, exacted of the faculty at such intervals as the managing powers might deem desirable for their purposes.

The Wisconsin inquiry, we hasten to say, is, on its face at least, of a very different character. There is no indication that it is designed to serve as a basis of action in regard to individual professors; neither does it carry any intimation of being intended as a regular feature of university government. Its aim appears to be to gather together, and analyze, and tabulate data of a great many kinds bearing on the working of the university, for the purpose of introducing such changes of a general nature as a study of these data may show to be desirable. Many of the questions are not of the "time-card" variety at all. Thus one set of questions asks the professor what suggestions he has "for improving the preliminary preparation" of students planning to enter his classes, and makes other inquiries of a similar character. On another page we find the professor requested to "state specifically what needed equipment or supplies are so deficient as to handicap you in your teaching." To questions like these there can surely be no objection; and the same thing may be said of a number of the other questions.

Nevertheless, there is enough in the questionnaire to warrant the gravest suspicion that we are to have in this Wisconsin move one more of those wrong-headed and deplorable applications of the "efficiency" idea which have in recent years been threatening our universities from one quarter or another. There is much reason to fear that the time-card part of the inquiry will be held, by the State authorities to whom the report will be made, to be quite as important as any other part. The idea of management looms large in the whole thing. "Supervision of Your Class Room or Seminary Work" is one of the main heads; under it the professor is asked to state "about how often" his work has been observed:

(1.) By the chairman of your department.
(2.) By other members of your department.
(3.) By representatives of the State Department of Public Instruction.
(4.) By representatives of the Board of Visitors.
(5.) By others (please indicate who).
(6.) By regents.

Similar questions are asked concerning the number of personal interviews regarding his courses the faculty member has had with the president, with the chairman of his department, etc. And then of course there are the questions about the number of hours per week spent in the various lines of university work.

In all this there lies a danger more serious than the obvious one of encouraging the notion that the value of a university professor's work may be measured by mechanical tests. The men who make the greatness of a university will be unspeakably repelled by this whole apparatus of observation, and inspection, and tabulation. What is it that draws to a university career men of high spirit and of rare intellectual gifts? The material rewards in it are small. The one thing in which that career offers attractions not to be found in most other callings is the opportunity for the free play of one's individuality. The mere thought of being obliged to keep tab on his intercourse with his students and his colleagues, the mere idea that his work is to be not what his personality makes it but what some chairman or supervisor may find to his liking, would be enough to take the zest out of the life. What has made the universities of Europe illustrious is the independence of the professors. It is not more management, but less management, that is wanted in our universities; where we fall short is in the dignity of the professorate, and the intellectual power and personal inspiration which are attracted into it by that dignity. To press for more mechanical efficiency means to squeeze out that in which we are already deficient, and increase the mere quantity of that in which we are, by comparison, amply supplied.

Foreign Correspondence

THE EFFECT OF MILITANCY ON SUFFRAGE—THE GROWING HOSTILITY OF PUBLIC OPINION.

LONDON, May 29.

It is admitted that the suffrage question in England is more prominent to-day than it was five or ten years ago. Therefore, say some of its more ardent supporters, the cause must be nearer victory. Suffragists who do not share this invincible optimism yet derive much encouragement from other evidence of progress. They take, for instance, the attitude of the political parties. The House of Lords is generally regarded as typical of Conservative opinion, but a few weeks ago in that chamber Lord Selborne's Women's Enfranchisement bill was thrown out on second reading by a majority of only 44.

Turning to the Liberal party, we find that the movement is supported by several of the most influential organs of Liberalism in the daily and weekly press, Further, the refusal of the Women's Liberal Federation to make suffragism a test of Liberalism has been followed by the formation of a new society, the Liberal Women's Suffrage Union, whose members pledge themselves to assist no Liberal candidate who is not a suffragist.

Again, the party that during the last few years has manifestly been making the greatest advances at the polls is the Labor party, and that party has definitely adopted woman suffrage as one of the planks in its platform. The policy is also being pursued, with no little success, of winning over women's societies that were originally organized for purposes outside of politics. The capture of the Women Workers' Union by the suffragists is a case in point. In the Lords' debate the other day the Earl of Lytton went so far as to say that wherever women were organized for trade, profession, or occupation, their organizations had expressed an opinion in favor of woman suffrage.

A careful political meteorologist, however, will hesitate to accept these observations as above criticism. To take the last point first, the capture of the women's organizations has not been effected without vehement opposition, followed in some cases by considerable and influential secessions. Then, the endorsement of the movement by trade and professional bodies of women says nothing as to the views of women who are not in receipt of salaries or wages. Besides, the real problem of the suffragists is not to persuade women, but to persuade men, for if a woman-suffrage enactment is ever carried it will have to be that much-despised product, which according to Mrs. Pankhurst has no binding force—a man-made law.

So the only weather reports that amount to much are those registered in Parliament, where the suffrage cause has to face the really decisive tests. The recent House of Lords vote was a very poor basis for optimism. The bill was lost by a vote of nearly two to one—104 against 60—in a thin house. Nearly 400 peers make their appearance when

there is a Home Rule bill to be voted on, and if Lord Selborne's bill had been taken seriously it would have been easy to double or treble the majority against it. As to the situation in the Commons, the estimate made last October by Mr. Lloyd George—one of the strongest and most earnest of suffragists—is even more conspicuously correct to-day. "In a Parliamentary sense," he said, "the movement has gone back. In 1906 there was a huge majority in Parliament for it. In the last two sessions we have been beaten." And Parliament, he told his hearers, who were members of a suffragist deputation, had thrown the Suffrage bill out more on its merits than they would imagine.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not given to emphasizing the dark side of the causes he supports. But, in the speech to which reference was made above, he warned his fellow-suffragists that Parliament represented the mood of the nation. In every part of the country what was formerly indifference had been turned into hostility. The explanation of this change was "militancy." The Chancellor reminded his audience that no big proposal can be got through Parliament merely through the energy of enthusiasts. "You carry these things through, not merely with the assistance of the people who are thoroughly convinced, but with the aid of the people who merely assent." The harm that "militancy" had done was by turning this mass of possible assent into actual hostility.

At the time, at any rate, Mr. Lloyd George regarded the discouraging features of the movement as mere passing clouds, and many other prominent suffragists share his conviction that their cause is suffering from no more than a momentary setback. They regard the change in popular feeling as simply a fit of natural irritation, which hinders the exercise of a calm judgment, and which will pass away as soon as people begin to understand that the terrorist outrages are really irrelevant.

But are they irrelevant? That assumption begs the whole question at issue. They would be irrelevant, certainly, if these violent actions were the work of only an insignificant minority, and if they had no connection with the merits or demerits of the suffrage proposal.

But those whose indifference to woman suffrage—or, in some instances, support of it—has been turned by the events of the last few years into definite hostility, hold that in the present case these two conditions do not apply. As regards the first of them, they point out—and they can quote Lord Lytton's recent speech in evidence—that the terrorists' society is one of the strongest, wealthiest, and most active of suffragist organizations; and that those suffragists who confine their own propaganda to constitutional methods at the same time palliate, if they do not applaud, the violent courses of the extreme section. That is to say, the suffragist movement in England to-day is, as a whole, as truly a terrorist movement as Russian nihilism, one part by active coöperation and the other part by the reinforcement of its sympathy.

These reluctant converts to the "anti" position say, further, that the character of the suffrage propaganda has a close and vital bearing upon the suffrage question in itself. They call attention to the fact that the worst of these outrages, striking at the very basis of civilized society, have been committed and approved by women of education and culture. These incidents, as well as the persistent attacks of many suffragists upon the best friends of their cause, have led them to the conviction that women, as a sex, are unfitted for political responsibilities, and that their admission to the franchise would mean the complication of national problems by the addition of a factor whose operation would be illogical, incalculable, and highly mischievous.

H. W. H.

THE NEW FRENCH CHAMBER—SOCIALIST GAINS—THE POSSIBILITY OF REACTION.

PARIS, May 30.

In the new French Chamber, 409 Deputies have been reëlected from the old—and no political change is to be foreseen so far as they are concerned. It is the 193 new members of Parliament whose actions and combinations have to be watched. It has already been trumpeted to the world—and it ought to have been expected—that Unified Socialists, that is, those who are under party discipline and follow their leader as one man, hold 102 seats in the new Parliament, as against 61 in the old. But this by no means indicates the total strength of bona-fide Socialism in the new Parliament. The four Deputies who have been elected, like Briand, as Independent Socialists, may not count for much practical Socialism, on account of their political interests. But there are twenty-two Deputies who have frankly thrown overboard old party names and have been elected as "Republican Socialists." It is better to translate their name in this way rather than more faithfully to grammar—Socialist Republicans.

For the same reason, from M. Clemenceau's first invention of the party name twenty-five years ago, I have translated "Radical Socialists" rather than Socialist Radicals, like the London *Times*. He explained that he was not a Collectivist Socialist; but the political lot of those who have adopted his name has been more and more cast in with that of Socialists pure and simple. Now, in this new Parliament, these Radical Socialists, with the lately invented Unified Radicals who have promised to obey the same party discipline, number 192 Deputies. Even with wavering and defections among such Radicals when obliged to accept or refuse frankly Socialist legislation, there will be at all times more than 300 Deputies who have set out on the march towards the Socialist land of Canaan.

The reason why Socialism has so profited by the elections is not far to seek. It has always been so at every turning of the republic. Since Jules Guesde first organized French Socialists into a political party and brought sixteen Socialist Deputies into Parliament in 1893, their numbers have gone up by just such leaps and bounds in periods of uncertainty and agitation. Thus, the Dreyfus affair brought them to fifty, and now they pass the hundred. Each time, they take their chief increase from the Radicals, who have again lost more heavily to Socialists than the other parties have done.

A more curious phenomenon is that, each time, extreme Conservative voters help to elect Socialists in preference to Radicals. Such a coalition has just defeated Claude Casimir-Perier, the son of the ex-President, and has elected an extreme Unified Socialist. Cardinal de Cabrières, one of the pronounced Royalist bishops, denied that he had anything to do with the electioneering; but the fact remains. A reason commonly assigned is that Catholics imagine that the sooner society goes to the bow-wows, the sooner a reaction will come like that which brought the first and the third Napoleon into power—and so they go in for the "worst" Republicans. This is certainly not the sole reason. Socialists, although they make a religion of their theories, are often very conciliatory in practice, whereas French Radicalism has been from the beginning a counter-religion. As M. Viviani expresses it, the work of the republic has been "to put out the lights of heaven."

A natural question to ask is: How far do the elections express the will of the majority of French voters; that is, of adult male citizens? Jaurès, who is fair-minded as well as ardent in his Socialist leading, acknowledges that full 25 per cent. of the registered voters abstained from voting at the late elections. Such citizens have evidently no will, and their opinions ought not to count. Indifferent or discouraged, they certainly do not belong to such revolutionary layers of society as the Socialists. For that matter, only sixty-one Deputies were elected by an absolute majority, that is, by half plus one or more of the registered voters of their district. Of these, only four were Radical Socialists, and there was no Socialist among them. In other words, in such constituencies, Conservatives must have managed to unite and put forward their whole strength.

The relative defeat of Radicals and Socialists in Paris may mean that reaction is coming in the country at large—since Paris usually leads by some years—or simply that Paris is bored by Radical talk and wants a change. The Nationalist spirit has long been powerful in Paris and counterbalances Socialism in off years.

At any rate, nine-tenths of the Deputies in the coming Parliament have been elected by a minority of the voters of their districts. In the second turn, when no absolute majority of actual votes was cast at the first, a mere plurality is sufficient. Now very many of the Deputies successful at this second turn were elected by only one-third, or even one-fourth, of the registered voters.

Perhaps those accustomed only to the strict party divisions of American elections will best understand the popular movement in France by the votes cast according to the main question which is uppermost. Deputies who had expressly promised to uphold the three years'

military service as it now is, and as it is thought to be necessary against the German danger, received 4,644,286 votes; and others who promised to modify it only in non-essential points had 612,767 more. On the contrary, Deputies who professed the strict Socialist and Radical Socialist policy of reducing military service to two years received only 2,936,044 votes—and only 133,712 votes went to those who refused to commit themselves. Altogether, 417 Deputies—a majority which should be safe—are pledged to the three years' service—and on this rock Socialists and Radicals may split, unless Jaurès lets well enough alone, as he is quite capable of doing. S. D.

Polo.

THE GAME OF KINGS.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!
—Rubaiyat.

I.

A hundred years ago, Sir William Ouseley, our first chronicler of polo, saw it on his Persian travels. Quoting Pietro della Valle, who covered the same ground, he says: "It was a favorite recreation of kings and chiefs, and originally, I believe, considered as almost peculiar to illustrious personages." The Italian in 1618 had found polo under the patronage of Shah Abbas. Another traveller, Sir Anthony Shirley, found a well-kept *meidan* (field) outside Ispahan; still another calls it "the game of canes." Chardin's Persian notes describe polo as a popular amusement, with thirty or forty participants; but the usual number, four or five players to a side, was then in vogue.

Chugan (mallet), as the Persians called polo, flourished under their Sassanid kings, under the Byzantine emperors at Constantinople, and under the invading dynasties that ruled India and introduced the game. At the court of Akbar it helped in the training of cavalry officers. From India it has spread throughout the world; in ancient times through Tibet into China and Japan; in modern times, adopted by the English, through the Western world. In Tibet polo lingered in a somewhat primitive form, and it was from the adjacent region, Manipur and Gilgit, that English tea- and indigo-planters first had knowledge of the game. The Tibetan *pulu* (ball) was the derivative Anglo-Indians used for the modern name. Since then Australia, South America, Egypt, South Africa, and the Philippines are among the countries familiar with what, in the twelfth century, the Greek Emperor Manuel Comnemus and his Byzantine princes played as Τζυκανιστήριον, which retains the original Persian name, suggesting definite rules and a regular field for play.

But it is to the Persian Homer, Firdousi (940-1020), and his immortal epic, the "Shahnama" ("Book of Kings") that we turn for glowing description, as well as for the first record of an international match. In 600 B. C. the exiled Prince Seavish, with seven Iranians, amazed Afrasiab, King of Turan, with whom he took refuge, by the ease with which they defeated his Turkish team. Firdousi lingers over the feats of the Persian players with the pen of a true lover of the game. In his epic we also learn that *chugan* was fit training for princes. Shapur was provided with tutors by his mother:

But by his rapid progress he outstripped
them;
At seven years old he went upon the
ground
To learn the art of war, and play at polo.

Likewise of Bahram, "that great Hunter" of the "Rubaiyat," we learn from Firdousi:

When he was eighteen
The valiant warrior was like the sun,
He needed not archmages to instruct him
In erudition, how to play at polo—

The "Shahnama" also states that Gushtasp (Hydaspes) was expert at polo; his clouts caused the ball "to vanish among the clouds." Besides these references, the "Shahnama" contains a delightful episode of recognition. Shapur was born during his mother's term of disfavor, and hearing that he has an heir, King Ardashir (226-241) commands a polo match, and from a number of well-favored youths recognizes his son by the daring and brilliancy of his play. Ouseley thinks he saw this incident of Shapur's recognition in a ruined sculpture near Persepolis. Nizami, another Persian poet, records a game played by the Amazons of his time. The beautiful Shirin, dear to Persian romance, played with her handmaidens against a team composed of the king and his courtiers.

After the tradition of great Iranian poetry passed, the succeeding fiction and verse found polo a romantic theme. In our most popular example, the "Rubaiyat," Omar Khayyam has definite reference to the game of kings in the quatrain quoted above. The poloist cannot miss the happiness of Fitz-Gerald's references to the "throw-in" by the referee, whose duties to-day are unchanged; to the field, which in India to-day retains the Persian name *meidan*, and is innocent of "boards" (and the "board-play" useful in crises to Mr. Whitney's team a year ago, and first introduced at Hurlingham in 1879); or to the fine sense of power and direction that makes perfect near- and off-side hitting. Skill in address to the ball was the Persian ideal, and Omar liked the symbol of a well-controlled ball. Anciently all things were equal in horseflesh: but since the pony has attained his modern price and importance, any player, backed up by Kipling's "Maltese Cat," will tell you that the pony *is* the game—though golf, cricket, and hockey are its offspring, and the Irish sport of hurling, an equestrian descendant. Polo demands of its patrons a high standard of horsemanship only rivalled by pigsticking. The ancient poets, however, ignored the pony's merits for the stick-work of the rider.

How the game was popularized in ancient times is uncertain, beyond the fact that *chugan* has been played in various forms in various countries. Probably hard-riding ambassadors were its chief missionaries; and Castiglione, had he known, would have prescribed polo for his courtier. Ouseley quotes Robert's "Cambrian Popular Antiquities" as the source for an Elizabethan MS. describing *knappen*, a game played in Pembrokeshire with several hundred on a side, mounted and foot, armed with cudgels 3½ feet long. Sir Thomas Roe must have seen polo at Agra, in 1618, during his embassy to the Court of the Great Mogul, Jahangir. Although rules always obtained, it is certain that exigencies of temperament and place wrought many variations. It was Shah Bahram who found a player wearing a coat of mail under his polo shirt, and promptly slew him.

Accounts handed down vary as to the number of players and their positions. There was a "back" or "goal-keep," whose duties, owing to the fast, open game, were flexible, if not so aggressive as those developed by Mr. Devereux Milburn. The ball was of sorts and to taste: of light wood or stuffed leather, varying from one in the Persian game to many in the Byzantine and Japanese. Many varieties of mallets were popular. Ouseley saw in a Persian illuminated MS., about 300 years old, three different shapes. Usually semi-circular and straight, transverse heads prevailed. Of rules "off-side" doubtless existed, and it is more than likely that the modern Anglo-Indian and American rules obtained. As the "Rubaiyat" suggests, the referee began play by "throwing-in"; also, as in the early Anglo-Indian game, the ball may have been placed mid-field, and both sides charged for possession, or the captains crossed sticks, as in hockey. Nearly all Persian illuminations show solid goal-posts, though an elaborate dribbling game, to test the rider's possession of the ball, was an early favorite. At least it was good practice, and applied in a goal-game, must have made passing and close-combination almost a science, which, in the commodious field 170 by 300 yards, ideal for a fast, galloping contest, must have provided an inspiring sight. W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

Awakening of India

THE DEVELOPMENT OF INDIAN THOUGHT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF WESTERN IDEAS.

Matthew Arnold's well-known lines about the East watching the legions thunder past and then plunging into thought again rather understate the truth. Yet even India experiences some changes in philosophical interest; and our time is witnessing, in the East as well as in the West, a quickening and re-directing of thought which may make future generations regard it as epochal. This re-direction of thought in the East is of course chiefly due to the influence of Western science and philosophy and Western literary criticism, for though the West and the East have been in contact these many centuries, the philosophers of the Orient are only now beginning to realize that the West has anything to teach them beyond the merely practical and political. In fact, the great majority of the pundits even to-day continue to teach the Vedas and the Shastras in the way they learned them from their gurus, as the last word on all subjects really worth knowing. But the stimulus of Western thought has been felt by all the less orthodox thinkers not only of Hinduism but of the other religions of India as well.

I.

Thus the Parsees—those most "up-to-date" of Indians—feel bound as a matter of course to show that their religion is in thorough accord with "the best of modern thought." And the new formulation of Zoroastrianism resulting (at least so some of us will think) is not altogether an improvement on the antiquated ideas of the Founder. The fact seems to be that the Parsees who have read Western philosophical works are becoming very sensitive over the accusation of being dualists (what indeed could be worse?), and consequently are making over Ahura Mazda into a very proper and modern All-One, such as Zarathustra would certainly quite fail to recognize. But what of that?—for the Parsees tell us that "men of science like Huxley, philosophers like Herbert Spencer, and poets like Tennyson, might all subscribe" to this religion of theirs, "to which the best modern thought is fast approximating."* In these days Herbert Spencer is a better name to conjure with than Zarathustra, and a religion which would be "up to date" must surely be "monistic." Fortunately, however, this modernization of Zoroastrian theology has not gone much farther than the theologians, and the influence of the West upon this ancient religion, in all respects but this, has certainly been for good. It is especially to be noted in the present movement among the Parsees for the systematic education of their children in the religion of their fathers—a movement which is resulting not only in benefit to the children, but in benefit to the religion as well. For the deliberate attempt which the Parsees are making to teach their religion is naturally leading them to rationalize and purify it.

Islam, of course, secure in the purity of the Koran and its teachings, will submit to no such influence from the modern West. The movements within it are mostly self-originated, and some of them, in fact, seem curiously remote from Europe and the twentieth century. Yet Western ideas and especially missionary attack have not been without their influence on the popular theology of the Moslems. Particularly noticeable is this in connection with the views commonly maintained concerning God and man's relation to Him. I have questioned many Mohammedans on these points and find a very general insistence that God is pure spirit and has no body, and that man is free and in sinning acts against the will of God. In vain have I cited the creed of Al Ashari to the contrary: most of them have never heard of him, and they all insist that on these points my quotations from the great authority do not represent the creed of Indian Islam. And in this I find them borne out by that aggressive Mohammedan review, *Muslim India*.

For it should be understood that Islam is becoming aggressive. Not only is it arming with what intellectual weapons it can find against the attacks of Christian missionaries; it is seeking to carry the war into Africa—that is, into London, where its one professional and salaried missionary resides; and it has recently scored its first marked success, in the public conversion of Lord Headley to the "true faith"—a success which is acclaimed with great enthusiasm all over Moslem India.

II.

The renewed interest in religious thought and the general awakening of Indian self-consciousness have also had their effect upon that small but ancient religious body known as the Jains. For centuries most of the Jain scriptures have been hidden away in monasteries, guarded by conservative monks who, themselves too ignorant to read them, would allow no one else to try. As a result the laity, constantly losing in numbers to other religions have been sadly ignorant of the faith which they professed. Within the last eight years, however, a new movement has been set on foot, and many rich and generous Jains are now persuaded to turn some of the money they have been accustomed to spend upon jewels for the images in their temples to more practical purposes; and as a result a number of schools have been founded and a systematic effort is making for the discovery, publication, and translation of their sacred and ancient texts. Several Jain periodicals have also been started, a Young Men's Jain Association founded, and considerable progress has been made towards uniting the two divisions into which Jainism has for so many centuries been divided, the Digambaras and Sventaamaras. At the end of December last year an enthusiastic convention was held in Benares in which both schools joined, and in which a great deal of enthusiasm for the spread of Jain doctrine was exhibited. Reports were read and learned lectures given; but most of the speeches were of a hortatory nature, and the convention had somewhat the air of a protracted revival meeting. One of the most enthusiastic speakers, a recent convert from Hinduism, declared, amid deafening applause, that, just as there should be but one language in the world, and that the Sanskrit, so there should be but one religion, and that the Jain, for Jainism included all that was best in all other religions. At the end of the convention several large gifts for educational purposes were announced, and plans were begun for building a Jain temple and rest house in the United States.

III.

But the great thinkers of India are to be found to-day (as has almost always been the case) within the fold of Hinduism. And they, too, are feeling a new stimulus to thought as a result of Western influence. In Macaulay's time it looked as if European influence might eventually have the effect of lessening the value of the Veda in the eyes of the Indians; but the advent of Max Müller and the Sanskritists marked a new era in the appreciation of the Sacred Books of the East, and not only opened the eyes of us Westerners to their value, but kindled a new and almost fierce Veda-worship in the hearts of many an Indian. The result of this is a series of new battles by the modern pundits—Indian, English, German—on the old battlefields; and questions which to most Americans would seem absurdly remote, or at least very dead, are matters of hot daily discussion in many a study, lecture room, and monastery throughout India. What is the real teaching of the Upanishads: are they monistic or pluralistic, pantheistic or theistic—in fact, have they any one teaching at all? And the Bhagavad Gita, does it teach pantheism or theism, or both: and if both, which was the original doctrine and which interpolated? Most important of all, which is the true Vedanta? Can the monism

*Quoted with approval by Mr. Jivanji Jamshedji Modi from Samuel Long.

and illusionism of Shankara be justified either by reference to the Upanishads and Brahma Sutras or by philosophical argument? The battle is still raging and is likely to continue to rage for many a year.

One may perhaps discover a slight but growing tendency away from the extreme monism of Shankara, which up till now in northern India (and in one sense in Europe and America as well) has had no rival. Many European scholars and some of the less hide-bound of the pundits are beginning to insist that the Upanishads are far less in unison—far less monistic and idealistic—than was supposed only a few years ago. While this is true, however, it must be said that the followers of Shankara and his monism and illusionism still easily hold the field in northern India. I have talked with Sannyasis in their monasteries here in Benares, and they all insist upon the illusion doctrine—some merely because "it is written" in Shankara's Commentary, some for various philosophical reasons. There are, we are told, three kinds of reality: (1) Genuine reality which is Brahman alone, the undivided Self, the Subject without Object; (2) "practical reality," such as the material world; (3) "imagined reality"—pure illusion—such as the rope which one takes for a snake. Now "practical reality," we are assured, is really quite as imaginary and illusory as the third kind; and just as we get rid of the latter by greater insight, so we may correct and get rid of "practical reality"—the material world, the multiplicity of finite selves, the variety of human experience and of the changing and temporal, till only the knowing self remains which is identical with Brahman. But why, you ask, does this "practical," material, finite world seem to be here at all?—Ah, the Sannyasi will answer, that is mere illusion.—But whence the illusion?—Our ignorance.—And our ignorance?—Once more, illusion.

A more serious attempt at a genuine answer to the puzzle is made by the philosopher Bhagwan Das, who in his "Science of Peace" has endeavored to express the Vedanta of Shankara in terms of European thought, and to bring it into line with Hegel and especially with Fichte. The idealistic point of view being taken for granted, the objective world is made to depend upon the One Knower. The consciousness of this One Spirit consists in recognizing the illusion of the phenomenal world which it posits. With it, positing and negating form one simultaneous and timeless act. This is expressed by the logion, "I am not the not-I" or "I-this-not,"—the not-I, in other words, is posited only to be at the same time opposed and negated. Thus the One and the Many, the Changeless and the Changing are united and reconciled. But why does the One thus posit and deny at all? To this there is no answer.

IV.

Besides rekindling the interest of the Indians in their own literature, the West has had a more direct influence on the thought of the East through the introduction of the concepts of modern science. These the more advanced of the Indian thinkers have seized upon and have tried to unite with the teachings of the Veda. The result has been at times a bit fantastic, for the Indian as a rule cannot admit that the concepts of the Veda should be in any way modified; hence his method of mixture is to read modern science and Western ideas of morality and social order into the Veda. The times of the Rishis, we are assured, formed the Golden Age, and all the admitted evils of modern Indian society are due to degeneration and relapse from those perfect days. With few exceptions, the Indian scholars of to-day are as lacking in historical sense and critical skill as their predecessors were before them, and their idealization of the Indian Past is as untrustworthy as it is beautiful. The extreme limit of this sort of thing is reached by the Arya Somaj, whose attitude forms a most interesting psychological study. The members of the Somaj—if I may judge by those whom I have met—are men of learning, ability, and liberal ideas; and yet they insist that the four Vedas are literally and infallibly inspired, and that there is not a line in one of them—not even in the Atharva—that is mistaken or superstitious or primitive. There are no magic formulas in the Atharva nor any hint of polytheism in the Rik. And in fact all the discoveries and inventions of modern science were well known in Vedic times and are plainly referred to in the Hymns!

But the most systematic effort to unite ancient thought with "modern science" is due to Theosophy. Says Mrs. Besant in her "Defense of Hinduism": "In the great conflict between Science and Religion which has been waged in Europe since the sixteenth century, Religion had been steadily losing ground until the great spiritual impulse called Theosophy filled the hands of Religion with forgotten truths, and opened the eyes of Science to new realms awaiting conquest."

Yet the "modern science" which Theosophy has brought into India and injected into Hinduism, is of a sort that every reputable scientist would repudiate. And it would be difficult to assess the harm that Theosophy has done to Hinduism and the set-back it has given to the cause of real enlightenment, by teaching the Hindus to identify science with occultism. An ineradicable hankering after the occult has been the bane of Theosophy ever since its birth. One would have supposed that Richard Hodgeson's exposure of Mme. Blavatsky's tricks would have been enough to sicken the theosophists of that sort of thing, but it really had but little influence upon them. Mrs. Besant is no trickster, but she has the same longing for the superphysical that distinguished her predecessor. She is ambitious of developing telepathic powers, and in fact has become an adept (so one of her former admirers informs me) in reading the thoughts of the people in Mars. Very wisely she confines her efforts to Mars, and specializes only in long-distance telepathy. In her address at the recent Jain convention in Benares I heard Mrs. Besant state quite soberly that Manu was the father of the race: and of course she bolted all twenty-four of the Jain Tirthakaras as historical personages. The next day, at the annual meeting of the Theosophical Society she declared (with great solemnity and amid loud applause) that the Veda was eternal; that the Upanishads were brought into India by the "Toltecs" from the sunken continent of Atlantis at the time when India was raised from the bed of the ocean; and that she knew this because "occult research" had "recovered" a large part of "the ancient Toltec literature."

The influence of Theosophy upon Hinduism had a steady growth up to about a year or two ago, since when it has been suffering a rather rapid and very noticeable decline. This is due to more causes than one, but chiefly to the attempt of Mrs. Besant to force upon Hinduism a Messiah in the form of the rather common-place native boy whose father had entrusted him to her charge, and whom she had sent to England for education. Her surprising revelation that this young gentleman was the latest incarnation of the Deity carried occultism too far for even the much-believing Hindu.

V.

With this source of false science removed there is more hope for the normal development of Indian thought under the influence of Western ideas. What the outcome will be, however, it would be hazardous to predict. Indian philosophy and European science both contain much of eternal value; but just how the two can be united is a question that only the future can answer. Whatever that answer may turn out to be, however, the critical state of Indian thought to-day presents a spectacle of absorbing interest. And the answer, when it comes, will not only have its influence upon India, but will have a bearing of considerable importance upon the Philosophy and the Religion of Europe and America as well.

James Bissett Pratt.

Books and Men

THE MISAPPROPRIATION OF AUTHORS—A BEQUEST TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Almost coincident with the publication of dispatches in the London *Times* on "The Americanization of Canada," appears "The Year-Book of Canadian Art" (London: Dent), compiled by the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto.

The reason for speaking of the two facts together will appear in a moment. For the present, let it be said that "The Year-Book of Canadian Art" is a pleasing and highly creditable volume, put forward, as one of those who are interested in it writes, to indicate that the Dominion's productions are not confined to wheat and cattle. The literature, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture of Canada are described by a score of writers. Andrew MacPhail writes of Stephen Leacock, Léon Lorrain of French-Canadian literature, George H. Locke contributes a chapter on Goldwin Smith and Sir George W. Ross, while Canadian poetry and fiction are dealt with by Newton MacTavish and Marjory MacMurchy, respectively.

The plaint about Americanization in the *Times* finds a counterpart in this book. For instance, in a chapter devoted to musical composition appears this: "The people of the United States are apt at recognizing meritorious work done by those who happen to sojourn in that country. . . . They no sooner recognize the superior craft or art of a foreign sojourner than they appropriate it, label it 'American,' and exploit it as a strictly 'American' product."

This is a perfectly natural feeling of resentment, and Americans who have seen so many of their artists and authors appropriated in just this fashion by England ought to sympathize with it. The "appropriation" is sometimes innocent enough. Perhaps many an English admirer of Whistler, and of Mr. Henry James, and Mr. John S. Sargent sincerely believes them to be Englishmen. Surely, a great many of Mr. Bliss Carman's readers are quite unaware that he is not a native of the United States—they are not really trying to steal him.

It is, however, ironical that "The Year-Book of Canadian Art" should begin with an essay on Stephen Leacock. For if there is a humorist the spirit of whose writings is entirely American, Professor Leacock is the man. No Americans will need to "appropriate" him—he has Americanized himself completely in his books. His English birth and Canadian residence must be discovered from external evidence.

Compare, for instance, his volume of parodies, "Nonsense Novels," with Max Beerbohm's "A Christmas Garland." The first is immensely funny, hilarious, in fact, and might have been written in Chicago. "A Christmas Garland" is also funny, but super-subtle. It is a higher form of parody, without doubt, but a far less amusing book than Professor Leacock's.

An extreme Anglomaniac of my acquaintance absolutely refused to see anything good in "Nonsense Novels." He listened to the sketches with a face like Buddha. Then somebody informed him of the author's English antecedents—whereupon he has continued ever since in a state of mirth at everything Mr. Leacock writes.

For his book "In Cheyne Walk and Thereabout" (Lippincott) Reginald Blunt had a mass of curious and interesting material. A district which has been the home of Sir Thomas More, of Henry VIII, of "the wicked Dukes of Buckingham," of Steele and Swift and Sir Hans Sloane, and then of Turner, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Whistler—to say nothing of Thomas Carlyle—is rich in opportunities for a writer like Mr. Blunt. He is quick to see the odd and bizarre no less than the charming aspects of the place, and his book is the better for dwelling on Don Saltero's Coffee House, on Dr. Dominiceti's Baths, and on the "Physick Garden," as much if not more than on the familiar spots, legends, and associations of this part of Chelsea.

The chapter on the Neilds is a case in point. How many know of Miser Neild, the son of James Neild, the prison reformer? Mr. Blunt pictures him, in his blue swallow-tail coat and gilt buttons, walking about the country to visit his estates, carrying a green cotton umbrella, and with all his baggage in a brown paper bundle. He lived an odd life, but most strange of all was what happened after his death. For when they opened his will—which disposed of about half a million pounds altogether—and had read his wish to be buried in the vault under Battersea Church, "as near unto the coffin of my dear father as the crowded state of the vault will readily admit," and the bequests to his executors, and the provision for the payment of his trifling debts, they came upon a clause which insured him celebrity for many years thereafter. This was it: "I give, devise, and bequeath all real and all personal estate which I may be entitled to either at law or in equity at the time of my death unto Her Most Excellent Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs, executors, and assigns for her sole use and benefit, and I pray her Majesty to be most Graciously pleased to accept the same."

The Queen was pleased, and did accept it, and paid for a stained glass window to Mr. Neild's memory into the bargain.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

WILLIAM PITTIS: THE DIFFICULTIES OF A PAMPHLETEER AND BIOGRAPHER.

I.

In the course of my work upon Defoe I have frequently crossed the trail of a certain William Pittis—the name is also found as "Pettis" and "Pettus"—who has aroused my interest, and about whom I have gathered information which seems in the main not to have been published hitherto. This I wish to give here in some detail, and I shall be indebted to any student of bibliography who will correct or supplement it.

Pittis is the subject of a short article by Miss C. Fell Smith in the Dictionary of National Biography—under his father, Thomas Pittis (1636-87), a clergyman of the Church of England—and he figures in Foster's "Alumni Oxonienses" and in the catalogues of the British Museum and other libraries. From these sources we learn that he was born at Southampton in 1674; that he entered Winchester School in 1687—Miss Fell Smith quotes Kirby's "Winchester Scholars," p. 208—that he matriculated at New College, Oxford, on August 14, 1690, at the age of sixteen; that he was fellow of his college from 1692 to 1695, graduating B.A., 1694; and that he was afterwards a member of the Inner Temple. In 1699 he addressed to Dryden an epistolary poem on the death of James, Earl of Abingdon, and the manuscript of an elegy upon Sir Cloudesley Shovel (1708) is preserved in the British Museum (Addit. MSS. 23904, f. 516). On April 25, 1706—so Hearne, not April 27, as Miss Fell Smith has it—he was sentenced by the Court of Queen's Bench to stand in the pillory and to pay a fine of 100 marks for writing "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial Fairly Stated"—not the "Memorial" itself, as Miss Fell Smith erroneously says, or any "Vindication" of that famous pamphlet, as might be inferred from Hearne's language with regard to the affair (cf. Hearne, Collections, ed. Doble I, 235-6). Nearly eight years later—December 3, 1714—he was committed to bail as the author of a tract entitled "Reasons against a War with France."

Meanwhile he had compiled, besides a tract to be mentioned later, three volumes of Parliamentary history, to wit: "The History of the Present Parliament and Convocation" (July 11, 1711—cf. the *Daily Courant*); "The History of the Proceedings of the Second Session of Parliament" (1712?), and "The History of the Third Session of the Last Parliament" (1713?). In 1715 he wrote "Memoirs of the Life of John Radcliffe, M.D.," which reached a third edition the next year, and a fourth in 1736. The authenticity of the letters printed in this book was questioned by William Singleton, Radcliffe's servant, but Pittis defended their genuineness (cf. G. A. Aitken, art. Radcliffe in the Dictionary of National Biography). From the publication of these "Memoirs" to the death of the author in November, 1724, at his chambers in the Inner Temple over the Crown Office, nothing of importance with regard

to Pittis's career seems to have been learned by the few students who have investigated the subject. My notes enable me to add the following particulars:

The catalogue of the Earl of Crawford's library shows that in 1696, the year after he seems to have given up or lost his fellowship, Pittis published "An Epistolary Poem to N. Tate—Occasioned by the taking of Namur" (London, R. Baldwin, fol. 7 pp. + 1 p.). Three years later he addressed to Dryden the "Epistolary Poem" already mentioned (London, H. Walwyn, fol. 3 ll. + 9 pp.). Under date of October 20, 1705, Hearne wrote that "Sr William Pittett" was in custody "for Writing ye Pamphlett call'd *The Bonefire* Wch reflects on ye Burning of *The Memorial*" (Collections, ed. Doble, I, 57). In the index to Hearne this "Sr William Pittett" is entered as "Pittis, T.," who figures also on pp. 235-237, and is no other than our William Pittis, punished "for Writing the Vindication of ye Memorial of ye Church of England." Near this entry Hearne wrote: "Mr. Pittis, who is prosecuted for writing in Vindication of ye Memorial was, I think, Fellow of New College, and has some Poëms in print." Hearne's gossip was sometimes unfounded, but in this instance, although it is certain that Pittis's main trouble was caused by his "Case of the Church of England's Memorial Fairly Stated," we have the additional testimony of Luttrell to confirm the statement of Hearne that Pittis was first arrested for a pamphlet protesting against the burning of "The Memorial." Luttrell's entry (Brief Hist. Rel. v. 600), under Thurs. 11 Octob. 1705, runs, "Mr. Pettis is committed for writing a half sheet call'd Fire and Faggot, being a reflection upon burning the Memorial." I have not yet found this tract under either title, but I shall later give a quotation from Pittis himself, which tends to support the conclusion that his original arrest was caused by his writing some comparatively unimportant pamphlet.

A few months after the publication of "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial," in the summer of 1705 (cf. the *Works of the Learned* for August, vii, 502—really 512), Pittis issued, "while in Durance," on November 22, 1705 (cf. the *Daily Courant*), "A Hymn to Confinement." This was stated to be by the author of "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial," but probably such interest as it aroused was due less to the prisoner's statements about himself, or to the poetical quality of his semi-pindaric effusion, than to the fact that along with his own poem the pamphleteer published, apparently for the first time, the lines written under similar circumstances by Sir Roger L'Estrange, sometimes entitled "The Liberty of the Imprisoned Loyalist" (cf. Hannah's "Courtly Poets," 1891, p. 199, where no reference is made to this appearance of the poem). Pittis stated that L'Estrange's stanzas had been given him in manuscript by a "Person of Honour," and that it was his belief that they had never before been printed. With regard to himself, he admitted that he had made bad use of his advantages, but he claimed to be thoroughly loyal. He had defended Queen Anne while she was Princess, and he was one of the first to reply to the satire upon her Majesty and her Ministers, entitled "The Golden Age." Neither of these productions seems yet to have been identified.

The only letter of Pittis's that I have found is one written to Robert Harley, Secretary of State, either late in 1705 or before the pamphleteer's trial in April, 1706: "You told me when I was under examination before you, that, rather than my necessities should make me comply with booksellers' requests in writing what they should put me upon, you would be assistant to me yourself. I have forborne as long as possible giving your honour the trouble; but, being without friends, without money, and under a very chargeable prosecution, I must beg leave to remind you that I have kept up to the tenour of your commands in writing but one little pamphlet since, which I made bold to present you bound up in blue Turkey leather, by the penny post, and is entitled *'Two Campaigns in One Panegyrical Essay'* in honour of his Grace of Marlborough.

"I pray this implicit obedience may prevail for some consideration per bearer." (Cf. Hist. MSS. Conn. Rep. on MSS. of the Duke of Portland, viii, 200—201.)

The British Museum possesses a copy of this tract (8vo, dated 1706; E. 1980.4), the long title of which shows us that Pittis included with his own panegyric an imitation of Horace, Carm., IV, 5—the "Divis orte bonis." What "consideration" the blue Turkey binding induced Harley, who loved books, to send by the messenger we do not know, but surely it is a pathetic little glimpse we get of the fallen scholar, who yet knew how he wished the offspring of his brain to appear when it should greet the bibliophile.

Luttrell tells us laconically under April 25, 1706, that the "consideration" Pittis received from the court was a fine of 100 marks and an order that he should stand three times in the pillory. But the offending pamphlet is given—erroneously it would seem—as "the Memorial Answered Paragraph by Paragraph." Boyer is more exact (cf. "Annals of Queen Anne's Reign," V, 486). He refers to "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial Fairly Stated" and shows that only two pilloryings were ordered, one on April 26, at Charing Cross, and one on the 29th, near the Royal Exchange. Before the prisoner was discharged he must furnish security for his good behavior for two years.

After undergoing the indignities of the pillory Pittis may have turned to subjects less likely to incur the displeasure of the authorities. On December 31, 1707, the *Daily Courant* advertised as just published the "Funeral Poem" on Sir Cloudesley Shovel, "Dedicated to his Disconsolate Lady, by Will Pettis late Fellow of New College in Oxford," a copy of which, as we have seen, is among the manuscripts in the British Museum. In 1709 he dedicated to the widow of another naval hero, "Nereo. A Funeral Poem sacred to the Immortal Memory of Sir George Rooke, Kt." (London, B. Bragge, fol. 16 pp.) "It must be read, because it sings of him," declared the poet, who was no prophet. Perhaps, the statement that he was personally acquainted with Rooke was inserted by the hack-writer to show that he had known better days.

In 1710 he began the parliamentary series already mentioned with a tract, included by Miss Fell Smith, entitled "The Proceedings of Both Houses of Parliament, in the Years 1702, 1703, 1704, Upon the Bill to prevent Occasional Conformity." (London, J. Baker, 8vo, 2 ll.+ 72 pp.) The dedication is signed "W. P.," and the style and high Tory tone leave little doubt that the compilation is the work of the man who published with Baker during the next three years the volumes already named. The authorship of none of these is doubtful—indeed Pittis signed his name to the second and the third—and the characters of the persons to whom he addressed his dedications may indicate that he had not entirely lost caste. Doubtless he published between 1710 and 1714, besides these four compilations, not a few tracts, but the only ones I have been able definitely to fasten upon him are "Jus Sacrum, or, a Discourse Wherein is fully Proved and Demonstrated, that no Prince ought to be Deprived of his Natural Right on Account of Religion, etc." (London, Baker, 1712, 8vo, 44 pp.), and "Dutch Generosity, and English Gratitude, Exemplified in their Treatment of each other in Peace and War: with a Particular Account of the Entertainment the Dutch gave the Royal Family in their Exile; and how far they Contributed to the Restoration: with several secret Transactions." (London, 8vo, 48 pp.) The reasons for adding these two pamphlets to his bibliography—the first of them an extraordinarily bold plea for the Pretender—will be given later.

The next publication that we can charge to Pittis is a tract in answer to Defoe's well-known defence of his patron, Lord Oxford, "The Secret History of the White Staff." Pittis's pamphlet was entitled "The History of the Mitre and Purse, in Which the First and Second Parts of the Secret History of the White Staff are fully considered, and the Hypocrisy and Villanies of the Staff himself are laid open and Detected" (London: J. Morphew, 8vo, 72 pp.). This attack on Oxford in defence of Harcourt and Atterbury was issued on November 9, 1714 (cf. the *Post Boy*), and two other editions—perhaps only reissues with new title-pages—were advertised within a week. On November 29 (cf. the *Daily Courant*) appeared "The History of the Mitre and Purse Continued—Part II," a second edition of which (8vo, 40 pp.) was advertised on December 11 (cf. the *Post Boy*). That these two pamphlets were by Pittis was asserted by the author of a rare tract entitled "The Secret History of the Secret History of the White Staff, Purse and Mitre. Written by a Person of Honour" (London: S. Keimer, 1715, 8vo, 40 pp.). But this "Person of Honour," according to Pittis himself in "Queen Anne Vindicated," a pamphlet soon to be mentioned, was no less a worthy than Daniel Defoe, who felt that he had forfeited Oxford's favor by indiscreet revelations in the original "Secret History of the White Staff," and was trying to persuade the public that all the tracts in the controversy, his own as well as those by

Pittis, were merely written by irresponsible hacks set on by mercenary publishers. Defoe's description of the methods employed by these scribblers and their hirers ought some day to be republished in full. Here we have barely room for a few quotations. He declared that Pittis, after acknowledging himself the author, had shown him—that is, Defoe, or, more strictly, the writer of "The Secret History of the Secret History"—part of the copy of the "Book, call'd the *Mitre* and *Purse*," in manuscript, "before the same was printed." He, Defoe, could also "prove, who employ'd the said Mr. *Pittis*, and what Hire, or Price he receiv'd for the Work." He mentioned this "with the more Plainness, because of a like Case, which has just now happen'd, and is made Publick by *Pittis* himself, and is as followeth; Mr. *Pittis* has been taken up for writing a Pamphlet, call'd *Reasons for a War with France*, which Book he has own'd, he was hir'd to write by that Conscientious Bookseller, so celebrated for his Honesty, Mr. *Edmund Curl* in *Fleet Street*, who was one of his Bail; upon which he gives out an Advertisement in several of the Newspapers, that a Book was preparing for the Press, entitled *Reasons against a War with France;* by the Author of the *Mitre* and *Purse*, which, as is said above, appears to be the same author, *viz.*, Mr. *Pittis*. This so evidently proves the Practice above of Mr. Curl, and his Associates, Writing for and against, that no Men can be so wilfully Obstinate, as not to be convinc'd" (pp. 22-24).

That it takes one turncoat hack to detect another was probably never better shown than in the relations between Defoe and Pittis at this time. "The Secret History of the Secret History" is written in Defoe's most idiosyncratic and unmistakable style; hence Pittis, who had been a fellow mercenary in Baker's employ, can have had no difficulty in recognizing his assailant. On the other hand, Defoe had no difficulty in determining who it was that in "The History of the Mitre and Purse" was hounding him and his patron, Lord Oxford. Furthermore, in the "Mitre and Purse" Pittis had completely unmasked himself, and had revealed the cause of his hostility to Oxford. We read in the first part of "The History of the Mitre and Purse" (p. 29) that the just fallen Prime Minister, after causing Dr. Drake to be apprehended for writing "The Memorial of the Church of England"—Harley was then one of the Secretaries of State—wheedled "another Person who was in Custody for a Triffling Matter, into a Confession of Writing the Case of the said *Memorial fairly Stated*, etc., and contrary to the most solemn Assurances, that such a Confession should be of no Prejudice to him, with bringing him to a Tryal at the Queen's Bench Bar, the consequences of which to his and the poor undone Gentleman's Disgrace, will appear upon Record." It may be added that it is not improbable that the "Trifling Matter" for which "the poor undone gentleman" was originally taken into custody was the pamphlet entitled "The Bonefire," of which Hearne made mention, or else the "Fire and Faggot" of Luttrell.

W. P. Trent.

Correspondence

MR. MELLEN'S TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Sincere thanks for your striking and instructive article on Mr. Mellen's testimony as to the financial history of the "New Haven" Railroad Company.

The late Mr. Morgan was not, apparently, a student of the science of finance, although so great a banker and of such masterly capacity in executive ways. His "iron-clad reticence" suggests, perhaps, a resort to methods of procedure of which he was not proud, certainly, but which were in vogue. But "reticence" is the natural and usual characteristic of such vast autocratic power as nature endowed him with. And as between his profound belief in unification, as distinct from segregation (with its inevitable return to the competitive principle), the writer's sympathy is assuredly with him. If the Trusts have shown themselves a menace to the community—as they surely have—yet most amply are they now supervised from Washington. And this new (and most rightful) assumption of national power should, by good right, speedily and radically modify this aggressive campaign of "segregation." The necessity for it is being obviated—the path for a really beneficent habit of vast coöperation is being made plain. Mr. Morgan, so far from seeking personal gain, would seem to the writer a master idealist in his plan for unification in New England. As contrasted with the criminal schemers of Wall Street, engaged in wrecking properties "for what there is in it," he stands on a pedestal of austere virtue.

Mannering.

Hartford, Conn., May 31.

A REJOINDER REJOINED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Since the subject is one of vital concern at the present time, I venture a word of reply to the rejoinder of E. M. H. on "The Constitutional Power of the Courts," printed in the *Nation* of June 4.

As to the first paragraph in the article, I am quite willing to submit to the readers of the *Nation* whether it covers at all the point made in my article of May 14. The passages from the Constitution *are* "the basis of the argument." The argument itself is based upon a train of historical events that helps us to interpret the meaning of those passages. A few such events were mentioned in my first article and have been entirely overlooked by E. M. H. in both of his replies.

And now to come again to what E. M. H. rightly insists is "the chief point." Unfortunately he does not mention at all the statement to which I objected and which I quoted, but rather quotes another sentence that was used much earlier in his former communication and was much more guarded. To recall the real issue I quote again his statement that "nowhere at the time the Constitution was framed was there a judiciary endowed with such a power."

I now submit again that the plain meaning of this statement, especially if it is to have any bearing on the historical problem involved, is that the custom of reversing unconstitutional laws was unknown at the time the Constitution was drawn up. On the contrary, that power had been exercised in several States, as E. M. H. admits in his last letter.

Because the exercise of such a power was well known at the time the Constitution was drawn up and in the light of many other historical facts, some of them mentioned in my first letter and many more stated by the authorities cited in my second letter, most people will continue to look askance at those who would contend that our whole judicial system has been building for over a century upon the basis of a flagrant usurpation.

Rayner W. Kelsey.

Haverford College, Pa., June 4.

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is well to remember that a Supreme Court with power to declare laws unconstitutional is not without precedent, as is pointed out by a writer in the *Nation* of May 14. It is even better to remember and to insist upon the fact that the framers and ratifiers of the Constitution intended that the Supreme Court should exercise this power.

Madison, in his notes on the Federal Convention, reports several discussions of the subject. Mercer ("Madison's Journal," Hunt ed., Vol. II, p. 73) "disapproved of the Doctrine that the Judges, as expositors of the Constitution, should have authority to declare a law void." On the same page is noted Dickinson's opposition to the idea. Elbridge Gerry (*ibid.*, Vol. I, p. 69) declared that judges would decide on the constitutionality of laws as they did in the States. James Wilson (*ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 18) stated that the courts, as expositors of the Constitution, could set aside laws. It is evident that the point was understood by the framers, and that they intended to confer the power which the Federal courts exercise.

When the instrument was referred to the States, Hamilton wrote on the subject in the *Federalist*, LXXVIII:

> The interpretation of the laws is the proper and peculiar function of the courts. A Constitution is, in fact, and must be regarded by the judges, as a fundamental law. It therefore belongs to them to ascertain its meaning as well as the meaning of any particular act proceeding from the legislative body. If there should happen to be an irreconcilable variance between the two, that which has the superior obligation and validity ought, of course, to be preferred; or, in other words, the Constitution ought to be preferred to the statute; the intention of the people to the intention of their agents.

In the Virginia convention John Marshall asserted ("Eliot's Debates," Vol. III, p. 533) that if Congress made a law "not warranted by any of the powers enumerated, it would be considered by the judges as an infringement of the Constitution which they are to guard. They would not consider such a law as coming under their jurisdiction. They would declare it void."

James Wilson had sat in the Federal Convention, and, as we have seen, had there expressed his views on the point at issue. Now he was in the Pennsylvania Convention, leading the fight for ratification. His statement on the question is explicit (McMaster and Stone, "Pennsylvania and the Federal Constitution," p. 354):

> If a law should be made inconsistent with those powers vested by this Instrument in Congress, the judges, as a consequence of their independence, and the particular powers of government being defined, will declare such law to be null and void. For the power of the Constitution predominates. Anything, therefore, that shall be enacted by Congress contrary thereto will not have the force of law.

The expressions noted were easily found in a search of less than an hour. I have no doubt that others equally convincing would reward continued investigation. These are enough to prove the point I am making. The fact itself cannot be urged too frequently or too strongly. The Federal courts did not arrogate power to themselves. "The Fathers," profiting by the experience of the colonies and of the States, purposely provided the courts with the function of annulling unconstitutional laws. The point was clearly understood—opposed and defended with vigor. So far from the power not being conferred, it was actually urged as an objectionable feature. In the State conventions, delegates with a fresh mandate from the people to ratify the instrument heard the question argued, and ratified with a full realization of what it meant. The annulling power of the courts rests upon the deliberate intention of the makers of our fundamental law.

ROBERT CARTER RANKIN.

Cambridge, Mass., May 16.

ULPHILAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Leo Wiener severely assails, in the *Nation* of May 7, what he asserts to be some present-day "philological fallacies." I am not able to judge the first one, which refers to Romance philology, but I cannot suppress my decided skepticism in regard to his second theory. Professor Wiener disagrees with the general belief that Ulphilas was the author of the Gothic Bible translation, and assigns that work to some West-Gothic translator in Southern France at the end of the eighth century. He promises all the critical apparatus in a series of volumes which he is preparing for the press, and alludes to a mass of Provençal words, and even a Spanish and an Arabic word, that he found in Gothic.

Germanic philologists will expect his publications with great interest, but, meanwhile, it must be stated that the second and third reasons that the author offers as a taste of what he has in store for us are utterly unsatisfactory. Even assuming the connection of Gothic *dulths* with Latin *indulgere, (in)dultum* to be correct, notwithstanding the difficulties that arise from the correspondence of Gothic *th* with Latin *t*, his contention would be doubtful, to say the least, according to his own statement, that the connecting idea of these words was formed after 367, and, therefore, the time allotted to Ulphilas to become acquainted with them (about fourteen years) was too short.

The next etymology, however, is utterly beyond the limits of reasonable possibility. The author explains Gothic *skulan* as a loan word from late Latin *culca*, "scout." The idea of such an explanation for a preterite-present, *i. e.*, for a verb of one of the oldest types of conjugation and one which is essentially the same in all Germanic languages, is grotesque. As to the third and last of Professor Wiener's reasons, *viz.*, that the corruption of Greek *σπουδαῖος* into Gothic *siponeis* required several centuries, and, therefore, the end of the eighth century was to be assumed as the date of the Gothic Bible, the reader must find it truly remarkable that this is asserted in the same article in which the wonderful preservation of the language of the Goths, after at least six centuries of migration and three centuries of life among Romanized people (if we were to accept Professor Wiener's statements), has been so entirely lost sight of.

E. PROKOSCH.

The University of Texas, May 18.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No better illustration is needed than Mr. Prokosch's letter to prove that my contention as to a philological fallacy in Gothic is correct. A theory which is based on belief only is fallacious. Mr. Prokosch adduces no proof that Auxentius was at fault in failing to say something about Ulphilas's translation of the Bible; he simply knows it to be a fact that Ulphilas wrote it, because it is a "general belief."

I adduced three groups of words in order to prove historiologically, not philologically, that Ulphilas could not have used them in his day. To the first, Mr. Prokosch objects, because *dultum* cannot give *dulths*, since Gothic *th* being equated to Latin *t* raises difficulties. This is interesting indeed. Mr. Prokosch denies the accepted correspondence of the two sounds (Gothic *wairthan*, Latin *verto*), and yet invokes his orthodox philology to prove my case "utterly unsatisfactory." But as *th* and *t* constantly interchange in Gothic, *dulths* may as well stand for *dults*, so after all, Mr. Prokosch might have had no trouble about the matter, if he had known his Gothic phonology more thoroughly. He objects to *dulths* on the ground that, according to my statement, fourteen years would have been ample time for the word to have got into the translation of Ulphilas. But I maintained nothing of the kind. I said that *indulgere*, in the particular sense, began to form in the time of Ulphilas, that *dulgere* was not recorded until 571; consequently, it is not fourteen, but minus one hundred and ninety, years, that Mr. Prokosch is operating with.

In the same breath, he objects to Gothic *skulan* from Latin *culca*, because only four hundred years had passed since the first recorded appearance of *culca* and *skulan*, if the Bible was written at the end of the eighth century. The trouble is that Mr. Prokosch knows, that is, he shares the "general belief," that the Germanic preterite-present was created in time immemorial. If the strong verb *schreiben* in German is represented as the same strong verb in the Northern languages, does this prove that Latin *scribere* entered into Germanic before the two separated? Why could not the Gothic *skulan* have been borrowed by the other Germanic languages, preterite-present and all? This is exactly what has happened, as I shall show when I get to it.

I cannot comprehend Mr. Prokosch's objection to *siponeis*, because the sentence as it stands makes no sense. Possibly he means that *siponeis* cannot be derived from *spodeus*. If so, I should like to direct his attention to the fact that in the *Skeireins* the reading is not *siponeis*, but *sponeis*, which Massmann emendated to *siponeis*. Nothing has contributed so much to the philological fallacy as these emendations and normalizations, for they disguise the possible truth. Now, *sponeis* and *spodeus* are no further apart than *plapja* and *platea*, yet sufficiently apart to have two centuries between them.

To whet Mr. Prokosch's appetite until my book appears, I will give here a partial list of Burgundian French words in the so-called Gothic Bible which Ulphilas could only have known if he rose from the dead four centuries after his physical demise. Such words are: *agis, aglaitci, agls, ah, ahma, aibr, asans, blotan, bloth, daupjan, dulgis, dulths, faihu, filhan, gafrithon, gretan, idreigan, lisan, marzjan, mathl, missa-, ogan, sneithan, skatts, spilda, spill, sunja.* I will, however, caution Mr. Prokosch that it will not do for him to hunt these words up in Old French dictionaries. I quote for the purpose from 250,000 documents, of the existence of which Germanic scholars know precious little.

LEO WIENER.

North Sandwich, N. H., June 1.

THE WORLD'S FAIR ART BUILDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the park which was once the World's Fair ground, in Chicago, is still standing the Art Museum, now used as the Field Columbian Museum for scientific exhibits. The building, while solid inside, has a covering of staff instead of marble, and as that is going to pieces, the building is to be torn down—a new scientific museum is now in process of building in the city. But this Art Museum is one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture that have ever been constructed. Is there not some means by which it can be preserved, or reproduced? Could it not, for instance, be rebuilt in San Francisco, for the coming Exposition, and of permanent material? The main façade is all that is essential—it is not necessary to reproduce the immense building as a whole—but the structures that bear the façade are, of course, enormous by themselves. To rebuild its exterior on its present site would be the least expensive plan, but on its present site it serves no very useful purpose—it is too far from the centre of the city. It is not likely that Chicago will do any-

thing about it; but if Chicago does not, a national organization might well be formed to reproduce this magnificent specimen of American genius. If it should be actually torn down, the architect's plans would no doubt be preserved somewhere, but no one would ever realize, from plans, how beautiful the structure is, even in its present state of decay. Saint-Gaudens declared it to be the most beautiful piece of architecture since the Parthenon. It is not too soon (nor is it too late) to begin a movement for its perpetuation. It would be a lasting misfortune if it should not be preserved.

CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN.

Chicago, May 18.

THE CHURCH PEACE UNION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I ask the hospitality of your columns to make known to the clergy of the United States that the Church Peace Union has authorized me to offer to the churches five thousand dollars ($5,000) in prizes for the best essays on international peace. The sum is apportioned as follows:

(1.) A prize of one thousand dollars ($1,000) for the best monograph of between 15,000 and 25,000 words on any phase of international peace by any pastor of any church in the United States.

(2.) Three prizes, one of five hundred dollars ($500), one of three hundred dollars ($300), and one of two hundred dollars ($200), for the three best essays on international peace by students of the theological seminaries in the United States.

(3.) One thousand dollars ($1,000) in ten prizes of one hundred dollars ($100) each to any church member between twenty (20) and thirty (30) years of age.

(4.) Twenty (20) prizes of fifty dollars ($50) each to Sunday school pupils between fifteen (15) and twenty (20) years of age.

(5.) Fifty (50) prizes of twenty dollars ($20) each to Sunday school pupils between ten (10) and fifteen (15) years of age.

In the accomplishing of the desired results among the church members and the Sunday school pupils, and in the awarding of the prizes, the Church Peace Union will have to depend largely upon the assistance which the pastors can render. It is earnestly hoped that the pastors will make the announcement of these prizes in all of the churches and Sunday schools of the United States. In the competition for the prizes, only one essay should be sent from each church and from each Sunday school, the essays of the local church and Sunday school being read by a local committee, and the one winning essay forwarded. All essays must be in by January 1, 1915.

Further particulars about these prizes, as well as literature to be used in the preparation of the essays, and lists of books can be obtained by addressing the secretary of the Church Peace Union, Rev. Frederick Lynch, D.D., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

FREDERICK LYNCH.

New York, June 5.

Literature

REALPOLITIK.

Imperial Germany. By Prince Bernhard von Bülow. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3 net.

It is not every German ex-Chancellor that gives to the world pungent memoirs. Perhaps some day we shall have from or about Prince Bülow, too, illuminating "Gedanken und Erinnerungen," with the true truth about the causes of his retirement; meanwhile, being still below the patriarchal age, and perhaps looking forward to a future, as well as back upon a past, he writes, dispassionately and in the main cautiously, a treatise on "Imperial Germany" that is neither history, nor prophecy, nor *apologia pro vita sua*, but yet is a little of all this. In form, it is a series of detached chapters or paragraphs on a large variety of political subjects, not unlike, both as to matter and manner, a Chancellor's manifesto before the Reichstag. The whole, in spite of the labored comprehensiveness imposed upon the author by the circumstances under which he wrote, possesses considerable interest and a certain historiographic value. What is offered now in an English translation was in the original but part of a large work, by various hands, on "Deutschland unter Kaiser Wilhelm II," where it appeared under the heading of "Deutsche Politik."

Prince Bülow writes as an admiring disciple of his great predecessor. Like Bismarck, he now and then takes his audience into his confidence. He speaks with perfect frankness of certain unpleasant facts. Thus we read about German "colonization" among the Poles of East Prussia: "Our policy and the work of colonization must be considered to have failed"; and he admits that "the introduction of our last Army Bill, which had its origin in the change of situation effected by the Balkan War, shows that Turkey's collapse was a blow to us." Personally, he adds, "I never had any illusions about the limits of Turkish ability to act with effect." We seem to hear Bismarck's voice in this reference to Japan: "It is not to our interest to have that eminently capable and brave nation for an enemy. On the other hand, we have no intention, of course, of allowing Japan to use us as a catspaw"; and there is perhaps more than a touch of Bismarckian frankness in such a statement as this (in the chapter on Party Platforms): "I never took the reproach of lack of political principle tragically; I have even, at times, felt it to savor of praise, for I saw in it appreciation of the fact that I was guided by reasons of state." Herr von Bülow does not conceal the fact that he is, first and foremost, a *Realpolitiker.*

Anglo-German relations, as is usual in works on modern Germany, occupy a prominent place in the volume before us. The subject is closely interwoven with the naval requirements of the Empire, and Prince Bülow is a most outspoken advocate of that policy to which William II "devoted all the power of the throne and all the strength of his own personality." The motives which actuate Germany in her relations with England have rarely been laid bare with such nonchalant unreserve:

> The fleet was to be built while we maintained our position on the Continent, without our coming into conflict with England, whom we could as yet not oppose at sea, but also while we preserved intact our national honor and dignity. Parliamentary opposition, which at that time was considerable, could only be overcome if steady pressure were brought to bear on Parliament by public opinion. In view of the anxious and discouraged state of feeling that obtained in Germany during the ten years following Prince Bismarck's retirement, it was only possible to rouse public opinion by harping on the string of nationalism and waking the people to consciousness. A great oppression which weighed on the spirit of the nation had been occasioned by the rupture between the wearer of the Imperial crown and the mighty man who had brought it up from the depths of Kyffhäuser. This oppression could be lifted if the German Emperor could set before his people, who at that time were not united either by common hopes or demands, a new goal towards which to strive, and could indicate to them "a place under the sun" to which they had a right, and which they must try to attain. On the other hand, patriotic feeling must not be roused to such an extent as to damage irreparably our relations with England, against whom our sea power would for years still be insufficient, and at whose mercy we lay in 1897, as a competent judge remarked at the time, like so much butter before the knife. To make it possible to build a sufficient fleet was the foremost and greatest task of German policy after Bismarck's retirement, a task with which I also was immediately confronted, when on June 28, 1897, at Kiel, on board the Hohenzollern, I was entrusted by his Majesty the Emperor with the conduct of foreign affairs, on the same day and the same spot on which twelve years later I handed in my resignation.

The reference to Parliamentary opposition is significant. A twelve years' struggle against party tactics has stiffened Bülow's natural conservatism into rigidity. Inheriting Bismarck's latter-day bitterness towards Radical Socialism and his lifelong distrust of Parliamentary freedom, he goes beyond him in his belief that both can be bent in obedience to the Imperial will, which, according to the gospel of the faithful, is tantamount to the national good. "From first to last during my term of

office," he writes, "I recognized that the Social Democratic movement constituted a great and serious danger. It is the duty of every German Ministry to combat this movement until it is defeated or materially changed." He admits that suppression by force "is no longer feasible," and is sufficiently enlightened to recognize in the freedom of the press, and the right to form associations and hold meetings, "safety-valves which are useful and have become indispensable"; but he nevertheless regards the Social Democratic party, as reinforced by the ranks of Liberalism, not as a political opponent to be vanquished by argument and votes, but as a public enemy to be crushed by all the means at the disposal of the Crown.

Prince Bülow cherishes no illusion as to the relations between Germany and France. "The irreconcilability of France is a factor that we must reckon with in our political calculation." He concedes, however, that "it is a proof of a lively sense of honor if a nation suffers so keenly from a single injury to its pride that the desire for retribution becomes the ruling passion of the people." An interesting paragraph emphasizes the distinction between France and England in their attitude towards Germany:

England is certainly seriously disquieted by our rising power at sea, and our competition which incommodes her at many points. Without doubt there are still Englishmen who think that, on the principle expressed by Montaigne, "que le dommage de l'un est le profit de l'autre," if the troublesome German would disappear from the face of the earth, England would only gain by it. But between such sentiments in England and the fundamental feeling in France there is a marked difference, which finds corresponding expression in politics. France would attack us if she thought she were strong enough; England would only do so if she thought she could not defend her vital economic and political interests against Germany except by force. The mainspring of English policy towards us is national egoism; that of French policy is national idealism. He who follows his interest will, however, mostly remain calmer than he who pursues an idea.

The rhetoric of Prince Bülow in all this bears a curious resemblance to that of Bismarck, who used to indulge in "large views" and dismal interpretations of world politics whenever the National Liberals in the Reichstag became particularly troublesome and the free-traders exposed his economic vagaries. The resemblance is heightened by Bülow's own economic crudities, to which the chapters on Industry and Agriculture, The Protection of Agriculture, and Agriculture in Time of War bear ample witness. There is the familiar harping on the agrarian tariff string, the old sneer at professorial wisdom, in the assertion that "more can be learned from personal intercourse and from life than from books, however profound," the same plea for strong armaments as the ultimate cause of agricultural and industrial prosperity.

Bülow's *Realpolitik* is broad enough to include Germans everywhere, and frank enough to brush aside whatever claims other nationalities might urge in countries where the Germans are only one of the elements in the nation. How is it, he asks, "that in the struggle between different nationalities the German has so often succumbed to the Czech and the Slovene, the Magyar and the Pole, the French and the Italian, and that he is still at a disadvantage to-day?" The answer is:

We are not a political people. Not that we ever lacked penetration and understanding for the sequence of political things, or for the essence and association of the religious, moral, social, legal, and industrial forces which condition politics. We have always possessed this political knowledge to the same extent as our contemporaries, and even to a greater. We did not either fail to realize our own peculiar political shortcomings. But what we did lack, and what we still often lack, is the art of proceeding from insight to practical application, and the greater art of doing the right thing, politically, by a sure creative instinct, instead of only after much thought and considerable cogitation.

If this is rather vague as to details, the meaning is obvious enough. The German everywhere must learn to assert himself, though not, as Bülow readily admits, at the expense of loyalty to the adopted country. In the United States, in particular, attachment to the fatherland is perfectly consistent with American patriotism, and Bülow believes that, since the formation of the "Deutsch-Amerikanischer Nationalbund" —whose importance he greatly exaggerates—the Germans in the United States "are animated more and more by the desire to maintain and encourage a close connection" between the old home and the new. It is fair to add that Bülow's references to this country are thoroughly sympathetic and appreciative. Indeed, with all the frequent rattling of the sabre, the ex-Chancellor is far from identifying himself with German chauvinists à la Bernhardi, and he more than once holds England up to the admiration of his countrymen.

Nevertheless, the keynote of the entire volume is the expressed conviction of Germany's supremacy in most of the important manifestations of the human intellect. "We have achieved great things in all the sciences and arts; the greatest philosophers, the greatest poets and musicians are Germans." Perhaps it is timely not to allow the oft-repeated phrase that Germany has produced the greatest poetry of all time to go unchallenged. Hermann Grimm has lent this assertion the authority of his name, in his characterization of Goethe's "Faust" as "the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and all nations"; yet we have the greater authority of Goethe himself to the contrary. "Tieck," he said to Eckermann, "is a man of great talent, and no one can be more sensible of his great merits than myself, but it is a mistake to raise him beyond his own height and place him on the same level with me. I can say so plainly, for it matters nothing to me, inasmuch as I have not made myself. I should act similarly if I compared myself with Shakespeare, who also did not make himself, but who is nevertheless a being of a higher order, to whom I look up with reverence."

Germany and her literature are great enough to dispense with vainglory, and her patriots may profitably ponder the saying of a Frenchman, the wise Sainte-Beuve: "I should wish the lecturer dwelling on the beauties and the grandeur of our literature and national history to guard against repeating what is so constantly said, in colleges and even in academies on solemn occasions: that the French are the greatest and most sensible of all nations, and our literature the greatest of all literatures. I should wish him to content himself with saying that it is one of the finest, and that the world did not begin and does not end with us."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Titan. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Co.

Mr. Dreiser continues his notable study of the predatory genius of the market introduced in "The Financier." The present scene of operations is Chicago of the eighties and nineties, where gas and street railways spelled golden opportunities. Cowperwood, who in true outlaw fashion establishes and maintains himself in the field by sheer craft and audacity, remains from first to last an interloper, waging his campaign singlehanded against the coalition of local capitalists. The spectacle has so fascinated Mr. Dreiser that he has turned Roman historian, sketching in every figure of any importance in this fight for plunder, following all the moves and countermoves with smiling pagan veracity. Witness the protestations of the two ward leaders who had sold out to the enemy everything but their own seats in the City Council:

"Look at meself! I only won by 300 votes," archly declared Mr. Kerrigan. "By God, I almost lost me own ward!"

Mr. Tiernan was equally emphatic. "The police was no good to me," he declared firmly. "They let the other fellows beat up me men. I only polled 6,000 . . ."

and the ferocious ultimatum of Cowper-

wood in parley with his enemies who have thought to take him unprepared on the eve of a financial crisis:

"If you open the day by calling my loans, I'll gut every bank from here to the river."

A whole epoch of American history could be reconstructed from these two incidents alone; its end, too, foretold from the night when a formidable army with banners camped round about the City Hall while boodling aldermen inside, heckled by a galleryful of resolute constituents, reluctantly voted down the fifty-year renewal of Cowperwood's franchises. For it is not the superior strength of his antagonists or any weakening of his own powers that finally determines this battle of giants, but a change of popular temper so profound as to mark the dawning of a new social era. So much for the application of evolutionary principles by our social historian.

In this volume, however, the emphasis is no longer meant to be upon Cowperwood's business operations, but upon his self-realization—rapacity is a plainer word—in quite another line. "'I satisfy myself,' was his private law," and the consistent individualist must be expected to satisfy himself with many women. These appear in due succession, this one requiring several chapters, that one accounted for in as many paragraphs, a half dozen others listed and disposed of in a line apiece—maids and matrons of outward respectability, all too willing to be properly classed as victims. Mr. Dreiser, who seldom understands when the way to completeness is through elimination, has felt obliged to include them all in order to illustrate authentically the promiscuity of the man who "had little faith in women aside from their value as objects of art," and at the same time can afford to cultivate a very fine taste. It is a pity, since many readers are sure to judge the book entirely by their own disposition towards episodes of this character, whereas what Mr. Dreiser offers to our contemplation is in no sense a rake's progress, but the detailed process of the ripening of appetite into taste.

After all, the whole story lies between two women—the wife who had been the exuberant mistress of his youth and the fastidious girl whose exquisiteness enchants the experienced connoisseur. Aileen, who in her day has satisfied completely his capacity for sensual passion, is outgrown as she ages. To her the desertion is fatal. Her splendid animal vigor, her emotional vehemence and lavishness—all that had made her acceptable and loyal—now conspire to her undoing and contribute to her degradation.

Berenice understands him: "His wife had not kept pace with him, or, rather, had not eluded him in his onward flight—had not run swiftly before, like a winged victory. Berenice reflected that if she were dealing with such a man, lines of care and disappointment should never mar her face." Hers is a nature fit to cope with his, a faculty of calculation to match his own. Caught in the net of her own sordid necessities, she can maintain her prestige, and make her compromise with fate a little disdainfully, with her eyes wide open. She comes to him in the hour of his defeat, instinctively choosing the occasion that will enhance her value, when her yielding will be condescension, not capture. So in this direction, too, we finally come to the limits of individualism, and here we leave him, taken at last in the toils of "a personality which he cannot gainsay."

Mr. Dreiser is no longer, as in "The Financier," an altogether scientific analyst rejoicing in the striking exemplification of a natural law in an unusually fine specimen. He has become more the interpretive philosopher. And his conception of a nature emancipated from fear of consequences by its own exceptional capacities, and maintaining itself at the expense of others, in defiance of the social order, a triumphant though lonely outlaw, would have excited a lesser moralist to indignation and an anxious haste to see justice done.

What a Man Wants. By Charles Marriott. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Will some one please tell us why it is necessary to change the titles of English novels for American consumption? Mr. Marriott seems to have called this story "Subsoil." "What a Man Wants" is undoubtedly more catchy, but it happens to mean very little in connection with the narrative, which has to do rather with what a man ought to want—namely, to get beneath the surface of life and art, to the bottom of things. The last sentence in the story is only one of a hundred insisting upon this duty: "There's always new subsoil being turned up, and we can at least help to keep it sweet and wholesome."

Mr. Marriott again has something to say. When we find ourself confronted by a painter-hero, we sigh perhaps. The famous temperament again? The handsome and frowsy and irresponsible waster of paint and women? The fear is groundless; that person does appear in the story, but is merely, in a mild way, the villain, with barely a speaking part. Our painter is of sturdier sort, with a natural liking for decency, and a consequent contempt for long hair, velveteen, and the code apart. His love of order and gentle living have ranged him at the outset with "the best people," and we find him in the parlous state of fashionable portrait-painter, engaged to marry a girl of society. Follow his awakening to the hollowness and conventionality of his work, his new birth of will and purpose, his loss of prosperity, and finally, of his betrothed. Meanwhile, another woman has crept into his life, a woman in full sympathy with his new work, and, as it seems, born to be his mate. The irony of the thing is—and it comes as a shock to the reader—that the frowsy nincompoop with the temperament has lounged his way into the hearts of both the women Hugh Sutherland might have married. It is only an irony, not a tragedy; for Sutherland, as hapless Loveday sees, needs all himself for his work: "There are some men that no woman ought to have," and this man's escape from her half reconciles her to her own profitless folly. A real woman—more real, perhaps, than Sutherland is as a man.

"Unto Cæsar." By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This is an unsuccessful example of the historico-romantic novel. The scene is Rome in the reign of Caligula. The author is lavish with local color, yet so ill-informed that she supposes "a few legions" would amount to less than a thousand men, and that a Roman warship could be carried across Gaul by "sixteen stalwart barbarians." The hero and heroine are, of course, impossible beings. Taurus Antenor, prefect of Rome, is in love with the Emperor's beautiful cousin, Dea Flavia. He is led by Christianity to such a pitch of Quixotism that on various occasions he exposes himself to almost certain death to save his worst enemies, and finally refuses the empire and the love of his mistress out of respect for the command, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The style is floridly rhetorical, rejoicing in such words as "bousculading" and "plit."

Life Is a Dream. By Richard Curle. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

To read four or five of the nine short stories in this volume is to be impressed with the writer's obvious disqualifications for the form as Americans know it; and, at the same time, with the truth and naturalness of his little slices of life. Constructively, his tales want imagination, plot, surprise; there is scarce a situation in the lot of real dramatic quality. All, however, have merit of style and unity of theme, and shadow forth a character of convincing vividness. One is the story of Old Hoskyns, who cherishes for years a dream of far travels, and when finally he musters his courage to ask for a furlough from the office, is pathetically convinced that he is a doddering old fool with an empty whim in his head; another of little George, who, condemned to appear at a garden party in a blue velvet suit, tears it up and runs away, to be carried sleep-

ily home at dead of night by scared and penitent parents; another of Reeves, who resided for fifteen years on a tropical island, took the steamer for England in high jubilation at the thought of a Christmas at home, and was so overcome by loneliness and sense of exile on seeing the familiar lights of Southampton that he resolved to take the next packet back; another of a book-collector who falls in love with a young woman interested in the sale of books at auction, invites her to appraise his library in order to continue his courtship, and presses it successfully over his first editions. In all these there might be much emotional stress, if there were profound analysis; but the narrative is sober and of objective, unvarnished quality. .

THE BISHOP OF HIPPO.

Saint Augustin. By Louis Bertrand. Translated by Vincent O'Sullivan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

M. Bertrand's life of St. Augustine attracted so much attention when it appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in the course of the year 1913, that a translation of it into English was as much expected as it was desired. Mr. O'Sullivan's version is close and accurate, fitting the original like a glove. It is readable, too, and for the most part fairly idiomatic; but somehow the flavor of the French seems rather to have evaporated in the transition, as is so often the case. Occasionally he errs from over-familiarity, as when he reproduces M. Bertrand's description of the epoch, "féconde en aventuriers de grande envergure," as "prolific of daring and high-flying adventurers"; less seldom he is caught by the snare of etymological sound, as when he turns "âmes délicates" into "delicate souls."

But the absorbing interest and some of the charm of the original narrative remain intact. The life of the great champion of Christianity against a reluctantly dying civilization, the creator of autobiography and of the poignant romantic style which literature has never since forgotten, the ardent soul who made his emotions the deepest spiritual nurture of many generations of men—such a life could not be dull under any hand, and, in fact, we already possessed a good popular biography from Mr. Joseph McCabe, written without the anti-Catholic bias which might have been expected from that bitter pen. But Mr. McCabe's work has nothing like the art and the human insight which distinguish M. Bertrand's almost passionate pages. From the first paragraph, bringing before us Thagaste, the birthplace of Augustine, with its "little streets, quite white, which climb up to clay-formed hills deeply furrowed by the heavy winter rains," we are in the guidance of an author who knows every foot of the African and Italian soil once trodden by the Saint, and who has made the people of antiquity live again in his imagination. And to the very last paragraph we feel that our modern interpreter writes in the spirit of Augustine's first biographer, with whose words the book closes: "Pray for me and with me, that I may try here below to follow in the steps of this peerless man, whom, by God's goodness, I have had the happiness of living with for such a long time." It would not be honest to say that M. Bertrand never stretches his documentary rights. Conjecture sometimes takes the place of knowledge, without giving the reader fair intimation of the line where one ends and the other begins; as, for instance, in the attempt to revivify Augustine's father, Patricius, who might well enough have been left in the obscurity really surrounding him. These are the faults of enthusiasm, and will trouble only the very critical reader. The one serious objection to them is that they throw a little too much of the modern atmosphere of sentimentality about the manners of the age.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that which gives an account of Augustine's life at Cassicium, not far from Milan, whither he went after his conversion to rest in the country house of a friend. Some of the talks of the master with his mother and pupils were taken down at the time in shorthand, and these, with the "Soliloquies," enable the biographer to reproduce the friendly ways of the little group with charming precision. There are not many things in history more beautiful than this interlude in Augustine's days between the anxious inner conflict of his conversion and the hard fighting that came upon him as bulwark of the church. "Let us remark in passing," says M. Bertrand, with some justifiable exaggeration, it may be, "that this is the last time, before those centuries which are coming of universal intellectual silence or arid scholasticism—the last time that high questions will be discussed in this graceful light way, and with the same freedom of mind. The tradition begun by Socrates under the plane-trees on the banks of the Ilissus is ending with Augustine under the chestnuts of Cassicium."

M. Bertrand has succeeded notably in what was evidently his main design, the endeavor to reconstruct a sympathetic image of a man, of like mind with ourselves, living in an age which, in its conflict of religious ideals, shows certain striking resemblances to our own. Of Augustine's philosophical opinions and dogmatic contentions he has little to say, and that little not always well-grounded. The reader who is looking primarily for such discussions may be warned away; and, indeed, M. Bertrand, without lessening the human character of his work, might well have been somewhat more precise and incisive in regard to the Bishop's battles against Pelagianism and Donatism and the other fierce heresies of the day, which, after all, under their cortex of hard words, touch very deep issues of mortal conduct. Even more misleading, perhaps, is the over-emphasis placed on the Platonic side of Augustine and the slurring over the Manichæan influence which was perpetuated through his theology. "He was this [a Platonist] by nature," observes M. Bertrand. "His Christianity will be a religion all of light and beauty." Such a statement, in the opinion of this reviewer, by its one-sidedness profoundly misrepresents the real office of Augustine in the evolution of human thought and emotion. There was shadow that went along with the light. The great opportunity of M. Bertrand was to show how the dualism of Plato, in passing through the hands of the Bishop of Hippo, took on a deep tinge of the dualism of Mani. Here subtle distinctions are needed, and these the author of this otherwise excellent book has failed to make.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

Memories of My Youth, 1844-1865. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

Mr. Putnam's skilful pen has returned to the days of his youth, a part of which it had already covered. In this attractive volume he tells of his boyhood, of the migration to this country of the Putnam family, which has meant so much to the American publishing world, and of his early schooling. Residents of old New York will find a great deal here to refresh their memories of the city of the middle of the nineteenth century, with which so few New Yorkers of to-day have any connection or acquaintance. Mr. Putnam's education was affected by his lack of normal eyesight, which led to the abandonment of his plan to enter Columbia and to his studying abroad when American students in Europe were by no means so numerous or so welcome as to-day. His experiences in France and in Germany, at the outbreak of the Civil War, are set forth at length and with much charm, interspersed with a running history of the progress of the war and of our relations with the great nations of Europe during this period. By 1862 Mr. Putnam could stand it abroad no longer, and he returned to enlist in the 176th New York Volunteers.

A part of his military service Mr. Putnam has written down in his earlier book, "A Prisoner of War in Virginia," but the present volume gives in greater detail the story of a regiment which

met disaster early in the history of its service in the Southwest, then fought as a battalion in Louisiana and Arkansas, and later lost many of its men, captured at the Battle of Cedar Creek, among whom was its boy adjutant, Major Putnam. All of his experiences he now relates in an absorbing narrative of lasting value. It ought to be the duty of all survivors of this great struggle who can write well to recount, ere it is too late, their experience in this epoch-making struggle. The great history of our Civil War is still to be written. So, too, is a real interpretation on a large canvas of the true spirit which actuated the volunteers of 1861 on both sides. When a masterly, moving picture of the underlying currents of that time comes to be written, such narratives as Major Putnam's will constitute most trustworthy groundwork. Of particular interest is his tribute to the work of the adjutants of regiments, brigade divisions, and corps who so often did the work of others having the rank and authority. A later volume dealing with his experiences as a publisher is promised by the author.

SPECIAL PLEADING.

The Americans in the Philippines: A History of the Conquest and First Years of the Occupation, with an Introductory Account of the Spanish Rule. By James A. LeRoy. With an Introduction by William Howard Taft. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $10 net.

Mr. LeRoy when a young man went to the Philippines as secretary to one of the members of the Taft Philippine Commission during its first visit in the Islands. He remained there two years and, having fallen a victim to tuberculosis, received a place in the consular service, but died in 1909. During the six years or so of his incumbency of the office of Consul, he wrote many controversial articles in defence of the policy of Mr. Taft and of the existing scheme of American government in the Philippines. Like former Commissioner Dean C. Worcester, he early determined to publish a "monumental" work on the subject. At his death he left, in addition to his published articles, a mass of incomplete manuscripts. This material, or a considerable portion of it, is now published with an introductory tribute by Mr. Taft and a biography by Harry Coleman, an early friend and associate. Mr. Taft, who ought to know, says that Mr. LeRoy was "not free from some prejudices," and Mr. Coleman says that in his writings on Philippine questions he allowed "no argument in favor of Philippine independence to go unchallenged." These statements are obviously very moderate, and place Mr. LeRoy's two heavy volumes in their correct position. They are to be put in the same category as the volumes of former Commissioner Dean C. Worcester. Both are animated by a single spirit—the disposition to discredit the native inhabitants and to demonstrate the inability of the Filipinos to govern themselves.

Although the first three chapters—147 pages—are devoted to the Spanish occupation, only one of these (about 40 pages) gives an account of events prior to 1890, the remaining two being occupied with developments shortly preceding the coming of the Americans. They are patently intended to make out the worst possible case against the Spanish method of ruling the archipelago. Having drawn a conventionally dark picture of a state of misrule so extreme as to arouse the natives to almost united opposition, the author turns to the conditions under which Dewey appeared in Manila Bay. Here there is a rather careful examination of documentary evidence with respect to the actual position of the American leaders and their relationship to Aguinaldo and his followers.

It is interesting to compare the conclusions arrived at with those reached by Mr. Worcester. Doubtless the opinion will be formed that Mr. LeRoy either had not access to some of the "material" quoted by Worcester, or else that he regarded it as of no importance or as being untrustworthy. Mr. LeRoy at all events admits the coöperation of the natives with the United States forces for the purpose of obtaining independence, and concedes that this purpose was thoroughly well understood by all, although he is careful to state that the "alliance" said to have existed between the two is a "fiction" (Vol. I, page 191). A recital of the familiar incidents in the taking of Manila is then followed by a description of the government organized at Malolos under Aguinaldo. This description is filled with bitter criticism of the methods and machinery employed by the natives and with contemptuous characterization of their chief representatives. An excursion taken by the author into non-Philippine fields is found in a chapter on the Treaty of Paris, which is somewhat disappointing, as it adds nothing to material already available in fairly good form, and merely restates the conventional view of those who regard the treaty as the outcome of necessity, divine compulsion, manifest destiny, or some unknown influence of the sort.

Mr. LeRoy turns to a recital of the minor engagements, skirmishes, guerrilla warfare, and general destruction of property which constituted the staple of events during the two years after 1898. The chief interest of this somewhat tedious recapitulation is the author's attitude towards certain controversial points in our military method in the Philippines. Because Mr. Taft has said that "nowhere can a clearer and more judicial statement be found than in these chapters," the position of the writer has something of an official character. Mr. LeRoy admits the use of torture and of cruel and barbarous methods, although he defends such practices on the ground that they were "inevitable by way of retaliation for Filipino barbarities." He concedes the use of deceit both at Washington and in Manila in regard to the events of the war, as well as the resort to double-dealing in connection with a news censorship established by the military commanders; and the burning of villages and devastation of fields. Later on, Mr. LeRoy adopts a more critical attitude towards the military. When the Taft Philippine Commission arrives, he, like Mr. Worcester, is quite ready to attack the existing régime and to charge the generals in command, by direct implication at least, with arrogance, autocratic tendencies, and indisposition to restore civil rule. The author has little to say of the actual effects of the war, except as they are inferable from his account of the methods of warfare employed. If his story of these methods is correct, the Philippines must have been a devastated and disorganized territory when "pacification" had been accomplished. It is only fair to the author to say that he seems to struggle desperately in his own mind between regret that such practices could have been tolerated by Americans and satisfaction that Aguinaldo and his followers and rivals were so thoroughly broken. How any human being can grant what Mr. LeRoy has to, and does, grant, yet adhere to the view that American occupation of the Philippines has been a wonderful benefit to that distressed land, must remain a mystery in human psychology.

The effort to give a "scientific" cast to these volumes is fruitless because of the manifest bias of the treatment, even where the language is moderate, and because of the evident intent to supply "material" for use against those who have urged a more humane and liberal policy. When the reader lays down either this work or that of Mr. Worcester he can hardly help being overcome by the feeling that the real state of the case has exceeded his worst fears, and that if these be the true accounts of those who were responsible for or connected with the management of Philippine affairs during the crucial period, the situation must have been bad indeed. Mr. Taft's introductory words are simple, frank, and to the point, but he has certainly taken a bold step in setting the seal of his approval upon this story of the "Americans in the Philippines."

Notes

"A History of Connecticut: Its People and Institutions," by George L. Clark, is announced for publication by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of: "The Economic Organization of England," by W. J. Ashley; "Lourdes," by Johannes Jörgensen, translated by Ingeborg Lund; "German Municipal Life and Government," by William Harbutt Dawson.

The Century Company will publish shortly "Forces Mining and Undermining China," by Capt. Rowland R. Gibson.

"The Great Secret," by Graham Wallas, will be published on June 17 by the Macmillan Company.

Frederick A. Stokes Company announces that the publication of "My Autoblography," by S. S. McClure, has been postponed till early in the autumn.

Among the books announced for immediate publication by the Harvard University Press are the succeeding volumes of Wambaugh's "Constitutional Law"; "The Secondary Teacher in Germany," by William Setchel Learned; "Preservatives for Food: Their Use and Abuse," by Otto Folin; "Scientific Management," by Clarence Bertrand Thompson.

A PROPOSAL has been made to put up a memorial brass to Sir Henry Vane the Younger in the church of Belleau, Lincolnshire, England. In the circular that we have received concerning the proposal it is noted as "somewhat remarkable that while a noble statue has been erected to Vane in Boston, there is no memorial to him in England except a tablet on the wall of his house in Hampstead." The wording of the proposed inscription will be: "To the memory of Sir Henry Vane the Younger, Lord of the Manor of Belleau, Defender of Civil and Religious Liberty, 'Than whom a better Senator ne'er held The helm of Rome', Governor of Massachusetts, 'A man of noble and generous mind': Born 1613—Beheaded 1662." Contributions towards the expense of the memorial, which it is expected will not exceed $96, may be sent to the Rev. James Foster, Tathwell Vicarage, near Louth, Lincolnshire, England, or to the Rev. John Willcock, Lerwick, Shetland, Scotland.

A REPRINT of "French Novelists of To-day," by Winifred Stevens (Lane; $1.50 net), first published six years ago, contains no fresh material except a new preface and the necessary additions to the bibliographies which precede each of the studies. Of the eight novelists treated, two, Edouard Rod and "Pierre" de Coulevain, have died since the appearance of the first edition. Since then, also, many of the novels of Madame de Coulevain, Anatole France, and Pierre Loti have been given to English readers. "Though the contemporary French novel is experiencing many changes," says the new preface, "its three kings of six years ago—Anatole France, Maurice Barrès, Pierre Loti—remain enthroned to-day." Each of them has added something distinctive to his work. M. France has entered the field of history. His "Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" has been accepted as "a monument of historical knowledge"; and in his novel "Les Dieux ont Soif" he has told a story of the Revolution from an unusual point of view. M. Loti, at the end of his outlandish journeying, has discovered England. M. Barrès has been steadily advancing from the championship of agnosticism towards a championship of Rome. These facts are noted in the preface, but the essays proper, being left as they were, are already a trifle antiquated. In themselves they are painstaking and serious rather than illuminating. Their republication is no doubt connected with the fact that the author has in hand a second series of studies under the same title.

A PENCHANT for the great ones of the earth and a tremendous earnestness in the pursuit of his hobby appear to have combined to induce Mr. Thornton Hall to write "Romances of the Peerage" (Brentano's; $3.75 net). The subject might have been made of considerable interest, for there is no lack of romantic episodes in the history of many whose names are enshrined in the pages of Debrett. Mr. Hall's narrative, however, is a prosaic document. The romances that he selects are for the most part fairly well known and many of them have been much better told before. Some of the episodes, one would have imagined, must have tempted even the most decorous writer to a touch of raciness, but the present author is before all things solemn, and at the end of any particularly inglorious record can safely be relied upon to point the obvious moral, if not to adorn the tale.

THE "Penn's Country" of E. S. Roscoe, as issued by Longmans in a revised and enlarged edition (90 cents net), is still a small book, nor is it yet a very important book; but it contains a pleasant account of the literary associations of South Buckinghamshire, from the northern edge of the Chiltern Hills to the River Colne. There is no particular reason why it should be called the country of Penn any more than of Disraeli or Burke or Milton or Gray or some other of the worthies who were born here or made this part of the country their home; but that, again, is a matter of no importance. The chapters can be recommended to any one who enjoys natural description and literary and political anecdotes tastefully combined.

IT would be hard to understand the purpose of Mr. Carl Crow's "America and the Philippines" (Doubleday; $2 net), with its curious hodge-podge of fulsome praise for American policies in the Islands, its defence of wrongs and cruelties practiced by our representatives, and its apparently unintentional admission of the existence of conditions whose very being suggests the failure of our colonial experiment in any large sense of the term, were it not for the closing chapter of the book, which is entitled Philippine Independence. Here is developed a bitter attack on the proposal to give the native home rule or independence, on the ground that many "tribes" exist, that there is "no Filipino nation," that the native inhabitants have no ability and have never produced statesmen (while excluded from a place in the government), artists or scientific men in large numbers (while excluded from opportunities for training), capitalists (while robbed by taxation and discriminating tariffs), or churchmen (while excluded from the religious orders). For these conclusive and satisfying reasons, "it would be tragic for the Filipino people, and humiliating for America, to stop before success is certain"—notwithstanding that two hundred or more pages of brilliant success have just been detailed by the writer. Mr. Crow seems to have written his work while complacently listening to the placeholders and exploiters in the Philippines during a brief trip to Manila. It is unfortunate that he did not do the job more artistically and with greater attention to detail. There are already too many books of this sort on the market, and too few that give American readers the slightest real notion of existing conditions in the Philippines, or of the actual work accomplished or neglected there. Incidentally, Mr. Crow ought to have learned to spell Philippine names after some one of the several more or less recognized methods now in use.

PAGET TOYNBEE'S "Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante" (reviewed in the *Nation* for January 12, 1899), which has been out of print for some years, is now republished under the title "Concise Dante Dictionary" (Oxford University Press; 7s. 6d. net). The reduction in length indicated in the new name has been effected chiefly by the omission of controversial matter. The old articles have been revised and brought up to date, and a number of new ones have been added. The thoroughness and trustworthiness of the earlier form of the work are well known; the new and more convenient form will be very welcome to students of Dante.

THE various diplomatic steps by which Russia, during the last three years, has moved towards the establishment of its paramount influence in Mongolia, as Chinese influence has receded, are recorded with great detail in Perry-Ayscough and Otter-Barry's "With the Russians in Mongolia" (Lane, $4.50). That, however, is material which is probably available in a goodly number of publications. Particular interest attaches to the diaries of a trip across Inner and Outer Mongolia by the two authors, set down with no attempt whatever at literature or sensation. Capt. Otter-Barry made the trip on horseback from Kalgan to Urga. Mr. Perry-Ayscough set out from Urga, and by wagon and boat travelled westward into Turkestan. Between the two, they have gathered a large mass of precise information for the geographer and the international trader.

ONE of the many literary reviews of Young France, and specifically "a review of grace, letters, and art," is *La Flora*. It publishes verses of a new poet, Josel Le Marchant. They are unusually original in their "modernism," which is as ancient in recorded verse as Pindar

and the Greek chorus. They would particularly shock that ex-magistrate, Raoul de La Grasserie, who wrote a treatise to prove that the Verb is "the generator of the parts of speech." The following translations are literal and keep to line divisions and punctuation; and they aim at reproducing the jingle, but without much hope of catching up the lightsome phrase:

I.

—Two blond sisters—one
and the other blond of face.
—Springtime—the moon,
the World's grace.
—From two yellow roses
to two girls blond of face—
The moon—Autumn,
the World's grace.
—The grace a-trembling
of two roses blond of face,
and smiling—together—
—the World's grace.

II.

—The moon up above—
—Girls are coming home,
telling their trouble—
—The moon up above:
—Their trouble or their joy—
—You know not well which—
—Know you ever anything?
'Tis what they believe it.
—The moon up above—
—The brier and the rose—
—'Tis one and the same:
—The moon up above
looks down the road:
—But you do not hear
their voice and their steps,
—and at evening you doubt.
—The moon up above—
—All things are vain—
Girls are coming home—
—The moon up above.

André Beaunier, though an old-fashioned critic and a scholar and philosopher, observes: "You ought not to say—I don't understand! For a moment's pleasure, profit by the pretty, well-ordered words which do not mean one thing more than another, and only invite you to dream at your own will. Perhaps a discreet invitation to dream is not all of poetry—and yet there is poetry here."

THE philosophy of "The Ego and its Place in the World" (Macmillan; $3.75 net), by Prof. Charles G. Shaw, of New York University, is a romantic idealism after the fashion of Rudolf Eucken, but differs from the philosophy of Eucken in being more of a romantic individualism. The adventures of Mr. Shaw's ego recall those of Fichte's. Neither compels us to realize vividly that "the ego" means you and me. Mr. Shaw's philosophical drama begins in the world of appearance, from which the ego's first task is to escape, and in which it is then to find a place for itself. The second act is laid in the world of activity, where the ego asserts itself as immanent causality over against the apparently transient causality of the world. Here we see the meaning of Euckenian and Shavian "activism." But the independence of the ego is not made secure until, in the third act, in the world of reality, it reaches the full dimensions of selfhood, and, in gentlemanly Hegelian fashion, becomes reconciled to the world in discovering that the world is also a self. Mr. Shaw's philosophy is not destitute of ideas, but, as becomes a romantic philosophy, the ideas are vague, and both the style and the reasoning are loose and superficial, while the attempt to be striking and original often leads him astray. It is purely gratuitous, for example, to derive from Spinoza's statement, that the order and connection of things are *the same as* the order and connection of ideas, an admission that the ideas are the patterns for the things. Three times, at least, Mr. Shaw uses *valeur* in the sense of "valuer," misled, evidently, by the analogy of *amateur*, and after this we know that he is innocent in construing *in vino veritas* to mean that "in the wine of genuine enjoyment the essence of truth can be perceived."

"ON the Left of a Throne" (Lane; $3 net) is a study by Mrs. Evan Nepean of the personality—the good looks, religion, and amours—of that unfortunate son of Charles II and Lucy Walters who is known to history as the Duke of Monmouth. He fought at Sedgemoor, and was executed for it. Mrs. Nepean's style is not quite like that of the ordinary historian. "The spirit of fair play has been roused by Monmouth's story! Let him, in colloquial phrase, at least, 'have a run for his money'" (p. 6). Enraptured by her hero's "comely young figure," "just under six feet, the perfect male height," by the "swift flash of his brilliant smile," by his warm coloring, his hazel eyes, and his other charms, and stirred romantically by the tragedy of his birth and death, Mrs. Nepean fills many feminine pages with gushing sentiment and exclamatory sentences. The value of her book lies chiefly in the excellent reproduction of twenty-eight portraits, five of which have never before been published; these she has searched out with pains and interpreted with sympathy. There are also some other illustrations.

WALTER THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, who died suddenly in London on June 7, was born at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, on October 12, 1832. His family name was Watts, but in 1897 he added to it his mother's name of Dunton. He was educated at Cambridge as a naturalist, but he soon abandoned natural history for law, and practiced as a solicitor in London for a number of years before devoting himself to literature. In 1874 he became a critic on the *Examiner*, and from 1875 until 1898 he was the leading critic on the *Athenæum*. He contributed to the Encyclopædia Britannica the treatise on poetry and the first principles of poetic art, as well as articles on the sonnet and rondeau and the monograph on Rossetti. He also wrote monographs in the same encyclopædia on Vanbrugh, Wycherley, Matthew Arnold, and George Borrow, and was a contributor of literary essays to various magazines and reviews. "The Coming of Love," a collection of poems, appeared in 1897, and his poetic romance, "Aylwin," was published in the following year. Mr. Watts-Dunton had also edited various works, including Borrow's "Lavengro," "Romany Rye," and "Wild Wales."

THE Right Hon. Sir William Reynell Anson, Unionist member of the House of Commons for Oxford University since 1899, died in London on June 4. He was born in Walberton on November 14, 1843, the son of the second baronet and Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Denis Pack. He was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford. He succeeded to the title in 1873. Sir William was elected a fellow of All Souls', Oxford, in 1867, and two years later was called to the bar. In 1900 he became a Bencher of the Inner Temple. He was Vinerian reader in English law from 1874-81, and in 1880 he contested West Staffordshire. He was vice-chancellor of the University of Oxford, 1898-99; parliamentary secretary to the Board of Education, 1902-5, and trustee of the British Museum, 1911. He was considered one of the foremost authorities on English law. Among the books which he had written on this subject were: "Principles of the English Law of Contract" and "Law and Custom of the Constitution." He also edited the "Memoirs of the Third Duke of Grafton, K. G." He had been a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery since 1904, was the warden of All Souls' College from 1881 until the time of his death, and from 1899 to 1912 was chancellor of the diocese of Oxford.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

SOME of the London papers just now appear to think that details of their own circulation are of almost as much interest to their readers as the Ulster crisis. The game was started by the *Times* in a triumphant outburst at the sudden jump in its numbers from 53,000 to 170,000 copies a day when its price was reduced to two cents. The *Daily Telegraph* immediately replied with accountants' certificates showing a still greater circulation. The *Times* rejoined by pointing out that its own figures were those of net sales, and added that "those of our readers upon whom free copies of the *Daily Telegraph* are being generously showered by post daily will more clearly understand the manner in which the *Daily Telegraph* evades the important point as to net sales vs. circulation." The dispute becomes the more piquant when one remembers how, less than six months ago, Lord Northcliffe took the lead in a congratulatory presentation to Lord Burnham.

HAPPY days are still in store for collectors of armor, antiquated, if not antique. On June 12 the French War Ministry sells at auction 4,300 cuirasses. They are of the Bourbon Restoration model, and they have been worn successively by the cuirassiers of the Royal Guard of Charles X and the Imperial Guard of Napoleon III. They saw service last in the war of 1870, at the battles of Reichshoffen and Mars-la-Tour. Their polished waists, encircling chosen cavalrymen, riding in numerous ranks, still make an impression when the President of the republic goes out to welcome solemnly foreign kings and queens; but they no longer offer sufficient resistance to the balls of modern rifles, though they are still valid against a revolver or sabre. Outside of France, European armies have abandoned their use, except for parade. The War Office has also sold two superannuated bronze cannons at Fontainebleau for about five dollars each. They

were at once bought up for more than seventy times that price for the sake of the material; and it seems the mere disintegrating of them and transportation will cost as much more. Cannon of artistic or historic interest have been usually placed of late years on the Esplanade des Invalides, at Paris. Tourists too often pass them by without notice, as they do the rich Museum of Armor and Artillery inside the Invalides.

MOST American students at the Paris National Library make the acquaintance of M. Schalck de la Faverie, one of the officials, who not only speaks English with ease, but has made persons and things American his special study. A few years ago he published a thoughtful historical and literary essay on "The Evolution of Puritanism in the United States," and more recently one on the part played by the Vikings in the pre-Columbian voyages, wherein he declares that "the glory of having discovered America in the tenth century belongs unquestionably to the Normans." M. Schalck is now engaged on another American volume, which will have the rather odd title, "Napoléon et l'Amérique." His intention is to bring out the reciprocal influences exerted by France and the United States from the moment of the outbreak of the French Revolution down to the fall of the First Empire, "influences which were often latent," the author remarks, "but which, I think, are of great importance, and which, whether direct or indirect, have as their starting point the rivalry between France and England." So in order to trace these influences from their source down, M. Schalck goes back to the seventeenth century, when the colonial power of France began to decline in the New World. "The subject is a vast one," continues the author modestly, "and I sometimes ask myself the question whether I am equal to the task of treating it as it deserves to be treated. I cannot say how this is, but I will do my best, and if I fail my excuse will be that I am opening a new route, unless I arrive too late; for there does not exist in France, unless I am greatly mistaken, a book of this kind."

IN SPITE of a burning love of national independence, the race divisions of Continental Europe have not been without their influence in Swiss politics. This lends timeliness to the declaration made by the editor of the new French-Swiss review, *Les Cahiers Vaudois:* "We must resign ourselves to it—we are not a nation as others are. There are things which—nationally—we shall never have. We are 'constituted' into a nation, we are not so 'by nature.' We have an organization, we are not an organism. We are not 'necessarily'; we are by virtue of a contract. Everything with us is in a civic agreement. A nation is not necessarily a state. A nation is a being; a state is a form. To be a Frenchman or Italian or German is to be oneself; to be a Swiss is to be a citizen. And to be a Swiss citizen does not prevent one remaining oneself in race, which is not Swiss—there is no Swiss race. I am a Swiss only by a certain fashion of being French; just as a man of Zürich is Swiss only by a certain fashion of being German and a man of Ticino by a certain fashion of being Italian. French is my language—I have, I can have but one, I love but one, I live by one, the language of my place. It is the language of instinct for me, my substance, that by which I assert that I am from a particular country, which is mine, and that I am a person, myself. We French Swiss shall never have creative Swiss strength if we have not French creative force." This significant manifesto may be compared usefully with the situation of many and diverse nationalities in the United States, all by way of melting into one well-defined nation. Is language, then, the secret of the melting pot? Switzerland, with three languages strongly localized, has succeeded in living as one nation for many centuries by "civic agreement."

Science

AN ANCIENT PHARMACOPŒIA.

Syriac Medicine: Syriac Anatomy, Pathology, and Therapeutics, or "The Book of Medicines." By E. A. Wallis Budge. New York: Oxford University Press. $16.75.

Mr. Budge, the indefatigable scholar and Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, has done a valuable service for the history of medicine and the students of Oriental antiquities in publishing an elaborate Syriac manuscript which treats in an exhaustive manner the medical knowledge of the day as developed in ancient and mediæval Syria. The text is edited from a manuscript copied at the direction of Mr. Budge at Alkosh, about thirty miles from Mosul on the Tigris, by a certain Isa bar-Eshâya. The original manuscript consists of 289 leaves and is written in a fine Nestorian hand, with numerous vowel points. While the manuscript does not appear to be very old, it is a copy of a compilation that goes back, according to Mr. Budge's researches, to the second century before this era. The author, who does not give his name, was a native of Alexandria, and there is every reason to believe that, in addition to the individual who wrote the major portion of the work, there are other compilers represented in the vast collection of recipes and in the discussions of human anatomy and of symptoms of diseases.

Medicine in the East in the second or third centuries before Christ was entirely dependent upon the investigations of the great Greek physicians of the fifth and fourth centuries B. C., notably Hippocrates and Galen, with whom, indeed, scientific medicine may be said to have begun. Before the Greeks took hold of the subject, medicine was still entangled with magic and divination practices. The ancient Egyptian medicine appears, indeed, at one time to have cut loose from such leading-strings, but later succumbed to the overpowering influence of divination methods which developed in Babylonia and spread throughout the ancient world. The interesting feature of the text published by Mr. Budge is, on the one hand, its dependence upon Greek medicine, and, on the other, the numerous survivals it contains of the earlier magical aspects of medical treatment, which may be traced directly back to the medicine of the Babylonians and Assyrians.

As already suggested, the text bears distinct indications of being a compilation made from various sources, to which probably one copyist after the other added further material. Despite the complicated nature of the composition, one can detect a certain system in the order of subjects. The beginning is made with diseases whose source is found in the head. This is followed by injuries to the respiratory organs, the eyes, tongue, and ears, after which there follow several chapters of a somewhat miscellaneous character. A definite order appears again in the sequence of diseases of the lungs, heart, stomach, liver, bowels, colon, and kidneys. The dependence upon the theory and practice of the Greek physicians is not only apparent in every page, but it is directly indicated by references to Galen, Hippocrates, Theodoros, Archigenes, and others. Two chapters are missing at the beginning, and there are a number of gaps towards the end of the text, but the survey just given shows the large scope of the work, which is evidently intended to cover all diseases incident to the human frame. The theoretical discussion of each disease occupies only a small place in comparison with the remedies proposed, which are heaped up with the intention of providing for all contingencies. In this respect Greek medicine still shows its dependence upon that of Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria, for the characteristic feature of the medical texts found on Egyptian papyri and on cuneiform tablets is the large number of prescriptions registered for every disease, and, in fact, for every symptom of a disease. Whatever experience had shown to be of value was noted, and so, in the course of time, there grew up an enormous amount of traditional medical lore to which constant additions were made. To take a single example, for difficulty of breathing (including asthma), over twenty different prescriptions are given, differing so considerably from one another as to leave no doubt of their having been compiled from a variety of sources.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of the text published by Mr. Budge is the proof furnished that by the side of the more scientific Greek medicine, the older method of treating diseases,

on the assumption that the bodily trouble was due to the presence of a demon that had found its way into the body, continued to prevail in Syria, and no doubt throughout the ancient East. After exhausting the knowledge that our compilers derived from Greek sources, there is added a long chapter of what the author calls "The Book of Medicines of the Country." By this he means the old native prescriptions which survived the introduction of more scientific medical treatment. It is amazing to note the close parallel that these prescriptions form to what we find in the medical texts of Babylonia and Assyria. The parallel is so close at times that one is tempted to suspect a direct translation into Syriac from the Babylonian original. At all events, the basic idea is identical with the purpose of the remedies found in Babylonian-Assyrian texts, which was to drive out the demon through ill-smelling concoctions or to coax him out through pleasant odors. The cure of the patient followed as a corollary, but the real aim towards which medical treatment was directed was against the demon supposed to be the cause of the disease. Accordingly, we find in these Syriac texts the same strange mixtures, such as pig's fat, the gall of an ox, urine of goats or of young boys, and even the excrement of man or beast, as well as alkali, myrrh, sesame, oil of roses, onions, etc.

As an indication of the purely magical character of such prescriptions, it will suffice to call attention to the directions for curing clouded vision. A young dove is to be taken, its eyes dug out, and it is to be left in the nest for three days. When the mother comes back and sees that its young is blind she will go and bring a certain root, to be laid upon the eyes. Then the head of the young bird is cut off and burnt, and with the ashes the eyes of the patient are to be smeared. A better specimen of the old Babylonian-Assyrian method of treating disease could hardly be found, and the further proof for the direct link uniting this native medicine of Syria with that which was developed in the Euphrates Valley is to be seen in such details as the frequent injunction to take the concoction in wine, which is almost invariably introduced as an ingredient in the prescriptions of Babylonian-Assyrian physicians.

To cap the argument for the curious mixture of old and new in Mr. Budge's text, the compilers have added forecasts and astrological omens precisely after the manner of Babylonian divination texts, in which all kinds of predictions are made from the direction of the wind, the movement of the clouds, the position of the planets, from shooting stars, eclipses of the sun and moon, and the like. Lists of lucky and unlucky days are added, and while the bearing upon disease is in most cases only incidental, yet the evident purpose of the compiler in adding these forecasts and omens was to furnish the physician with the ability to answer questions regarding the outcome of bodily troubles which were put to him. In many cases direct statements regarding this outcome are added according to the phenomena observed in the heavens at the time of the disease, or according to the day of the month in which the symptoms manifested themselves. All this again takes us back directly to the Babylonian-Assyrian methods, so that apart from its intrinsic value the text published by Mr. Budge has an unusual significance for the history of human culture.

Mr. Budge himself, in an elaborate introduction, calls attention to this aspect of the manuscript, without, however, by any means exhausting the material that it furnishes to students of the history of medicine. A valuable part of this material is to be found in the names of the hundreds of drugs, plants, roots, powders, etc., in the prescriptions. Many of these are of Greek origin, but a large number are native terms, and in not a few cases do we find these terms to be the same that we encounter in cuneiform texts. Indeed, with the help of the Syriac names we can interpret in a more satisfactory manner some of the expressions in many of the compilations of Babylonia. It would have added greatly to the value of the work if Mr. Budge had discussed some of the names for drugs and plants occurring in the texts, the meaning of which is not altogether clear. We have noted a number of cases in which Mr. Budge translates the same term in two different ways. A more careful study of the medical nomenclature is thus called for, and no doubt the appearance of this important text will stimulate students in this subject. There are also a number of passages in the Syriac text which present difficulties that are not solved by the translation which the editor offers, but it would be ungrateful to carp at minor matters in view of the profound debt which scholars owe to Mr. Budge for this unique publication.

Probably no more complete pictorial or written life history of any bird has ever been prepared than "Antarctic Penguins" (McBride, Nast; $1.75 net), by G. Murray Levick. The anthropomorphic appearance and ways of these most curious birds make such an account more than popular—it is sensational, and yet scientific as regards truth. The author feels but little the tremendous dramatic possibilities of his subject, but his narrative is clear and pleasing, and the photographs are superb. Perhaps the most memorable shows a black line of toddling little forms, many miles in length, laboring with short steps over the vast field of ice en route to the distant rookery.

Music and Drama

OPERA IN PARIS.

A COATLESS JOSEPH—LIBERTIES IN LIBRETTO — WAGNER IN PARIS — TRIAL STAGES.

Richard Strauss and his "Legend of Joseph" have taken their departure from the Paris Opéra. The first *succès d'estime* had degenerated into a *succès de curiosité*, of which the least factor was music. More even than the extraordinary mingling of Venetian scene-painting and Renaissance costume of some of the characters, light flashing on the lack of costume of the young Joseph made an impression, not all of art. Almost exactly a century ago, a like impression was described by the Irish melodist, fresh to Paris:

Here Daniel, in pantomime, bids bold defiance
To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuffed lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and but little of it.

This time gender is changed and the young Israelite is the hero, Oriental enough, but more Babylonish than Egyptian and dished up for weak decadent Romans rather than Venetians such as Nietzsche loved—"willing for Might." The prima donna who consented to hush her voice in the pantomime of Potiphar's wife was clad, and she did her best to reduce her Russian beauty to the required type:

Daughter of Egypt, veil thine eyes,
I cannot bear their fire!

Nijinski, who had his departure last year after a gesture conventional to no ballet, Russian or otherwise, looked on from his box at the unclothed, unimpassioned, and slow Joseph, while the orchestra crashed its accompaniment of inextricable counterpoint to the deafening cymbals.

The efforts made in the libretto of recent French opera to give only words expressing adequately the musical emotion have brought to light contrasting examples from a century ago. Until 1830, Mozart's "Don Juan" (known in France only by his Spanish name) sang the most unexpected French words—and often to music Mozart never knew. The action being at Naples, an eruption of Vesuvius destroyed the palace of Don Juan. Three "cavaliers of the Marshalsea (horse police)" sang convincedly the trio of the Masques:

Await in silence
The moment of vengeance,
Or the least imprudence
Upsets our plans!

Don Juan kills comfortably the commander behind the scenes and straightway comes forward, with an emotion

not foreseen by Mozart, and sings to music of Kalkbrenner:

> Let's gather young roses
> Which Zephyr uncloses—
> Love's fresh flower unclosing
> To Pleasure belongs!

This was unscrupulous enough, but not so much so as the arrangement of the "Magic Flute," which needed *morceaux de succès*, according to the Paris director. He inserted what he liked of "Don Juan," including Kalkbrenner—and Haydn—and changed the name to "The Mysteries of Isis." The musicians of the orchestra promptly modified this to "The Miseries of Isis." English libretto at least aimed at translation and rhythm, as in "Le Nozze di Figaro":

Un caso: Madama
La notte ti chiama—din! din!

Suppose it befall you
The Countess should call you—ding! ding!

The anonymous French writer known as "Foemina"—only beginning to be known to English readers—moralizes with her usual penetration and from her own experience on the influence of Wagner in France:

The music of Wagner came to us at a moment when need of liberty and room and horror of constraint, a thirst for novelty and a burning, nervous sense of pity and vast, vague hopes were working in us. The will "to live one's life" and the certainty of the "right to happiness" were contemporary with our first enthusiasms for the magician of Bayreuth, along with respect for no matter what passion; with palpitating tenderness for the guilty ones suffering; ardent faith in the results of Socialism; a keener taste for generosity than for justice—and many a tendency, hesitating or precise, toward Anarchy.

Those who are coming after us resemble us not at all. They must have other emotions. When Mozart is played at concerts, it is curious to see what sincere, passionate pleasure is taken by the hearers. You would say his light orchestration, deep peace, and well-ordered reverie are suited to secret needs. Perhaps after the failing of many hopes and the abortion of more than one dream, even those who were in Anarchy begin to find it irritating and seek for rules. License brings the need of constraint and extreme agitation the need of calm. Wagner, who unbridles passions and deifies them and exalts liberty to frenzy, will no doubt not be the herald of the generation now getting to work.

No doubt, too, the generation now getting to work has not yet begun at the Paris Opéra, where "Parsifal" has the best receipts this year, while last year eight different pieces of Wagner were given at forty-eight representations. The greatest single receipt of 1913, however, was for Gounod's "Faust," on March 24—22,363.29 francs, or about $4,500.

The strenuous theatrical life—more dramatic than musical—of the French people may be gathered from the number of new pieces represented in a single year. It was 980 in 1913—and this was 164 less than the number for 1912. It should be said that 511 of these pieces in Paris were performed in special or popular theatres or café-concerts, and not in the known twenty-three theatres frequented by critics. There are 103 theatres of the *quartiers* of Paris, music-halls, and summer cafés—and a dozen or so small theatres where a good deal of the new drama is elaborated. Thus the coming director of the Paris Opéra has earned his experience at the little Théâtre des Arts in drama. Three hundred and fifty of the new pieces were produced in 119 provincial theatres, which might be classified for large cities in much the same manner, and with these have to be counted the very numerous casino halls in watering places. This gives more than 800 new pieces which are not expected to go further than the place and season of their birth. A very few come up to the higher theatres and opera houses by survival of the fittest, and, doubtless, some will please finally the great public. After all, it is something for a country to have all these trial stages devoted to more or less legitimate theatrical and operatic art.

Of the four state theatres of Paris, the Opéra gave two pieces performed for the first time anywhere, "Le Sortilège," by André Gailhard, who had the right to a representation, having carried off the Grand Prix de Rome; and a belated "Suite de Danses" of Chopin. The Opéra Comique produced five recent pieces, of which only "Julien," by Charpentier, of "Louise," is yet known abroad. The Comédie Française had six, and the Odéon nine new pieces. And Antoine of the Odéon has not been able to continue.

Mr. Krall's scheme for organizing all classes of British professional musicians, composers and executants alike, in a powerful trade union, is meeting a good deal of adverse criticism in the English press. It is pointed out, for instance, that, in the event of an industrial struggle, society can dispense more easily with the services of professional violinists and pianists than with those of miners or railwaymen, or even lawyers and doctors. An important factor, by the way, in increasing the cost of orchestral concerts in England is said to be the demand of the picture palaces for instrumentalists. Players prefer the regular engagements and assured incomes that this new opportunity places within their reach.

Dr. Muck, Michael Balling, and Siegfried Wagner are to be the conductors of this summer's Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, which will last from July 22 to August 20.

The operatic event of the season in Italy was Wagner's "Parsifal." In Milan it had twenty-seven and in Rome twenty-two performances. Verdi was represented by four operas in Milan ("Nabucco," "Aïda," "Otello," and "Falstaff"), and the total number of performances was 115. Twelve of these were of Mascagni's new opera, "Parisina," which was also heard in Rome, but only seven times.

Sarah Bernhardt will begin her "farewell" American tour in October. Among other characterizations she promises to appear as Shylock in the trial scene of "The Merchant of Venice." Her repertory will include: "Jeanne Doré," "Lucretia Borgia," "Resurrection," "Phèdre," "Camille," "Madame X," "Le Mort de Tintagile," "A Night Before Christmas," and "The Death of Cleopatra."

At the termination of his present engagement with the Théâtre Gymnase, in Paris, M. Lucien Guitry will join MM. Coquelin and Hertz, directors of the Porte-Saint-Martin and the Nouvel Ambigu Theatres, whose company already includes M. Le Bargy, formerly of the Comédie Française, and other well-known artists. He is to appear next October in the leading part in a play of his own.

His first experiment in producing plays in weekly instalments, like serial stories, has convinced the proprietor of the London Coliseum that the new method is worth continuing. In one instance a man who, after seeing the first, second, and third acts on successive Mondays, had been unable to obtain a seat for the fourth, came to the pay-box and begged to be told how the play ended. The proprietor suggests that the time may come when three provincial or suburban theatres, conveniently near one another, will combine to split up a drama, an opera, and a comedy, and by giving an act of each at each house will make a triple appeal to the playgoing public. The first week Theatre A would give Act I of a drama, filling up the rest of its bill with varieties. The second week it would give Act II of the same drama and Act I of an opera, while at the same time Act I of the drama would be at Theatre B. By this process all three theatres would be running drama, opera, and comedy within a few weeks. It all sounds rather confusing, but many plays have been produced in recent seasons which might with advantage have been taken in small doses.

"Sanctuary," the bird masque of Percy MacKaye, which was performed before the President of the United States, at Meriden, N. H., last September, has been published in a dainty volume, well printed and prettily illustrated (Stokes; $1). The superior literary, poetic, and imaginative qualities of the little work can be better appreciated, perhaps, in type than in actual representation. Mr. MacKaye has acquitted himself of a difficult task with delicate fancy and much verbal skill. His sylvan parable, with its wise and humane moral, is admirable in design and workmanship, and demonstrates the educational and artistic possibilities of that civic theatre of which he is so enthusiastic an advocate.

Art

THE PARIS SALONS.

PARIS, May 24.

New rooms for paintings have been opened this year in the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. Rumors are about of new regulations in both Salons which will make it possible for a greater number of exhibitors to be admitted. This is reform in the wrong direction. What is needed is to close rooms, to keep out exhibitors, to cut down, reject ruthlessly, or else the whole business of giving art exhibitions will degenerate into an empty farce. It is almost that already. What with the Salon d'Automne, the Salon des Indépendants, the Salon des Artistes Français, the Salon de la Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, innumerable small shows here, there, and everywhere, in Paris alone, more is exhibited in a year than it is possible for any human being to see or digest, to criticise or enjoy.

It is part of the irony of the whole situation that the year for opening the new rooms downstairs in the new Salon should happen to be one when an unusually large number of the members and exhibitors who give distinction or interest to the galleries have stayed away. Rodin sends nothing, nor does Cottet, nor Caro-Delvaille; Willette, Louis Legrand, Jean Veber, Renouard, Jean Béraud, are among the absent; Anglada, Walter Gay, Zorn, Morrice, are four of the many foreigners for whom one looks in vain. Two rooms have been devoted to Gaston La Touche, one side of another room to Gaston Hochard, both of whom, distinguished members of the Society, have died within the year. I need not point out how severe is the test of a one-man show. It can hardly be said that La Touche stands it to great advantage, especially as there has been no effort to find the right background for the decorative panels most of his paintings really are, or to frame them appropriately. However, after making every allowance for the loss when panels of this kind are hung as pictures, it is certain that so many shown together do not produce the same impression as the few shown year by year—above all, if these few belonged to one series. In such a large miscellaneous collection there seems something almost meretricious in the splendor of light and fantasy of color so often repeated. The clever painting of the water, the dramatic use of the splotches of golden sunlight, even the subjects, the reappearance of his swans, the irresponsible medley of realism and allegory, take on the tedium of a formula, an immensely accomplished trick. Hochard suffers less from the ordeal. His paintings are pictures to be framed, and not decorations. No allegory breaks in upon his stern naturalism; he deals with facts and reduces them to their bare essentials stated in the simplest terms. It is extraordinary how he can fill a marketplace with a crowd or set up the intricate, ornate façade of a Gothic church, with an economy of means that would lead other painters to emptiness; extraordinary how he can get from his bare facts so bluntly stated a color and quality, now in the copes of priests waiting for the ceremony, now in a provincial procession, that a carefully arranged harmony often fails to yield.

I may criticise Gaston La Touche, but it is fair to admit that in neither Salon are there many decorative arrangements to be compared to his. In the new Salon one passes by Roll's big ceiling for the Petit Palais, almost vulgar in design and color, by Weerts's bigger panel for the Hôtel de Ville at Roubaine, by other expanses of dull canvas, to turn with relief to a series of decorative panels by Maurice Denis, though I must confess it is not easy to discover in them the theme of Nausicaa with which they are credited in the catalogue. The bathers and the ball-players are very modern, perhaps seem all the more modern because the painter's method, his extreme simplification of form and line, color and tone, has been accepted as a model by many a would-be young genius who poses as Post-Impressionist. The deliberate archaism savors at times of affectation, but Maurice Denis is an artist, and there is rhythm in the large flowing lines of sea and shore, balance in the spaces of drapery and sand and hillside and nude figures, while it is evident that he has studied the color of the old fresco-painters, to his own profit.

In the old Salon, the big *machins* are fewer than of old, and there Zo's enormous outdoor group of Bonnat et ses élèves Basques et Béarnais for the Musée Bonnat at Bayonne, and Jamet's amusingly realistic ceiling for the Salle des Mariages in the Mairie at Montrouge, and the others by more or less well-known painters, may cheerfully be passed for Henri Martin's huge Le Travail painted for the Palais de Justice. He has shown us laborers before now, but they have usually been laborers in the field; now they are the laborers more typical of what we mean by work to-day: men busy putting up a mighty building, architects, builders, masons, plasterers, all toiling in the brilliant sunshine expressed in the scientific scheme of dots that he has accustomed us to on his canvases, big and little—a brilliant performance, if without the suavity and rhythm that Denis has at his command.

Perhaps the most notable event in either Salon is the appearance of Zuloaga (in the Beaux Arts Salon, of course), who has refrained from exhibiting only too often of recent years. He brings with him a spirit of life, an enthusiasm, a genuine interest in things for their own sake. He has his unmistakable style, but it has not degenerated into a cut-and-dried recipe; he does not give you the same picture every year, as Pointelin gives you the same landscape and Bonnat the same portrait in the old Salon, or as Lhermitte and Carolus-Duran in the new. You could not mistake Zuloaga for any other painter, but he has always something new to say in his own way, and his own way is invariably stimulating in its directness and its freedom from technical fads and movements. He has painted groups of bull-fighters before, but with what inexhaustible zest he again renders the different types, this time found in the village bull-ring! With what delicacy and splendor he gives the detail of their brilliant costume! Who could get as he does the right value of the gold embroidery on a cloak without a touch of crudity or gaudiness? It is true that in the portrait of Maurice Barrès, the figure of the author, dark and sinister, his own yellow-covered book in his hand, is all but lost in the extreme left of the canvas, which is filled instead with the sombre dignity of Toledo, the town Barrès loved and feared and described; true that in the portrait of The Cardinal, the red of the wide-spreading robes is reflected in the face with unnecessary brutality; but from what other portrait is there to be had such a sensation of life, of the thing seen and rejoiced in, of sheer exultation in the sureness and swagger obtained with every stroke of the brush?

The only other portraits that seemed to me to give this sensation of life, though with all the difference in the world, are those of Boldini. He comes dangerously near the fashion-plate himself. One of his two small canvases, the portrait of a lady in the last eccentricities of an eccentric mode, which reduces her, as she lounges in her chair, to scarcely more than a twist of silk and two slender black legs, is almost not so much a fashion-plate as a caricature of a fashion-plate. But Boldini never fails to redeem the absurdities and exaggerations of his sitters by the painter's joy in them, by the wonderful vivacity and accomplishment of his technique, by the beauty of detail—in this portrait the beauty of the velvet and gilding of a chair, the glint of the silver tea service.

As compositions, also, Zuloaga's three large canvases have few rivals. Opposite are three large paintings by Simon and in the largest, Le Quai, there is an obvious endeavor to work out an arrangement in blue in the bril-

liant blouses of the men loafing there. Simon's talent, too, is supposed to be for straightforwardness of vision and strength of treatment. But Simon's arrangement becomes as impersonal as a camera's by comparison. Feeling for design must be sought rather in work that has as little in common with Zuloaga's as Frieseke's and Barlow's in the new Salon, Richard Miller's in the old. Few keep more scrupulously than Barlow to the same themes. He sees such beauty in his quiet women in their quiet dress, still and tranquil as they go about their domestic tasks, that he never tires of painting them, usually in the same simple interiors, though this spring one of the women has wandered out into a shadowy garden filled with rose-colored flowers growing close to the white walls of a house, and it is evident that the painter placed her just there for pure delight in the value of the blue of the shutters against the white of the simple walls. It is in the subtle, evanescent changes wrought by light and color that he gets variety in his endless repetition of the same theme, just as the old Dutch masters did when they painted again and again the same gray room or the same sunlit court. Frieseke is another American who is absorbed in the study of light, but, in his case, brilliant glowing light. If he paints a Venus, it is for the beauty and tenderness of flesh tints in strong sunlight; if a group sitting together out of doors in the summer time, it is because of the way light summer stuffs reflect and absorb the light; if an interior, it is because of the play of sunlight falling and filtering through the window; and always, with the help of the passing light, he weaves figures and background into a perfect harmony.

Richard Miller, who remains faithful to the Artistes Français, is also an ardent student of light in its infinite variety. You cannot doubt his pleasure in rendering the beautiful woman, who in one of his paintings sits low by the window sewing—there for no other reason than that he might study the new value of flesh and hair and draperies against the open window, protected by a half-drawn green blind from the fierce sunshine outside; it is marvellous with what truth the mingling of the cool and hot lights as they stream into the room has been observed, and with what beauty the artist's impression has been recorded. For some years past it was from Le Sidaner many of the most sympathetic impressions and studies of light came. But there are signs of fatigue, of indifference, in his latest work, in his large empty harbor and his colorless, characterless church in the moonlight.

I should have something to say of Luigini, Ménard, Louis Picard, Charles Guérin, had I not said it often before. And there are many things that in a smaller show could not be overlooked. One fact worth the noting is that more Americans contribute every year to the two Salons, and that they maintain as high a level of accomplishment as any other group, and, in many cases, more distinct character. Alexander Harrison, Ullmann, George Elmer Browne, Edwin Scott, Hawthorne, Rolshoven, Elizabeth Nourse, Hermann Webster are among those at the new Salon; and at the old are Mura, Van der Weyden, Walter Griffin, Warren Eaton, Max Bohm, Tanner, Raymond Neilson, and J. McLure Hamilton, the most distinguished, sending, however, but one pastel, a sensitive and masterly study.

In the department of prints and drawings both Salons have fallen away sadly in interest and achievement. It was here at one time that the most important and representative work was found. To-day, little rewards the most careful search. The old Salon reserves its recognition more rigorously than ever for the reproductive etching and lithograph, Bauer's strong and dignified etchings the most conspicuous exceptions. Men like Louis Legrand and Léandre have ceased to contribute to the new Salon. Illustration is passing through a lean interval after its fat years at the end of the last century. In France the tendency at present is to make it do just what it should not—the tendency, that is, to use color drawings in the text and to make them elaborate beyond the reach of modern methods of reproduction, as well as inappropriate and out of harmony on the printed page.

The sculpture continues to astound one by the high level of workmanship attained. Whenever sculpture is needed as decoration, there is always the French sculptor ready to supply it. But the genius is as rare among the sculptors as among the painters. Rodin's absence is a loss to the new Salon, where Bartholomé is purely academic in a nude life-size figure of a woman, and adds little to his new version of his bust of La Gloire from Rousseau's tomb at the Panthéon. For character nothing surpasses the bronze head of a man by Bourdelle. From the sculpture court of the old Salon one carries away the usual impression of a wilderness of flamboyant tombs and strident monuments and endless rows of busts, where it is useless to do more than look for the things in which one has a special interest, the bronze of Paul Bartlett's Lafayette it may be, or MacMonnies's two groups, La Pensée and La Philosophie, for the New York Library. These are placed on either side of the main entrance. Whatever strikes one as crowded and awkward in the arrangement now will probably explain itself when they eventually fill the spaces for which they are designed. N. N.

C. F. Bell's "Drawings by the Old Masters in the Library of Christ Church, Oxford" (The Clarendon Press), is an excellent little handlist and pictorial guide. The small, square volume is avowedly modelled on the useful Milanese manuals of old drawings. Something like a thousand drawings, the entire mounted series, are registered alphabetically. About seven hundred more repose unmounted in portfolios, in a probably deserved oblivion. Mr. Bell contributes a brief introduction on the history of the collection tracing many sheets to their older owners. Among these are Vasari, Ridolfi, Lely, and the two Richardsons. The original bequest to Christ Church was made in 1765 by Gen. John Guise, and for years the use of the collection was hampered by the testamentary command that the drawings should be examined only in the presence of an M. A. Colvin, Berenson, and others have published and described the most important sheets—Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo, etc.—but Mr. Bell's 125 cuts present many surprises and problems to students. Among the novelties may be signalized a magnificent Tintoretto sketch for the Stoning of St. Stephen. Many learned visitors have helped in the matter of attributions. Generally these are cautious and credible. The reviewer's especial skepticism is aroused by the interesting series ascribed to Parmigianino, the best of which have more the look of early Schiavone. The book is in every way a boon to the straitened student.

Finance

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF THINGS.

What has for some little time been described as a "turn for the better in sentiment"—a change which, until very lately, seemed to be based on nothing tangible—has begun to be supported by actual developments. One of them is the continued and highly remarkable grain crop outlook, reflected last Monday by the Government's own forecast of a total wheat yield, under present indications, of no less than 900,000,000 bushels. Last year's crop, which broke all previous records in our history, was 763,000,000. A second consideration, offsetting the gold-export movement which has continued so persistently, is the strong position of the banks; the surplus over required percentage of reserve to liabilities, at the New York institutions, having last Saturday overtopped the showing at this date of any year since 1898.

At last week's end, news of perceptible quickening of business in the cotton trade, and of the placing with the steel mills of several railway orders larger than any received in many weeks, added to the good impression. The Supreme Court's decision, last Monday, upholding the Interstate Commerce Commission's contention that State

Commissions have no right to discriminate against approved interstate rates by requiring lower charges for the corresponding service within the borders of the State, was a victory for fair and even-handed railway supervision. Yet to all this the Stock Exchange has responded only faintly, if at all. On Wall Street, at any rate, the atmosphere of uncertainty and hesitation has continued.

In so far as the movement on the Stock Exchange reflects the sober judgment of experienced men on the general tendencies of the day—and a stock market, in the long run, may usually be relied upon to do that—the present world-wide halt in activity is not illogical. When people do know what is going to happen next, and have been prepared for startling occurrences, their ordinary instinct is to stand still. If they can see danger immediately ahead, they will retreat; if there is nothing to disturb them, they will move ahead. Neither of the two situations exists at the present moment. The financial markets had recognized the fact, and practically ceased to move.

The truth seems to be, that every great financial centre has had apprehensions of its own as to what may happen. But the apprehensions are vague, and do not lend themselves to definite predictions. The French market, for instance, is utterly perplexed as to what its new national legislature is likely to do with certain large public questions; but it does not know of any legislation with a powerful following which would threaten private or public credit. The London market has before it what might be regarded as an absolutely unprecedented picture of social and political disorder. The attacks of the English female maniacs on property and persons have created on the one hand an impossible social position, and on the other hand, the activities of the Ulster malcontents are those which would naturally precede the rebellion of a province. But England has not been able to persuade itself to take either demonstration as a real and formidable turn in the march of public affairs.

Any one can imagine or predict what may actually result from such extraordinary movements; but the prediction does not inspire belief, and serious men will not base their business plans even on the possibility of civil war in Ulster. It may in fact be suggested that not only the lack of excitement with which these incidents are regarded, but the easy-going manner in which their worst possible outcome is discussed, is proof of the community's disbelief in such an outcome. The time when such a thing as civil war, for instance, is actually about to happen, is apt to be a time when all interested people are insisting that its occurrence is impossible.

The position in the United States is curiously different from that in any of these great foreign centres—so much so, that one is sometimes tempted to wonder why we do not hear of this country's peculiar immunity from their troubles. We have our public demonstrations by bands of individuals who object to the present social order; but when the I. W. W. invades the rights of private individuals we put them in jail, and do not release them because they threaten a "hunger strike." We have defiant sections of the country; but the defiance of California and Texas is not of the Ulster sort.

It is true that we have unpleasant uncertainties of Congressional legislation; at the moment, we are confronted with the passage, by one house, of "supplementary anti-Trust bills" which the business community dislikes. These measures undoubtedly have certain grave defects; they are mischievously insincere in their dealing with "labor," they are clumsily drawn, and they can scarcely be described as fulfilling at all President Wilson's promise of legislation which should "limit the debatable area" around the original Anti-Trust act.

All this is true; yet there remain three important facts, which the history of this Congress up to date has clearly proved, and which should be remembered in connection with this latest group of bills. One is, that the radicals of the wilder sort, whom Wall Street, fifteen months ago, apprehensively expected to control this Congress, have not had control at all. The second is, that legislation has been orderly, and the third, that no proposed measure of really objectionable character has yet passed into the statute books this session, without such thorough and careful overhauling as eliminated most or all of its serious defects.

The question of granting increased railway rates is a different and no doubt a paramount problem in the minds of most American business men, and it is right enough that it should be so. But it is not so often considered that even refusal of an advance would at least do nothing more than retain the *status quo* with present rates maintained, whereas under the older order of things a period of dull trade, as prolonged as that through which the country has been passing, would undoubtedly have meant savage "rate wars," cutting of transportation charges below cost, and widespread railway insolvency. That situation, perfectly familiar in the seventies and eighties, is to-day wholly out of the question, and that is perhaps one reason why investors in our railway securities, even when they hesitate to buy more, appear to be in no hurry to sell what they have.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Broster, D. K., and Taylor, G. W. The Vision Splendid. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Buford, E. P. An Earthen Mold. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.
Horn, Kate. Frivole. Brentano. $1.35 net.
Janvier, Thomas A. At the Casa Napoleon. Harper. $1.25 net.
London, Jack. The Strength of the Strong. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Parker, Gilbert. You Never Know Your Luck. Doran. $1.25 net.
Stewart, E. P. Letters of a Woman Homesteader. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Ulfers, S. Idylls of a Dutch Village. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Whitaker, Herman. Cross Trails. Harper. $1.20 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anecdotes of the Hour by Famous Men. H. I. L. Co. 50 cents net.
Carr, J. F. Immigrant and Library: Italian Helps. Immigration Education Society. 35 cents.
Curme, G. O. A First German Grammar. Oxford University Press.
Earle, C. W., and Case, Ethel. Pot-Pourri Mixed by Two. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Gosse, Edmund. Collected Essays. 4 vols. Scribner.
Hall, F. H. Good Form for All Occasions. Harper. $1 net.
Holder, C. F. Salt Water Game Fishing. Outing Publishing Co. 70 cents net.
Hunt, T. English Literary Miscellany. 2 vols. Oberlin: Bibliotheca Sacra Co.
Ketcham, V. A. Argumentation and Debate. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Moncrieff, A. R. Hope. A Book About Authors. Macmillan. $3 net.
Pelham, H. S. The Training of a Working Boy. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Pinkerton, R. E. The Canoe. Outing Publishing Co. 70 cents net.
Reynolds, M. J. How Man Conquered Nature. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Rust, T. D. A B C of Salesmanship. Fenno. $1.
Scott, F. E. Here and There with Paul and Peggy. Hurst. 60 cents.
Stone, H. L. The America's Cup Races. Outing Publishing Co. $2.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Abercrombie, Lascelles. Speculative Dialogues. Kennerley.
Avalon, A. Principles of Tantra. Part I. London: Luzac. 10s. net.
Baring-Gould, S. The Church Revival. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Burr, A. R. Religious Confessions and Confessants. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Coit, Stanton. The Soul of America. Macmillan. $2 net.
Driesch, Hans. The Problem of Individuality. Macmillan. $1 net.
Fowler, W. Warde. Roman Ideas of Deity. Macmillan. 5s. net.
Hodges, George. The Human Nature of the Saints. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hodges, George. The Year of Grace. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Thilly, Frank. A History of Philosophy. Holt.
Tyler, J. M. The Place of the Church in Evolution. Houghton Mifflin. $1.10 net.
Whitney, G. T., and Fogel, P. H. Kant's Critical Philosophy. Macmillan. $1 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Benson, A. L. Our Dishonest Constitution. Huebsch. $1 net.
Croce, Benedetto. Historical Materialism and the Economics of Karl Marx. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Kerschensteiner, Georg. The Schools and the Nation. Trans. from the German by C. K. Ogden. Macmillan. $1.60.
Protheroe, E. The Railways of the World. Dutton. $2 net.
Seligman, Edwin R. A. The Income Tax. Revised and Enlarged. Macmillan. $3 net.

Spargo, John. Socialism and Motherhood. Huebsch. 60 cents net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Burton, R. G. Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. Macmillan. $1.60 net.
Davis, W. S. A History of Mediæval and Modern Europe. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Hall, Thornton. Romances of the Peerage. Brentano. $3.75 net.
Ives, George. A History of Penal Methods. Stokes.
Les Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871. Tomes VII and VIII. Paris: Ficker.
Venosta, G. V. Memoirs of my Youth. Trans. by the Rev. W. Pratt. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.

TRAVEL.

New, E. H. Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country. Macmillan. $2 net.
Smith, W. Spooner. Travel Notes of an Octogenarian. Boston: Gorham Press. $1.50 net.
Woodroffe, J. F. The Upper Reaches of the Amazon. Macmillan. $3 net.

POETRY.

Castello, A. M. Wild Animal Verses. Broadway Publishing Co.
Frost, Robert. North of Boston. London: Nutt. 3s. 6d. net.
Gale, Norman. Collected Poems. Macmillan. $2 net.
Keet, A. E. Hands Across the Equator. Author.
Rentoul, J. L. From Far Lands. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

SCIENCE.

Comrie, J. D. Black's Medical Dictionary. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Lynde, C. J. Physics of the Household. Macmillan.
Rogers, J. E. Tree Guide. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Worcester, A. Nurses for Our Neighbors. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Wright, W. B. The Quaternary Ice Age. Macmillan. $5 net.

DRAMA.

Shaw, Bernard. Misalliance, Fanny's First Play, and The Dark Lady of the Sonnets. Brentano. $1.50 net.

ART.

Cram, R. A. The Ministry of Art. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Deane, A. C. Great Malvern Priory Church. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Pageant of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, 1389-1439, edited by Viscount Dillon and W. H. St. John Hope. Longmans. $7 net.
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Summary of the News

The most important event in Mexico has been the defeat of the Constitutionalists at Zacatecas. According to dispatches from Mexico City and El Paso, dated June 15, an eight days' battle has been in progress, in which the Constitutionalists, under Gen. Natera, were finally defeated. Later dispatches explain the defeat by the absence of Gen. Villa, who remained at Torreon, having, it is stated, resigned as Carranza's lieutenant.

Prospects for a successful issue of the mediation conference continue to improve. On Friday of last week the first part of the peace plan, providing for the installation of a provisional government in Mexico, which had already been agreed on, was reduced to writing. Since then the conference has devoted its attention to a consideration of names, from among which a successor to Gen. Huerta may be chosen. The delegates of the United States have submitted a list of names which are understood to be acceptable to the Constitutionalists, but among which that of Carranza is not included. The text of a further note sent by Gen. Carranza to the mediators was published on Tuesday, together with the reply of the mediators. Gen. Carranza ignored completely the main issue of an armistice, and the mediators' note merely pointed out this omission.

The wearisome debate on the Tolls Repeal bill was brought to an end on Thursday of last week when the bill was passed by the Senate by a vote of 50 to 35. On Saturday the Simmons-Norris amendment to the bill was accepted by the House by a vote of 216 to 71. The bill was signed by the President on Monday.

A further effort to promote class legislation in behalf of the labor unions was seen last week, when the same prohibition that was written into the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill last year, and accepted by the President, was again introduced. The amendment provides that no part of the $300,000 that is voted to the Department of Justice for the enforcement of the anti-Trust laws shall be used for the prosecution of any labor union or farmers' organization.

The President on Monday sent to the Senate the complete list of nominations for the Federal Reserve Board. The names are: Charles S. Hamlin, of Boston, Mass., for a term of two years; Paul M. Warburg, of New York, for a term of four years; Thomas D. Jones, of Chicago, Ill., for a term of six years; W. F. G. Harding, of Birmingham, Ala., for a term of eight years; A. C. Miller, of San Francisco, Cal., for a term of ten years.

We deal elsewhere with the statement made by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo on June 13 that the yield of the income tax for the first ten months of its operation will fall short of the Treasury's estimate by $23,000,000.

Announcement was made on Sunday that Rear-Admiral Fletcher will succeed Rear-Admiral Badger as Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic fleet on the termination of the latter's command.

On Saturday, at the biennial convention of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Chicago, a resolution was adopted affirming the Federation's belief in the principle of political equality for men and women.

Another serious collision in fog, happily unattended by loss of life, occurred early on Saturday morning, 400 miles east of Ambrose Lightship. The Hamburg-American Liner Pretoria, east bound, ran into the American Liner New York, west bound, tearing a large hole in her port side forward, but well above the water line. The bulkheads of the New York had been ordered closed and the engines stopped shortly before the collision, on the fog siren of the Pretoria being heard. The damage to the Pretoria was slight and she proceeded on her course. The New York came into port safely on Sunday.

Mr. Asquith announced in the House of Commons on June 11 that he would introduce the amending bill to the Irish Home Rule bill before further progress was made by the House of Lords with the second reading of the main measure. The Premier's undertaking is regarded as a concession to the Unionists. Meanwhile, Mr. Redmond has issued a statement giving the official support of the Nationalist party to the Nationalist Volunteer movement.

The Cabinet formed last week by M. Ribot was short-lived. On Friday it was defeated on a vote of confidence by 306 to 262, and imediately resigned. On Saturday M. Viviani, who had failed to form a Government after the resignation of that of M. Doumergue, was again invited by M. Poincaré to attempt the task, and was able to announce the personnel of his Ministry within a few hours. M. Viviani himself assumes the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Another step was taken in the controversy in Denmark over the Electoral Reform bill, when King Christian, on June 15, dissolved the upper house, stipulating, however, that the dissolution should not include the twelve members nominated by himself. The bill, which abolishes all property qualifications for electors of members of the upper house and takes away from the Crown its present right to nominate twelve members, passed the lower house on June 9. When it reached the upper house the Conservatives brought about a deadlock by absenting themselves, thus making it impossible to form a quorum. The lower house has been prorogued until after the elections for the upper house.

We deal elsewhere with the general aspects of the strike in Italy, which last week assumed serious proportions involving considerable loss of life and much destruction of property.

A curious report was published in the New York *Times* on Tuesday of a "union of the small nations of Europe," consisting presumably of Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Belgium. The object of the union is stated to be "to preserve the effective neutrality of the constituent states and to unite their military and naval forces for common action in the event of any one of them being attacked by a great Power."

Not a little significance must be attached to the meeting at Kustenje on Sunday of the Czar and King Charles of Rumania, emphasizing as it does the gradual drifting away of Rumania from the Dreibund and her adoption of a Russophile and anti-Austrian policy. The meeting is interesting, too, in view of the present situation between Greece and Turkey and of the reports of a triple alliance of Greece, Servia, and Rumania.

The tension that has existed for some time between Greece and Turkey has become acute during the last few days. On June 12 Premier Venizelos made a statement in the Greek Chamber of Deputies which almost amounted to a declaration of war, warning Turkey that the ill treatment of Greek subjects in the Ottoman Empire would not be tolerated. A strongly worded note to the same effect was sent to Constantinople. Prospects for peace have not been improved by the announcement of the formal annexation to Greece of the islands of Chios and Mytilene, historic trouble-makers, which were assigned to her by the treaty of Berlin, but had not hitherto been handed over, Turkey protesting that the islands were essential strategic points for the defence of the coast of Asia Minor.

The situation in Albania continues serious, but news came on Monday of a Government victory over the insurgents. The latter made an unexpected attack on the capital early on Monday morning, but were repulsed with considerable loss by the Government troops under the Mpret. It is stated that the Government forces number some 8,000, and the insurgents 25,000, but Durazzo, as our Vienna correspondent points out elsewhere, is strategically easy to defend. All of the great Powers now have vessels lying off Durazzo, and bluejackets have been landed to protect the respective embassies.

The deaths of the week include: William Hammerstein, June 10; Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, June 11; Thomas Dolan, James Campbell, Barclay Vincent Head, Dr. Otto Gustaf Ramsay, June 12; Adlai E. Stevenson, June 14; William Butler Hornblower, June 16.

The Week

The sense of hurt national honor, at last healed, is the chief thing in the minds of those who have followed the long fight for repeal in a kind of agonized hope that the end of the struggle, now so happily reached, would leave the good name and the good faith of the United States shining clear again before the whole world. This was all along the great issue. Our ears were filled with a din about ships and tolls and commerce and subsidies and railways; but all the time the one question was pressing for an answer: Was this nation to adhere to its solemn compact? De Tocqueville doubted whether the American democracy would display a scrupulous honor in the conduct of its foreign relations. Here was a test case. Was our democracy to show that it was capable of making a great effort in the cause of international justice? The unmistakable answer was given in the Senate last Thursday. It may not be appreciated at its full significance just now and here, but there is no doubt what history will say of it, no doubt at all of the profound effect which it will immediately have on foreign opinion.

The United States has swept away the suspicion that, simply because it had the power, it would play fast and loose with the words of a treaty, and make its pledged word of no more value than a dicer's oath. Indignant protest against such an assumption, which he nevertheless knew that all the world was making, was expressed in President Wilson's appeal to Congress. If our honor was questioned, all that we held dear was questioned; and no exertion must be spared to set ourselves right. This has now been done; and everybody knows to whom the chief credit must be given. But for President Wilson's bold initiative, but for the exercise of all his authority as Chief Executive and leader of his party, but for the skill and tenacity with which he pressed the fight, we should not now be rejoicing in the removal of a national stain.

The Secretary of the Treasury's statement that receipts from the income tax on persons, payable on or before June 30, will fall slightly more than $23,000,000 below the Treasury's own estimate of last December, is in some respects surprising and in some not. It certainly indicates a smaller yield, for the ten months on which the tax was assessed, than many people had anticipated; for the Treasury's $54,000,000 forecast, with its heavy reduction from the estimate of more than $80,000,000 by the Congressman who drew up the income tax bill, seemed in line with conservatism. But on the other hand, the productiveness of an income tax, when the experiment is tried for the first time by a government, is always and necessarily conjectural. The income tax of 1894 was never collected; the law imposing it having been declared unconstitutional by the courts. It was therefore no guide to estimates on the present law's productiveness. But the Treasury estimate on the proceeds for the first twelve months under that tax—which was 2 per cent. on all incomes over $4,000—was only $15,000,000, and the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, after a carefully prepared special report, cut down the first-year estimate to $12,000,000. No "collection at the source" was imposed in 1894; therefore the chances for evasion were greater. There was also no "super-tax" imposed.

Mr. McAdoo's explanation, that "the Department is convinced that many liable to the income tax have failed to make returns, and that many have made inaccurate returns," is entirely plausible. There was probably never an income tax, imposed by any government in the world, to which that statement would not apply. But whether the familiar evasions or suppressions would account in this case for a yield 44 per cent. less than what was actually warranted and determinable, is another question. Even the Treasury must recognize the alternative possibility that its estimates were overdrawn. It is gratifying at all events to learn that the yield from customs revenue will be $21,000,000 above the estimate, and that the surplus of ordinary receipts over ordinary disbursements will be $30,000,000, or only about $11,000,000 under the fiscal year 1913. From one point of view, moreover, the disappointing productiveness of the income tax removes a danger which, in the minds of many thoughtful students of public affairs, threatened evil consequences if the yield had turned out to be as large as the estimates of the Congressional committee. What kind of policy, in public appropriations and public expenditure, follows an unexpectedly large windfall of public revenue, we know by unpleasant experience.

Now that the membership of the Federal Reserve Board has been completed by the President's selection of Mr. Charles S. Hamlin, and the nominations for the five appointive members have been sent to the Senate, this important experiment in banking should before many weeks be fairly under way. Until that Board was named and organized, it was impossible for the constructive machinery of the new banking system to move. The directorates of the eight regional banks cannot organize until the national Board has named the three directors of each regional board whose selection is entrusted to it. The Federal Reserve Board nominations are, in our opinion, such as to meet in a remarkable degree the essential qualifications. Outside of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Controller of the Currency, who are members *ex-officio*, the Board as named contains two practical bankers of high standing, one of them perhaps the best authority on the economic problems of the system. It contains one other member with large experience in government finances and with a reputation for conservative judgment, and a fourth who has given the close and practical study of an expert to the banking law. It now remains, in order to insure the efficiency of the new system of note issues, rediscounting of commercial paper, and control of home and foreign exchanges, that competent managements be chosen for the regional banks. A weak or inexperienced national Board would have invited irritating conflict between the regional banks and the Federal Reserve Board, and perhaps among the regional banks themselves. But second-rate managements for the Federal Reserve banks would invite and perhaps necessitate such use and extension of the national Board's arbitrary powers as in our judgment would be most harmful. This would not be any less probable with a strong and efficient Board at Washington. The true ideal of this somewhat

novel system of centralized banking, as President Wilson has personally recognized, is that it should parallel the scheme of our State and national governments—each supreme in its own proper sphere, and each supplementing, but never interfering with, the legitimate functions of the other.

By a vote of 27 to 24—with 44 Senators not voting—the Senate on Saturday decided to retain in the Legislative and Judicial bill the words "without examination under the civil-service rules," referring to the appointment of "commercial attachés," a new class of officials to be sent abroad under the Department of Commerce. This continues a record in regard to newly created openings in the civil service of the Government, of which the Democratic party has reason to be ashamed. There is always some kind of excuse for keeping out of the merit system the particular class of posts in question at any given moment; but the excuses are usually very thin. In the present instance, the case for the exemption was chiefly represented by Senator Martin, of Virginia, who kept saying over and over again simply that "we believe" that "better men" can be got "for this particular service" without examination than with it. He deprecated any extended discussion of the question, saying that "the only thing which will serve the country now is a vote"; to which Mr. Brandegee very naturally replied that it was doubtless prudent for a man taking his position not to engage in any discussion of the merits of the matter. Five Democrats stood with the minority against the exemption; and it seems just to mention that among them were two Senators whom we are by no means in the habit of commending, Martine of New Jersey and Vardaman of Mississippi.

The labor-union proviso in the appropriation bill, which President Wilson "side-stepped" last year, is to confront him again in this year's bill—the proviso forbidding the use of any part of the anti-Trust appropriation for the prosecution of combinations of workingmen or farmers. Mr. Taft had refused to approve a bill containing this proviso; Mr. Wilson signed it, with the explanation that he did so "without in fact limiting the operation of justice to prosecute violations of law by whomsoever committed." The process, thus begun, of whipping the devil round the stump has been continued on a spectacular scale in the framing of the Clayton Anti-Trust bill, passed a little while ago by the House. You begin by prohibiting the use of a certain fund, making the excuse that, while it pleases the labor people it really has no effect whatever, because there is plenty of money elsewhere for the enforcement of the law. Well, say the labor people, if that is your game, we don't propose to let you off with the first move. We will put our exemption into the law itself. All right, say the side-steppers, we can accommodate you; we will get up an exemption that will look to you like a real exemption but which we will assure the country is no exemption at all. Very good, say the labor men, if that is all we can get this year, we'll take it and be more or less thankful; but if it turns out that we have been gold-bricked, we shall be up and at you in the very next Congress—and in the meanwhile, observe that we are not forgetting to keep up that appropriation-bill proviso, and we'll work it for all it is worth.

Outsiders with any sense of delicacy at all will shrink from meddling with the Progressive family quarrel. But in this cynical age one ought not lightly to pass by the evidence which Mr. Pinchot adduces that we still have among us a Man of Feeling. He is so rare and precious a being that Mr. Perkins felt justified in circulating by the crate in 1912 a document setting forth the proof of his own extreme tenderness of heart. It is true that Beveridge "labored under emotion" as he read his own eloquence, and that Col. Roosevelt was "visibly moved," but it was George W. Perkins on whose cheeks "the tears were coursing," and who "with a sob he could not stifle hastily left the room and paced the corridors to regain his self-control." Nothing so affecting has been written, to our knowledge, since the veracious account of the deep emotion which the Walrus displayed in the presence of the oysters:

"I weep for you," the Walrus said;
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

It will be noted that Mr. Perkins was like the Walrus, not only in weeping, but in a decided preference for what Mr. Perkins calls "the large units."

The collision between the New York and the Pretoria, coming on top of that in the St. Lawrence, shows anew the necessity of prompt action, not only in ratifying the Safety at Sea treaty, but in joint additional regulations as to navigation during a fog. This accident recalls a long list of similar ones, such as the collision between the Britannic and Germanic, and the sinking of the Republic and of the Oregon. The New York is one of the oldest vessels in the transatlantic trade, completing her twenty-sixth year of consecutive service—an almost record-breaking length. Had she been fairly struck, she must have foundered promptly; but her captain's skill and good judgment and his prompt stopping indubitably saved the lives of many passengers. Official investigation will show whether the responsibility rests on the Pretoria, as it appears, or whether it was an unavoidable happening. But our Government could well take the lead in grappling with this the most serious of ocean problems by convening a board of its own officials.

It is easy, as Alice Meynell once wrote, to replace man, and, when Nature has once lapsed, to replace Nature; to replace man's work is the difficult task. Connecticut has just taken over her oldest timbered structure, the "Thomas Lee House" of Bride-Brook. It was erected by a gentleman who left England for Saybrook in 1641. Its builder was in his old age member of the Legislature of 1676, was constable under Sir Edmund Andros, and held a justice's court in one of the rooms of the house. His direct descendants still lived in it when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and Lee at Appomattox; and it was the marriage of one of them which gave Bride-Brook its name, and a theme to one of the earlier of New England woman poets. Two Colonial organizations and the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities lent their aid to the local historical bodies in restoring a landmark which, as one speaker remarked, should give every visitor "a

quickened sense of the high message of those ancestors who felled the forests and planted the vines of Connecticut."

The promise of Mr. Julius Rosenwald to duplicate all gifts for negro rural public schools in the South is no less notable for its wisdom than for its generosity. It is not clear from the dispatches whether this refers only to sums raised by colored people or by others; in either event, it is munificent enough. But Mr. Rosenwald is accustomed to bestowing his benefactions both wisely and generously, as witness what he has done for the Y. M. C. A. movement among the colored people. A number of impressive and useful buildings have arisen because of his aid and inspiration. So disheartening has been the condition of the negro rural schools —in many counties they offer a mere mockery of education—that the Slater and General Education Boards, as well as the Jeanes Fund which applies itself exclusively to the colored rural public schools, have been devoting themselves to the task of obtaining better supervision, better teachers, and better conditions. If Mr. Rosenwald will now duplicate every dollar raised by the colored people to improve their cross-roads schools, a splendid spur for their activities has been provided.

St. Louis proposes to adopt the initiative, referendum, and recall. Indeed, by means of initiative and referendum she would decide on non-partisan elections and prefcrential voting. Her new charter, which has been greeted with an approval foreshadowing its adoption in November, has for its controlling idea the reduction of elective offices. This marks a turning of the worm in a State whose citizens have grievously needed the short ballot. A pamphlet recently issued by the Civic Leaguê showed a condition only less bad than Chicago's, where the elector fills 144 officcs. Hereafter, according to the prôposed St. Louis charter, the voter would have but four city offices to consider—Mayor, Controller, President of the Board of Aldermen, and Alderman. The Mayor's appointive power is not limited. His official family—the Directors of Public Utilities, of Streets and Sewers, of Public Welfare, and of Public Safety —constitute a Board of Public Service to work in the closest coöperation with him. Financial matters, however, are under the control of a Board of Estimate, composed of the three elective officials; and there is an appointive Efficiency Board to draft civil-service regulations.

Mr. Asquith's promise to introduce his amending bill to the Home Rule measure before the original bill comes up for consideration in the House of Lords, is more a concession in form than matter. Should an agreement be reached on the amending bill, the Lords might incorporate its substance into the Home Rule bill in the form of amendments. Concessions from Mr. Asquith will consist in the manner in which the amending bill is introduced, not in its contents. On the latter point there is no reason to suppose that the draft of the amending bill as presented will differ from what Mr. Asquith has repeatedly announced—the exclusion, for a period of six years, of such counties of Ulster as shall by a popular vote desire to be exempted from the operations of the bill. What the Unionists will strive for is, in the first place, to make the exemption include all of Ulster, and, secondly and more important, to make the exemption run for all time. On the first point it is certain that the Government will not yield, and it is not certain that the Unionists will insist.

Mr. Redmond has lent his sanction to the scheme for organizing a Nationalist Volunteer force, 300,000 strong. Ostensibly, this is a move in self-defence against Ulster. Actually, it is intended as a hint to Mr. Asquith that Ireland believes in him, but prefers to keep her powder dry. The men of Ulster have a reason for organizing. They are opposed to a bill that is soon to go on the statute books, and they are prepared to go to the point of taking up arms against that law. Irish Home Rulers, having the Government with them—and the armed forces of the Government —are hardly in need of minute-men, except on the supposition that the Ulster Protestants will immediately set to massacring Ulster Catholics, who must look for succor to their fellow Home Rulers from the south. But that is absurd. There may be doubt whether the army will obey orders to thrust Home Rule down the throat of Ulster. There can be no doubt that the army will do its duty when it comes to preventing civil war between Orangemen and Nationalists. To the extent, therefore, that the Nationalist Volunteers are a reality, they are intended as warning that if the Government is frightened into undue conciliation by the prospect of violence in Ulster, it will have to face violence in the rest of Ireland.

Englishmen may soon be asking for a Carnegie Commission to investigate the outrages—on political decency—and massacres—of the English language—now almost daily occurring in their none too fortunate island. Until recently, Mr. Lloyd George was supposed to hold the record for violent speaking, but the Tories, with the aid of Kipling and Lord Esher, have recently been pressing him hard. Indeed, *Punch* perceived the natural affiliation, and wrote a letter to Mr. Kipling to tell him what a great opening there was for him as assistant-reviler to Lloyd George. The latter appears to have been made a bit jealous by the late outbursts of blackguarding by Conservative speakers and writers; and the other day returned to his favorite pastime of slaying "the dukes" with his mouth. He scored pretty high when he warned "the British aristocracy" that "the very dunghill on which they are perched is being undermined."

In one respect the Ribot Ministry, which fell on Friday, must come pretty near holding the record, even for the short-lived Cabinets of France. It virtually died in the act of being born. Even weak Ministries, formed by a coalition among the various "groups" in the Chamber, usually have time to show what they can do, the programme of the Prime Minister being accepted by the Chamber as a matter of course. That Senator Ribot was voted out at the very start, is clear proof of the extent to which political passions are now aroused in the French republic. Ribot was evidently rejected because he was not radical enough, though it is also plain that the extreme Left and the Socialists are aiming their blow at the President himself. Already the organ of Jaurès, *L'Humanité*, is reviving against M. Poincaré the old Gambetta formula, and calling upon him to submit or demit.

THE WASHINGTON QUANDARY.

All the available evidence goes to show that Congress, if left to itself, would adjourn in a few weeks, without passing any more contentious bills. Representative Underwood speaks for many when he declares for adjournment not later than August 1. But by that time, it is obvious, the entire legislative programme of the Administration could not be completed. It certainly could not be unless the Senate should take the highly improbable course of adopting, in President Wilson's phrase, an "express schedule" instead of a "freight" running time. Even so, the question would remain whether it is desirable to enact laws at forty-five miles an hour. High speed, in such matters, means great hazards. It is hasty legislation which gives point to the saying of Voltaire that Parliaments make laws and are then astonished to find how badly they work. And the alternatives at Washington really reduce themselves to very simple terms. If the anti-Trust legislation is to be pushed, it should be maturely considered by the Senate. If there is to be an early adjournment, a good part of it will have to be dropped for this session. Congress can't have it both ways. Neither can the President.

It is admitted that Mr. Wilson still has sufficient authority to hold Congress to its work all summer, if he so desires. Mr. Underwood proposes a compromise. This is to adjourn Congress on August 1, with the understanding that it is to be summoned in extra session directly after the November elections. The idea is that all the left-over bills could then be acted upon before next January, leaving nothing but routine work for the "short" session. How this will appeal to the President does not yet appear. He is reported as continuing in an unyielding mood; and Congress has by this time found out that, lacking Falstaff's size, he lacks Falstaff's "alacrity in sinking." So that those Senators and Representatives who are sadly making up their minds to spend another summer in Washington, are doing it on the supposition that the President will not let them off. He unquestionably has the power to compel them to keep at work, but is it wise and best for him to exercise it?

In finally answering that question, Mr. Wilson will have many things to take into the account. He must consider the attitude of his party. He must reckon with the state of mind of the country. It is all very well to say that prevailing doubts and fears are only "psychological," but that does not make them any the less serious material to be dealt with. It does not make them any less formidable politically. A party leader may have many forces opposed to him and yet triumph; but if the popular psychology is against him, let him beware. And in duly weighing this as it affects the Trust bills now sent to the Senate, the President should not overlook the fact that those bills do not live up to the description of their nature which he gave in advance last January. They were announced, that is to say, as a plan to remove "uncertainties" from the interpretation and enforcement of the Sherman act; they were to furnish a kind of plain-sailing chart for all the honest business men of the country. But it cannot be said that this promise has been kept by the Clayton bill and the other measures that have passed the House. Instead of removing old uncertainties, they create new ones. It is true that the added attempts at definition of what corporations may do and may not do are guarded by many a "Provided." There is great merit in your *provided*. The word is scattered all through these bills, partly in an effort to draw their teeth, partly in a kind of pious hope that the good may be done and the harm avoided. But the net result is only to produce, not a clearing-up of the Sherman Act, not a careful delimiting of its debatable areas, but a series of new administrative measures, themselves stuffed with ambiguities and containing matter to furnish forth a thousand lawsuits.

The need of a certain change of front on these bills has already been made apparent. Several sections of the Clayton bill have been abandoned, and the Trade Commission bill was reported to the Senate on Saturday, changed both in name and in nature. The Commission is hereafter to be called the Federal Trade Commission, and to it is to be confided power to proceed against corporations guilty of unfair or oppressive competition. This term is not defined, as the attempt was rather futilely made by the Clayton bill to define it. Presumably, the Commission will be guided by the doctrines on this subject laid down by the Supreme Court. We do not deny that such a Commission might prove efficient and useful; but there is certainly no such case made out for its urgency as to warrant great efforts, and justify the cruel and unusual punishment of Congress, in order to create it speedily.

One general consideration, affecting this whole question, remains to be mentioned. It is that laws of this nature never meet expectations. They do not do so actually, and least of all politically. It seems to be the thought at Washington that the enactment of the Trust bills would close the entire chapter of that kind of legislation. But it would be folly to imagine anything of the kind. Behind the panacea-man there always lurks another to affirm that this particular nostrum is valueless, and that the country will never be happy until he gets a chance to put *his* nostrum on the statute-book. The bills referred to are plainly a pretty large borrowing from the Progressive platform. But does Mr. Wilson fancy that the Progressives will stop there? Already some of their leaders are agitating for the Government ownership of railways. That sort of appetite is simply whetted by giving it only a part of its bill-of-fare.

THE TREATY FOR SAFETY AT SEA.

There are grave differences of opinion as to the desirability of confirming the pending treaty accepting the results of the International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea, as well as in regard to the merits of the La Follette Shipping bill. There are those, like Mrs. Florence Kelley, who declare that the treaty marks a step backward; and her evidence has peculiar value not only because of her record of public service, but because she speaks for the travellers, while so many others who are discussing the measure do so from the point of view of the shipowner or of the labor-unionist, like Andrew Furuseth. He resigned as a delegate to the London Conference because it would not follow his views in everything, attacked it and its proceedings whole, and came back long before it had ended its conferences. Naturally, he finds nothing in the London agreement to interest him. But the question which remains for the unbiassed is

whether the sum total of good in the treaty outweighs the evil, or whether the Senate should be counselled to reject the treaty in the hope that in a couple of years a new and more radical Conference will go further than this one did in the matter of safeguarding ocean travel.

What are the criticisms of the treaty? Mr. Furuseth says that if it had been in effect it would in no wise have prevented the loss of the Empress of Ireland; the only change would have been that a lot of her cooks, waiters, coal-passers, etc., would have been rechristened "certificated lifeboatmen," and might not have been able to understand the language of their officers save through an interpreter. Mrs. Kelley insists that the treaty will supersede and relax existing laws for seven years —until 1921—in the matter of a continuous wireless watch, the substitution of life-rafts for one-fourth of the life-boats, and by compelling one country to accept the safety certificate of another even though the laws of the latter are far below our own in safety requirements. In other words, the stringent American laws will be of no avail if the treaty is passed, and a ship from Norway, let us say, comes in with what is under our own laws inadequate equipment or a defective wireless watch. Other objections are that the treaty does not compel cargo boats to have wireless service; that its requirements as to structural changes affect no craft save those whose keels are laid down on or after July 1, 1915. It is also asked what guarantee has the United States that the inspection service in other countries guaranteed by the treaty will be efficient?

Now, it is obviously true that, as the structural changes, such as double bottoms, required by the treaty, apply only to vessels built after July 1, 1915, the Empress of Ireland would not have been affected by its adoption. To suggest, as Mr. Furuseth does, that *all* ocean steamers now afloat should be compelled to add additional bottoms and bulkheads is, on its face, so absurd as to need no comment. It is as if one should suggest that every factory building in New York that is not built according to the latest devices should be taken down and rebuilt. In such cases, whether on sea or on land, no one thinks of doing other than to safeguard the old as well as possible and to prescribe the strictest rules for new construction. Again, Mr. Furuseth's sneer as to the "certificated lifeboatmen" seems to us unjustified, save from the labor-union point of view of creating the maximum number of jobs, needless or otherwise.

That sailors should know the language of their officers we heartily agree; the Conference should have seen to this. As for the life-rafts to which Mrs. Kelley objects, had there been more on the Empress and the Titanic, many lives would have been saved, for they would have floated off. They do not, moreover, capsize in rough seas. But we are with her in thinking that every passenger is entitled to a seat in a boat; there should be plenty of life-rafts besides, even if a ballroom or a swimming tank has to be sacrificed. We should even go so far as to require non-capsizable life-boats. As for the wireless, there is sharp difference between Mrs. Kelley and the Commissioner of Navigation, Mr. Chamberlain, who was a delegate to the London Conference and insists that the treaty does not relax any of the existing United States statutes. We are inclined to think that Mrs. Kelley is correct as to her wireless contention. But the real question at issue is whether, even if she is correct in all her criticisms, the treaty should therefore be rejected.

To this we answer an emphatic no. As our readers are aware, we were criticising the Government and the steamship companies in this matter years before the Republic and the Titanic sank, and we are not overmuch given to advocating compromises. But here a three-quarter loaf is far better than no bread. Mrs. Kelley, we think, overlooks the fact that our American ocean passenger ships are but few; that even the English are in a minority, and that this treaty affects German, French, Canadian, Scandinavian, and Dutch shipping as well as our own. It is a tremendous gain to have all the seagoing world agree as to structural rules for all ships after July 1, 1915; but it is an even greater gain to have got the nations together to legislate on this subject. That we can only hope that the other nations will live up to their obligations, there being no central power to compel them, is true; but it is also true of all other similar international obligations.

OUR PRECARIOUS PUBLIC CAREERS

The appointment of Representative Covington to a life-tenure judgeship, and his acceptance of it, are made the subject of regretful comment by the Baltimore *Sun*, in an editorial entitled "Keeping Our Covingtons in Public Life." It finds that the Maryland Congressman could hardly do otherwise than accept, owing to the uncertainties of politics, particularly in the case of a man independent of political machines and not possessed of such means as would make the heavy expense of a direct-primary contest a matter of indifference. "Mr. Covington," says the *Sun*, "is possibly the most useful man holding political office in this State; certainly he is numbered among the three or four most useful." But if he had looked forward to a continuance of his career in the House, he would have been confronted with the plain fact that if at any time he failed either of nomination or election, he would have to "return to Easton and take up there the practice of law which was interrupted when he first went to Congress."

The trouble is one that confronts us all along the line. So far as Congress is concerned, much might be accomplished in mitigation of it if we could break down the tradition limiting eligibility for the representation of a district to residents of that district. There is no Constitutional limitation of this kind; the requirement of the Constitution being only that every Representative shall, "when elected, be an inhabitant of the State in which he shall be chosen." But sentiment in favor of strictly local representation has, thus far, been so fixed and so universal that there have been hardly any exceptions anywhere to the rule of district representation by district residents. Even if the authority of this rule were broken down, however, the difficulties in the way of keeping a man in Congress when his home district failed him would be very great; perhaps greater under the direct-primary system than under the old-time methods of nomination. Indeed, in view of the deep-seated prejudice in favor of local representation, the question is hardly more than academic. Of more practical importance is the question of making primary elections inexpensive, in which direction our Baltimore contemporary looks for the pos-

sibility of a real betterment. There is no doubt that this is one of the most serious difficulties connected with the direct-primary system. If we are to get and keep good men in our political life, we must make it possible for them to remain in it without facing an exhausting and expensive struggle every few years.

It would be idle, however, to imagine that the trouble can be met by any specific remedy. It is right to try what can be done by this means or that; but the difficulty is so many-sided, the elements entering into it so pervasive and subtle, that hope for any great betterment must rest rather on a general advance of thought and feeling upon the whole subject of public life than on any particular contrivance. And towards such advance an indispensable requisite is a recognition of the loss we suffer when our political life is deprived of any man whose service is of particular value or importance. One of the most notable instances of such a loss that the country has known in many years was when Gov. Hughes ceased to be a factor in the politics of New York State and of the nation. His high usefulness in the exalted judicial position to which he transferred his labors, no one will question; but it was felt, not only in New York, but throughout the Union, that a vital factor which could ill be spared had gone out of our political life when he withdrew from it. How deep that loss was, the history of the Republican National Convention of 1912 was destined speedily to show, in a most dramatic manner. In less obvious ways, and in less marked degree, but nevertheless with consequences most potent in the aggregate, this draining away of much of what is best and finest in our politics and government is going on all the time.

But the draining off of able and high-minded men who have found their way into political life, important as it is, is but a minor indication of a much broader and more important phenomenon. If those who have actually gone into this career and made a notable impression are so often diverted into other paths, how many must there be who ought to be in political life, whom the State or the country needs, whose own inclinations would direct them towards it under favorable conditions, and yet who never enter it at all? It is a mistake to suppose that there are not in Congress, and even in the State Legislatures, a certain number of men of a high order of ability and character, and zealously devoted to their legislative duties. But where there is one of this kind, there ought to be ten. In the State Legislatures particularly, the dearth of men of this type is deplorable. Nobody expects any large question of public policy to receive at the hands of a Legislature the kind of consideration which is its due; and this is a state of things which carries with it the seeds of its own perpetuation. Nothing tends more to keep high-class men out of a Legislature than a general understanding that high-class men do not go there. There are always, fortunately, some exceptions; but it gives one a pang to think how different the story of our Government would be if we could somehow contrive to make the exceptions the rule.

THE ITALIAN DISORDERS.

Extreme self-restraint on the part of the troops and the police in the face of popular disturbances is apparently a tradition of internal Italian policy. During the present troubles, as on several occasions since the great riots of 1898 in northern Italy ushered in an era of economic unrest, soldiers and police have held back under provocation. It is a policy which may be dangerous in the long run, but which is justified in its immediate effects. The "revolutionary" movement which began with last week's rioting at Ancona is pretty near its end, and the village "republics" which sprang up here and there under Socialist and Anarchist auspices will have ceased doing business before many days. Possibly it is part of Government tactics to let the rural populace satisfy its yearnings for the dramatic by setting up "republics" under amateur Robespierres and forcing the hated "aristocrats" to salute the red flag. The rôle played by the peasantry constitutes a peculiar feature of the Italian disturbances. In all other countries it is among the urban workers that unrest flares up first, with the rural population indifferent, if not hostile. But northern Italy has its peasants' associations, who have conducted obstinate strikes with more or less success, and so have offered a fertile field for Socialist and Anarchist propaganda.

The task of the Italian Government was unquestionably made easier by the refusal of the railway workers to proclaim a general strike. This must have been a sore disappointment to the manipulators of the local uprisings in the northern districts, since only a few weeks ago there seemed danger that the railway workers would proclaim a strike on their own account. But since then the Government has taken action to meet in part the demands of the railway men, while letting it be known that in the case of a strike it would make use of the weapon first brought into play with such effectiveness by Premier Briand during the French railway strike of four years ago. This consists in summoning the strikers to the colors as part of the army reserve and working the railways under military discipline.

But fear of such a move must have been only one consideration. Italian workingmen have experimented liberally with the general strike during the last ten years, and have met with failure. They made the mistake which cautious Socialist leaders in other countries have feared, of dulling the edge of a weapon which should be used only in the most pressing emergencies, and with assurance of support from the great mass of the population. Experience has shown that only when the general strike assumes the proportions of a national upheaval, as it did in Russia in 1905 and more recently in Belgium, is there any chance of success. General strikes conducted by labor alone, as in Sweden, or general strikes that are not general, as in Italy, have ended in defeat.

The failure of the Socialist-Republican movement in the Romagna does not, however, rob that movement of significance. One operating cause must have been the revival of Socialist energies, of which we find another illustration in the present political situation in France following a Parliamentary election in which the Socialists have made notable gains and the Radicals, more or less in alliance with them, have also added to their strength. If we look for the further cause behind this reassertion of Socialist aggressiveness we may find it in the reaction from the militarist ideals which have been dominant in Europe during the last five years, or, roughly, since the Turkish revolution set the European balance of power

a-wavering. Italy's war in Tripoli, and the Balkan conflicts, brought Europe face to face with the possibility of a general war, with a consequent enhancement of the nationalist spirit all over the Continent. In Italy itself the Tripolitan conquest created a wave of patriotic enthusiasm which for a time threatened the integrity of the Socialist party in that country.

With the relaxation of international tension has come a subsidence in nationalist feeling and a corresponding recrudescence of the older Socialist pressure. In France this has been made manifest in the present campaign for the abandonment of the three years' military service law. In Italy the rioting points in the same direction. At no time did the monarchy seem so safe as after the Tripolitan conquest; and while an aggressive Italian policy in Albania was being carried on. The uprisings at Ancona and elsewhere are only another instance of the recurrent popular protest against the costs of militarism.

CANADA AND OUR MAGAZINES.

It is less than three years since the people of Canada, by rejecting reciprocity and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, defeated our insidious attempt to annex them, but already another American scare is taking shape—at least in the columns of the London *Times*. That paper has been much concerned with the forces working for the "Americanization" of the Dominion, if not in a political sense, then in a cultural sense. A process of "pacific penetration" is under way which may not threaten the absorption of Canada by the United States, but does threaten the integrity of the Empire by loosening the bonds of a common outlook and common tastes with the mother country. Is it certain, asks the *Times* correspondent, that the people of Canada will never be attracted "by the vision of an independent Canadian Republic"? American immigration into the Western provinces is bringing American tastes and connections. Canadian labor organizations are branches of international organizations with headquarters in the United States. American manufacturers have branch factories in Canada manned largely by American workmen. The newspaper syndicates recognize no 49th degree of latitude. English news intended primarily for consumption in the United States and reflecting the American attitude to English problems is retailed to Canadian newspapers, on the apparent assumption that Alberta or Saskatchewan feels about the House of Lords or Ulster as Iowa or Massachusetts does.

A striking example of how unconsciously the Canadian journalist drops into un-Imperialist modes of thinking is pointed out in a letter by the head of the Canadian branch of Macmillans:

> Much, if not most, of our syndicated material for newspapers comes from New York and Chicago, and only recently a large Winnipeg paper in its Sunday edition had a page story of "How We Develop Our Navy." The account was all concerned with the American navy, and eulogized "Our great Admiral Farragut," for his victory over "the British Navy" in Lake Erie. [It may be remarked that a victory by Farragut over the British on Lake Erie rather represents a Canadization of American history.] There are daily syndicated articles in most of our papers, in which "we Americans" and "our starry flag" and "our United States" and "our trouble with Mexico" figure just as freely as, if not more freely than, generalities about Great Britain.

Not to mention the waning of cricket and lacrosse before American baseball!

But, in particular, it is the cheaper American magazines that are undermining Imperialist sentiment in Canada. "For every English weekly or monthly publication one sees here ten American." The evil effects are not merely sentimental. More pernicious even than the reading matter in the American magazines are the advertising pages, with their highly artistic and psychological appeal. The influx of American magazines thus means an influx of American trade, which in turn binds the two countries more closely together and so completes the vicious circle. Yet how is the danger to be averted? Favorable postal rates by the British Government are advocated as one way of checking the invasion of American periodicals. But it is not likely that anything short of a prohibitive rate on American periodicals would show results. For it is plain that not only is there in Canada a demand for our magazines, but there is in England no rival supply. It has become a commonplace that in Great Britain, for obvious geographical reasons, the newspapers play the part which our own vast distances—and Canada's—have reserved for the weekly and monthly magazines. England has its high-class political and literary reviews of comparatively limited appeal. But its cheap magazines stand far below our own. They concentrate on fiction and diverting matter of a distinctly elementary nature. They are not in the least concerned with the social and political questions which—no matter how free-and-easy their treatment—have nevertheless given our own magazines their enormous vogue. If American magazines were to be excluded from Canada, that country would have to develop a substitute. England has hardly one to offer.

To the extent that the "Americanization" of Canada is a fact, the sole cause is not to be found in mere geographical contiguity, though that, of course, counts greatly. It is the similarity of conditions on either side of the border that works for a similarity in reading tastes. One might keep American magazines out of Canada; one might even keep American farmers out of Canada, and yet tastes and habits of thought would gravitate to the same level on both sides of the boundary. We have spoken of geographical distances. The enormous prairies of Western Canada, with a well-scattered farming population, reproduce our own West as a market for the periodical as opposed to the metropolitan newspaper. Canada's farming population is bound to develop—and, for that matter, has already developed—much the same interest as our own in the problem of railways and express companies and Trusts, and ultimately in the questions of conservation and the relation between government control and private ownership—in other words, thoso social-political questions to which our own magazines devote so much attention.

And yet it is doubtful if Imperial interests are as seriously endangered in Canada as the *Times* imagines in its pessimistic moods. The points of contact betwcen us and Canada are many. But, after all, there are differences which might be emphasized. It is not nccessary to go into detail. It is enough that Americans, when they enter Canada, especially the older provincos, do feel that there is a differencc—a difference in the pace of life, in the higher cultural interests, in the importance of class and caste. These differences from us and resemblances to England are of sufficient vitality to keep tho Imperial feeling alivo for somo time to come.

Foreign Correspondence

THE PLAN TO REFORM THE THAMES—AN ABORTIVE SCHEME —"LIQUID HISTORY."

London, June 8.

Old Father Thames has suffered many indignities in his time, but there has been nothing quite so shocking as the present proposal to put him into a stralt waistcoat. The plan sent out for the consideration of the local authorities has been prepared by C. J. Griffiths, the engineer to the Thames Conservancy, a board which controls the river above Teddington, the lower part of it being the domain of the Port of London Authority. It is a plan for bringing down to the sea much more rapidly than at present the water which falls in the 3,500 square miles of the Thames Valley. Its principal features include the cutting of seventeen new channels, the destruction of the islands that interrupt the current, and the removal of the masonry bridges at Henley, Maidenhead, Windsor, and elsewhere. The cost of it would be not less than $15,000,000, an outlay equivalent to $500 per acre of land relieved from inundation.

The project has only been made public a day or two, but it is already as dead as a doornail. One objection comes from the farmers, in whose interests it has largely been prepared. To be protected from the floods which cause trouble for a few days in the year would be worth something, but it would not be worth the sacrifice of a great part of the value of the river all the rest of the time. What the farmer is asking for is not a river-bank with a gradient of one in three, which would make it impossible for cattle to drink of the stream and would compel him to fence off his fields as a protection of his stock from danger.

But the protest of the farmers is as nothing to that which has been immediately made on behalf of the vast multitude of persons to whom the Thames is every summer a means of healthful recreation. There is probably no other river in the world that contributes so much to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The nearness of the pleasure part of the river to London makes it one of the most accessible, as well as delightful, resorts for a half-day holiday. "It is no exaggeration," says one of its admirers, "to state that the Thames is a model river for boating, offering as it does not only the perfections of rowing and the quintessence of sculling, but also exceptional facilities for punting and canoeing, in the shape of long reaches of moderate depth, with good gravelly bottom and endless side streams and backwaters offering all the solitude and natural charm of an Arcadian stream."

To those who can afford to spare more than half a day at a time, the Thames has far more to offer. No foreign visitor to England, however short his stay in the country, should miss the two days' excursion by launch from Oxford to Kingston, or vice versa. Grander scenery, of course, can be found on many other rivers, but for its endless variety of simple, restful loveliness, where can be found the rival of this ever-changing, ever-pleasing panorama? These natural charms are heightened by another feature that appeals forcibly to any stranger who has a sense of things past as well as things present. One day a colonial politician, standing on the terrace of the House of Commons, was bragging loudly about the glories of some big river in his own region. It was a much finer river than the Thames—cleaner, wider, and so on. John Burns happened to be close by, and could not stand it. "Do you know what that brown river is, sir?" he exclaimed indignantly. "It's liquid history!"

At Brentford, opposite Kew Gardens, there stands a stone monument commemorating the fact that near that spot Julius Cæsar took his Roman soldiers across. Since that time what a story is linked with the towns and villages along these banks—with Oxford, and Windsor, and Runnymede, and Wallingford, and Hampton Court, and Richmond! Apart altogether from its historical associations, there is something characteristically English about the whole environment of this stream—about the hamlets, and meadows, and country houses that stud its banks. "There is no single spot on the Thames," it has been said, "that could be situated anywhere but in England." That is perhaps an exaggeration, but it remains true that the two days' leisurely journey down its reaches will tell the stranger more about the soul of the country than any other expenditure of the same time.

And "this glorious river," as Izaac Walton called it, twentieth-century vandalism proposes to turn into a canal! The scheme would so reduce the summer level of the stream that, in many stretches of it, about as much of the surrounding scenery would be visible from a boat as if one were passing through a perpetual lock at low water. The destruction of the small islands, or "eyots," as they are generally called, would remove a feature that contributes not a little to the charm of the landscape. In fact, as the Mayor of Reading, himself a member of the Conservancy, has stated, the plan would ruin the Thames as a pleasure resort. And all to get rid of what the report speaks of as "a certain amount of inconvenience" that occasionally follows an exceptionally heavy rainfall.

In this case the æsthetic and sentimental objections are happily reinforced by the very practical consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence. To destroy the "amenities" of the Thames would be to take away the livelihood of thousands of persons dwelling permanently along its banks.

There is a reasonable suspicion that the real purpose of the scheme is not what appears upon its face. The local authorities along the river have been complaining for years that the Thames Conservancy does not take adequate measures to prevent inundations. "Very well," replies the Conservancy, "we will look into the matter, and see what can be done." It sets its engineer to work upon the problem, and, after an elaborate survey, he produces this solution. "If you really want to escape your occasional floods," says the Board to the local authorities to-day, "you will not get any efficient preventive short of such a scheme as this. It is now for you to decide whether you prefer an inundation now and then or the reconstruction of the river as planned by our engineer." H. W. H.

THE INSURRECTION IN ALBANIA—AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA — THE WEAKNESS OF THE MPRET.

Vienna, June 6.

The troubles in Albania have suddenly assumed threatening proportions, and the new ruler's capacity has been put to the test in a very severe manner. The Mpret has not stood the test. Sudden danger showed him to be a man of no character, and the Austrians, who have had to bear much from the Prussians in the way of criticism during the last few years of trouble in the Balkans, when the Austro-Hungarian foreign policy has too frequently been wavering in character, are watching events in Albania with great interest. They see a German prince, a model military man, the pattern member of the general staff, suddenly placed in strange circumstances, where events unforeseen in the drill book must be met, at once and with decision, and find him wanting.

The joy felt in Austria-Hungary is shared by the Serbs, who say, "All Europe blamed us for our want of diplomacy in keeping the Albanians in the newly annexed regions in order; now the pattern German, the soldier par excellence, cannot keep a handful of Albanian insurgents at bay." The Serbs point out a fact that has long been forgotten in regard to Albania—they say that even the Romans could not inspire respect in this wild people. They built a road right through the country, to reach the Near East, and shipped their goods over Durazzo, but they never attempted to dominate the Albanians in the mountains. The Turks have never been able to do anything in the wilds of Mallisoria, nor has a Turkish tax collector ever succeeded in getting money from the inhabitants of the mountains. The Albanians have been accustomed to live by plunder and robbery, and now that this source of supply has been cut off, partly by the work of civilization carried on by the Serbs, partly by the advance of the Greeks, they are without means of living. The land which was cultivated before the war has fallen into barrenness during the incursions made by troops and brigands, and the Albanian has absolutely no means of living. "How shall he pay taxes?" a diplomatist who knows the Balkans asked me. The new Prince cannot as yet expect the poverty-stricken Albanian to contribute anything to the funds required to administer the new country, although funds for the reorganization of the state are urgently needed.

Besides the mistake of knowing nothing of the people over whom he rules, the Prince von Wied made a great initial

error. He ought to have insisted on the loan guaranteed by the Great Powers being made over to him before he set sail for Durazzo. Turkey has always managed to keep comparative order in Albania by means of distributing money where it was needed and taking men to defend her palaces and public buildings in return for the immediate relief given in the country. The people there are accustomed to being ruled by men with their hands full of ready money. The Prince arrived in Albania almost alone, without money, without a proper guard which would have inspired his new subjects with proper respect, and the final and most fatal mistake of all was taking the Princess and the children with him. The Prince's unconsidered flight on board the Italian warship was only made at the instance of the Princess, who refused to leave her husband's side. The diplomatists of Europe now recognize that the new ruler was most ill-advised in hampering himself with women and children at such a juncture.

Alone, his first task on arriving at Durazzo would doubtless have been to study the military aspect of the place, and he would have seen that Durazzo, lying as it does on a peninsula, was very easy of defence. It is separated from the mainland by swamps, further on a deep river in a ravine separates it from Schiak, the place where the malcontents were assembled. Twenty soldiers posted with rifles on the banks of the ravine could have made the advance of hundreds of men impossible, as, carefully placed, they would have commanded every approach to Durazzo. The Prince appears not even to have contemplated this means of defending the capital, and his future in his adopted country is regarded with great pessimism in Vienna. Here they consider that a Turkish pasha would be the right ruler for Albania. He would understand the difficult character of the people, would be able to communicate with them in a language that they knew, and would only lend a deaf ear to the opposing counsels of Italy and Austria.

The rivalry between Austria-Hungary and Italy, both at home and abroad, has become very keen. Both nations wish to contravene any action taken by the other in Albania, and every forward effort made by Austria is followed by a check from Italy. It is very doubtful whether even the greatest politician could prevail against the multitude of counsels offered to Wilhelm von Wied. And the Mpret never passed as a politician. The battleships hovering outside Durazzo are no doubt a moral support to the Prince, but it is certain that he could press his policy upon his subjects better without the visible sign of the power of the two nations, whose interests in the country are entirely opposed, just outside.

The Albanians ask the Prince to dispossess the beys, and to take away the land from the twelve great ruling families, who require a third of its produce as rent. The great nationalist party is agitating for Albania for the Albanians, and calls upon the Prince to free himself from the trammels of conflicting interests, and to save the country for its people. There is a great work for the right man in this unfortunate country, which is overrun with agents, all with some ulterior object. The ideal ruler, however, must be a man of somewhat rough methods, not the last word of civilization.

Meanwhile the country remains in a state of uproar; discontent is everywhere rampant, and the seeds of insurrection, which have been so largely sown by foreign agents, are bearing fruit. L. R.

"POLITICAL PSYCHOLOGY" APPLIED TO THE NEW FRENCH CHAMBER —SOCIALIST LEADERSHIP.

PARIS, June 6.

Dr. Gustave Le Bon is applying to "political psychology" that scientific method which won the consideration of Henri Poincaré for the "Evolution of Forces," and the eulogy of Gumplowicz for the "Psychology of Crowds" as *genial und bahnbrechend*. Now he gives us a "psychological dissection" of the new French Parliament. "A member of Parliament is not an invariable being of fixed mind. He constitutes a collective personality with the mobility and inconstancy of all collective beings. His value depends for a little on himself, but much more on the group to which he attaches himself. We may compare him to a figure whose importance depends solely on the numbers which precede or follow it.

"The present Parliament seems disquieting because it numbers a hundred Revolutionary Socialists. In truth, their projects are revolutionary enough. A member of their group has just formulated them as follows: 'To expropriate the individual and take from him the means of production which he now holds, so as to socialize them.' Socialists know very well that to ruin the rich industrial and commercial classes would fatally strike back and ruin the other classes also; but that is precisely the end they pursue in order to come to a revolution which they imagine must turn to profit for themselves. Revolutionary in their talk, these apostles of a new faith are much less so in their thoughts. They do not always know how to govern their tongues, but masters whom they fear oblige them to govern their actions. They have a solid hierarchy, and accept timidly and reverently the programmes imposed by their chiefs, committees, and congresses. . . . In the lump, they constitute a docile mass whose gregarious soul is easily handled by their leaders. Their feeble personality is enveloped with a very strong collective soul.

"Revolutionary Socialists are dangerous most of all on account of the fear they inspire. The timid always stand back before the violent. The history of our great Revolutionary assemblies has constantly verified the law. . . . For such psychological reasons, it is to be feared that the United Radical party will be absorbed by the Socialists. The weakness of the Radical party is great because its convictions are uncertain. It will follow Socialists through fear, just as the Plain followed Robespierre through fear of the guillotine—which, moreover, it did not escape. . . . Surely, Socialists have not more character than their adversaries, but the habit of obeying despotic chiefs gives them the power which disciplined troops always have.

". . . The present difficulty is to find out whether, from this crowd of legislators with opinions all afloat, there will arise a few men of tenacious will, capable of continuous effort and possessing judgment enough to distinguish possibilities from chimeras. . . . These will know —since their judgment is supposed to be sure—that the true statesman ought not to govern for a class of persons, but for all classes of citizens. They will know also that vexations imagined by fanatics to satisfy their jealousy and rancor would lead to the worst of reactions. They must have the will to substitute the widest tolerance for those low religious persecutions on which so many Ministries have lived till now. . . . I am not unmindful that the realization of such a programme is very difficult in a house of Parliament divided among ten groups. . . . A task like this demands the heart of Hercules and the brain of Machiavelli. Yes, it is a difficult hour. Socialism unites the discontented as Boulangism did. It has for itself the numerous army of the beaten in life, the ambitious, and the unfit." S. D.

The Errant Mushroom

EXCURSIONS OF AN EPICURE.

To the true mushroom-lover there are dozens of varieties far superior to the canned "buttons" that are supposed to add flavor to a beefsteak; much better than the dried *funghi*, mostly *Boleti*, of the Italians which are supposed to give a sprightly touch to the limp spaghetti of the fixed-price Bohemian dinner; and more delicious than the domesticated *Campestris* bought out of the grape-baskets at the grocer's. They must be sought for in their oftentimes shy and seemingly capricious habitats, and eaten as soon as gathered; and here begins the lure of the mushroom.

An ardent and persistent hunter will find at least thirty edible kinds of mushrooms during a season beginning in May and ending only when the snow flies. His trained eye detects them during rambles in fields and woods, in village streets, on fallen logs, or, as Meredith says, on "the rubbio of woody wreck." Within a short time I gathered a goodly mess of the little *Micacedus* in Washington Square, Manhattan. The lawn of a Unitarian church near Boston yielded a supply of *Atramentarius* for a whole autumn. I rarely reached home from my train without filling my evening paper with *Micacedus, Appendiculatum, Atramentarius*, or some other delectable mushroom

whose habitat, perhaps for that summer only, I had learned to know.

The season begins in May with the Morels, which may be looked for around the decaying roots of apple trees. It was only after several years' search that I came upon enough to enable me to test their admirable quality. As autumn begins one still looks for the faithful *Campestris*, the *Comatus*, or "shaggy mane," some of the *Hypholoma*, and the "smoky" Hygrophorous. All through the summer, especially after frequent rains, the mushroom lover is rewarded, somewhat capriciously it must be admitted, by finding many species that not only delight his discoverer's instinct, but furnish also a delicious feast. If there is a growth of hemlock he looks for the *Chanterelles*—funnel-shaped, the color of yellow ochre, and of an aromatic flavor. He is fortunate if in late August he finds in a mown field a dozen or more *Procera*, or "parasol" mushrooms; and the little white *Naucina*, which must be carefully distinguished from the *Amanitas*, which it somewhat resembles.

The seemingly haphazard manner of growth of many mushrooms has for me a large part of the attraction that lies in searching for them. They are "as shy as the squirrel, and as wayward as the swallow." Even the staid and industrious *Campestris* cannot be relied upon to appear in successive years in the same pasture, though it is less likely to fail you than many other nomadic varieties, which are here one year and flown the next. The explanation of this is quite simple. The mycelium, a thread-like network slowly formed underground, out of which the mushroom shoots up in a night, has become exhausted. But to most persons an explanation at such times is an unsatisfactory substitute for mushrooms.

I spent a whole afternoon rambling through some New Hampshire pastures and woods where the conditions appeared to be perfect for certain summer mushrooms. But nothing came of it. On my way home I did not like the looks of a mongrel dog that seemed ready to dispute the road leading by a farm-house. To avoid him I took a turn through an apple orchard and leaped over a stone wall into the largest and finest growth of the *Lepiota Procera* I had ever seen. The next summer I returned with fond anticipation, but my friends were gone, like gypsies to set up their tents on some other favored grounds.

One morning in the old village where I chanced to be living I looked out of my window for an observation of the weather. The little lawn in front of my neighbor's house was thickly studded with what might have been fallen blossoms of the dogwood tree. Where, the night before, was a neatly shaven lawn, was now a profuse outbreak of *Appendiculatum*—"a thousand saw I at a glance." Farther down the street two old maiden ladies lived in the peaceful retirement of a shaded cottage, a little in from the street. There one morning was another and most beautiful visitation of the same mushroom, which I confess to have gathered without leave.

In Boston there is a Mycological Society that holds weekly exhibitions during the summer season. There every form of "toadstool," however unusual or unimportant, is brought in for wise inspection. The "rose-flush'd mushrooms, undivulged last evening," appear there next day to be "named and known." Here I would say a word in praise of some of the modest, true, but unrecognized scholars of Nature, whom I have known in and about that city. There was one Davenport, who spent his working days at a frame-gilder's bench, and who yet in forty years had become so great an authority on ferns that to him Professor Gray often sent very rare specimens to be named. Hitchings, a paperhanger, through years of patient devotion became an authority on native flowers. It was he who found a white cardinal flower, and was said to have discovered a wild flower in blossom in every month of the year. At the exhibitions of this society one was sure to come across these unassuming and patient observers, from whom the shyest of fungi could not hide away.

I once had occasion to test the enthusiasm and closeness of observation of some of these "sharps," whose knowledge of the subject is far better than mine. Henry, a colored boy in my employ, once brought to me a large "toadstool" which he had found growing in the backyard of the squalid quarters where he lived, just outside Boston. At a glance I thought I recognized it as the *Arvensis*, or horse mushroom, but on looking further down the stem I noticed differences that made me doubt. I sought the higher authority of Mrs. Blackford, at the Museum of Fine Arts, who promptly said, "*Arvensis*"; but her trained eye at once noted variations that put it into another class. She then referred me to another authority, who likewise said, "*Arvensis*." But wiser counsel prevailed. "Call up the president of the Mycological Society!" I was next advised. As I had expected, he exclaimed, "*Arvensis*."

But Henry's "toadstool" was as puzzling to him as it had proved to the other experts. Finally it went to Professor Farlow, at Harvard, who could only say that to his knowledge no such variety had been found in America, though it was known in England. One loves to wonder by what mysterious agency the spores of this mushroom were borne to that little yard in Jamaica Plain.

J. Eastman Chase.

Books and Men

REMEDIAL LEGISLATION FOR WORDS.

A tax on words is proposed by a magazine writer. He would have Government tax collectors read the newspapers, periodicals, and books, and haunt lecture-rooms, churches, public meetings, clubs, and afternoon teas—wherever talk is uttered. Short words should be exempt, but polysyllables liable to the tax. To speak of the "poor-house" should cost you nothing, but "eleemosynary institution" might, in the end, send you there.

It is hard to discover the reason for this assault upon long words, or for the belief that a tax of this kind would pay the enormous cost of its collection. Are long words—except in the rural newspapers, and as a kind of heavy jest—in such high favor? Not, surely, in the days of "big" novels, full of "good red blood," that "grip" the reader! It was not long ago that a fad travelled through the schools to the effect that only short words, of Saxon origin, were to be encouraged. We were to ignore the variety and richness of the language and pretend that it had not many, but few, sources. A ban lay upon "commence"; pupils were to say "begin" instead. Not a few boys and girls went forth into the world with a hazy notion that "commence" was in some sort of evil repute, that it was bad form, like "cute," "nice," and "elegant" in their popular significance.

Although there seems no pressing need to discourage long words, there is every reason for the foundation of a society for the prevention of cruelty to words—short or long. Take, for instance, that word "big." Can any one doubt that it longs for shorter hours, easier work, longer vacations? It is abominably abused. Once it led a peaceful existence, employed almost wholly (and in its superlative degree) by circus men. Now, the political reporter, the writer of publishers' advertisements, the literary critic, and even the university professor, keep the poor word busy every minute.

About "proposition" one hesitates to speak. It has settled upon the land like a blight. Perhaps it is too late to say anything on the subject, just as it is too late to regret the extermination of the passenger pigeon. Why "proposition" exercises this siren charm, what secret melody dwells in its syllables, let those who can, declare. There is a type of man upon whose lips it eternally hovers. You watch him with a dreadful fascination—he will utter the word every one hundred and twenty seconds, as punctual as the "Old Faith-

ful" geyser. If some magic power made it impossible for him to say "proposition" you feel that he would first turn purple, and then choke to death. From Maine to California smoking-cars and clubs are vocal with: "Look here, I said to him, what kind of a proposition is this?" Meanwhile, the sentence in the Gettysburg Speech about the nation, conceived in liberty, and "dedicated to the proposition," etc., is suffering from a sort of inverted popularity, the result of bad associations.

As with words, so with phrases. "Bulk large" has bulked large in every newspaper for two or three years, and earned a good rest. "Good red blood" lies buried beneath a mound of jeers. "Glutton for work" is still going strong. "Psychological moment" was shyly retreating to the suburbs, but the recent Presidential patronage of the adjective will, perhaps, cause its head to peep forth again. A curious thing about the many psychological moments of ephemeral literature is the fact that only a few of them were moments, and hardly any of them were psychological. Sometimes they were instants in the careers of inanimate things, like locomotives. A similar case occurred when a "human interest story" was written, with a seal for its sole character.

In the small newspaper, "felines," not cats, are still run over by trolley cars; "juvenile offenders" are "apprehended" by the policemen, and the picnic is spoiled when "Jupiter Pluvius puts Old Sol to rout." By far the finest venture into classic fields ever made by any newspaper, to my knowledge, was when the popularity of a dance-hall at a beach was attested by the fact that it was frequented "until the wee sma' hours by the devotees of old King Terpsiquhar."

The subject leads naturally to the schoolboy "howlers" recently discussed in the *Nation*. One brilliant gem seems to have been missing—that about the boy who rendered "Cæsar in Galliam venit summa diligentia," "Cæsar came into Gaul on top of the diligence." It is a pity that one of the most amusing essays ever written on this subject, Prof. Brander Matthews's "On the French spoken by those who do not speak French," should be little known and hard to find. The author does not, it is true, relate the story of the tourist who saw the broken spring on the cab, and hailed the cocher with: "Oh, I say, vous avez cassé votre printemps!" He does tell of the famous translation of the title of "Love's Last Shift"—"La dernière chemise de l'amour," and of the seasick Channel passenger, desiring to get into his berth, who cried faintly to the steward: "Je sens mal; où est ma naissance?"

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

WILLIAM PITTIS: THE DIFFICULTIES OF A PAMPHLETEER AND BIOGRAPHER.

II.

We now come to the tracts for and against a war with France, which furnished Defoe with his best ammunition against Pittis. Between the two parts of "The History of the Mitre and Purse," *i. e.*, on November 23, 1714, (cf. the *Evening Post*) appeared the "Reasons for a War with France," which caused Pittis's arrest by the messenger of the press, a man named Gray (cf. the *Post Boy*, December 2-4, 1714). This pamphlet, apart from Defoe's testimony and the fact that the authorities must have had some reasons for proceeding against Pittis, would seem to be the work of our mercenary scribe, since the *Weekly Packet** for November 20-27, 1714, advertised the second edition of it as by the author of the "History of the Parliament," a work which appears to be the compilation already mentioned, *viz.*, "The History of the Present Parliament" (1711) the dedication to which is signed "W. P." The same newspaper for December 4, 1714, assured its readers that Pittis was not really arrested, but went voluntarily to the office of the Secretary of State, where he was honorably admitted to bail for £400 (cf. also the *Post Boy* December 7). But the Whig *Flying Post* for December 11-14 published a letter making fun of the Tory pamphleteer's honorable bail, recalling the fact that he had been pilloried, and asserting that he had previously been informed upon for a tract entitled "Jus Sacrum." A private gentleman—whom we know from other sources to have been William Benson, M. P.—had offered to prosecute Pittis for "Jus Sacrum," and his brother Foe for pamphlets against the Hanoverian Succession, but the design had miscarried. This letter seems also to show that Pittis, after the death of its founder, was connected with Dyer's notorious *Newsletter*, which is not improbable, since Pittis was quite as capable as Defoe of writing on both sides of any question, and since Dyer's written paper had the unenviable reputation of changing its news to suit the views of whatsoever subscriber it might obtain.

The Whiggish tone of "Reasons for a War with France" would of itself arouse suspicions with regard to its author's capacity for tergiversation. These suspicions are greatly increased when we find the *Evening Post* for November 27 and December 7, 1714, advertising for the next week—the pamphlet seems finally to have appeared on December 25, cf. the *Weekly Packet*—"An Argument against a War with France. Wherein the Pamphlet entitled Reasons for a War are thoroughly examined, and fully refuted By the Author of the Mitre and Purse." But, as we have just seen, Defoe asserted that Pittis was the author of the tract last named, and internal evidence seems to show that Defoe was right. It is at least certain that the two hackney writers knew a great deal about each other, and that at this juncture they were not on good terms, for on February 19, 1715 (cf. the *Evening Post*) Pittis published, through Baker, a tract entitled "Queen Anne Vindicated from the Base Aspersions of some late Pamphlets," in which he attacked Defoe vigorously, and added to the latter's bibliography, not only the "Secret History of the Secret History," but a certain "Memoirs of the Conduct of Her Late Majesty and Her Last Ministry, Relating to the Separate Peace with France" (London, S. Keimer, 1715, 8vo, 80 pp.). This tract purported to be "By the Right Honourable the Countess of ———," but it is surely Defoe's, and, ironically enough, it was given to him by no less a person than James Crossley, with the result that we have the amusing spectacle of the most acute of Defoe's early bibliographers and one of the most stanch believers in his probity supporting a contemporary attribution put forward to discredit him, and certainly warranted to produce that effect in any discriminating reader. That Pittis and no other was the Queen's defender, Defoe's assailant, and the anticipator of Crossley as a bibliographer, is clear, not only from abundant internal evidence of his authorship, but from an ascription to him in a contemporary hand to be found in a copy of "Queen Anne Vindicated," owned by Yale University. This tract also proves that Pittis, like Defoe and other pamphleteers of the time, was an adept at disowning his own productions—"The History of the Mitre and Purse" and "Reasons for a War with France"—and that he was sought out by printers such as Samuel Keimer—who links Defoe with Benjamin Franklin—when they needed pamphlets to keep their presses busy.

We next find Pittis early in May, 1715, brought up in court to answer for writing "Reasons for a War with France" (cf. *Dawkes*, May 7). With him was Defoe, charged with a libel against the Earl of Anglesey. My notes indicate that Defoe was found guilty on July 12, along with other political offenders who had come up in May, but I find no reference to Pittis. This need not force us to acquit the latter of having written "Reasons for a War with France," since he may have escaped trial, much as Defoe later escaped punishment, and perhaps for the same reason, to wit, former and promised future services as a pamphleteer in the Whig interest.

We now enter upon the most important phase of Pittis's career, his work as a biographer. On April 12, 1715 Curll advertised in the *Post Boy* a biography of the celebrated physician, Dr. John Radcliffe. It has long been known that Pittis was the author of this hasty and not very interesting compilation, which speedily passed, according to ad-

*Boyer (*Political State*, Nov., 1714, p. 437) noted that Pittis was taken into custody on Nov. 30, 1714, on a warrant from Lord Townshend. He gave (pp. 433-437) the substance of the pamphlet with the surprising comment that it "begun to create strange Jealousies, in the Minds of the People, and even to affect public Credit." Possibly, though he seems to write as a Whig, Pittis's real purpose was to urge upon the new Whig government a belligerent attitude towards France which it would have been inconvenient for them to take.

vertisements, into a second edition, reached a third in 1716, and a fourth in 1736. What has escaped attention almost completely is the fact that there is fairly convincing evidence that Pittis was also the first biographer of Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax; of Dr. South, and of Sir Stephen Fox.

In the preface to the "Memoirs of the Life" of the worthy last named (London, John Sackfield and J. Roberts, 1717, 8vo, viii + 104 pp.; fol. 1807; oct. 1811) we find the following paragraph:

"As for the Author, howsoever misrepresented by a certain Person, whom he could name with some Disadvantage to his Profession and Character, for one of Mr. Curll's *Hacks, he is not asham'd of having it known, that he is the very Man that wrote Dr.* Radcliff's, *the Earl of* Halifax, *and Dr.* South's *Life, which have not met with so ill a Reception (notwithstanding Things have been crowded into the last for* Posthumous Works, *which he does not hold himself answerable for) as to fling him into the List of* Triobularian *Scriblers."*

Although I do not know who the "certain Person" was and although I should not like to have to parse the phrase, "for one of Mr. Curll s Hacks," I think that the gist of this paragraph is sufficiently clear, and after an examination of the four biographies in question, I am strongly inclined to give them all to Pittis. This has not been done by the writers of the articles on Fox, Halifax, and South in the Dictionary of National Biography, although the Rev. Alexander Gordon, writing on South, was, as the children say in their game, "burning," when he referred to William Pittis's ballad, "The Battle Royal." These verses, which dealt with the Socinian controversy between Dr. South and Dr. William Sherlock, had also satirized Dr. Thomas Burnet, Master of the Charterhouse, and they have been quoted in part, without attribution to Pittis, in Leslie Stephen's article on Dr. Burnet in the great Dictionary. Stephen quoted from the copy printed in Nichols's edition of "The Original Works of William King, LL.D., Advocate of Doctors Commons" (I, 221-222), but, if one may judge from the note on p. 210, the name of the author of the ballad was unknown to King's editor in 1776. The insertion, however, of the entire poem in those "Memoirs" of South, which Pittis claims to have written (pp. 128-129), and the comments there made upon it, suggest the suspicion that the author of the ballad was also the author of the "Memoirs," especially as the approximate date of the satiric verses, 1695, corresponds with the period when Pittis was still moving in church and university circles. What definite authority Mr. Gordon had for his attribution of the verses to Pittis has thus far escaped me, and I have not been in a position to determine when they first appeared in print, but it is reasonable to hold that the insertion of a poem somehow connected with Pittis in the volume dealing with South helps to strengthen the former writer's claim to the authorship of the "Memoirs" of the latter. If there was one thing Pittis was more likely to do than another thing, it was to quote himself.

The earliest indication I have found of attention being paid to the statement by the writer of the "Memoirs" of Sir Stephen Fox that he was also the biographer of Dr. Radcliffe, the Earl of Halifax, and Dr. South is given in the "Notes on Men and Books" jotted down by Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford, and published in *Notes and Queries* (2nd Ser., ix, 417 seq.). Under the head of *Montagu,* however, the Earl gave a note contradicting in part the information given under the head of *Fox,* drawn from the paragraph in the preface to the "Memoirs" quoted above. He wrote, *"His Life* [*i. e.,* that of Halifax] wrote by a very indifferent hand, even that scoundrel John Oldmixon. Printed for Curll, 8vo, 1715." It is not my business to defend Oldmixon's character, nor can I pretend to be an expert on his writings, but from my knowledge of him and of Pittis, I am morally certain that it was the latter, not the former, who wrote the memoir and collected the poems of Halifax, despite the fact that a Whig would have been a fitter person to undertake such a task than a man bred a Tory.

My reasons are briefly as follows: We know that Pittis wrote the biography of Radcliffe for Curll and that by 1715 he had become something of a renegade to his High Church and Tory sentiments. We find in all the four biographies a somewhat affected and academic style and a free use of padding, which seem to support the claim made in the "Memoirs" of Fox that they were written by one man, and to point back to the style and methods of compilation used by Pittis before 1715. Moreover, we discover that the "Memoirs" of Halifax appropriates some pages from Pittis's "History of the Third Session of the Last Parliament," although so Tory a performance is a strange source of information for a biographer of a Whig statesman, and that there is reason to think that the author of the life of Halifax utilized, with considerable abridgment, Pittis's "History of the Present Parliament and Convocation." One or two special touches seem to connect the biography of Halifax with that of South, and other touches appear to connect the latter with that of Fox, *e. g.,* the extravagant denunciation of the Cromwellians. Finally, in the "Memoirs" of Fox we find a long quotation from "The Case of the Church of England's Memorial Fairly Stated," a pamphlet by Pittis to which he was wont to recur. My own conviction that he was Fox's biographer is strengthened also by the fact that in the "Memoirs" of that statesman an unconscionably long quotation is made from a pamphlet already mentioned in this discussion of Pittis's works, viz., "Dutch Generosity and English Gratitude" (1712). It is, of course, a hazardous, not to say a reprehensible, procedure to make the attribution of this tract to Pittis depend in part upon its wholesale exploitation in the "Memoirs" of Fox, and then to urge that exploitation as additional confirmation of the view that the "Memoirs" of Fox were compiled by Pittis; but I have been strongly impressed by Pittis's tendency to pad his writings with quotations from his own former productions, and I find much in the tract and in the book to make one assign them to the same hand, and that the hand of a journalist trained in the School of Defoe, but with an academic background denied to that monarch of the Fourth Estate. At the very least, given the facts that Pittis was the biographer of Radcliffe and that the writer of the life of Fox claimed to be the biographer of Radcliffe, Halifax, and South, and taking into consideration the similarities of style, substance, and methods of compilation to be discovered in the four works, the first three of which were enterprises of one publisher, Curll, we seem able to make out a fairly strong case for ranking Pittis as one of the most important of the biographers of his day, and we are warranted in asking whether a closer study of his writings and of other anonymous biographies of the period might not yield valuable results.

My remaining information with regard to Pittis is very meagre. In the weekly published by Read we find on October 25, 1718, some doggerel intended to be spoken at the bonfire of November the Fifth. Two of the lines were:

"Weekly Medley and Heraclitus,
With other Works of Drunken Pettus."

This couplet would have meant little to me if I had not, before encountering it, made some investigation of two small newspapers—*Heraclitus Ridens,* a sheet in the dialogue form of L'Estrange, which began a short career at the end of January, 1718, and the *Weekly Medley,* which started its slightly more important course at the end of July. The Tory politics of the former and some of its stylistic features made me quite confident that the writer in *Read's* was not mistaken in pointing to Pittis as its editor or "author." If he wrote the number for May 1 (No. 14), he was then at the seat of Lord Delaware in Hampshire, and it would seem that the bad habits to which *Read's* bears witness had not caused him to lose all his respectable acquaintances. I am quite sure that he wrote the number for July 24, which attempts—vainly—to defend Defoe from the charge of editing a monthly compilation for the Tories, *Mercurius Politicus,* and at the same time utilizing his material in another monthly designed for the Whigs, *Mercurius Britannicus.* The two journalists, both of whom worked for a publisher named William Boreham, had probably become reconciled, and I strongly suspect that Pittis was responsible for the fact that the *Weekly Medley* for January 10, 1719, contained a long extract from a pamphlet by Defoe against Bishop Hoadly, with fulsome praise of the performance. Still, it is hazardous to draw inferences from facts that so readily lend themselves to other interpretations—Defoe himself might have been in temporary charge of the *Weekly Medley.* He had nothing to do with it in October, 1719, however, for on the third of that month the paper was attacking the then famous author of "Robinson Crusoe" in a way that contrasted strangely with the attitude tak-

en towards him in January. There is reason to suspect that Pittis had been supplanted as editor, in or about June, 1719, by a certain William Bond, known to close students of Addison and Aaron Hill, an intimate of Duncan Campbell's circle, and porhaps a collaborator with Defoe in the biography of the deaf and dumb conjurer that usually passes without question as the work of the better-known writer. But Bond's relations with Defoe form another story, and Pittis's editorial career in 1718-19 must, I fear, remain obscure, unless some one is able to spend a good deal of time investigating the unimportant matter.

I have only one other entry with regard to Pittis. The *St. James Evening Post* for November 21-24, 1724, contained a short notice of his death, referring to him as "a noted writer" who had been punished in Queen Anne's reign. The biographer of Defoe cannot but regret that no more is known of the life of a man whose career touched that of the arch-journalist of the period at so many points; but perhaps a lover of his kind will be unable to find in the sordid facts brought out by research sufficient excuse for this attempt to disturb the kindly dust that has covered for two centuries an almost forgotten name.

W. P. Trent.

Correspondence

DEMOCRACY AND DIRECT LEGISLATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Those who clamor for more democracy as a cure for the ills of democracy as we have it, need to consider whether the means proposed—direct legislation—obtain the end sought. This phase of the question was emphasized in my mind by a recent experience. A high-school boy—a pupil of mine—called at my house lately to solicit my signature to an initiative petition proposing an amendment to the State Constitution. I at once asked him how he came to be circulating this petition, since the initiative provision of the Constitution contemplates that this shall be done only by qualified electors. The boy explained that a person, whom he mentioned by name, had offered him and several other boys three cents per name for all the names to this petition they could obtain. He was doing pretty well, he said. At a neighboring store several men had signed without reading the petition, saying that "it was all right." He was not aware that he might be violating the law. He was interested only in the three cents per name. The law requires him to make affidavit that he is himself a qualified elector and that he knows the signers to be such. How this boy of sixteen could make such affidavit was not clear. He supposed that the man, who lived in another town, would have him do this just as if he were really qualified, or that the man, after getting the names, would himself make affidavit that he himself circulated the petition and obtained the names. He said that the father of another boy had been asked to sign for his son, making his affidavit for him. He said that he had "got wise" that all was not right and that he had dropped the matter. This last came to me in a conversation on the following day.

The point that I wish to emphasize here is not the illegality of the proceeding—that would probably have been looked after sooner or later. I am compelled to ask—sympathetic as I am towards complete democracy—just how the ills of democracy are cured by such "democratic" procedure as the foregoing? Yet the possibility of this sort of thing inheres at all times in direct legislation. It points again to our great fallacy of reform through legislation.

L. A. Chase,
Hancock High School.

Hancock, Mich., May 26.

IMMIGRATION FROM THE ORIENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The problem of Oriental immigration is so complex that it will be a misfortune of the first magnitude if this question is allowed to go by default, or any attempt is made to settle it without thorough, painstaking, and sympathetic investigation.

The writer is a native and long resident of New York, but for some years has been an "adopted" Californian. Realizing how hard it is for people who live at a distance to appreciate fully this great problem, it has seemed to me worth while to present my views, which are those of an Easterner on the ground.

The first point that needs to be made clear is the matter of relative density of population. People know, of course, in a general way, that the Atlantic seaboard is more densely populated than the Pacific; but few actually realize that the combined census returns for the great States of Washington, Oregon, and California show a population only a little larger than one-half that of the *city* of New York. Without further argument, it will be at once evident to any thoughtful reader that the Pacific States are not in a position to desire any considerable alien population. The Eastern States may be able to welcome, by the hundred thousand, foreigners of a type that cannot be assimilated; but at present the Pacific States cannot with safety assume such a burden.

For any real understanding of the situation, it should be noted, in the second place, that the people of the Coast States are in a measure isolated from the thickly populated districts of the United States. To the east lies Nevada, with an area exceeding that of New York State and Pennsylvania combined, yet supporting a population of only about fifty thousand in all; and adjoining it on the south is the vast State of Arizona, with approximately three times as many inhabitants. It thus happens that the three million people who thinly fringe the Pacific slope are separated from the more densely populated centres by hundreds of miles of mountain and desert, spanned at great intervals by long stretches of lonely, single-track railway.

Over against this somewhat isolated outpost of Caucasian civilization lies China with a population of 450,000,000 crowded into an area but little larger than that of the United States, and Japan, supporting its 50,000,000 inhabitants upon a territory about the size of California. That these prolific Eastern nations greatly need an outlet for surplus population is obvious; and it is equally clear that they would ultimately overflow our inviting shores in great waves were there no barriers to prevent.

A careful investigation could not fail to discredit the offhand judgment (now, doubtless, prevalent in some quarters) that the restiveness of the people of the Coast is the result of race prejudice merely. Some race prejudice there no doubt is; but that is not the factor which has brought the immigration question to an issue. The Chinese have long been on the Coast; but their retiring ways and the fact that their business activity is limited for the most part to a few special fields has made their presence little felt. The coming of the Japanese has put an entirely new face upon the matter. At least four factors have contributed to this result: (1) The numbers in which the Japanese have come; (2) the fact that immigration from Japan is not controlled by our Federal Government; (3) the economic disturbance caused by this immigration, and (4) the attitude taken by the Japanese themselves.

The thing of prime importance in this whole question is that a definite understanding regarding Oriental immigration be reached while matters are yet in the incipient stage. Now is the time to settle the matter, while the situation is well within our control. If it is allowed to drift along, there is grave danger that we shall bequeath to the next generation a problem which they will be unable to handle. The Chinese alone could repeople the United States two or three times over without depopulating their own country. And those who have seen at first hand conditions in the Southern States, where two races come into daily contact and yet may not amalgamate, will surely agree that it would be little short of a crime to allow an analogous situation to develop in another large section of our country—a situation which in this case would be further complicated by the attitude of the home governments of the alien peoples.

Dr. S. L. Gulick, who has recently been lecturing in the United States in the interest of the Japanese, has described in an interesting way the elaborate bureau of information maintained by the Japanese, whereby agents in every country gather accurate information bearing on all important questions for the use of the home Government. It is very probable, therefore, that conditions on the Pacific Coast are better known in Tokio than in Washington. If this be a fact, the moral is obvious.

In conclusion I would add a suggestion or two: (1) That it ought not to be regarded as an evidence of ill-will towards any nation that the people of the United States desire that the Pacific Coast shall

remain in the unquestioned possession of Caucasians, and (2) that it is not by any means inevitable that a righteous solution of this question can be reached only through an adjustment which requires a wholesale sacrifice of the well-being of our own citizens. It would not be unnatural, of course, that the nations of the Orient, as they develop and push forward to places in the world family, should at first fail to realize that manhood's estate brings with it responsibilities and restraints as well as honors and privileges. But it may ultimately become clear to all that, in questions such as the one now under discussion, it may be the duty of an Oriental people to submit cheerfully to restrictions that are essential to the social and economic well-being of a friendly neighbor. H. C. NUTTING.

Berkeley, Cal., June 1.

"ONE OF THE GIANTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "One of the Giants" in your Educational Number shocks me somewhat, because it pictures vividly a state of affairs to which I am a stranger. The writer who casts a stone at one of the Giants asks, "What has the English department done to help this union (of English with the classics)? Are they (the instructors) ready to give up a single one of their remaining requirements in philology and mediævalism so as to allow the English student time to do a small amount of work in the classics?" The second question he answers with an emphatic no.

If he would turn to the far Western edge of this big continent, he would find an institution of some 5,000 students with a department which permits and encourages future teachers of English to smile sweetly at Ulphilas and the other Giant grinning at the gate and to pass them by. The department of English of the University of California is glad to accept certain units of university credit in Latin and Greek in place of credit in English philology. It does not demand specifically an acquaintance with either one of the Giants even for the degree of Ph.D.

Some time ago a waggish student of mine defined philology as the love of mere talk, the love of logs or dry sticks. But he added that in truth he had derived a benefit from his courses in Old English, Beowulf, Middle English, and Chaucer which was far greater than the benefit derived from all other courses. Frequently philology offers the student a definite serious mental drill which is too often lacking in the courses in English literature and the classics. Doesn't philology serve well to offset the pleasing entertainments offered as courses of instruction in Tennyson, Dryden, and Johnson? Wouldn't it be well for the gushing student of "Hamlet" or "The Everlasting Mercy" to follow the method pursued in the course of Beowulf or Chaucer? Isn't the history of the English language perhaps more valuable than the mechanical substitution of English for Latin words in what is called a course of instruction in Virgil?

The grave weakness seems to lie not so much in the insistence on philology as in the nature of the non-philological courses into which students are crowded.

GEORGE A. SMITHSON.

Berkeley, Cal., June 9.

THOMAS SPENCER JEROME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 14 appeared an extended notice of the untimely death of Thomas Spencer Jerome. Few will ever know how much the world of classical scholarship has lost by the sudden arrest of his pen at the very moment when many years of careful, critical study of the Latin historians were coming to their fruitage. Among those who have followed Mr. Jerome's career with deep interest was Prof. Charles Mills Gayley, now head of the department of English literature in the University of California. It was in the early eighties, while the latter was assistant professor of Latin in the University of Michigan, that Mr. Jerome came under his stimulating influence. The friendship then formed was never interrupted. It was to experience the renewal of personal converse during the coming summer. The following letter, written by Mr. Jerome to his former instructor, explains itself. It is dated a week before his death, and was overtaken by the notice that Villa Castello and its choice historical treasures had lost their master—"Master Tom," as those about him affectionately called him. The letter is so piquant in flavor, and touches so interestingly upon the great work which Jerome had in hand, that I make no apology for having prevailed upon Professor Gayley to furnish it for publication. The "chapters of the Potboiler," to which allusion is made, are reprints from "Roman Memories in the Landscape Seen from Capri." It is, perhaps, too much to hope that the deft and experienced literary hand of Professor Gayley may be freed sufficiently from other tasks to attempt an adequate salvage from the notes and other literary materials left by his one-time pupil. WILLIAM FREDERIC BADE.

Berkeley, Cal., June 1.

Villa Castello,
Capri, Italy.
5 April, 1914.

My dear Gayley:

It's a long time since your letter came and my silence may suggest a phlegmatic attitude towards your really delightful announcement of the projected sojourn of the Gayley family in these parts. But such an inference, however specious, would be a shocking inversion of the truth, and I look forward with the greatest pleasure to seeing you much and often. Furthermore, I hope that Madam Sallie—if my advanced age permits this familiarity—will not hold herself aloof from Capri this time. . . . There are circumstances which mitigate my apparent moroseness, such as Gastralgic Aneuroses and the like, but they have dwelt in me too much for me to wish to dwell on them. They had this effect on the course of historical criticism, however, that they kept me from getting out more than a Pot-Boiler last winter; and the Magnum Opus (handled after the manner of the famous discussion of the Snakes in Iceland, to a considerable extent) withholds itself from a waiting world for the present. It seems to need a substitution of Scandal for Sawdust before it makes its appeal to those who are stimulated by the meretricious character of its title. (Old ————, however, shies the title, attributing to the many a virtue too meticulous to endure or embrace a treatise with the strange device—say—"Institutes of Roman Vice.")

I am sending you under another cover as many chapters (reprints) of the Pot-Boiler as it seems decent to inflict on you. Were it not that some lynx-eyed post-office official might call on you for letter postage, I'd inscribe a dedication in something like these terms:

To C. M. G.:
Recollecting his facility in embodying wit in erudition and informing erudition with wit, whereby the dichotomy is synthesized into the higher unity of true scholarship, and relying on the soundness of the aim to excuse the imperfection of the results, the author bespeaks his benevolent toleration of these derivatives of "Freshman Latin" "Memories."

Well, let me know when to look for you. The summer in this part of the world is generally delightful, and made additionally so by the absence of "trippers" and morbific chills in churches, museums, and everywhere else. But, no doubt, I am supplying my grandmother with certain superfluous dietetic instructions. With pleasant anticipations of the Coming of the Gayleys, and with warmest regards, I remain most sincerely yours, THOMAS SPENCER JEROME.

A FRENCH SCHOLAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Attention should be called in America to a very scholarly contemporary French writer on eighteenth-century histrionics in France and Germany, who, even in his own country, is known only to an *élite*. We refer to M. Jean Jacques Olivier (Francillon), who writes under a pseudonym formed by discarding his family name and preserving his three Christian names. M. Emile Faguet has called him "the Theseus of all the library and archive labyrinths." In 1900, when scarcely more than a boy, his first volume appeared, "Voltaire et les Comédiens interprètes de son Théâtre," based on the newspapers, correspondence, memoirs, engravings, and unpublished documents of the period. This work was followed the next year by the first volume of a *de luxe* series, richly illustrated, numbered, and limited to 250 copies, "Les Comédiens français dans les Cours d'Allemagne au XVIIIe siècle." In order to carry on more easily his researches in this connection in the German libraries and archives, M. Jean Jacques Olivier established himself for several years at Heidelberg, where he even found time to act as reader in French literature at the University, and so acquired a talent as lecturer which has placed him in the front rank of graceful Parisian *conférenciers*. The initial volume in this series is entitled "La Cour électorale palatine" and opens with a very complimentary preface

from the pen of M. Faguet. The next year, 1902, came "La Cour Royale de Prusse"; in 1903, "Les Cours de Rheinsberg, de Bayreuth, et d'Ansbach," and in 1905, "La Cour de Hesse-Cassel." This beautiful series is to be continued by volumes devoted to the French actors and plays at the courts of Würtemberg, Bavaria, Saxony, and Austria. In fact, the materials for the first of these volumes is already in an advanced stage of preparation.

Since 1905 M. Jean Jacques Olivier has momentarily abandoned the history of French actors in Germany and come home to study them in France, and with good results. Thus, in 1907, he published "Henri-Louis Le Kain, de la Comédie-Française, 1729-1778," a richly printed and illustrated quarto of nearly 350 pages, giving the private and artistic life of the man who was, perhaps, the best interpreter of the theatre of Voltaire, "a miracle of nature," as Grimm called him. In 1910 came "Une Etoile de la Danse au XVIIIe siècle," a curious and thoroughly documented biography of La Barberina Campanini, whose wonderful dancing once charmed the opera-goers of Paris, London, and Berlin. This notable series was closed last year by another biographical and critical study of a past celebrity of the French stage, "Pierre-Louis Dubus Préville, de la Comédie-Française, 1721-1799."

At the present moment M. Jean Jacques Olivier is busy on a volume devoted to Mme. Dugazon, a celebrated prima donna of the Opéra Comique during the reign of Louis XVI. Like all of this author's books, it will be fully illustrated, and he says that he hopes "to make it somewhat easier to read than any of its predecessors, if for no other reason than because the subject is an amiable smiling figure, a real heroine of romance." THEODORE STANTON.

Paris, May 30.

HOWLERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *Splendide mendax,* "lying in state," cited by you in your issue of May 14 as a somewhat incredibly good specimen of a *howler,* is much better allocated, to my poor mind, in the following quotation from the Rev. Mr. Tuckwell's "Reminiscences of Oxford," chapter 8: "Clever as Blaydes in epigram and pun, though not in sustained satire, was Arthur Ridding of New College, elder brother of the present Bishop of Southwell. When every one was celebrating in Latin verse the Duke of Wellington's funeral he was asked how to render 'lying in state.' *Splendide mendax* was the answer."

A. D. SMITH.

Sackville, N. B., June 2.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the *Nation* condescends at times to wear the cap and bells, possibly its readers might be amused by the translation by the Oxford student of the French terpsichorean phrase, *pas de deux,* which he rendered "father of twins." EDWARD BRECK.

Annapolis Royal, N. S., June 11.

Literature

UNION AND CONFEDERATE STRATEGY.

Bull Run, Its Strategy and Tactics. By R. M. Johnston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

A satisfactory account of any military operation consists essentially in an exposition, with respect to each of the opposing forces, of plans, of resources, and of execution. These three phases cannot be sharply separated one from another. There is necessarily an overlapping of plans and resources, for the statement of a plan includes the specification and some description of an objective; and this involves ordinarily an indication, however incomplete and indefinite, of resources. The details of the latter come as a preliminary to the movements.

In the work before us the author indicates the strategic attitude of the Union and Confederate forces with respect not only to the campaign of Bull Run, but also and very properly to the war in general. Treating of the campaign, he places himself first on the side of the North, mentions with brief, judicious description the prominent officers on that side, discusses the strategic situation, and describes the plan adopted for a Federal advance. He designates Harper's Ferry and Manassas Junction as two points next to Washington and Richmond in strategic importance—Harper's Ferry as an advance depot and the point where the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac, passing from Federal into Confederate territory; and Manassas Junction as the point where the one railway coming eastward from the Shenandoah Valley joins the one connecting Washington with Richmond. "An offensive movement," he says, "from Washington towards Richmond was, from the first moment, clearly indicated, flanked by a subsidiary movement to seize Harper's Ferry, and thence possibly to operate south along the Valley of the Shenandoah, or southeast across the Blue Ridge, to the Valley of the Rappahannock, in direct support of the main advance." With respect to the enemy he adds: "The Southern outlook was defensive, for the Southern States claimed merely to remain outside the Union; they had no policy of repression, that is, of invasion or the offensive."

Under President Lincoln, Lieut.-Gen. Scott ranked as general-in-chief, Brig.-Gen. Mansfield commanded the troops in Washington, and Brig.-Gen. McDowell commanded the Department of Northeastern Virginia. Major-Gen. Patterson, of the Pennsylvania militia, commanding the Department of Pennsylvania, was slowly pushing down "towards the Potomac with a considerable mass of infantry and artillery."

On the side of the Confederates, R. E. Lee, with the rank of major-general, commanded all the forces in Virginia, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston commanded at Harper's Ferry, and Gen. Beauregard at Manassas Junction. From Washington troops were pushed across the Potomac to Arlington Heights, opposite the capital, and to Alexandria, the starting point of the railway to Richmond. These movements, together with the dispositions in Washington and the march of Patterson's column, may be considered as the strategic deployment, which was completed by the arrival of Patterson on the Potomac about the first of June. The plan originally formed or adopted by Gen. Scott appears in a dispatch which he addressed to Gen. McDowell on June 3, calling for "an estimate of the number and composition of a column to be pushed towards Manassas Junction, and perhaps the Gap [westward along the railway], say, in four or five days, to favor Patterson's attack on Harper's Ferry." To this communication McDowell replied on the following day, to the effect that "the actual entire force at the head of the column should, for the purpose of carrying the position of Manassas," number about 18,000 men of all arms. From this exchange of correspondence it appears that "to favor Patterson's attack on Harper's Ferry it was intended to make what was viewed as a subordinate attack at Manassas Junction." On June 14 Gen. Johnston withdrew from Harper's Ferry towards Winchester. His force numbered about 5,000 men, including among its officers the modest, indifferent-looking colonel who was to come out of the campaign as Brig.-Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson. Patterson had the news of Johnston's withdrawal on the afternoon of the 15th, but so great was his prudence, so cumbersome his army, that it was not till forty-eight hours later that he crossed the Potomac. He thereupon exhibited such inertness that by the middle of July the idea of his executing any decisive operation had to be abandoned and the plan was changed so as to make the principal movement an advance upon Manassas, to be conducted by Gen. McDowell, Patterson being relegated to the secondary rôle of keeping Johnston from going to the support of Beauregard at Manassas Junction. Before describing the execution of this plan, the author gives a detailed description of the forces on each side. Two chapters are then given to the advance to the field of battle, three chapters to the battle, and the three last chapters to the Federal retreat, statistics, and conclusion.

The work is judiciously proportioned and is based upon the most authentic sources of information, including the

battlefield itself, which the author studied in company with army officers. The reader will be inspired by the author's deep and intelligent interest in his subject. He will understand without difficulty his exposition of the plans of the opposing commanders and his statement of the forces at their command, except as regards the artillery. On the Federal side the largest unit was the division. For each division the strength is given in number of men, including artillery and cavalry. The artillery attached to the several divisions is indicated only by units of organization, not by number of pieces. That number is treated separately, without reference to the tactical units to which the pieces are attached. On the Confederate side the largest unit is the brigade. As in the case of the Federals, the reader is left to determine for himself the number of pieces attached to the battle units; but he finds himself unable to do it. With reference to the I Corps, Beauregard's, the Artillery Reserve is represented as commanded by Major Walton, but neither the organizations nor the number of pieces composing it appear. After the artillery reserve (p. 108) comes what is designated as *artillery*. One supposes that this is an additional force, a sort of general reserve, until one discovers that most of it is included in the artillery already mentioned as assigned to brigades. It then appears to be a summary of the artillery, but an incorrect one, inasmuch as it does not include the artillery reserve and does include four six-pounders under Capt. Rogers which do not appear as assigned to any larger unit. The total number of guns in the I Corps is represented as 29, "of which 18 were smooth-bore six-pounders, 9 were six-pounders rifled, and 4 were twelve-pounder howitzers." These items foot up to 31, instead of 29. The error is apparently in the number of smooth-bore six-pounders.

There are eleven maps, but in the whole text there is but one reference to a map (p. 168). The reader will find himself often at a loss which way to turn for the one, if there be one, that affords the aid that he wants. Only the first two maps bear a number by which they may be designated. The other nine can be referred to only by their title or by the page which they immediately precede. Only five maps are provided with a scale. Only one (p. 33) shows the points of the compass, and on that one they are not needed. On the seven succeeding maps on which they are needed, since they are referred to in the text, the reader must orient himself as best he can. On maps 1 and 2, showing the country between Manassas Station and Centreville, a railway runs from the former point to within a mile of the latter. On the six other maps showing the same country no such railway appears. The railways coming from the south and west and uniting at Manassas Junction are shown on four maps as forming an acute angle, and on two as forming an obtuse angle. Troops, or tactical units, are represented on six maps.

It goes without saying that the designation for the several units that is adopted for the maps should be used in the text, or vice versa. In three of the six maps referred to, this obvious principle is violated. In one of them (facing p. 114) the unconventional signs and peculiar numerical designations call for a legend which is lacking. On several of the maps the names of roads and watercourses referred to are not given. Thus, on page 168, one reads of "two regiments facing east on either side of the Warrenton Turnpike." On the map to which this refers the Warrenton Turnpike, though shown, is not recognizable by name or other designation, nor, as already stated, are the points of the compass. The regiments, not being specified in the text, cannot be identified on the map. The reader is unnecessarily confused by the use of such various names for the same or practically the same point as Manassas, Manassas Station, Manassas Junction, and Manassas Gap Junction. Among the important points referred to which are not shown, or, if shown, are not named on any map, are Manassas Gap, Snicker's Gap, Culpeper, Warrenton, Berryville, Arlington. A general order of Gen. McDowell's on pages 114-116 appears to be illustrated by a map facing page 114. The order refers to Fairfax Court House and to Fairfax Station. Both places are on the map. One is marked with its name, the other is not.

On page 57 we learn that Gen. Patterson crossed from the north to the south side of the Potomac on June 17 and that he subsequently "decided to retire" to the north side. We are not told whether he acted on this decision or not, but on page 67 we are allowed to infer that by June 25 he was back on the north side of the river. Further on (p. 79) we read that "on the second of July, as we have already seen, Patterson for the second time crossed the Potomac [to the south side]." The fact is we have not seen Patterson crossing the Potomac on July 2. The nearest we have come to it was to learn (pp. 71-72) that he "finally ventured across the Potomac" and that "he occupied Martinsburg on the 3d of July." So with respect to the statement on page 181, "information reached him [Gen. Evans], as we have already seen, that the Federals were in large force on his left in the direction of Sudley Spring." We cannot admit having seen this particular occurrence.

There is here and there a lack of date or hour. The time covered by the battle is divided into periods, but not as clearly and explicitly as a proper coördination of the movements calls for. We have said enough to indicate the sort of strain to which the reader's mind will be put in trying to follow the author through his description of the movements, and with that we return to the commendation of the work as a complete, unbiassed account of the campaign and battle, useful to the student and necessary to tne historian. We regret that it is not more readable, not the standard work which the author makes us feel that he might, with more care and labor, have made of it. An appendix furnishes a valuable bibliography of books and maps. The index is restricted to proper names, and not free from error.

CURRENT FICTION.

Great Days. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

It is hard to guess at what sort of audience the author has meant to aim this book. It might have been taken as an adventure book for boys but for the passages of sexual realism which leap here and there from a perfectly inoffensive context. The English Jack who is its hero is son of a smuggling innkeeper. War with France breaks out, and there are more profitable chances than smuggling. Jack becomes master of a privateer, has his successes, becomes a prisoner in France, wins a French mistress whom he later marries, although he really loves another. That other is, not unnaturally, a maiden of high lineage, and they are not destined to be apart forever, since it is the easiest thing in the world for the author to kill off the wife at the convenient moment. There is a good deal of spirited writing in the book, sea-fray and land adventure. Napoleon is much in the scene, and not more travestied than the reader of romance may endure to have him. As for the innkeeper and his son, compound of romantic feeling and fleshly lusts, hard sense and generous impulse, they are really human and engaging, as is the trollop Nancy, who ought to be quite despicable.

It is the fashion just now to admit that we are clever, and nothing else; that the "average workmanship" of our fiction is extraordinarily high, and that we have little or nothing more to boast of. The present reviewer is struck with the number of novels which have come under his eye during the past year or two of which he has felt that the fault lay with the amateurish or uncertain handling of really strong materials. This book is one of them, though of Mr. Harris uncertain is the safer word to use. A former editor of the *Fortnightly* and *Saturday Reviews*, and an au-

thor of numerous books of fiction, cannot be called a tyro. But he has experimented in several fields, realism among them, and the trail of the serpent crosses this byway of historical romance.

The Incandescent Lily. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The story which gives this volume its title is the only one of the eight which does not fall under a single classification. That classification is the short story of New York society, its theme either love or the ordinary social, sportsmanlike, or avocational ambitions of the upper and fashionable stratum. Now it is the tale of hope deferred in the heart of a would-be tennis champion; now of a rich man who found in a youthful tango teacher a worthy object of his benevolence; now of a gentleman of too exquisite refinement whose courage before a gang of escaped convicts gives his sweetheart the desiderate faith in his manliness; now of a second Mrs. Tanqueray, of Manhattan Island, whose tragic life is fittingly labelled: "You Can't Get Away With It." An apparent exception is the account of the casting away of Red Monday and the Ryan Girl on an Island in the Sound, and of Red's attempt to swim off to save her reputation; but its inspiration is obviously caught from the central incident of Octave Feuillet's best-known tale of French society. The stories are without exception interesting, finished in execution, unmarred by smartness, and undistinguished in final effect.

New Men for Old. By Howard Vincent O'Brien. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

From its appearance throughout as a page heading, "The Joy of Working" would seem to have been the original title. It is certainly better than that which figures on title-page and cover. The whole purpose of the story is to show that the only real satisfaction in life lies in work. We begin with a conventional situation rather crudely presented, the pampered son of wealth summoned from his idle years abroad to find himself penniless. The Chandos of this tale is not a wastrel, but a dilettante. He has dabbled in philosophy, and learned to paint "in an excellently amateurish way." His father's death brings him from Paris to Chicago, and we are asked to believe that the news that his father has had nothing to leave comes to him a complete surprise. We are also asked to believe that he lives in Chicago for some years thereafter before he learns that his father was a rascal. Young Chandos revolts at the notion of earning his living but, when he has buckled down to it, discovers that the best thing possible has happened to him. His labors have extraordinary results—no wonder they make him cheerful. Few exiles from the studios of Paris would be able, in a matter of months, to make themselves the heads of an established Chicago manufacturing enterprise. It is true that another familiar element comes in, in the person of the employer's daughter, of whom also, in due season, Chandos becomes the head. "It is life itself that has really made you, my artist-business man!" she tells him on the last page. "Artist!" he cries; "that's it! I cannot paint, but, oh, my darling, with time for my canvas, and flesh and blood for my pigments, and life itself for subject, I will make a picture, a real picture." With all its rawness of detail, the story is told with vigor and sincerity.

Cordelia Blossom. By George Randolph Chester. New York: Hearst's International Library Co.

Mr. Chester's mechanical rapid-fire cleverness is in good working order in this story. He offers an unintermittent series of small explosions, hardly noticeable separately, but collectively amounting to rather a nuisance. The theme is the social career of a clever woman. Cordelia Blossom uses with equal skill and success her doting old Kentucky colonel of a husband, and his political opponent, Jim Fleecer, the State boss. She manages the latter through his wife, whom she makes her chief lieutenant and rewards with the jackal's share of her social triumphs. She proceeds on the sound old political maxim that one hand washes the other. By skilful wire-pulling and good luck she at length makes the worthy colonel a Senator, and herself president of the National Federation of Isis Clubs. Her methods are so cynically unscrupulous that they make the veteran Fleecer feel like a novice; yet it is clear that Mr. Chester's readers are expected to sympathize with her and admire her. The book expresses a cheap and vulgar attitude towards life in an appropriate style. Two or three of the characters, however, and notably the old colonel, are vigorously sketched.

Snake and Sword. By P. C. Wren. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This study in mental pathology is unique in that its ghastly passages lead not down, but up, and to a happy conclusion; and in the vivid reality of its Indian background. Its fundamental conception is of an orphaned hero, Damocles de Warenne, who by reason of pre-natal influence has a morbid horror of snakes. His strange malady preys upon his mind as a boy in India; it labels him as a coward at his English school; a spasmodic attack at sight of a snake on a golf-course ruins his engagement to Lucile Gavestone, and results in the cutting off of his support from his relatives, forcing him into the army as private; while, to crown all, service in Hindustan, where every day supplies some fresh motive for his unnatural horror, seems to be driving him slowly into the madhouse. It is to Lucile's restored faith, and to a weird situation in which, willy-nilly, he must fight for his life against a cobra, that he owes his ultimate salvation from the obsession. The psychology of the book, though carefully studied, is not as successful as its crowded incident. The microcosmic social conventions and persecutions of Sandhurst and of Wellingborough School, the vulgarity and the rough give-and-take of military life, are reflected with apparent fidelity and with certain spirit. To the Indian scenes Mr. Wren brings a pen of long experience. The dignity of his style is sometimes painfully inadequate to the task he has here essayed.

"SHIRT-SLEEVE MEMOIRS."

With Walt Whitman in Camden. (March 28—July 14, 1888; November 1, 1888—January 20, 1889.) By Horace Traubel. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $3.50.

The first volume of Mr. Traubel's "shirt-sleeve memoirs" was published in 1906 by Small, Maynard & Co., the second in 1908 by D. Appleton & Co., and now the third comes six years later from another house. There is a certain significance in this hard-luck tale, as they would say in Mickle Street, Camden. Mr. Traubel has adhered to his original plan to leave his story as he wrote it, taking nothing off, and with no attempt to improve it. The result is not altogether happy. Its defects, apparent enough before, are now made glaring by the inevitable comparison with the "Journals" of Emerson, which have run their course between the second and third volumes of the present work. One can, indeed, see the genius of Walt Whitman in the Camden memoirs as one sees the genius of Emerson in the "Journals"; but here the similarity ends. In the "Journals," one is always in the company of a man who, even in his hours of relaxation, showed that his thoughts were habitually with noble things and that he was used to refined language. But about the occasional flashes in the talk of Whitman and the occasional good letter Mr. Traubel's record flows like a vast ocean of frothy commonplace, with reaches of positive vulgarity. It is a pity. The author of "Leaves of Grass" needed no one to increase the mass of flat triviality about him, but there was that in the man which to a recorder of insight might have furnished material for a notable

biography. The least pleasant aspect of Whitman's life is the society of the "Petes" and Buckes who surrounded him, and the tone of Mr. Traubel's book is theirs.

So much for protest. But naturally it would be possible out of the six hundred pages (nearly) of the present volume to fill a long review with bits of conversation and fragments of correspondence which picture the man to the life, or are otherwise interesting. Not the least valuable of these is the exact report of Lincoln's words about Whitman, as given in a letter from A. Van Rensselaer, dated July 30, 1865. The Sage of Camden was "rather cranky" one evening, and some harsh words had passed between him and his young friend. The conversation continues thus:

I [Traubel] was a bit mad myself. We don't have many tiffs. Finally he said: "Don't let's go on in that vein: I've got something pleasanter here; what do you think of it?" He reached smilingly to the table, picked up a letter, and handed it to me. [This sudden and seemingly accidental appearance of all sorts of documents gives Whitman's room the happy character of a magician's box, and is really the most extraordinary feature of the narrative.] I read the letter. . . . "What can I say? Only that I never expected to see the letter: you know you said a bit ago that you didn't think it would ever turn up again." He: "Well, it did turn up. Read it to me." I said: "I bet you know it by heart." "So I do: but I can listen to it again coming to me in your voice." I read.

Then follows the letter, of which this is the heart:

Mr. Lincoln was . . . looking out of the window, when you went by, quite slow, with your hands in the breast pockets of your overcoat, and a sizeable felt hat on your head pretty well up, just as I have often seen you on Broadway. Mr. Lincoln asked who you were, or something like that. I spoke up and said, mentioning your name, that you had written "Leaves of Grass," etc. Mr. Lincoln didn't say anything, but took a good long look till you were quite gone by. Then he says (I can't give you his way of saying it, but it was quite emphatic, and odd), "Well," he says, "*he* looks like a *man*." He said it pretty loud, but in a sort of absent way and with the emphasis on the words I have underscored.

The language is almost precisely that of Napoleon to Goethe, and the scene itself is impressive. What follows is impressive, too, in its own way:

"This is the real thing," I said: "This puts the Lincoln story on ice." W. was heartily amused. "You are a damned impertinent snip after all: you 'wouldn't believe until you were convinced,' as you say: you held off; you half thought I was lying: William too—all the fellows." . . . We laughed together. I kissed him good night.

There is pith and meaning in Lincoln's words; but what shall we think of a literary critic such as the late Professor Dowden, who couples Walt Whitman with Shakespeare? It is like coupling Traubel with Boswell. Such are the strange contrasts of sense and folly that seem to be evoked inevitably by association with Mickle Street. We read through long, dreary sections which merely repeat *ad nauseam* how the sage wanted to "frivol" his evenings away, and then suddenly we come upon a passage such as that on page 485, which gives as marvellously vivid a story of Carlyle as one is likely to have read anywhere—and, incidentally, of Whitman himself. Here, and occasionally elsewhere in Mr. Traubel's narrative, one recognizes the power and the indescribable note of genius which brought some of the most highly educated Englishmen of the day to make the long pilgrimage to Camden, and which sent them away feeling that they had been in the presence of something great and sacred.

AN AMATEUR OF CRIME.

The Romance of Fraud. By Tighe Hopkins. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The title is merely suggestive, but it serves as well as another for this miscellany about criminals, their characteristics, methods, haunts, and punishments. The author is an English novelist who appears to have become a penologist as it were by second intent. "Wards of the State," published in England two years ago, gave "an unofficial view of prison and prisoner"—unofficial but relatively formal. This volume represents, one may say, the diversions of a reformer. Its chapters treat of all sorts of themes, from the popular-sensational to the curious-recondite. They give an extraordinary amount of information, which the reader feels to be merely dipped from a great store of erudition in this particular field. In the fifteen pages on "the trail," more light is thrown on the actual methods of trackers and sleuths than in a dozen detective stories. Chapters on The Master Thief, The Criminal Tattooed, Crime and Superstition, assemble a large number of odd and little-known facts about the real ways of the underworld. Other papers, like the ones on Newgate, on pirates, on The Man in the Iron Mask, are of more general historical interest. The famous escape of Rose and Hamilton from Libby Prison is rehearsed with uncommon vividness; and A Citation Before the Inquisition makes quite sufficiently concrete the horrors of the Holy Office.

The author is qualified by nature as well as learning for this kind of writing. It is true, he has a good deal to say, first and last, in denial of the sentimental attitude towards crime and the criminal. Criminals, he says, are a businesslike but not heroic class. The picaresque glamour of the eighteenth-century highwayman was a creation of popular fancy. In fact, "there is little to be said for him, except that he usually died game. Alike at his trial and on his last journey, the highwayman was usually in his glory." The romance of piracy also is chiefly figment, based upon a few astounding feats by three or four outlaws of the sea. The race of pirates was a squalid mass of human vermin.

To understand the pirate's calling as it actually was is to understand how foolishly impossible is the halo of romance with which some very delightful writers (the author of "The Pilot" is one of them) have striven to surround it. The task is not to be accomplished. The halo of romance is to the head of the pirate what Cinderella's slipper was to the feet of her sisters, or Mambrino's helmet to the skull of Sancho.

This is all very well; but it is quite clear that our writer is fully under the strange and common spell which crime and the criminal throws upon all orders of men. His theme fascinates him, delights him, as it did Dumas and De Quincey and Dickens. The adroitness of thievery is incense to his nostrils. He beholds a murderer with the rapture of a girl poring upon a rose. He discourses of his loves with the enthusiasm of a lover; and, luckily, remembers to be a criminologist only now and then.

THE PRICE OF EMPIRE.

The Press-Gang Afloat and Ashore. By J. R. Hutchinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

Mr. Hutchinson has told us in great detail, with knowledge based upon the best sources of information, and in a lively and interesting manner which makes the tale seem just a strain less repulsive than it really is, all that any one needs to know about the Press-Gang; how it came in, what it did, and how it went out. The practice of pressing for the navy existed from early times; it first became prominent in the reign of John; was always revived whenever there was special call for the service of the navy, and became the permanent and regular method of recruiting during the period from the Revolution of 1688 to the second quarter of the nincteenth century. This last was precisely the period when the state was given over to the keeping of a land and moneyed aristocracy, whose interests, bound up with the commercial and maritime expansion of the empire, required the sacrifice of much of the general welfare and many of the traditional rights of the nation as a whole. In

1815 English prestige was great, and it was supposed by many, Englishmen and foreigners alike, that the success of England was accompanied by, if it was not the result of, "the most splendid freedom a nation ever enjoyed." But in fact the price of empire was a marked loss, for the immense majority, of well-being and of liberty alike. The price was certainly a heavy one; and it was paid by the small farmer, the shopkeeper, the artisan, and the industrial laborer, and above all perhaps by the nameless thousands who were compelled, against their will, to live the life of galley slaves on board the vessels of the navy.

In England itself the fruits of empire came to full bloom in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. They are familiar to all who have studied that period, a period strongly characterized by the insular egoism of the classes and by the incredible increase of poverty, vice, and crime among the masses. The share of the Press-Gang in producing this result has not been emphasized by Mr. Hutchinson as fully as it might have been; but we may quote one paragraph in which he makes it clear enough:

> The simplest calculation, had she [M'Gugan's wife] cared to make it, would have shown her the utter futility of hoping to live on the munificent wage which a grateful country allowed to M'Gugan, less certain deductions for M'Gugan's slops and contingent sick-benefit, in return for his aid in protecting it from its enemies; and almost any parish official could have told her that she was no longer merely M'Gugan's wife, dependent upon his exertions for the bread she ate, but a Daughter of the State and own sister to thousands of women to whom the gang in its passage brought toil and poverty, tears and shame. . . . You could not take forcibly 100 husbands and fathers out of a community of 500 souls, and pay that hundred the barest pittance instead of a living wage, without condemning 100 wives and mothers to hard labor on behalf of the 300 children who hungered. Out of this hundred wives and mothers a certain percentage lacked the ability to work, while a certain percentage lacked the will. These recruited the ranks of the outcast, or with their families burdened the parish. The direct social and economic outcome of this mode of manning the Navy, coupled with the payment of a starvation wage, was thus threefold. It reversed the natural sex-incidence of labor; it fostered vice; it bred paupers. The first was a calamity personal to those who suffered it. The other two were national in their calamitous effects.

The Press-Gang "went out" because of its "demoralizing effects . . . upon the fleet, its injurious effects upon trade, its antagonizing effects upon the nation, and its enormous cost as compared with recruiting by the good-will of the people." And yet Mr. Hutchison thinks that, without the Press-Gang, the fleet, for a hundred and fifty years, "could in all human probability never have been manned at all." To say that a method, which was so bad that it destroyed itself in the end by its very viciousness, was necessary for a century, is to fall back upon the comfortable historical doctrine that since things were as they were they could not have been otherwise. The question is, of course, a "purely academic" one; but common-sense is apt to suppose that the naval authorities, if they had wished to do so, might readily have accorded decent treatment and decent pay to the men who manned the fleet; and it is apt to suppose that if this had been done the worst evils of the Press-Gang would have been avoided.

Notes

Houghton Mifflin Company will publish on Saturday: "No. 13 Washington Square," by Leroy Scott; "William Gray, of Salem, Merchant," by Edward Gray; "The House of Cecil," by G. Ravenscroft Dennis; "The Seymour Family," by A. Audrey Locke; "The La Tremouille Family," by Winifred Stephens.

Among books announced for publication shortly by the Harvard University Press are: A reprint of President Lowell's "Government of France, Italy, and Germany"; "Municipal Charters," by Nathan Matthews; "Metempsychosis," the Ingersoll lecture for this year, by George Foot Moore, and new editions of Yerkes's "Study of the Self" and of E. A. Sophocles's Hellenistic Greek Lexicon. A new series is also in preparation, entitled Harvard Studies in Romance Languages, edited by Professors Sheldon, Grandgent, Ford, and Potter, the first volume of which will be a critical edition of the poetry of Giacomo da Lentino, by Ernest Felix Langley.

The Oxford University Press has announced the forthcoming publication of the following books: "Court Hand," by Hilary Jenkinson and Charles Johnson; "The Legislative Union of England and Scotland," by P. Hume Brown; "Homogeneous Linear Substitutions," by Harold Hilton; "The Works of Henry Vaughan," edited by L. C. Martin; "The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick," edited by F. W. Moorman; "The Auxilia of the Roman Imperial Army," by G. L. Cheesman; "The Letters of Sidonius," translated by O. M. Dalton; "The Gods of Northern Buddhism," by A. Getty; "English University Drama, 1540-1603," by F. S. Boas; "Map's De Nugis Curialium," edited by M. R. James; "Apulei Apologia," with introduction and commentary by H. E. Butler and S. G. Owen; "The Beneventan Script," by E. A. Loew; "Studies in the Odyssey," by J. A. K. Thomson; "The Oxford Survey of the British Empire," edited by A. J. Herbertson and O. J. R. Howarth. Volume IV is announced of the Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History, containing "The Early History of Contract," by W. Barbour, and "The Abbey of Saint-Bertin," by G. W. Coopland. To the series of Oxford Historical and Literary Studies are added: "Unpublished Selections from Henry Tubbe," edited by G. C. Moore Smith; "Bibliography of Dr. Johnson," by P. W. Courtney; "Selkirk's Colony in Canada," by Chester Martin.

THE second volume of Dio's "Roman History" has now appeared in the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan; $1.50 net). As we have already noted, the translation of this edition is a thorough revision by Dr. Earnest Cary of the version by Herbert Baldwin Foster.

IN "The Secret Book" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), the author of "The Old Librarian's Almanack" and "The Librarian at Play" has made another book full of fancy and humor out of the materials of his dusty trade. To the lay mind a librarian is a person who, like an undertaker, may be piously cheerful on occasion, may compass "decent mirth," but is incapable of real jollity. Mr. E. L. Pearson, seriously interested in books and men, is depressed by neither; mirthfulness, not painfully decent, is the atmosphere of these pages. The chapters are supposed to be articles read by the members of a little informal club. According to excellent precedents—the Autocrat and others—a slight thread of story is thus supplied for the stringing together of what is virtually a series of familiar essays. A librarian or two, a bibliographer, a short-story writer, a genealogist, a couple of journalists, a schoolmaster—these are the club. It meets at irregular intervals for Welsh rabbits, talk, and "papers" about books new and old, popular and recondite. Nor are appropriate ditties mute; there are some excellent bits of familiar verse scattered through these pages. What the "secret book" is and how Lauriston finds it at last are trifling matters. Mr. Pearson's new book is to be read and enjoyed as an amusing and engaging commentary on all sorts of things bookish and human by a writer high-spirited enough to rejoice in his work and its rewards, major and minor.

IN "The Queens of Aragon: Their Lives and Times" (Brentano's; $3.75 net), E. L. Miron writes entertainingly, and with much information, of bygone days in Spain's eastern kingdom. Aragon existed as a separate political entity from 1035 to 1468 A. D. During this period twenty-six queens shared the throne. History has sketched the portraits of most of these helpmeets of Aragon's warlike kings in the most shadowy outline; but the author has turned to contemporary literature to supply those intimate details lacking in the arid chronicles of the time. A formidable bibliography published as an appendix testifies to his acquaintance with the period. From the most diverse sources he has brought together a multitude of facts presenting an interesting picture of Aragonese culture during the centuries in question. Much information is given concerning the troubadours in Spain; but curiously enough the author has failed to utilize the authoritative work on the subject: Milá y Fontanals's "Troubadours in Spain," not to mention

later studies by Menéndez y Pelayo and Menéndez Pidal. This failure to consult obvious sources is unaccountable in one who gives evidence of much wide and curious reading in works difficult of access. A knowledge of these books would have prevented a blunder like that on page 74, where he says: "Between the troubadour and the trouvère, there was a considerable difference." The distinction, of course, is merely one of dialect and geography, but the context plainly shows that he thinks the troubadour, like the jongleur, to have been merely a minstrel who recited poems written by the trouvère. Such errors are infrequent. The book is an interesting contribution to the culture history of mediæval Spain.

THE author of "How to See the Vatican" (Pott; $2 net), Mr. Douglas Sladen, is known as an indefatigable compiler of travel literature. Some years ago he published "The Secrets of the Vatican," a book which is now out of print, and the present volume, we are informed in a publisher's note, is mainly a revised edition of parts of that work. The aim of the book is to give the ordinary reader some acquaintance with the history of the Vatican and to describe for him those parts of the palace which are least familiar to the average tourist. The author, as will readily be seen by a glance at the authorities to whom he acknowledges indebtedness, makes no pretence to any profound scholarship, nor is his writing adorned with many elegancies of style, but as a plain workaday guide to the Vatican, covering some ground which is not covered elsewhere, this book should have its value.

FOR fulness of treatment the "International Year Book" (Dodd, Mead), under the editorship of Frank Moore Colby and Allen Leon Churchill, remains the most useful of annual handbooks. The volume for 1913, like its predecessors, will be found indispensable by students of contemporary events in search of information too recent to be incorporated in the encyclopædias and in much greater detail than the newspaper almanacs offer. It would be difficult to specify the features of a book which sets out to be a complete encyclopædia for the year; but, as with earlier volumes, we are glad to point out the valuable record of legislation under the History of the different States, material which is nowhere accessible in condensed form. The outstanding events of the year—Mexico, the Balkans, China, the beginnings of the Wilson Administration, Irish Home Rule—receive adequate attention. The record of books and plays of the year in this country and England is perforce largely in the nature of a catalogue, but here, again, the lists come in very handily for speedy reference. We notice in the history of the Balkan troubles one curious misstatement. With regard to the outbreak of hostilities between Bulgaria and her allies we are told: "It was a remarkable fact that Gen. Savoff, the hero of the past campaign against the Turks, opposed the truculent attitude of Dr. Daneff's Government and took no part in the second war." The facts are just the other way. It was the militarist party that forced the hands of the Ministry, and it was Gen. Savoff's unauthorized orders for an advance that precipitated the general fighting which ended so disastrously for Bulgaria.

IN "Napoleon at Bay, 1814" (Lane; $2.50 net), F. Loraine Petre continues the detailed military study which he has been making of Napoleon's later campaigns. The present volume discusses the battles of La Rothière, Craonne, Arcis-sur-Aube, and the other engagements in the course of the quick and hazardous marches by which he tried to move to the rear of the allied armies, cut their lines of communication, and frighten them off from closing in on Paris. Like Carlyle, when writing his "Frederick the Great," the author has personally been over the battle-fields; he also recently had the advantage of seeing 10,000 French troops of the present day manœuvring in part of this theatre of war, according to ideas very similar to those of Napoleon just a hundred years ago. He gives a detailed military narrative, but not too technical for the layman, and adds general remarks and conclusions interesting to the military historian and the professional soldier. Both Blücher and Napoleon receive rather more credit than from most historians who are not distinctly partisan. Blücher was right in urging an immediate pursuit of Napoleon after the French disaster at Leipzig; had his advice been followed, "the Empire of Napoleon would probably have fallen before the end of December, 1813." Blücher was not "a heaven-born genius, but he was full of common-sense, and did not hesitate to rely for brain-work on his more talented subordinate Gneisenau. If Gneisenau supplied the brains, it was Blücher who supplied the relentless energy, the fierce patriotism, and the strong will which pushed his army forward and kept peace between Russians and Prussians." On the other hand, Napoleon's attempt at Schwarzenberg's rear was not "a mere gambler's desperate throw," but might properly be regarded by Napoleon as having some probability of success, in view of his knowledge of "Schwarzenberg's almost insane nervousness regarding his communications." The author has not drawn upon any hitherto unknown material, but makes good use of Napoleon's correspondence, of the old accounts of Clausewitz and Müffling, and of the excellent recent studies of Houssaye, Weil, Hulot, Danilewski, Janson, and others—though not of Fave and Foch.

TO write a satisfactory history of Mormons in Utah, or a satisfactory life of its great leader, one must deny one's self the pleasure of disliking Mormonism. One must be willing to ask if plural marriages lessen unchastity and if co-operative control under church direction is worse than coöperation under the direction of able and fortunate individuals. "Brigham Young and his Mormon Empire," by Frank J. Cannon and George S. Knapp (Revell: $1.50 net), is certainly not an impartially scientific history. The authors seem desirous of describing the economic aspects of the Latter Day Saints, but they are not sufficiently detached to attempt it. Their task is to tell what they think about Brigham Young. It is evident that they think he was a bad man, and a convenient butt for ridicule. They are willing to grant his great achievements, but they do not tell how they came about, and there is no disposition to concede to him worthy motives. The book is written in an easy and vivacious manner; but it bristles with the antipathy which fills the religious and political controversy into which most non-Mormons in Utah have been drawn. It is not a book for one who wishes to gain trustworthy information, and it has the further defect of falling into slovenly and offensive language. We are told, for example, that Brigham had the habit of "jawing Zion into order," and that a certain one of Joseph Smith's widows "was the last of that sorrowing sisterhood to be comforted on the broad bosom of the prophet's successor." The illustrations are good, but they would be better if they included maps of Utah.

NEWSPAPER experiences make up almost the whole of Charles Edward Russell's "These Shifting Scenes" (Doran; $1.50 net). As they touch upon some of the most interesting events in the time they cover, and are told with the skill of a trained newspaper man, the book is most readable. Beginning with the old days of the "tramp" printers, the reader is taken through the harrowing episode of finding work on a New York newspaper, and then through incidents large and small, but never dull, ranging from the Haymarket tumult in Chicago, the Johnstown flood, and a group of national political conventions to murder mysteries and lesser journalistic fry. Mr. Russell has had the opportunity of looking on at some history-making, and he takes full advantage of the fact. Now and then he obtrudes his economic notions, as when he remarks that he "began to see that poverty was the condition of the majority of the people," but on the whole the narrative is unencumbered with irrelevant comment. It does not constitute an autobiography, but rather is a presentation of a large section of the writer's life. Its distinction is that it gives that intimate view of a newspaper man's work that people in general are apt to find fascinating.

JOSEPH PULITZER as a cross-examiner is the central figure of Alleyne Ireland's "Joseph Pulitzer: Reminiscences of a Secretary" (Kennerley; $1.25 net). The book is largely taken up with an account of the way in which the masterful editor tested the qualifications of candidates for the difficult post of secretary to him when blindness and nervousness had driven him to seclusion. "Secretary" is a very inadequate word for what "J. P.," as his entourage called him among themselves, required. His restless mind demanded to be fed and entertained continuously, and this, owing to his apparent knowledge of everything under the sun, was a huge task. In his examination of candidates, which might last for two or three months, he roved "from country to country, from century to century, through history, art, literature, biography, economics, music, the drama, and current politics." Not unnaturally, he placed great emphasis upon

memory. Prominent among his traits were his sudden changes of plan, regardless of the trouble involved, for those who shared with him his yacht or villa. The book gives a close view of one of the most interesting personalities of our time.

SOME months ago Lord Curzon created a ripple of comment by praising Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and Second Inaugural as superior to any other oratory in English in the nineteenth century. "I escape the task of deciding which is the masterpiece of modern English eloquence," he said, "by awarding the prize to an American." The lecture in which these words were spoken was prepared for the University of Cambridge, but abbreviated in delivery. It is now printed in full (Macmillan; $1), and bears the title, "Modern English Eloquence." The bulk of the little volume is devoted to personal recollections of Parliamentary speakers, including Gladstone, Disraeli, Salisbury, Rosebery, Balfour, and Asquith, with some analysis of their methods and effectiveness. These are preceded by a thought-provoking consideration of the changes that have come over Parliamentary eloquence since the days of Pitt and Fox. Theirs was "the art of an aristocratic society, practiced under aristocratic conditions, in an aristocratic age." The coming of democracy has transformed the art by making it less elaborate, less learned, less ornate, a transformation hastened and intensified by the appearance of a new type of eloquence—that of the platform. Lord Curzon holds that eloquence still affects votes in Parliament, and that, far from losing its old political importance, "the gift of speech in political leaders has become a greater necessity—it is really a condition of existence."

HISTORIANS, genealogists, ethnologists, and the lawyers of his State will be deeply grateful to Mr. Ralph Emerson Twitchell for the service he has rendered in making accessible the more interesting of New Mexico's historical documents. The first volume of "The Spanish Archives of New Mexico" (Cedar Rapids: Torch Press; $12) contains a complete catalogue of the records of the court of private land claims now in the custody of the Surveyor-General at Santa Fé. These documents, 1,384 in number, are chronologically arranged, the earliest starting with the year 1685, and the latest bearing the date 1846. The less important are merely listed by title, but those of greater interest are fully translated or described. Volume II contains notice of the far more interesting archives now deposited in the Congressional Library. They cover the years 1621-1821. The author has not sought to compete with the Congressional Library's catalogue of the 20,000 New Mexican documents in its possession, but has, rather, preferred to select the more important of these for translation or fuller description. He notices 3,097. It will be observed that none of the records here published goes back to the sixteenth century exploration period. Much supplemental material might be gathered at Seville in the Archives of the Indies. The records of the seventeenth century are interesting for the light they cast on the mode of life prevailing at remote Spanish outposts, and for much information concerning the Pueblo Indians.

IN a somewhat truculent preface, Mr. Twitchell defends himself in advance from the attacks which he feels sure will be made upon him by the "scholastic Pharisee" for venturing to introduce a little interesting reading into an otherwise arid catalogue. Equally superfluous are the author's ungenerous remarks about the labors of his predecessor, the late A. F. Bandelier, whose much despised list he has closely followed. He furthermore roundly attacks the national authorities who in 1903 removed a portion of the New Mexican archives to Washington. The author admits that these documents are now admirably cared for, and are being catalogued in the most scientific manner; and by his own showing it appears that, while stored in Santa Fé, many were stolen, and the whole collection was in imminent danger of destruction. The burning of the historical collection at Albany and recent revelations regarding the sorry condition of the archives in many Southern States give cause for congratulation that at least one valuable collection of documents is safely housed and cared for.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THAT blessed word "federalism" is the catchword of the moment in British politics. Enthusiasm for the federal panacea has almost persuaded Mrs. Humphry Ward to be a suffragist. She has, in fact, publicly avowed her belief that the solution of the woman suffrage problem may come through a division of functions between local legislative assemblies and a central imperial Parliament. The latter would remain in the control of men, but women would have equality with them in "the whole social and domestic sphere of delegated power covered by these local assemblies of the future." It is evident that Mrs. Ward pictures these assemblies as no more than magnified county councils, and has no idea of the gravity of the issues that would be subject to their decision in any scheme of federalism that deserved the name.

THE cold truth about the so-called federal solution of the Home Rule controversy has been set forth in the *Manchester Guardian* by Prof. J. H. Morgan, of University College, London, who is rapidly becoming one of the leading authorities on British constitutional problems. He warns the admirers of this short cut to peace that to federalize the United Kingdom would involve the creation of a written Constitution, and would tax all the energies of all the jurists in England for months, if not for years, before anything could be put in a draughtsman's hands. It would involve the repeal of hundreds of statutes, innumerable administrative readjustments, and the complete reform of the House of Lords. It would mean, to begin with, the total abandonment of the Home Rule bill, which is not suited, and never was intended, to be the cornerstone of a federal system.

A SCHEME is in progress for recognizing Dr. J. G. Frazer's services to research. The proposal is to establish a Frazer Fund for Social Anthropology, from which grants will be made to travelling students of either sex, with a view to their investigating problems in the culture and social organization of primitive peoples. In order to secure continuity of administration, the fund is to be held in trust by the University of Cambridge. The signatures to the memorial issued in connection with the scheme are mainly those of English scholars, but a few American names appear, including that of Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, and the Continent of Europe is also represented on the list. Mr. F. M. Cornford, of Trinity College, Cambridge, is secretary of the committee of subscribers.

THE "National Office of French Universities and Schools"—a wheel of Government—publishes a little book whose object is "to make known abroad the higher French education as it is today, with the resources it offers." It is quite apart from the well-known "Livret des Etudiants," which catalogues French universities and higher schools, with their courses year by year. This explains to foreign students that, in point of fact, French universities and schools are open to them and welcome them—"on the sole condition that they prove they are in a state to receive the teaching." It is intended to do away with the idea that many administrative difficulties stand in the way of foreign students wishing to enter French universities. The conditions of attendance and of previous requirements for studying with a view to diplomas and degrees are brought out in particular. The publication is a part of the effort made for several years to turn towards French institutions the stream of higher foreign students. Statistics show that this has already met with success. In 1900 there were all told 1,770 foreign students in French universities, and in 1913 there were 5,560, or nearly one-seventh of the total number matriculated.

THE history of the 602 Deputies who have recently been elected to hold rule over France during their four years in Parliament is of some interest. One of the chief reproaches made against republics, particularly Latin republics, is the predominance of the lawyer and professional politician. Now, in this new French Parliament there are 142 barristers and twelve solicitors, between whom the habit of public speaking must make the difference; and there are ten former judges, three notaries, and twenty-seven who have been office-holders in the civil administration. To these may be properly added forty-six journalists and forty-three university professors, fifty-three doctors, and three veterinaries (Gambetta once said in his haste that the system of election sent up a Parliament of "sub-veterinaries"), eleven apothecaries, and twenty-five employees of business. All these would naturally be Radical and Socialist elements, or "wage-earners," as against wage-payers, although this division is far from being verified in the

political reality. On the other, and naturally Conservative or Moderate, side we have forty-six "rentiers," or Deputies living from their own personal incomes as property-holders, thirty-two manufacturers, and twenty-seven merchants, three shipbuilders and six professional financiers, sixteen farmers, and twenty-one ex-officers of army or navy. There are one publisher, six keepers of hotels and cafés, and twenty-two workmen, who are not all Socialists. Jaurès, the leader of the Socialist party, is an ex-university professor of philosophy.

THE French Academy has delegated its "perpetual secretary," M. Etienne Lamy, who took part in our own Champlain celebration, to represent it at the seventh centenary of the battle of Bouvines. The ode crowned for the occasion has been written by Henri de Lècre, a laureate of the Floral Games of Languedoc. This reminds one irresistibly of Lady Ambrose's arraignment of the new republic's "part of culture that comes from a knowledge of history or parts of history." She was supposed at the time to have related a true story of the English historian Freeman: "I sat at dinner by some one who had not only read heaven knows how much history, but had written, I believe, even more than he had read. At last he said to me, in a very solemn voice, 'What a terrible defeat that was which we had at Bouvines!' I answered timidly—not thinking we were at war with any one—that I had seen nothing about it in the papers. 'H'm!' he said, giving a sort of a grunt that made me feel dreadfully ignorant, 'Why, I had an excursus on it myself in the *Archæological Gazette* only last week.' And, do you know, it turned out that the battle of Bouvines was fought in the thirteenth century, and had, as far as I could make out, something to do with Magna Charta."

HERE in France it is generally chronicled as a victory over the German Emperor Otho IV. It was certainly won by Philip Augustus, King of France, over the combined forces of the Emperor of Germany, the King of England, and the Count of Flanders. Koehler, its German historian, says: "The victory of Bouvines had for France this important result—it awakened a national sentiment, and it strengthened the feeling of common solidarity to such a degree that we may say modern France issued from that event." A monument was erected in 1863 on the battle-field, which is within easy reach of tourists, about seven miles from Lille. The village of Bouvines has 600 inhabitants, lost amid the monotonous industries now dominating the region.

A FORMER student of the French School of Athens, Eugène Cavaignac, has presented to the Académie des Sciences Morales an exhaustive documentary report on the duration and obligations of military service in the Roman Republic when it was pouring out its soldiers with the Scipios for the conquest first of Carthage and then of the world. He starts from the indications of Polybius, who was a member of the Achæan League and saw the Roman soldiers at work in the conquest of Macedonia, and was afterwards sixteen years at Rome in the family of the later Scipios. At that time, the Roman idea of the sovereignty of the State—*Majestas*—had grown to that conception which still directs the relations of governments towards the community in Continental Europe. There, too, it has resulted in obligatory military service. Without going into this question, which belongs to philosophical history, M. Cavaignac establishes these facts: Roman citizens owed military service from seventeen to forty-six years of age, with a maximum of twenty campaigns. The minimum has been disputed, but M. Cavaignac decides for six campaigns, which could hardly be crowded into the three years of the present disputed law of the French Republic.

PLANS for the Italian pavilion at the San Francisco Exposition, which have just been published in the papers, have aroused much interest in artistic circles. They are the work of Sig. Piacentini, one of the most popular and successful Italian architects, who is a specialist in buildings of this kind. He has designed for the great world fair a scheme which shall reproduce on the shores of the Pacific a typical Italian mediæval town, with its works of art, its fountains, its gardens, and its quaint houses. There will be two piazzas, a larger one dominated by the Palazzo Pubblico, or town hall, recalling the glories of Italian municipal life, and surrounded by other public and private buildings, forming the centre of the life of the community; and a smaller one with the Loggia dei Mercanti, or merchants' exchange, and surrounded by shops and warehouses, reminiscent of the commercial activities of the Italian city republics. The two will be united by narrow streets and porticos like those of Siena, Verona, or Perugia. The general effect, if the plans are well executed, should be interesting and attractive, but intelligent public opinion rightly insists that the contents of the various buildings should be properly representative of Italian work, and not consist of the usual Neapolitan coral and sham tortoise-shell objects, Sorrento woodwork, the hideous Volterra alabaster ware and Venetian atrocities in spun glass, which have figured in other Italian exhibitions abroad, and which give an entirely false idea of what the country produces. Italy has now so much to show in the way of high-class industrial and artistic production that there is no need to expose such trumpery and wholly out-of-date trash.

THE latest Italian labor strikes are associated to an unusual degree with classical memories and poetry. The dispute is whether Sicilian sulphur shall be exported by way of Catania or Porto Empedocle, which is the seaport of Girgenti—the ancient Agrigentum on the other side of the island. Now Empedocles himself, philosopher, and poet, and physiologist of the heart, from whom the port has its name, went forth from Catania to climb up and throw himself into the crater of Ætna, and so died in sulphurous glory.

> In the slow revolutions of the world
> I shall come many times to Catana—

Matthew Arnold makes him promise.

Science

COL. ROOSEVELT'S SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATIONS.

Life-Histories of African Game Animals. By Theodore Roosevelt and Edmund Heller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $10 net.

Instead of publishing the scientific observations of his trip as appendices to the narrative volumes, "African Game Trails," or scattered through various zoölogical publications, Col. Roosevelt has collected them in these two volumes. The method of presentation is in the form of chapter monographs dealing in some cases with a single species, as The Lion, or with groups, as The Gazelles and their Allies. Again we have proof that science in the future is to derive its chief support from the field work of trained observers. The day of mere museum collecting is past, and there is no excuse for any systematic gathering of specimens unless notes are taken on their life-history.

To take the lion monograph as a type, we find a short introduction on the Felidæ in general, followed by an equally brief summary of the characters of the lion and its sub-species. Then follow almost sixty pages of notes from the life, treating successively of distribution, family and cub life, voice, coloration, method of killing and character of kills, man-eaters, enemies, and method of hunting. The style is straightforward, lucid, and succinct, with unusually short sentences and no attempt at fine phrasing or involved description. In the section on sport, the account of the killing of George Grey is one of the most detailed and vivid narratives which has been written in the annals of hunting. A detailed description of the races of *Felis leo* closes the chapter.

The paragraph on the habits of the wart-hog will give an idea of the general style of treatment:

> They were never found in thick forest. When persecuted by man they became nocturnal; but we often saw them abroad at midday, although their favorite times for roaming and feeding were in the morning and afternoon. They frequently rooted up the ground, going down on their knees; but even more frequently they cropped grass like a zebra or hartebeest. Their food is purely vegetable. They live in burrows, which they invariably enter backward, so as to present to any enemy a front of teeth which would daunt the most ferocious. No matter how headlong the speed of a hunted pig it will always turn and slip backward into its hole, with jack-in-the-box agility. Once we saw a young boar thus disappear, and immediately afterward reappear as if shot out of a catapult; evidently the burrow was already inhabited by another pig, which had savagely assailed the hind

quarters of the intruder. When close pressed they will charge valiantly; but they are certainly nothing like as savage as peccaries. We found a sow with very young pigs in November on the Uasin Gishu; but apparently they breed at all seasons. In galloping after a boar we noticed that in trying to look back at his pursuer he lifted his snout, not turning his head to one side. When in motion wart-hogs always carry the tail straight up, the tassel perhaps falling forward. They are easily tamed, and make amusing pets, owing to their continuous grotesque starts and grunts. They often become exceedingly attached to their owners. At the McMillans' place the cheetahs and wart-hogs were as safe companions as the gazelles; whereas nobody could touch the leopards; and elsewhere we found that the zebras and hartebeests were apt to be dangerous when they became tame.

A preface explains the use of species and genera as adopted throughout the book, showing that a middle position has been taken, trinomials being admitted, but not all the hair-splitting indulged in by closet naturalists. The first five chapters make interesting reading, and collectively form an admirable introduction to the general subject. They deal respectively with The Country and Its History, Derivation of the Fauna, The Flora, Concealing and Revealing Coloration, and Game Preserves. The most important and valuable of these is that dealing with the origin of the fauna, colored maps of the faunal areas and life zones providing vivid illustrations of the facts recorded in the text. The most thorough treatment is that accorded to coloration, though but little of this is new, Col. Roosevelt's theories having been published elsewhere. The careful student will see that he is apt to swing a little too much to the opposite side of the Thayer protective question, as in the lion chapter, where he says: ". . . . the undoubtedly concealing quality of the lion's coloration is of interest chiefly as a coloristic fact, and plays little real part, and probably no part at all, in the animal's success as a hunter, and has not been developed by natural selection or otherwise for this particular utilitarian purpose." But in general he assumes a moderate point of view, thereby revealing the ideas of extremists and of men who have had little experience in actual field work in their true light of exaggeration and false premise.

The final chapter is concerned with Equipment, Arms, and the Preservation of Specimens, and a very full bibliography and index round out the work. The illustrations are excellent.

Mr. J. Evershed, director of the Madras & Kodaikanal Observatories, who recently visited New Zealand, has advised placing at Nelson, as a highly suitable place climatologically as well as geographically, the new institution for research in solar physics to be known as the Cawthron Observatory, from its founder, Mr. Thomas Cawthron, of Nelson, who has given a fund of $250,000 for its equipment and maintenance.

Dr. Otto Gustaf Ramsay, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Yale Medical School, who died on June 12, was born in New York city in 1870. He graduated from the University of Virginia in 1890, and received the degree of M.A. from Yale in 1901. Later he studied in Germany, and served as interne and associate in gynecology at Johns Hopkins. For several years he had been a member of the Yale faculty.

Drama and Music

THE FATHER OF DANISH COMEDY.

The Comedies of Holberg. By Oscar James Campbell, Jr. Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature, Vol. III. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50 net.

It is appropriate at a time when, thanks to the assiduity of Mr. Björkman and others, the American reading public is becoming more and more acquainted with Scandinavian writers, that a work of genuine scientific and cultural value should be produced by an American scholar upon a classic Scandinavian author. Though Professor Campbell is primarily an English rather than a Scandinavian specialist, he has nevertheless in this book made America's most significant contribution to the study of the Scandinavian literatures. His book is the third in the series of Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature.

The author's method of treating his subject is purely comparative. A succinct sketch of Holberg's life and a convenient classification of his plays under four heads precede the main portion of the book, which consists of more than two hundred pages upon the relation of Holberg to earlier writers of comedy. Holberg is a peculiarly fit subject for comparative treatment. A Norwegian by birth, a Dane by adoption, an incessant traveller by predilection, he did his utmost to become an intellectual citizen of Europe as a whole. Finding in the Denmark of his day no traditions of culture, he made himself wisely cosmopolitan and diligently sought out the best which other countries could supply. He thus became the father of Danish comedy; indeed, one may say, of Danish literature in general. Mr. Campbell traces clearly his indebtedness to Molière in the grouping and exposition of character, to the *commedia dell' arte* for much of the comedy of his plots, together with the figures that served as vehicles for it, and to the spirit of English satire, which was in many ways so congenial to his own temper. All this was already somewhat familiar matter to students of comparative literature. The author has, however, made a fresh presentation of the whole subject, and has set many facts in a new light. The chapters on the relations of Holberg to French literature other than Molière and on his scantier indebtedness to German and Latin literature furnish much new material. The parallels which Mr. Campbell draws are always reasonably convincing. He proves his case, as "proof" goes in such matters of literary influence. And thorough as his investigation is, it carries no weight of superfluous learning. The quotations from Holberg, and even the titles of the plays, are translated into English—and wisely so, since a knowledge of Danish is not a part of the equipment of the ordinary scholar. The critical apparatus is put into the unobtrusive notes at the end of the book. One cannot speak too highly of the way in which the material has been digested and perspicuously arranged.

Mr. Campbell has made no attempt to discuss Holberg's influence on subsequent writers of comedy in different countries. That subject would require a separate book. If there is any lack in the present volume, it is the absence of a brief and clear indication as to the relative merits of the various plays. The wayfaring man has no guide for the reading of Holberg. And in that connection it is well to call attention to the need of a good English translation of the better-known comedies. Until it is provided, Holberg's laughter, which, according to Mr. Campbell, "bids fair to become immortal," can never be properly reëchoed from our shores.

The fifth volume of the Dramatic Index (Boston Book Company), covering the year 1913, is modelled upon the pattern of its predecessors. As a list of the performers who have appeared upon the musical or dramatic stage in that period, the plays in which they appeared, and the notices accorded to them in the books and periodicals (not the daily press) of the English-speaking world, it seems to be a full and accurate record, achieved at a great cost of systematic labor. The records of the five volumes cover the period 1906-1913. Beyond question, the work, with its convenient alphabetical references, will prove interesting and useful to all persons directly or indirectly concerned in theatrical affairs, while its catalogues of new plays and books on dramatic subjects have a special value; but it should be noted that the critical authorities referred to are not always of the most dependable order.

A Paris letter published in a London journal says: "So it is finally decided that Daudet's play 'L'Arlésienne' shall be withdrawn from the repertory of the Odéon, where it has been in Antoine's hands a never-failing trump card, filling the house as often as given, and re-

taining as the years go by all its charm and its grace. Mme. Daudet, in declining to leave the play to M. Antoine's successor, observes that she considers it right that the Daudet masterpiece should not be allowed to 'vegetate' eternally in the same playhouse, to be ever produced before the same public, and she is in treaty with a boulevard theatre that proposes to take over the acting rights."

Jean Richepin's version of "Macbeth" was produced recently at the Comédie Française, Duncan being played by Mounet-Sully, Macbeth by Paul Monnet, Macduff by Fenoux, and Banquo by Alexandre. Lady Macbeth was taken by the "divine" Bartet, the only artist who currently shares the epithet with Bernhardt, Lady Macduff by Rémy, and the three witches by Madeleine Roch, Silvain, and Devoyod. "M. Richepin's translation is wonderfully dexterous and true," an English critic says, "and while very nearly literal he manages to infuse into the French much of the force, fibre, and color of the original. Anybody familiar with the Shakespeare text could follow easily and smoothly the Richepin 'Macbeth,' but much of it, particularly the witches' incantations, must have been taken on credit by the public as something very fine and powerful, but in an unknown tongue. M. Richepin, in his admirable lectures, showed that he blamed Lady Macbeth more than the Thane of Cawdor for the murders, but in the play at the Comédie Bartet is far from incarnating the savage Queen. This magnificent artist has conceived a coquettish, supple temptress rather than an imperious plotter, and makes a very curious Lady Macbeth. It is not until the last scene that she is at all like the conventional impersonation of the part. She is scarcely Richepin's conception—at least, that is the impression she must leave on those who heard the lecture—but she is an arch-fiend in feminine form, and, if I may be allowed to say so, too French for a wild Scottish laird's wife."

A work that was warmly applauded at the Altenburg Festival was Kelley's quartet in C major. Altogether, Mr. Kelley's music has found much favor in Germany. It would not be a bad idea to introduce it to concert audiences in some of the large cities of his native country.

Texas, it may not be generally known, has produced one of the leading American musicians, Frank Van der Stucken, a composer whose works are awaiting the recognition they deserve. As a conductor he has made the public, especially in New York and Cincinnati, acquainted with many good novelties, including not a few by American composers. His latest achievement has been cordially praised in Antwerp, where he conducted two concerts in commemoration of the bicentenary of Gluck. The composers represented on the programmes, besides Gluck, were Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Berlioz, Wagner, Verdi, Chabrier, Strauss, Benoit, Grieg, Smetana, and Moussorgsky.

Strauss's new "opera without words," "The Legend of Joseph," is not likely to add to his fame. According to Dr. Möller, of the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, it falls short of expectations, being little more than a pot-boiler, with some tonal dainties that will attract attention for a little while. Dr. Möller also points out that there is nothing new in the genre of the "Legend of Joseph," which Strauss's followers heralded as an innovation. So far as Germany is concerned, it is; but in France the "dance-drama," or "mimodrama," flourished as long ago as the seventeenth century. Distinguished musicians like Lully, Rameau, and Couperin cultivated it. In the nineteenth century another Frenchman, Noverre, endeavored to elevate the degenerated operatic ballet to a sort of "Gesammtkunstwerk," or combination of the arts. Dr. Möller might have referred also to the Bacchanale which Wagner added to the Paris version of "Tannhäuser." In more recent times the "mimodrama" has been cultivated by a number of Frenchmen and Russians, among them Lalo, Dukas, Ravel, Hahn, Debussy, Arensky, Tcherepnin, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Stravinsky.

In the days of Mapleson it used to be "Grand Italian Opera." Maurice Grau enlarged that to "Grand Opera in Italian, French, and German." The latest combination is now on trial in London—Mr. Beecham's season of "German, Russian, and English Opera and Russian Ballet." His repertory includes: "Rosenkavalier," "Die Zauberflöte," "Boris Godounoff," "Ivan le Terrible," "Prince Igor," "Daphnis and Chloe," "Papillons," "Coq d'Or," "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Le Rossignol," "Midas," "Scheherazade," "La Légende de Joseph," "Cleopatra," "Nuit de Mal," "Petrouchka," "La Spectre de la Rose," "La Khovantchina," "Dylan," "Le Lac Des Cygnes," "Thamar," "Carnaval."

A hundred years ago, in the month of May, and only three days apart, were born two pianist composers, both famous in their time, but now almost entirely neglected by musicians and amateurs—undeservedly so. One was Adolf von Henselt, a Bavarian, who spent most of his life in St. Petersburg; the other, Stephen Heller, a Hungarian, who made his home in Paris, where he came into contact with Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz, and other eminent masters. Though a much-admired pianist, he soon gave up playing and devoted his time to teaching and composing. Many of his short pieces are gems which concert audiences of our day would be sure to admire if they got a chance to hear them. Unique among his works are a set of technical studies based on difficult passages in Chopin's études. His transcriptions of Schubert's songs equal those made by Liszt. Adolf von Henselt likewise ended his brilliant career as pianist prematurely in order to teach and compose, following the examples of Liszt and Chopin, as well as of Heller. For pedagogic purposes his études are still invaluable, and, like those of his three colleagues just named, they also have genuine artistic value. His arrangements for piano of the overtures to "Freischütz," "Euryanthe," "Oberon," "Egmont," and "Coriolan" are considered models.

Art

GUIDE-BOOKS OF PAINTING.

New Guides to Old Masters. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London, $1; Paris, 75 cents.

These nicely printed and feather-light guide-books of painting escape the commonplace in every detail of literary style and mechanical make-up. Mr. Van Dyke undertakes the difficult task of a close qualitative appraisal of well-known pictures. Often he tells why a famous picture is bad, believing that the analysis of artistic error is only less instructive than that of beauty itself. By a system of stars the pictures are divided into four classes. Mere mention means a picture of merit, three stars indicate a great masterpiece. At London only Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne and Holbein's Duchess of Milan receive this distinction. We should be glad to find added in a new edition Leonardo's cartoon in the Diploma Gallery, which is ignored. At Paris, the three stars are affixed to four pictures, the Mona Lisa, Mantegna's St. Sebastian, Titian's Entombment, and Paolo Veronese's Marriage at Cana. It is always valuable to find the issue of quality raised sharply by a highly trained and independent mind. There are shocks as well as gratifications in the process—perhaps equally salutary. The writer, for example, is recovering but slowly from the shock of learning that Raphael's Castiglione portrait is but so so.

Mr. Van Dyke goes very thoroughly into the matter of condition and of attribution. On the latter score his pronouncements are, indeed, startling. Only six out of the fifteen titular Rembrandts in the National Gallery and twelve out of the nineteen in the Louvre survive his scrutiny unchallenged. In the general introduction he admits only ten Rembrandts at St. Petersburg, to forty in the official catalogue. As Mr. Van Dyke insists, such questions should be met with his guide in hand before the pictures. Evidently a *Nation* review is not the place for such contentions, but we think Mr. Van Dyke's radicalism as excessive as the conservatism of the museum cataloguers.

The term "old masters" is interpreted pretty narrowly. All the eighteenth-century artists are regarded as modern. Generally, the guides seem to address only the well-informed public. There are no dates of any sort and few material explanations of subject-matter, etc. In short, we have the kind of crisp critical comment to the fellow expert which European scholars are wont to bury in the pages of some *Repertorium* or *Zeitschrift*. Mr. Van Dyke's desire

to say this sort of thing to the larger public that buys gallery guides is inexplicable. The little books, which soon will cover the chief European galleries, will do more to perturb than enlighten. Frankly, we fear the effect and the success of confiding to the "tripping" public the sort of expressions that are usually hazarded only *inter amicos*.

"Ruines et Paysages d'Egypte," by G. Maspero (Paris: E. Guilmoto; 7 fr. 50) is a collection of popular articles by a famous archæologist and accomplished man of letters. The dates of the articles run from 1899 to 1909, and the places vary from the Delta to Philæ. M. Maspero is equally sympathetic with the life of the modern peasant and the ritual of old Egypt. Interesting bits of folk-lore are interwoven with the narrative of finds and restorations. A chapter is devoted to superstition still persistent in Karnak. There is an admirable essay on Luxor as typical of Egyptian architecture and cult. The Coptic monasteries are not forgotten. In every way this is a delightful and instructive work. Nothing could do more to quicken the landscape for the tourist, while the layman will find nowhere else so vivid an account of the actual methods and difficulties of archæological research and conservation. It is especially interesting to note how many of the incidents of an excavating expedition exactly reproduce the scenes sculptured on ancient walls—the replacing of a Pharaoh in his sepulchre, the embarkation of mummies, and their porterage across the sands by workmen who have changed little in garb or looks since the early dynasties.

The "City of David," his tomb, and the burying place of his successors have been brought to the light of day, so far as is possible after the night of so many centuries. The excavations were made during the past winter in Jerusalem, at the expense of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, the octogenarian head of the French branch of the banking family. An account of the results obtained to date was given to the Académie des Inscriptions, May 29, by M. Raymond Weil, who has charge of the work. The ground excavated is the abandoned site of the "stronghold of Zion," which David took by storm from the Jebusites. "So David dwelt in the fort, and called it the city of David. And David built round about from Millo and inward." . . . "So David slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David" (II Samuel v, 7, 9—I Kings ii, 10). The permanence of the Jewish tradition is shown by the first preaching of Peter: "Let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day" (Acts ii, 29). The part which has been cleared contains all that remains of the ancient tombs, which suffered devastation at a very remote period. It has also been possible to trace the walls of the primitive precincts crowning the ravines, and to discover the remarkable organization of the stronghold's defence. The spring which supplied water has been disengaged; and study has been made of the subterranean aqueducts which brought the water to a bastion sheltered from attack. These excavations on so large a scale have furnished documents of the history of the Jewish city much later under the Romans, shortly after Christ. There is notably a Greek inscription of a "strangers' synagogue," with baths and hostel.

For 160 years the Royal Society of Arts has led an honorable and useful existence, and its record as presented by its secretary, Sir Henry Trueman Wood (Dutton; $5 net), has various points of interest. Started in 1753 through the initiative of a rather obscure painter-philanthropist, William Shipley, the society set before itself the simple aim, from which it has never deviated, of promoting invention in the fine and useful arts through awarding medals and other premiums. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the agitator John Wilkes, Benjamin Franklin, were early members. The society encouraged the introduction of useful plants into Jamaica and other colonies, gave many awards for agricultural machinery, among others for the earliest straw cutters, threshers, planters, and reapers; interested itself in the improvement of colors and dyes; valiantly but none too successfully encouraged the silk industry in England and the colonies, and in later times dealt with such problems as street lighting. Its chief concern for more than a generation has been technical education. For the processes of the fine arts it has always had a peculiar care, awarding besides other premiums annually a silver palette for work or invention. So various an achievement does not lend itself to epitome. Possibly the most important single service of the society was the promotion of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the precedent for countless international exhibitions ever since. Among artists honored by the society we may note Bewick, Cosway, Cotman, Flaxman (at the age of eleven), Landseer, Lawrence, Millais, Mulready, Coventry Patmore, Romney, Schiavonetti. Perhaps the most distinguished non-English medallists are Senefelder, for his book on lithography, and Edison. In its long career the society has had only eleven presidents, including Prince Consort Albert, and Edward VII and George V, both while Prince of Wales. Sir Henry Wood's clear and unaffected chronicle of the more important happenings in the life of the society is a kind of running commentary on the course of modern invention, and offers something of interest to every sort of reader.

Malcolm S. Salaman's "The Great Painter-Etchers from Rembrandt to Whistler" (Lane) is the third in the *Studio* volumes on etching, the other two (1902 and 1913) having been devoted to modern work. The text forms a pleasant accompaniment to the 188 illustrations, which, considering that they are half-tones, are very satisfactory reproductions. Realization of the necessity for compression has resulted in the wise omission of the anecdotal embroidery which is often considered an essential feature of the "popular" style. The criticism is sound without being dry, and is marked by sympathetic understanding. Perhaps the reader may be surprised at the omission of all mention of certain etchers, and at the lack of more definite characterization in the case of others; but, granting the author his right of choice, we find it is generally based on good reasons. One gets vistas of interesting by-paths in the field of etching, as, for instance, in the comparison of Waterloo and Roghman, or in the unexpected introduction of the quiet charm of the Rev. E. T. Daniell. It is pleasant, too, to find old Breenberg in this company; a little plate by him, hardly more than three inches by two, purposely placed in juxtaposition with one of Brangwyn's big decorative pieces in the present exhibition in the print gallery of the New York Public Library, shows how he could be delicate and broad at the same time. Near the end of the text, in the sane appreciation of Whistler, the American notes with satisfaction the graceful tribute to Mr. E. G. Kennedy's Whistler catalogue issued a few years ago by the Grolier Club. The tone of the book and the selection of etchers to be included indicate a critical spirit joined to catholicity—a combination ever welcome.

Finance

THE LARGE GOLD EXPORTS.

There are two reasons why last week's exceptionally large gold export movement has taken front rank among the phenomena of the period. One is, that the $20,000,000 gold, sent out last week to Europe, exceeds all previous records of weekly exports; the other, that the rate of foreign exchange which made this possible is the highest touched in the New York market during nineteen years. The second fact is less significant than might be supposed; for these shipments were made in United States gold coin, whereas shipments of other recent years have been in the form of bullion; and since abrasion through use makes the intrinsic value of $1,000,000 coin less than that of a similar sum in gold bars, the normal "gold export point" is necessarily higher. Where the bars would assay in Europe at $4.88½ to the pound sterling, it may possibly require $4.89, face value, in the coin to meet the same foreign valuation.

The magnitude of the export movement is a more notable phenomenon. Until last week's shipment of $20,000,000 gold, the $17,000,000 shipped in the last week of April, 1910, when our market was relieving London's special requirement, was the record, and before that date the high mark was the $13,900,000 outgo of the second week of May, 1904, when the reaction from this country's great "trade boom" of the period was under way. It has been a little singular that discussion of the

movement has been more vigorous and agitated in Congress than in Wall Street; in fact, it has been difficult to get the financial market to pay great attention to it, except in so far as it established one of those "new high records" which always attract the interest of financial markets. It is also worth pointing out that, although last week's gold shipments made the total movement, for the year to date, no less than $60,000,000, that substantial sum was equalled in the corresponding period of 1913, and exceeded by $4,000,000 in 1904. But neither fact proves that the present movement is not an economic phenomenon of importance.

The unusual volume of the present outflow may be ascribed to the coincidence of several separate causes. European markets have been seeking energetically to draw gold; once or twice this season, they have gone some distance along the road which we ourselves entered with such violent activity when we were bidding for Europe's gold in 1907. That is one main cause.

As to why the foreign markets have been able to get gold here, rather than elsewhere, there are special reasons. One is, that a number of our short-term corporation notes placed in the last few years with Europe are maturing, and that we are paying them off; in other words, that our market is voluntarily buying back its own securities. But another important reason is, that no other country than our own has been in a position to give up gold in quantity without disturbance to its money markets.

Our regular annual gold imports, chiefly from the Mexican and Canadian mining camps, are so great as to counterbalance a very large gold export; in the ten months of the fiscal year which are dealt with by the Government's latest figures, we exported $47,000,000 gold, but imported $60,000,000—only a trifling part of which was received from Europe. One must also allow for our own country's annual gold production, which is $88,000,000. Despite the heavy gold exports of the year to date, the New York banks last Saturday held far more gold in their reserves than they held on January 1. These evidences of ability to spare the recent gold remittances must be considered also in the light of a slackened trade activity, which reduces home requirements for gold; of the decrease in our merchandise exports for the season—due to exhaustion of the held-over supplies of grain and cotton, and to reduced demand for goods from foreign communities where times are harder—and of the increase in our merchandise imports, due in part, but not entirely, to the tariff.

Granting these numerous coincidences, the fact remains that the unusual magnitude of this month's gold exports, and the quite abnormal height of the foreign exchange market, which has made them possible, do not indicate a satisfactory state of things at home. The indication was not satisfactory when, in 1908 and 1904, we were shipping gold at much the same rate as now. But the reason why the heavy outward movement of gold was disliked on those occasions was the evidence it presented of home trade depression, and not because we could not spare the gold, or because its outflow threatened the Government's reserve against its legal-tender notes, or because it indicated, for that and other reasons, a drift towards depreciated money. Those were the inferences, correctly drawn at the time, which converged on the gold exports of 1892 and 1894 all the attention and misgiving of the markets—a very different state of mind from the calmness with which even the stock exchanges watched the gold movement of 1904 and 1908, and with which they are watching that of 1914. With the Gold Standard Act of 1900, gold exports ceased, once and for all, to threaten the soundness of our currency.

Markets were perfectly aware, six years and ten years ago, that when the trade depression, of which the large gold shipments were an evidence, should reach its end, the gold movement would end with them. The present problem, therefore, is how soon we shall witness a reawakening of activity in trade. The usual answer which one gets from experienced men in the different industries is that all really fundamental conditions favor such revival—notably, the grain crops; that the recovery ought to come, but that as yet there is no trustworthy sign of it. Usually, that is the kind of situation in which people familiar with American business history look for surprises.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Begbie, Harold. The Happy Irish. The Day that Changed the World. Doran. $1.25 net each.
Bell, J. J. Bobby. Doran. $1 net.
Bindloss, Harold. The League of the Leopard. Stokes. $1.30 net.
Bottome, Phyllis. Broken Music. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Hall, H. Henry of Navarre, Ohio. Century Company. $1 net.
Onions, Oliver. Gray Youth. Doran. $1.50 net.
Re-Bartlett, Lucy. Transition. Longmans. $1.35 net.
Sinclair, May. The Return of the Prodigal. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
The Autobiography of a Happy Woman. Moffat, Yard. $1.50 net.
Walpole, Hugh. The Duchess of Wrexe. Doran. $1.40 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bibliographical Society of America. Papers, Vol. VII, Numbers 3-4. Chicago: University Press.
Bulkley, M. E. The Feeding of Schoolchildren. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Collins, V. L. Princeton. Oxford University Press. $1.50 net.
Crawfurd, Raymond. Plague and Pestilence in Literature and Art. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d. net.
Gibson, Strickland. Some Oxford Libraries. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
Goldsmith, Oliver. The Bee and Other Essays. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Grumbine, H. C. Stories from Browning. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Harper, H. H. The Story of a Manuscript. Author.
Kaiser, J. B. Law, Legislative, and Municipal Reference Libraries. Boston: Boston Book Co. $4 net.
Russell, Violet. Heroes of the Dawn. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Slater, J. H. A Stevenson Bibliography. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
The World's Classics: Lorna Doone, Keble's The Christian Year. Barrow's The Mutiny of the Bounty. Oxford University Press. 1s. net each.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Allen, P. S. The Age of Erasmus. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.
Frazer, J. G. The Golden Bough. Part IV, Vols. I and II. Macmillan. $6 net.
Jones, M. The New Testament in the Twentieth Century. Macmillan. $3 net.
Jones, R. M. Spiritual Reformers in the 16th and 17th Centuries. Macmillan. $3 net.
Martin Dale, C. C. The Waters of Twilight. Longmans. $1.20 net.
Martin, E. O. The Gods of India. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Owen, D. C. The Infancy of Religion. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.
Stebbing, William. Truths or Truisms. Oxford University Press. 4s. net.
Ten Broeke, James. A Constructive Basis for Theology. Macmillan. 3s. net.
Varisco, B. The Great Problems. Trans. by R. C. Lodge. Macmillan. $2.75 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Adams, Charles F. The Monroe Doctrine. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Dicey, A. V. Law and Opinion in England. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.
Freeman, Arnold. Boy Life and Labour. London: King. 3s. 6d. net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1914.

Summary of the News

Prospects for a satisfactory outcome of the mediation proceedings, which at the end of last week appeared somewhat gloomy, have brightened considerably. The papers of June 18 published the statement of the Huerta delegates explaining their opposition to the proposal of the United States for the appointment of a Provisional President of Constitutionalist sympathies. The main contention of the Huerta delegates was that, for the very reason advanced by the United States that the Government in Mexico controlled elections, it would be impossible, with a Constitutionalist as Provisional President, and with a majority of Constitutionalists on the Advisory Commission, to hold impartial elections. The Administration's reply, insisting on the choice of a Constitutionalist, was made known on Friday, and a deadlock appeared to have been reached. A hurried visit to Washington of Dr. Naón, the Argentine representative at the mediation conference, resulted in the formulation of a new plan of procedure, on which we comment elsewhere, the principal feature of which is that representatives of the Constitutionalists will confer informally with the Huerta delegates, with a view to reaching an agreement as to the Provisional Presidency. There will thus be, as it were, a conference within the conference. It is assumed that the formal mediation proceedings, meanwhile, will be confined to the international aspects of the problem.

The break between Villa and Carranza, which has been so often reported and contradicted, appears to have actually occurred last week, when Villa dispossessed the civil authorities in the northern part of the territory under Constitutionalist control and substituted military appointees of his own. The difference, however, seems to have been adjusted, for the time being, at least, and Villa has taken over the supreme command in the attack on Zacatecas, superseding Gen. Natera, whose attack last week was repulsed, with severe loss.

The Nicaraguan and Colombian treaties have been before the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate during the past week. Giving evidence before the Committee on Monday Mr. Bryan brought forward the Dubois memorandum, made during the last Administration and stating that "the people of the United States honestly regret anything should have occurred to mar, in any way, the long and sincere friendship that existed for nearly a century between Colombia and the United States," as evidence that the clause in the Colombian treaty which has been interpreted as an apology by the United States had, in effect, the sanction of the Taft Administration.

The nomination of William G. Sharp, of Ohio, as Ambassador to France, was confirmed by the Senate on June 19.

The Clayton Anti-Trust bill has been under consideration by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, and it seems probable that it may be reported by the end of this week. It is stated that considerable modifications have been made in the bill and that, in particular, the clause exempting labor unions from injunctions or restraining orders issued by the courts to prevent picketing at or near the premises of employers has been stricken out.

Following his discovery that the returns of the income tax will fall short of the Treasury estimate by some $23,000,000, Secretary McAdoo on June 18 addressed a communication to Congress recommending an amendment to the law which should give the revenue collectors broader inquisitorial powers. The assumption is apparently made that Treasury estimates are infallible and that, therefore, there has been wholesale dishonesty in making out returns for the income tax. The proposed amendment gives to the agents of the Government the widest discretion in examining the books, papers, and records both of individuals and of corporations.

In the absence of the greater part of the Progressive party on the high seas an interesting little squabble has arisen among the fractions that are left at home. On Friday of last week Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Progressive candidate for United States Senator from Pennsylvania, publicly endorsed the objection raised by his brother, Amos, against Mr. George W. Perkins as Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Progressive party. Mr. Amos Pinchot's objection to Mr. Perkins was on the ground that his connection with corporations and his alleged reactionary views regarding "big business" had been detrimental to Progressive interests. On the same day a resolution demanding Mr. Perkins's retirement was offered at a meeting of the New Jersey State Committee of the Progressive party, but was tabled until Col. Roosevelt should have returned.

M. Viviani's Cabinet easily survived its first test vote in the French Chamber last week, receiving a majority of 223 on a vote of confidence arising out of the Premier's declaration of policy. M. Viviani's declaration was almost identical with that of M. Ribot, which had failed to gain the support of the Chamber, except that it insisted even more strongly on the maintenance of the Three Years' Military Service law. The result of the vote shows that, as had been surmised, opposition to M. Ribot's Ministry was based on personalities rather than on policies. The rest of M. Viviani's statement dealt principally with financial provisions, and on June 19 the Chamber further endorsed the new Ministry's policy by adopting, by a vote of 459 to 108, a resolution authorizing the Government to issue a loan of 800,000,000 francs for extraordinary military and naval expenses.

On Monday the French Government issued regulations, enforcing the law passed last March, which will seriously affect foreigners, and particularly Americans, residing in France. The law, which has so far been held in abeyance, but which will now become operative on July 1, provides for a tax of 5 per cent. to be levied upon incomes received in France from foreign stocks, bonds, and securities of every kind.

A terrible aerial disaster, in which nine lives were lost, occurred in Vienna on Saturday, when, in the course of some military manœuvres, an aeroplane collided with the dirigible balloon Koerting, tearing its envelope and causing an explosion. Both machines dropped together from a height of 1,300 feet, and all of the two crews were killed.

Fighting has continued in Albania between the insurgents and the Government troops. Another attack on Durazzo last week was repulsed, but, according to dispatches from the correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, an expedition of Malissore tribesmen that was sent against the insurgents failed utterly, the tribesmen having been surrounded and cut to pieces.

The tension between Greece and Turkey, which when we wrote last week appeared extremely acute, has been sensibly relaxed by the conciliatory tone of the Turkish note sent in reply to the protest of Greece against the treatment accorded to her subjects in the Ottoman Empire. The Turkish note declared that Greek subjects who had been compelled to escape from Turkey during the past few weeks would be permitted to return and that compensation would be made for losses that they had sustained. The situation, nevertheless, remains sufficiently serious, and this country has become to some extent involved in it on account of the projected sale to Greece of the old battleships Idaho and Mississippi. The President has made known his approval of the sale, the question of which has been before Congress for the past ten days, explaining that he did so with the understanding that the acquirement of the ships by Greece would promote the cause of peace. The Turkish Ambassador is understood to have protested against the proposed sale.

The deaths of the week include: Prof. John R. S. Sterrett, Bennet Burleigh, June 16; James B. Brooks, Martin M. Reynolds, June 17; ex-Senator Frank Hiscock, June 18; Brandon Thomas, Sir John E. G. Hill, June 19; William Erskine Torrens, June 20; Baroness Bertha von Suttner, James Moore Swank, Joseph T. Kelly, June 21; Morgan B. Williams, Bayard Dominick, June 22; Mrs. George Westinghouse, June 23.

The Week

The new aspect of things at Niagara is cheering in a double sense. Not only are the efforts for peace, which last Saturday seemed to have reached absolute frustration, to be continued, but the issues have been simplified by bringing face to face the two parties directly concerned. It must be admitted that the situation has its anomalies from the standpoint of correct diplomatic technique. Huertistas and Carranzistas are to carry on the work of a conference which was called to avert hostilities between Huerta and the United States. The A B C nations as mediators between Huerta and the United States have surrendered the centre of the stage to the United States acting as mediator between Huerta and the Constitutionalists. But it is only the pedants of diplomacy who will find fault with the situation. The Tampico flag incident, never more than a pretext for bringing the Mexican problem to a head, has long been lost sight of; and we imagine President Wilson will contrive to bear up under the charge of inconsistency on the smaller matter if only the outstanding issue of Mexican pacification through the elimination of Huerta is attained. Of that the chances are brighter than ever; and not the less so because the two parties now confronting each other at Niagara are the same parties that confront each other at Zacatecas.

President Wilson's earnest efforts in behalf of a settlement at Niagara have earned him the gratitude of friends of peace. The habit of sneering at the Administration's policy of watchful waiting has not died out. But if watchful waiting means a passive attitude, a mere vague expectancy of something that will turn up, the phrase absolutely does not apply to the course pursued at Washington since the opening of the conference at Niagara. Far from drifting, Mr. Wilson has known all along what he wants. He may be accused of prejudice in setting his mind implacably against Huerta; he may be accused of undue partisanship in espousing the claims of the Constitutionalists; but it cannot be said that he has wavered in his determination that the Niagara conference shall not adjourn before all human means towards an agreement on peace have been exhausted.

Mr. Bryan makes a legitimate point in his defence of the wording of the proposed treaty with Colombia, when he points out the almost complete identity of its language with that of the Dubois memorandum, drawn up as the basis for a projected treaty in President Taft's time. But while this consideration may properly be urged as a defence against personal criticism, it is far from conclusive as to the merits of the question. Even if the Taft Administration had drawn up a treaty in form, embodying the same words, it would still remain a question whether the language was desirable; and to say a thing in a memorandum designed to pave the way to a treaty is very different from saying it in the treaty itself. To use the language of courtesy and good will, while providing substantial reparation for injury, would seem to be as far as a nation can be expected to go in the formal instrument of the settlement of such an affair as ours with Colombia. "The United States of America and the Republic of Colombia, being equally animated by the desire to remove all obstacles to a good understanding between them"—such is the opening phrase in the draft of the treaty proposed in Secretary Root's time, and it ought to suffice for any present purpose.

In handing down last Monday so large a number of decisions, before adjourning for the summer, the Supreme Court gives further proof of the industry and energy which have marked it for the past few years. It has now very nearly cleared its calendar. The so-called "intermountain case" is highly technical in its details, but simple enough in the fundamental principles involved. The "long and short haul clause" of the original Interstate Commerce act forbade the charging of higher rates for freight carried between two given points than was charged for freight carried, "under substantially similar circumstances and conditions," between two other points, served by the same line or lines, where the distance traversed was longer. In the amended act of 1910, the "substantially similar conditions" clause was dropped There was left in the act, however, the provision that, "upon application to the Interstate Commerce Commission, such common carrier may in special cases, after investigation, be authorized by the Commission to charge less for longer than for shorter distances"; the Commission being empowered from time to time to prescribe the extent of such exemption from the "long and short haul clause." In the case at issue, the railways insisted that their through transcontinental rates were necessarily kept down by ocean competition from one coast to the other; but that rates between intermediate points, or between an intermediate point and either coast, were not fairly subject to such ocean competition. They therefore asked for higher rates in some of the transportation last referred to than for the full transcontinental haul. The Commission in 1911 partly admitted this contention; but, pointing out that its scope applied in different degree, according as the intermediate shipping centre was near to or remote from the coast, it established a compromise arrangement. Under this, a series of geographical "zones" was fixed, separated by north-and-south lines, and for each of those several zones rates were adjusted according to their assumed relation to the influences which fixed the through transcontinental rate.

The railways party to the suit had challenged the Commission's right to fix such "blanket rates," and the Commerce Court, since abolished, had upheld the contention. The Supreme Court now rules against it, and decides that the Commission has full authority to proceed on the lines adopted in its compromise arrangement of 1911. In two respects the Court's decision is of particularly timely interest. It appears to recognize (what had previously been disputed) the Commission's right to alter rates on the basis of a "blanket ruling," not by fixing each separate rate individually; and this may bear on the pending decision as to a general increase in Eastern railway rates. It also sustains a policy of the Interstate Commission which will become much more important, both to the railways and to the shippers, when the ocean route from coast to coast is shortened by the opening of the Panama Canal.

The orthodox Republican view of the way the tariff works can be stated in a

few words. When we put on a high tariff, we don't make prices any higher to the consumer, but nevertheless we enable manufacturers to pay high wages; when we reduce the tariff, the consumer gets no lower prices, but nevertheless the manufacturer is compelled either to shut up shop or to reduce wages. Just why these things should be so must be a good deal of a puzzle to many persons, and it ought to be something of a relief to them to learn of concrete instances in which things act in a less topsy-turvy fashion. Therefore the statement issued by the Federal Sugar Refining Company, which shows the direct connection between tariff reduction and sugar prices, is valuable. The price of raw sugar in bond is nearly the same now as the average price for some years before the tariff was reduced—2.04 cents per pound, as against 2.09 cents—but the price of refined sugar in the American market is now only 3.82 cents, as against 4.40. There is thus a saving of .58 cent per pound, which means an annual reduction of more than $48,000,000. When the duty shall have been entirely removed, there will be, says the company's statement, a further saving of some $100,000,000 a year. The same kind of thing is going on in many directions. But it is hard to get people to take much note of such relief from indirect taxation, just as it is hard to get them to realize the burden which the tariff imposes on them in the shape of high prices. But the burden is none the less real, nor is the relief any the less beneficial.

Not very long after Col. Roosevelt's announcement that he cannot be a candidate for Governor, and the intimation that he may even be prevented from taking an active part in the campaign, the holy war against Perkins proclaimed by Amos Pinchot takes on reality. Gifford Pinchot has now declared that Perkins is decidedly not wanted in Pennsylvania, and the George L. Record wing of the New Jersey Progressives demands similar action. One might imagine that the Progressives, threatened with the defection of their commander-in-chief, would be in no hurry to pitch any more leaders overboard. A Progressive campaign without Roosevelt in the line of battle and Perkins in the commissariat would seem to be doomed in advance. But that is only superficial reasoning. The fact is, of course, that only Roosevelt is strong enough to carry the burden of Perkins. The Progressive party unaided can never stand up under the weight. Perkins as a Progressive is neutralized by Roosevelt. With the Colonel in partial retirement, Perkins would remain the outstanding figure in any nation-wide campaign the Progressives may undertake. The radical voter who has made a wry face at swallowing Harvester Trust, even with Roosevelt sauce, will balk when presented with Perkins *au naturel*.

Simplicity itself is the aim of the bill which Senator Stone and Representative Flood, at the instance of the Third Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Phillips, have introduced to make the consular and diplomatic services more mobile. It provides that secretaries and all consular employees be appointed to grades, not to specific posts. The inelasticity of the present plan has long been a source of embarrassment. In emergencies in other cities or in other countries, consuls cannot be transferred without a delay that may stretch into many months before the Senate confirms the nomination. Important changes, moreover, are frequently necessary to adapt the consular service to new conditions; and while the Department can suspend consular offices, it cannot establish new ones. Another innovation is the provision of a uniform salary for each grade. Under the present law, with a specific salary attached to each specific assignment, a promotion necessitates a change of post, and thus frequently removes the officer from the place where he is most useful. Director Carr, of the Consular Service, remarks that the flexibility to which the bill looks "would go far towards giving this country an organization worthy of the name." While the measure cannot be pressed this session, it deserves early consideration in the next.

That some of the cobwebs of our American parallel to the Circumlocution Office, the patent registry, could be made to yield to a new broom, was proved on paper long ago; the first annual report of Commissioner Ewing shows the beginnings of it in practice. Since January "the work has not been more than eighteen to twenty months behind, as a rule." The condition of affairs when the present head took office is succinctly stated. "There was complaint, and very properly, of many cases greatly delayed. There were 4,007 cases between five and ten years old, sixty-nine of these having been in the office as long as fifteen years, and 780 being more than eight years old. While these constituted about 4 per cent. of the total business of the office, their importance, and the work they entail because of their complicated nature, are far out of proportion to their number." The numerous instances of injustices and personal hardships caused by these slow-dragging cases are only one reason for expediting them. Another is the cumulative burden they place upon the patent office force. The employees have been driven at full speed, patent attorneys induced to coöperate with the corps, and a rule invoked forbidding endless amendments to applications. What has been needed is thorough depolarization, as Dr. Holmes would call it, of formulas and systems.

The first congress for the country-wide promotion of mental hygiene, called at Baltimore under the auspices of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, has adjourned after attracting little attention. Yet it would be notable if only as summarizing the extent to which similar committees within the States are devoting themselves to the subject. Their general objects are the study and amelioration of conditions whence insanity springs; the study of debatable or border-line cases of mental disease; the bettering of the laws governing the commitment of the insane; and the investigation of institutions and institutional methods. Since the formation of the first Mental Hygiene Society in 1908, Illinois, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina have witnessed the foundation of similar bodies. Virtually all have sprung to usefulness as supplements to the efforts of the State Boards of Health and State Boards of Education—that of Illinois, for example, having taken over, at the request of the Cook County courts, the study of cases pending commitment in Chicago. Their clearer function, however, is in the setting up of free clinics, the employment of medical directors, and the education of the pub-

lie in mental hygiene. The field is one in which private philanthropy, especially when scientifically directed, should prove highly useful.

No more interesting action has been taken recently in college circles than the decision of the joint committee on academic freedom of the American Economic, American Political, and American Sociological Associations to investigate the forced resignation from Wesleyan University of Prof. Willard C. Fisher. Professor of economics in that institution since 1906, Mr. Fisher has had his own ideas on numerous subjects. He has twice been Mayor of Middletown, and at that time found that his views on the question of Sunday observance offended the orthodox. The chief bone of contention seems to have been a jocose remark by Professor Fisher to the effect that it might be well to close all the churches of the country for some years as an experiment. This was naturally heresy for Wesleyan, and his resignation followed. He is also reported to have admitted that his attitude is not in harmony with the traditions of this college. But the collegiate world has a vital interest in knowing whether this is something more than incompatibility of spirit or not; whether it is a case of repression of free opinion due to presidential intolerance, or whether it is a case where another connection is more fitting for one of Professor Fisher's frank utterance. It is a difficult problem in human relations which the joint committee has now tackled; but in the interest of the public, colleges which do not tolerate reasonable freedom of thought and speech, ought to be labelled as such.

The chances of success for an aeroplane flight across the Atlantic depend on the extent to which the managers of the enterprise can combine in their machine the factors of speed, sustained flying capacity, and structural strength, which separately have been developed by the aeroplane to a degree approximating the requirements of a trans-atlantic venture. In the matter of mere size, lifting capacity, and stability, the record unquestionably belongs to the Russian aviator Sikorsky, who has carried sixteen passengers at once on a machine with a wing spread of more than 100 feet and driven by four 100-horsepower motors. An aeroplane equipped with cabins—and also restaurant facilities?—like Sikorsky's, would seem to put aviation for touring purposes outside of the experimental class. The record for sustained flight over a measured course is held by Fourney, who in 1912 covered 632 miles in 13 hours 22 minutes; but the closer parallel to the contemplated Atlantic flight is Roland Garros's dash from Bizerta across the Mediterranean to San Rafael, a distance of 558 miles, in 7 hours 53 minutes. The distance from our coast to the Azores, given at 1,200 miles, would call for a duplication of Garros's speed of 70 miles an hour for more than 17 hours. Cold figures would argue that the Atlantic will not be conquered for some years.

A recent letter to the press by the Archbishop of York cited a remark lately made to him by "a distinguished American citizen," to the effect that what most impressed him in the present political situation in England was "the contrast between the demand of the country as a whole for some settlement [of the Irish question] by consent, and the incapacity of Parliament to give effect to it." We fancy that this distinguished American citizen had seen kindred phenomena in his own country; and if the Archbishop had cross-examined him, the reason might have appeared to be the same as to-day in Great Britain—namely, "the entanglements of party pride and policy." Of these the Archbishop complains as standing in the way of averting what may be civil war, though to this the whole nation is averse. The chief entanglement has been that of the Unionist party with Ulster. What Ulster wanted was the defeat of the Home Rule bill and the expulsion of the Government from power. The Ulstermen have themselves played straight. It has been said of them by an Irishman who knows them well that they were not bluffing, because they were too stupid to bluff. But this rude simplicity of the plans of Ulster has been confused by the manœuvres of the English Unionists. The latter demanded the exclusion of Ulster. Now, Ulster did not want exclusion; it wanted to smash the bill and turn out the Liberals. But the Unionists thought that the thing could be done by making a great play about Ulster exclusion. Now that this is to be offered them, in some form or other, Ulster is in a rage at the thought of any settlement which means the passage of the bill, and Unionist leaders are beginning to say that they never intended to assent to exclusion.

Australia has been having her trouble over a labor-preference bill, though of an order the reverse of ours. In two successive sessions of the Commonwealth Parliament, the Government have passed through the House a bill forbidding the preferring of trade unionists in employment on public works. But the Senate, where there is still a Labor party majority, has on each occasion rejected it. Under such circumstances, it is expressly provided in the Australian Constitution that the Governor-General may dissolve both Houses of Parliament. This has just been done, at the instance of the Liberal Premier, and a general election is to follow. No doubt, the Prime Minister, Mr. Cook, hopes to secure seats enough to make sure of the enactment of the bill. Next time, if the Representatives again pass the bill, only to have it thrown out by the Senate, the Constitution provides that it shall be laid before a joint sitting of both Houses, of which a bare majority would suffice to pass it. The issue thus forced is unusual, and the final decision will be watched for with interest.

Far from despairing of the future of parliamentary government in China, Professor Goodnow, constitutional adviser to President Yuan Shi-Kai, believes that the Chinese republic is following the traditional course of evolution from despotism to parliamentary institutions. This course leads through a period of concentration of large powers in the hands of the Executive. It is possible to speak of Yuan Shi-Kai as dictator only by comparison with the radically democratic ideals cherished by the revolutionaries of the south of China under Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. The slow pace of progress towards true representative government is exemplified in Japan, where, after nearly forty years, the principle of Executive responsibility to Parliament is just beginning to assume reality.

MORE CONSPIRACIES!

There is room for dispute as to the condition of business in a great many lines, but there is one line of business which is unquestionably booming. The conspiracy business has never before attained anything like the position it now enjoys as a well-defined branch of capitalistic enterprise. So rapid has been its development in this country that, although only a few years ago—say in the time of President Roosevelt—it could not be classed as anything more than an infant industry, barely struggling for existence, it has now attained the dignity of an international institution. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain gives a branch of American enterprise the recognition of conspicuous mention in a political speech, it may certainly be said to have "arrived." The opponents of Lloyd George's policies, it appears, have "called in the aid of American millionaires," and he goes on to tell his hearers why "these golden apostles" are "intervening in British politics." Inspired by what is going on across the ocean, "America is getting sick of the ruthless piracy of these modern buccaneers." And so the Trust magnates, "baffled and beaten in their own land, are coming over here to stop the deluge at its source."

The question remains, however, whether the conspiracy business is the business of forming conspiracies or that of imagining them. So far as our sources of information extend, we have to say that real conspiracies are still very scarce. Take this one that Mr. Lloyd George has just sprung upon us. The only foundation that he appears to have for his statement is the speech of J. J. Hill's, in which he said: "The false humanitarianism of British social legislation is going to destroy British trade, British commerce, and British industry." Now it is true that Mr. Hill is a millionaire; and it is also undeniable that it is only because he has been a wonderfully successful railway and business man that his opinion was cabled to England. But apart from this, it does not appear that Mr. Hill's millions have had anything to do with the case. Even the few shillings or pounds it took to cable his talk were doubtless paid for in the usual way by the news associations. Out of this Mr. Lloyd George, it appears, has found it the easiest thing in the world to conjure up a mighty conspiracy, a desperate attempt of the Trust magnates of America "to stop the deluge" of humanitarian legislation "at the source." And what makes this performance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer the more curious is that the one American fortune which has, in point of fact, been employed to influence the course of British politics—that of Joseph Fels—has been used in promotion of radical land legislation, and has been of material help to Lloyd George's general propaganda. That, to be sure, was done in the open, and therefore was no conspiracy; but at least it was done, and there is not the faintest trace of reason to believe that anything at all is being done, above ground or under ground, by American Trust magnates to oppose British radicalism.

The latest development in our own Administration's warfare upon the conspiracy of Big Business is the giving out of a selection from the letters that it has received in support of its position. We have no doubt that they have poured into the White House in great quantities; but the more numerous they are the less impressive is the lot that has been chosen for publication. Among those contained in the press dispatches, the longest is this:

> From St. Paul, Minn.: "It is quite manifest that the cause of the present hard times is almost wholly due to a united action on the part of large corporations of the country, after deliberate conference, to chastise your Administration. No doubt the corporations have mutually agreed to put on the brakes and slow up business in every way possible. This is the way they have of intimidating the people and the Administration. There should be a law that would imprison such conspirators and confiscate their business."

Does "the White House"—we do not like to say "does President Wilson"—really think such stuff worth putting forward by way of vindication? Does it really believe that "the corporations have mutually agreed" to cripple the country's business? And even if it does, can it possibly imagine that anybody who does not accept that view on the authority of "the White House" will have his disbelief shaken in the slightest by the bald assertion of an unnamed person in St. Paul, unaccompanied by a particle of evidence?

Canards of this kind might be dismissed with a smile if they formed part of the stage thunder to which we are all accustomed in the midst of an electoral campaign. In this country, and doubtless in every country, allowance is made for the extravagances and escapades of campaign oratory and campaign journalism. "British gold," sent here by the Cobden Club to promote free trade, was a regular part of the stage apparatus of the Republican party for a generation, though every man of sense knew that it was a pure figment of the protectionist imagination. It was transferred to the Democratic green-room during the free-silver period, the only difference being that it was the Rothschilds and other money kings who sent the phantom gold over, instead of the Cobden Club. But when the Government itself resorts to the spreading of these wild imaginings, the matter becomes infinitely more serious. Whatever the end which it is designed to serve, the use of such means is vicious. The precedent is easily followed; and the method is just as likely to be resorted to in the promotion of foolish or unjust policies as of wise and just ones. It is intellectually degrading and politically dangerous; and we should be glad to think that we had seen the last of it, at the hands of this Administration at least.

RADICAL IDEAS ABOUT STATE GOVERNMENT.

Lecky, who observed that a growing distrust of representative bodies was one of the main characteristics of the close of the nineteenth century, could have found novel illustrations of it among the American States in the last few years. The older tendency was to deprive Legislatures of some of their powers. The duration and frequency of their meetings was limited; legislative procedure regulated; local and special laws forbidden; the executive and judicial veto broadened; and checks and supplements like the referendum invoked. But the more recent impulse is to alter the whole nature of the Legislature. It is true that the merits of commission and single-chamber plans have not been convincing. They reappear, however, with pertinacity. A bill was introduced last week in Louisiana providing for replacing the lawmakers by

a body of eight commissioners. In Oregon the measure recently initiated for the abolition of the Senate, leaving an Assembly of sixty, has been endorsed by grangers, labor unions, and civic organizations. Gov. Hunt's proposal of a commission Legislature in Arizona is still fresh in mind. In Kansas, Gov. Hodge's scheme of a continuous Legislature of eight or sixteen members is again brought to notice by a publication sent broadcast from the State Printing Office. It contains ninety pages of argument from newspapers, magazines, and political experts in its favor, and forty pages opposing it.

A study of this pamphlet is instructive. Its arguments for the single-chamber form, which differs little from that now awaiting decision in Oregon, show a uniform source of dissatisfaction. It is essentially a discontent of democracy with itself. The legislative system cannot be run without a deal of trouble; and of this the people are getting impatient. The Baltimore *News* remarks that "the members of Legislatures are in large part elected and controlled by bosses. The lack of scientific and responsive attention to their function is too well known to need assertion. With such a situation, . . . there can be no fundamental objection to electing eight men, as proposed." "We know," states the Columbus *Journal*, "no better policy this State could pursue than to abolish the bicameral Legislature, and put a one-branch body in its place." The St. Paul *Dispatch* believes "there would be less law, and therefore better law. Business system would supplant unorganized effort, and there would be an end to much waste." The Milwaukee *Free Press* finds that "the Governor's strongest argument is based on the increased efficiency of a smaller body. The contests would become more important, and the people would be able to choose better men." All these are sincere opinions; and all are linked together by the recurrent synonyms for "efficiency" and "past incompetency." The fundamental inconsistency is clear. In one breath the reason for change is stated as the benefit of a new form as such. In the next it is given us to understand that the trouble with the old era was the want of public spirit, of a sense of duty animating each legislator.

Belief that anything else than wise action by the people will yield good government is to be combated even when joined with agitation for desirable alterations in form. The merits of the pure commission form of government for States, urged largely on the basis of a false analogy between city and commonwealth, scarcely call for consideration at present. For the plan to abolish State Senates more can be said. Serious reasons on the side of a single chamber can be found in the writings of Bentham, Mill, and Bagehot; there are nations which are legislated for by one chamber; certain of our States have at one time or another tried the plan. The evils of the other system are well known. But, on the whole, the utility and excellence of bicameral government have never been seriously questioned in this country. A single legislative body of sixty in Oregon, moreover, would tend to the same evils as a commission Legislature of sixteen in Kansas. If it held office for any length of time, it would become unrepresentative of the whole people. It would incline to a combination of executive and legislative functions, since, feeling itself the special organ of the popular will, it would gradually subject the executive to control. It might embody order and celerity, but it would go upon the assumption that the people can concentrate responsibility and authority, with merely the check of the newer devices of government. This is a mistake, unless the majority is certain not to use its power tyrannically. The decisions of such a body, finally, would probably be incomplete and hasty. The upper houses in our States have always been the more express image of those judgments of the people which lag temperately behind its emotions; popular clamor is too weakened in force to reach them with commanding appeal. In an ideal state of affairs the two-chamber system might seem transitional; discussion in one broadly representative chamber might conceivably surpass that jealously balanced between two. But the Western States are not yet ideal democracies.

The fundamental objection goes back to the belief that by revolutionizing machinery a millennium can be brought about. If some States need changes, the first and sensible experiments are surely not with the whole form of government, but with the organization and procedure of the present form. There is excellent reason to believe that the present faults of Legislatures are partly the result of the earlier distrust, and the curbing of legislative powers. Some of the innovations, such as the power of the Governor to introduce legislation, greater respect for experts, and a reduction of the size of assemblies, may be salutary. But in general, and in the long run, reform will depend on putting a new breath into the body politic, whatever form it have.

UNIVERSITIES IN A DEMOCRACY.

In his address to the Harvard alumni at Cambridge on Thursday, Senator Lodge admirably defined the attitude of a university towards the new ideals, aspirations, and political aims that come forward from time to time. It is essential, he said, that the youth of the land should be put in sympathy with their own time; they must not be recreant to progress, nor oblivious of the evils of their day. The university itself, however, must not think in terms of years or of decades, but of centuries. That is, it must admit to its precincts, for the purposes of study, every movement to better the moral or material status of others, but must then examine it "not merely in the roseate glow of enthusiastic hope, but by the clear, cold light of the past, before she decides that they are fit for the ordeal of the future and will prove a benefit to mankind." It was excellent advice at Harvard, where too often innate conservatism has denied access to reforms until they had demonstrated their value abroad.

But these words are timely elsewhere than in Harvard, because we hear in so many quarters the assertion that the University, if not in politics, should be in the service of the State; that it should be leading all the political movements of the day; it should draft every bill to be submitted to the Legislature, regarding every fad, or fancy, or sound reform of the hour. If mothers' pensions are bruited in one State, it should be the duty of the nearest State university to accept the proposal, with or without adequate consideration, and rush it into law with all possible speed so that the State may duly be labelled progressive. It should not only guide the farmers; it should reach out into every home, answering every question

put to it by any one, whether by letter or by 'phone. It should be an extension university and an intelligence office combined, with dairy inspectors and instructors in the use of incubators ever on the road, so that the State may have evidence of the University's practical value, of its ability to make two dollars grow where one grew before. But above all else, it should be intolerant of anything except the new; conservatism must be the one unforgivable sin.

Obviously, there is much in this to attract, as the University of Wisconsin has repeatedly shown. But if we accept it as the ideal of the university, we must obviously reject in large measure Senator Lodge's defence of the old-fashioned theory that the chief function of the university is to test the new in the light of the old by the "clear, cold light of the past." There is no longer room for the student and teacher working quietly in their laboratories, not blind to the present, but examining every proposal with scientific detachment and the absence of all heat or partisanship. We must then forget the great teachers of the past who attuned the spirits to which they ministered so that when their pupils went forth they vibrated immediately to the appeal of the hour, being keen with sympathy for the new, but with their sympathy reinforced by sound judgment, and trained by mental and moral discipline to accept what is wise and reject the ephemeral craze of the hour. It would surely be a mighty misfortune were the ideal of a business State university supervising all the activities of the State with a semi-socialistic maternalism to prevail above all others. If we are to have close alliances between State activities and State universities, then more than ever do we need the type of private university, of which Harvard, whatever its weaknesses, is still the preëminent example.

For the danger in the case of State alliances is obvious; how shall the State university face in a difference of opinion with the lawmakers? Just now, the University of Wisconsin is being subjected to an "efficiency" survey, which must make any true scholar feel strongly tempted to hand in his resignation. Subpœnas are even threatened, and a New York researcher is reported to be attending classrooms with a stenographer by his side—doubtless to count the words the professor utters, to measure the attention of his listeners, to put a stop-watch on him, as if he were a bricklayer or a pig-iron handler. When an efficiency test was tried at Harvard last year the whole faculty rose in arms, and the president withdrew the proposal; at Wisconsin they must obey what the State decrees, when it decrees, or get out. To any one who thinks at all, this method of "bringing a university up to date" is destructive of the very best for which it should stand. It is the beginning of an intellectual thraldom likely to stifle any great soul, to reduce a college to the basis of a factory, and to ignore entirely its priceless spiritual values. If our State universities must come to this, Heaven forbid that our privately maintained institutions should cultivate closer relations with the Commonwealths.

BERTHA VON SUTTNER.

With the death of the Baroness von Suttner disappears from view one of the most remarkable personalities of our time, whose influence is, fortunately, destined long to survive her. To her, it may be expected, monuments will be built when the militarism she fought so ardently shall have been abolished on earth. But her great book, "Ground Arms," will always be her truest memorial. Whether the story is authentic or not that a reading of this tract induced the Czar of Russia to call the first Hague Conference we do not know. It is, however, certain that no other brief for peace has won so many converts or exercised so great an influence in all quarters of the globe. Her portrayal of war's horrors opened the eyes of millions to its actual nature, and may be counted one of the great forces which are steadily bringing about the emancipation of the world from wholesale murder.

The author of "Ground Arms" has frequently and not inaptly been compared to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Both volumes exercised an international influence, being translated into many foreign languages and running through countless editions. Mrs. Stowe's famous book is credited by so careful an historian as Mr. Charles Francis Adams with having prevented, together with the Emancipation Proclamation, the recognition of the Confederate States by the British Government—that is, with having saved the Union. Fifty years hence the actual accomplishment of "Ground Arms" may be clearer than to-day. There is, however, one great difference between the two books: Mrs. Stowe wrote her book after having lived amid slave scenes, while the Baroness von Suttner penned her descriptions of the barbarisms of war without having herself come into contact with them—in contrast to Tolstoy's noble "War and Peace," which was founded on numerous personal experiences of bloodshed. During Bertha von Suttner's youth was fought, in her neighborhood, the Austrian war of 1866. It left her cold, as she said in her memoirs: "I'm ashamed to write these words, but this event made no impression on me—none at all." The Franco-Prussian War likewise left her indifferent. It was not until she came under the influence of a single notable personality that her eyes were opened and her soul set on fire by the iniquities of that which is justly termed "the sum of all villanies."

Her chance answering of Alfred Nobel's advertisement for a secretary and housekeeper became the turning point of her life. His greatest wish was to be able to invent an explosive or machine so terrible as to end all war, and it was from him that she learned to hate militarism with all her ardent and powerful nature. Years afterwards the great peace prize which her former employer founded came to her as a fitting reward for her own achievements, for her ability to visualize the carnage and waste of war so movingly that the bulk of her readers, probably, still think that it was of her own sorrow and widowhood that she wrote so vividly. The prize was the more welcome since it found her in great need. Indeed, she was compelled to the last to labor for her means of sustenance. She gave generously to the great cause, and she suffered much for it. The hatred of the militarists for her knew few bounds, particularly in her own country. When she was last in the United States, at the beginning of the Balkan troubles, her mail was full of exulting and abusive letters and postcards from officers and men of the Austrian army, exulting in what they considered the certain approach of war and reviling her as though her aim in life were the lower-

ing instead of the raising of humanity. Fortunately for her and her nation's happiness, Austria escaped the horrors of the conflict only to pay heavily economically for the waste of lives and property and the destruction of trade in the near-by states.

Bertha von Suttner was no genius; there was within her no innate, overwhelming desire to express herself and her views on what became to her the be-all and end-all of her life. It was rather her iron will and determination to stir the world which we must admire. Without means, or reputation as a writer, speaking without authority or personal experience, she yet found her way to people's hearts. It is all a remarkable example of what single-minded, unselfish devotion to a great cause can accomplish. Naturally, the Baroness quickly lost interest in mere nationalism and came to realize internationalism as the true aim of an enlightened age. It was the sense of the relationship of nations which made her say in what was probably her last personal letter to friends in this country:

> What a comfort it is to my soul to see how widely and how bravely Americans are protesting against war, even if it is already begun. I do hope that the mediation of the South American republics will ward off the danger of a regular war between the States and Mexico. For the pacifists of Europe it would be a dreadful blow if the leaders of the New World should fall into the crimes and errors of the Old.

OUT OF THE MAIN CURRENT.

By eight o'clock of a June morning the first scattering detachments of infantry in rompers and pinafores are debouching on the park benches and the lawns, under the convoy of clean-shaven old men with newspapers. Early morning in the open air is the time of the very young and their grandparents; while the middle ages are still imperfectly awake over the breakfast table. Old men and babies rise early and refuse to dawdle in bed; the old presumably because they have so little time ahead of them, and are bound to utilize every minute of existence, the babies because countless tasks clamor for attention—new business, and the business that remained unfinished the night before when they began nodding in their mothers' laps. The trees and lawns, being at the same time very old and very young in June, are early risers themselves. They have their freshest greetings for first comers, like the thrifty tradesman to his early customers before the midday rush has warped his temper and made his smile perfunctory. This year the trees and grass in the park are of a rare green, owing no doubt to the same heavy snows which have made bumper crops in the West. The trees arch over the asphalt walks and sweep the benches, making cool bowers under which the old read their newspapers at peace. The thin traffic of the breakfast hour makes it unnecessary to keep a wary eye on the rompered and pinafored pioneers.

By ten o'clock the veterans on the benches have done with their newspapers and disappeared. In their place are the mothers and the nursemaids. There is much adult conversation. There is a good deal of domestic industry. The old housewifely virtues are far from vanished. Darning and stitching are in full swing, both utilitarian and educational. Little girls work on very small pieces of fabric with huge needles under careful superintendence; before long there will be very little left of the original fabric, but the purposes of vocational training—a system antedating Froebel and Montessori by several thousand years—will have been fulfilled. By ten o'clock, after two hours of close application to tin pails and rubber balls, the nursing bottle comes into play—somewhat unhygienically, one must confess, but with apparent satisfaction in the two parties immediately concerned. Students of the rudiments of walking steer diagonal and wavering courses across the convenient asphalt. They tack and reach and beat to windward, and occasionally collide with their elders. They are a menace to adult navigation, but not so dangerous as the little girls in charge of doll carriages, which every little while refuse to answer to the helm and roll between the legs of pedestrians, presenting difficult problems in balance. It is essential to safe walking in the park that one keep constant watch on one's feet, for there are the doll carriages and there are the toddlers who suddenly embrace the knees of total strangers and claim intimate relationship with them.

Close attention to the park benches fails to reveal that native animosity between parents and children which Bernard Shaw has recently discovered. It does reveal a wide difference of opinion as to use of the park soil and the water spouting from the hydrant. The chemistry of the ancients is sounder than our own science when applied to the young. The human heart will never respond to oxygen and hydrogen and carbons and phosphates as it does to earth and water and air and fire. Earth and water are the basic elements of childhood. Mixed in a tin pail, they lend themselves to an extraordinary variety of uses. They may be consumed surreptitiously and in small quantities as food. Applied to aprons and socks, they lend themselves to original effects in textile ornamentation. Worked into the face and other exposed parts of the body, they reproduce the war-ornamentation of primitive civilization. By three in the afternoon, say, the aspect of primitive warfare is unescapable. At this hour the native hue of childhood is thickly overlaid with a veneer of dust cut into infinite patterns by sprayings from the pump. By applying one's fingers to the nozzle one may obtain an effect like the fountains at Versailles. The smaller children cry under the deluge and immediately come back for more.

At six o'clock in the afternoon the shadows are falling on a host fast getting ready for bed. Weariness of the body has been setting in and tempers are beginning to chafe. Babies are crying under unjust punishment administered by substitute mothers twelve years old and under. There is a noticeable relaxation in the zest of games. Tin pails are kicked over in a fret. Rubber balls that roll under the benches are no longer pursued with animation, but must be retrieved by nurses or kindly disposed strangers. The militant cries from beneath copses and under rocks, where flying detachments of small boys have been scurrying about in pursuit of the familiar and ever fresh mysteries that lie hidden there, grow fainter. Straggling lines of baby-cart cavalry wind up the hill towards home, and weary-footed infantry drags its painful way at the end of a taut, impatient nurse's arm. Old men appear on the benches with afternoon papers. It is an army in retreat.

Foreign Correspondence

SUBMARINES VERSUS DREADNOUGHTS — SIR PERCY SCOTT'S LETTER TO THE *TIMES* — SMALL HOPE FOR THE NAVAL ECONOMIST.

LONDON, June 15.

The doctrines of the "Suicide Club," as the Conservative press dubs the opponents of a big navy, have found support from an unexpected quarter. Admiral Sir Percy Scott, having been asked whether England should build small battleships or large, replies that she should not be building either. Sir Percy is one of the greatest living authorities on the use of heavy guns, and this latest broadside of his has caused scarcely less sensation than the artillery he handled so effectively at Ladysmith. He has endorsed with his name the startling thesis that the men-of-war on which we are so lavishly spending millions are in these days of scarcely any value, either for defence or for offence.

His position is, in brief, that in future wars no battleship will dare to come within sight of a coast protected by submarines. These craft will make impossible the bombardment or blockading of harbors and the landing of a party in an enemy's country. For fear of them no fleet will even put to sea. Sir Percy's picture of the next naval war shows us aeroplanes above and submarines below, operating jointly to expose all battleships within reach to certain destruction. These expensive monsters will be able neither to remain safely in harbor nor to come safely out of harbor. So that the two-to-one standard of which we have been hearing so much means simply that the stronger Power will have two dreadnoughts lying at the bottom of the sea for every one of the weaker.

Criticism of Sir Percy Scott's heresy has taken the form of emphasizing the limitations of the three chief factors of the new warfare; namely, torpedoes, submarines, and aeroplanes. Torpedoes, it is argued, are not weapons of sufficiently great range and precision to be depended on. In the Russo-Japanese War, says Lord Sydenham—better known, perhaps, as the Sir George Sydenham Clarke who has had so much to do with the problems of imperial defence—the results fell far short of reasonable expectation. On the other hand, Arnold White maintains that the damage done to the Russian fleet by torpedoes on the first night of war turned the scale.

Still more attention has been paid in the discussion to the deficiencies of the submarine herself. A strong point has been made of the fact that hitherto her value has never been brought to the test of actual warfare. Peace manœuvres do not supply material for a sound judgment. For example, they do not allow a battleship to get rid of a hostile submarine by running her down. The speed of the submarine, again, is described as a comparative crawl when matched against that of the fast steaming warship. Her maximum speed, when submerged, is only about ten knots, which has to be compared with the twenty-two knots of the battleship, the twenty-eight knots of the cruiser, and the thirty knots of the light-armored cruiser.

As against these damaging figures, Arnold White argues that a long swift cruiser with a large turning circle cannot successfully chase a submarine with a small turning circle. The submarine would turn round and torpedo the cruiser, as a hare gains on the turn when chased by a greyhound.

Further, the submarine can operate by daylight only. It must come to the surface often, and when it does come to the surface it is visible for miles. On the surface it is highly vulnerable to the lightest of guns. Both above and below water it can be sunk by the merest touch of the ship that rams it. Its only weapon is useless for defence. Its view is so restricted that it has gained nothing from the increased distance that the improved torpedo can run. On the high seas submarines will require to be convoyed by parent ships, which, on Sir Percy Scott's own hypothesis, will disappear. Sir Percy also contemplates their frequent need of being hauled up on the land. But when beached anywhere except in their own country, they will need an attendant army to protect them. In short, the submarine, as David Hannay puts it, will go to war attended, nursed, preceded, propped, and coddled

Keen controversy has been aroused by a passage in Sir Percy's letter in which he says that, with a flotilla of submarines commanded by dashing young officers, he would undertake to get through any boom into any harbor, and sink or materially damage all the ships in that harbor. An anonymous naval officer asserts, on the other side, that no submarine has yet attacked a boom with success. Destroyers have done so, not by breaking up the boom, but by "jumping" it, and in such cases have themselves been of little service afterwards, owing to the damage sustained. A new explosive boom that has been tried with great success in several Continental countries may be relied upon to defeat the attacks even of destroyers. Another authority adds that a boom is not the only method of defending a harbor from attack, and that in most harbors the draught of water is less than six or seven fathoms, the minimum which will allow a small submarine to manœuvre when submerged.

The aeroplane, according to Sir Percy Scott's theory, is to be the eye of the submarine. It is to watch aloft and signal the position of the battleships that are to be attacked. "Well," comments David Hannay, "within the last few days the most skilful of all airmen has vanished from sight to a death we can only guess at, in the course of a very short flight. Two seaplanes sent to look for him have come to grief in circumstances of no particular difficulty. A fourth has plunged to destruction, carrying two lives with her. These are not the kind of craft able to watch long and take all weathers confidently." And the aeroplane, as some one else has pointed out, must have a surface ship—*ex hypothesi* certain to be destroyed by the enemy's submarines—close at hand if it is to be employed far from land. Even if these flying craft were perfectly efficient and manageable, they might prove to be as much the enemy as the friend of the submarine. While the aeroplane can never be developed to the point of finding data for the actual aiming of the submarine's torpedo, its ability to detect the submarine's presence from the sky is a proved fact.

The longer the newspaper debate continues, the more confident become the disputants and the more varied their conclusions. This is emphatically a case in which the doctors disagree. And the plain landsman, who pays the bill, has reason to doubt whether the prospect of a reduction in the naval estimates is as near fulfilment as seemed likely on a cursory reading of Sir Percy Scott's letter in the *Times*. Sir Percy himself demanded, in place of battleships, "an enormous fleet of submarines, airships, and aeroplanes," and it must be remembered that not very many submarines can be built for the cost of a dreadnought. The opportunity is already being seized by a section of the press to work up a new variety of naval "scare." Sir Percy Scott's theory, it is argued, may possibly be a sound one. Whether it is valid or not we shall never know until it is tested by actual warfare. In case it should prove to be correct, it is highly important that we should be prepared by means of the "enormous fleet" of submarines and airships that he asks for. At the same time, it might be fatal to put all our eggs into one basket. Suppose Sir Percy Scott should turn out to be mistaken. In that case, the abandonment of our dreadnought policy would involve the destruction of our national existence. To be properly safeguarded in either event, the obvious course is to provide ourselves with the craft Sir Percy wants, not instead of, but in addition to, the dreadnoughts that are put down in the orthodox naval programme.

So that the net result of Sir Percy Scott's intervention may be to leave the naval economist in worse case than he was before.

H W H.

THE COOKS OF PARIS—THE SUCCULENT "ANDOUILLETTE"—A BANQUET OF EPICURES.

PARIS, June 6.

—Truly, I always declared 'twould be pity
To burn to the ground such a choice-feeding city;
As to Marshals and Statesmen and all their whole lineage,
For aught that I care, you may knock them to spinage;
But think, Dick, their cooks—what a loss to mankind!
What a void in the world would their art leave behind!

This was a hundred years ago, when the fear of Napoleon was vanishing and the young Briton was free once more to cross the Channel to acquire a French varnish:

An improving young man, fond of learning, ambitious,
And goes now to Paris to study French dishes.

Bismarck had the universal idea, writing to his wife from Paris, where he accompanied his master, the King of Prussia, to the Exposition of 1867; and he seems to have been painfully surprised

Burling[illegible] Public Library

when Paris, three years later, stoically starved herself for four months against his besieging armies. Strangers now complain at times that they have difficulty in finding the genuine French cookery which excited the enthusiasm of their fathers. Still, it exists, just as Americans, if they know how to seek, can find their catbird still singing his tune and their fireflies in the corn still making night amazing.

> The things that truly last when men and times have passed,
> They are all in Pennsylvania this morning!

Good cooking lasts in France, and you may find it, if you know how to seek. A note has been passed me that a dozen Britons are again coming over to taste authentic products of the French cook's art. To make sure of its genuineness, they are directing their troops now to this province and now to that, according to the home of the particular viand on which they have fixed their hearts. And they begin with the "andouillette" of Troyes.

This particular sausage can be found for sale every year in Paris itself, in the week before Easter, at the century-old Ham Fair—near where Americans go for Memorial Day ceremonies at Lafayette's tomb. I have never counted the number of pork products sold there, but I should not wonder if they were as many as M. de la Reynière assured the English there were ways of dishing up eggs in France—"685, not counting those imagined by our savants daily." The difficulty in Paris would be to get your andouillette cooker, for not every one has the exact French cook it needs at his beck and call.

The great Paris hotels have become cosmopolitan and standardized, and little is to be hoped from them; and, except for universally known French dishes, the same is to be said of the great restaurants. In out-of-the-way streets, there are provincial hotels and eating places, sometimes at a common wineshop, furnishing its customers with the "dish of the day," where the proprietor, man or woman, puts his skilled hand to the making of home cookery. Of late, at a clean, popular restaurant of Montmartre, with unpainted floor and low ceiling, automobiles may be seen drawn up before the door at the lunch hour. A swell from Maxim's found out—and passed the word around—that there was good provincial cooking there; and so the idle ones of the great world sit at meat over against the little people of shop clerks and artisans of the neighborhood. An American millionaire has informed me that he is healing his stomach by lunching in a cheap wineshop, where the proprietor's wife cooks for half a dozen persons.

French Parisians who were not born in Paris—they are perhaps more than half the population—also have their home-eating resorts. You can have bona-fide bouillabaisse that would have suited Thackeray in a Marseilles restaurant close to the Opéra Comique. Thackeray himself ate it in Paris at a little café which keeps his portrait to attract art students from England and America. Then the leaders of the more patriotic provincials of Paris have their monthly home lunches with an appropriate association name—the "apple" of Normandy and the "garlic cream" of Provence, and so for the rest. But these are close circles for native comrades only.

So the English dozen do well to go to Troyes itself, one hundred miles from Paris, to eat their andouillette. There, after Agincourt, the beaten French King, Charles VI, signed away his kingdom to English Henry V, who at once married Princess Katharine of France—all in the church of Saint Jean. In my own visits to that capital of ancient Champagne—it is not in the modern wine district—I have paid most attention to such churches and timber houses of a mediæval past, and to the new Socialist agitation, of which Troyes factories are a nourishing centre. And then,

> I cannot eat but little meat—
> My stomach is not good—

that is, not quite equal to the fat, long, slender, round, and browned andouillette as it comes piping hot to table on a bed of mashed potato or cabbage or even rice or fried with eggs, and, I doubt not, dished up in "685 ways, not counting those imagined by our savants daily." And yet this intensive culture of food and stomachs should be heartily reverenced, because of the close union of soul and body. I am sure the workmen's local revolutions would be far worse if it were not for their occasional andouillettes. By the way, these are made of pork tripe, hashed fine with spices and stuffed into a casing of the same.

It must not be thought that so patriotic and wide-awake a people as the French intend to suffer any decay in their national art, simply because their city hotels make their money from foreigners, who do not know the difference between real, sincere, genuine meat and fish and game and eggs and the imitations from cold storage. Forty friends, some with titles and some playwrights, and Santos Dumont and an ex-Prime Minister have recently had a luncheon of six dishes by as many master cooks of the most careful houses of France. I will not tell the ten Bordeaux and Burgundy wines which brought all safely to the end—except to assure uncontrollable Americans that, in France, he who loves alcohol is never thought a true lover of good wines.

The "hors-d'œuvres," to begin, were works of art: iced melon dashed with Armagnac brandy; pink shrimp salad with asparagus points, and feuillantine pastry of carp milt. The fish was cold salmon trout. Next came a "baron" of Pauillac mutton, "à la Parisienne," that is, with tender lettuce, new peas, and potatoes melting in the mouth. There were Charolais beef "cassolettes" by one master cook, and artichoke hearts by another—succulent and leading to the "Norman hole," which is made in the mass so far ingested by the quaffing of a little glass of cider or grape or plum brandy. This left room for crushed duck and the pastry called the "King's pave," and a salad of mixed celery and truffles. Chevalier Fata had still strength to explain to the master cooks their "high lineage," going back to Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven for the cooking of mortals' food

S. D.

Polo

II.

"AND THE RIGOUR OF THE GAME."

Price Collier shrewdly observed that the peoples of India are a riding and a sitting race; certainly, in the north and northwest, the absence of caste makes for homogeneity, and there a democracy of the horse may be said to exist. While the prodigal expenditure of native princes and "crack" British cavalry regiments has largely influenced the quality of the polo mount, yet nowhere is found a more heterogeneous pony. Gifted with pace, since he is often bought as a "chaser," smaller in bone and not so steady in a "hustling" game as his big western rival, in India every sort of country-bred animal, including the imported Walers, Arabs, Barbs, and Syrians, is played from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin and beyond.

That romance may flicker about ponies of uncertain pedigree has always been part of the charm of polo, especially in the early days when pace and weight did not wholly depend on money. The "Maltese Cat" was one of these "discoveries."

"Let's see," said a soft, gold-colored Arab, who had been playing very badly the day before, to the Maltese Cat; "didn't we meet in Abdul Rahman's stable in Bombay, four seasons ago? I won the Paikpattan cup next season, you may remember?"

"Not me," said the Maltese Cat, politely. "I was at Malta then, pulling a vegetable-cart. I don't race. I play the game!"

The prototype of Kipling's "flea-bitten grey, with a neat polo tail," I identify as the famous "Awfully Jolly," whose romantic story is recorded by that first polo reporter, Moray Brown. "Awfully Jolly" was a Barb colt, captured in a raid in the interior and brought to Tunis bazaar along with the captive women. From the spoiled came a desperate message, begging the raiders to keep the women, but return the colt! This estimate of his value does not seem to have clung to the pony, for he was shipped to Gibraltar and, after unknown vicissitudes, was still young when discovered by Lord Harrington in 1877, drawing a cabbage-cart in Malta. "Awfully Jolly" soon became a famous player, and not only sired many well-known ponies, but also a line of hunters famous in the shires.

It is a far cry from that eventful first match in England between two cavalry teams in 1871, where hockey sticks and a billiard ball helped to make history, or from the first American game five years later. But the history of modern polo may be said really to date from the international matches, where the finest players of two nations have

created and developed a game that will influence play throughout the polo world. During the past two years polo has undergone striking changes, and it is significant to note that with the new polo each side has a victory to its credit. Time was when the tactics were of the conventional order modelled by the pioneers of the 'eighties, and relying for success on the integrity of "position-play," which was rigidly defined. Apart from too great a fidelity to the early canons, the "off-side" rule, that harassed both players and umpires, was responsible for a slow, sticky game.

Warfare has been waged over this rule, and it remained for Americans to prove that its rejection is a gain from all points of view. It was inevitable that the new open, fast, and spectacular game should result in the releasing of No. 1 and back. Now that the British, its chief exponents, have won the last International by adopting the aggressive American tactics, we may hope to find "off-side" become obsolescent across the water and in India. In its favor an important point was worthily maintained. Calling, as the new game does, for a larger string of ponies to stand the strain of the increased pace, the abolishment of "off-side" hindered democratic polo. To meet this criticism, however, the ingenious American system of a goal-handicap for veterans still keeps the game within reach of beginners and less-favored enthusiasts.

International matches show "the rigour of the game" at its apogee. Contrasts in play, horsemanship, and tactics, instead of being invidious, are rewarding. If the cavalry-and-hunting seat of the British gives them greater command over the ball in long, sweeping strokes, the cow-puncher seat of the American makes possible the sharp, quick stroke necessary in a scrimmage and in riding-off. The high-power rifle and machine gun have rendered shock-tactics obsolete for cavalry; in polo shock-tactics have made accuracy uncertain. On the whole, the new galloping game calls for a solid defence by the backs, hard-riding by the forwards, and greater skill in hitting all around. In tactics, the game as created by the American "Big Four" tends to borrow from football, in which the old "flying-wedge" formation was resuscitated with great success last year. Also, from modern football and the ancient Persian game of polo, dribbling and passing in close-combination will be adopted despite the tremendous pace. These points, however, only tend to perfect the scientific aspect of polo for players, ponies, and spectators. But the "rigour of the game" will never be lost if the old polo motto, "Each to his man, and the ball in the centre of the field," continues to be observed.

W. G. Tinckom-Fernandez.

Russian Fiction

RECENT TENDENCIES OF THE YOUNGER WRITERS—THE PREDOMINANCE OF REALISM—PEASANT LIFE.

While such well-known "noisy modernists" as Maxim Gorky and Leonid Andreeff have not kept the Russian literary pot boiling very briskly in recent years, their younger contemporaries have by no means ceased making literary history in Russia. Much significant work has been done in Russian fiction since the decline of the erstwhile spell-binders, by such men as Ivan Shmeleff, Boris Ropshin, Sergeeff-Tsensky, A. P. Chapygin, Ivan Bunin, Andray Bialy, Ivan Volnoff, Boris Zaitseff, A. Serafimovitch, and Fiodor Sologub. All of these evince a commendable disregard for sensational methods and are following accepted literary standards. In reviewing their work, most of which is still unknown outside of Russia, it will be well to take account, with one exception, only of the longer fiction published during last year.

Sergeeff-Tsensky, the author of "Beauty," has already acquired a reputation as a great realist, an optimist, and a sincere artist. This novel, which is still to be completed, and a sixth volume of short stories also published during the year, more than sustain their author's high reputation. His latest work shows an almost Chekhovian reserve and aloofness, and is wholly free from his former dogmatic interpretation of life. It is quite natural, therefore, that Russian critics should be following the rapid evolution of this new writer with keen interest. If there really is to be a "new literature" in the land of the Czar, Sergeeff-Tsensky is undoubtedly destined to be one of its chief makers.

Equally important and enjoying a greater popular success was Ropshin's "That Which Was Not," a sort of "News from Nowhere," though not so utopian as William Morris's work. This curious novel has a revolutionary theme, while the style and spirit are very suggestive of Tolstoy. The author, moreover, frankly adopts Tolstoy's historical philosophy. On account of these resemblances he has been persistently charged with plagiarizing "War and Peace." "That Which Was Not," however, has sufficient merits of its own to account for much of its extraordinary popularity. The book has a revolutionary theme, while its entire tone is really an argument against revolutions and revolutionists, for the author shows up—sympathetically, to be sure—the utter uselessness of both. Hence, along with his faithful portraiture of the revolutionists, there is an anti-revolutionary skepticism, borrowed, obviously, from Tolstoy's pessimistic philosophy of man's place in history. He evidently accepts, too, Tolstoy's theory of non-resistance, for his hero (Andray Bolotoff) harps continually on the "Thou shalt not kill" commandment. Speaking as a revolutionist of the ethics of violence, he reasons thus:

> We are shot, hanged, and exterminated; hence we hang, strangle, and burn our persecutors. But why am I a hero when I kill an officer, while he is a villain and scoundrel for hanging me? It's one of two things—either it is always right to kill, or else killing is never justifiable.

After choosing the latter alternative because, if the injunction "Thou shalt not kill" were not a universal ethical precept, everything were allowable, he concludes:

> But when violating this principle we should not argue that it [killing] is right or proper or justifiable. No; we should make bold to say that it is bad, cruel, and horrible, but inevitable.

As these two Tolstoyan views—the deterministic view of man's place in history and the view that taking human life is murder under any circumstances—receive special emphasis in "That Which Was Not" and give it its moral and philosophic atmosphere, there can be little wonder that the charge of plagiarism should have been preferred against its author. But whether this be justified or not, the book was beyond doubt, if the amount of discussion it provoked may be taken as a criterion, the most successful novel of the year. Since its author is one of the younger Russian writers—and especially since this is but his second effort in longer fiction—he, too, may be regarded as a man of promise in contemporary Russian literature.

A far less sensational, and perhaps also a less significant, novel was Chapygin's "The White Hermitage," which deals with peasant life (a subject frequently treated in current Russian fiction) in the "silent north." The writer, being himself a man born and bred in the ranks of labor, brings to his task a special insight and sympathy possible only to one who has lived the life he depicts. The result is a vivid picture of a region but little understood. The remote people of the somewhat primitive north, with their peculiar habits and speech, are so well described that one wonders where life ends and art begins.

The old customs are rapidly going, and no bearers of any new gospel are in sight; nature is being everywhere denuded of its resources, and the curse of drink is over the land; poverty and discontent reign supreme. Such is the sad picture Chapygin draws of the passing of primitive life in the silent north. But there is one man who still fights for the old order. This is a wild

woodsman of herculean strength—Krem by name—who loves the trees and the animals, and tries to hinder the destruction of both. For this he incurs the bitter enmity of the village exploiters, with a certain one-eyed Vorona at their head. As Krem has a younger brother, also a physical giant, effective resistance to these undesirable citizens might be still possible. But Krem's brother, seduced by drink, has been bribed by Vorona to crush Krem himself, the deadly enemy of all who seek to ruin the villagers and devastate the village. The fratricidal strife that ensues—a war between two Titans—constitutes the main theme of this somewhat epical narrative. Its allegory is obvious. Chapygin's characters are so lifelike, so human, that even morbid introspectionists like Andreeff would do well to study them—especially the great woodsman, who says: "I try the despoilers of the woods in my own court; for this hath God given me strength."

A somewhat similar theme has inspired Serafimovitch's "The City of the Steppe." Here we have a broad view of the silent and wild steppe, just being invaded by settlers. A little smoke rising from afar gives the first evidence of the inroads of civilization. Looking more closely, one sees here and there a log cabin. These soon grow in clusters into a primitive village. When the saloon appears—and it precedes the church in this community—it becomes the social centre, with its owner (Zakharka) as the "guiding spirit." This saloonkeeper, who subsequently comes to own or control most of the industries of the new settlement, is perhaps the most original character in the book. To his egotism it seems that people make roads, build houses, work in field and workshop, buy and sell, are born and die, all for his sake. Even thieves exercise their cunning for his benefit, since the proceeds of theft invariably reach his saloon. Other characters, too—pilgrims, laborers, traders, and counterfeiters—are faithfully delineated.

Like Chekoff, whom he successfully emulates, Serafimovitch delights to draw attention to "life's little ironies," those numerous commonplaces of existence which ordinarily pass unnoticed. Like Chekoff, too, he uses a Russian pure and undefiled—something very refreshing after the linguistic distortions and contortions of the Gorky-Andreeff school. Owing largely to his unsensational manner and method of writing, however, the author of "The City of the Steppe" does not yet attract the attention that his work merits.

The first volume of long fiction from Boris Zaitseff, "The Remote Region," also published during the year, further accentuates the prevailing realistic tendency in Russian literature. This work, though perhaps not strictly a novel, has several features of unusual interest. It deals with the revolutionary years of 1904-1906 and brings out the pitiful smallness of the characters that figured in those big days. Zaitseff's latest book is the more significant as coming from a writer known hitherto chiefly by his impressionistic sketches and short stories. A somewhat similar interest attaches to the two-volume novel by Fiodor Sologub, entitled "Sweeter Than Poison," in which the writer, perhaps the greatest living Russian poet, makes his début as a novelist—albeit none too successfully. Bialy's "St. Petersburg," not quite completed during the year, also has a revolutionary theme. Bialy has long figured in contemporary fiction, but this latest effort is generally taken to mark a promising new departure.

Though not a novel, but a play, Artsybasheff's "Jealousy" should also be mentioned, because its author belongs to the group of contemporary Russian writers whose most recent works we have been considering and because, moreover, it has scored an unprecedented popular success. Other plays were published during the year (A. N. Tolstoy's "The Aggressors," Alexander Bloch's "The Rose and the Cross," and Andreeff's "Professor Storitsin," for instance), but none of them have attracted such attention or provoked so much discussion as Artsybasheff's "Jealousy," which has already been staged both in Russia and abroad. In this play the author of the sensational novel, "Sanin," displays most of his former faults—his puerile pessimism, his vulgar unsentimentalism, and his irrational rationalism. Even structurally the play is far from satisfactory, being very suggestive of motion-picture art. Nevertheless, Artsybasheff's first dramatic effort has sufficient vigor and vitality to fall in with the new tendencies typical of contemporary Russian literature.

Naturally, the better-known Russian writers—such as Korolenko, Kuprin, Chirikoff, Gorky, and Andreeff—have not been idle during the year, while the authors already considered have done much other work than that which has been mentioned. But in both cases the output consisted almost exclusively of short stories, which, meritorious as many of them were, cannot be enumerated here without converting this review into a periodical index. Hence I make no mention of the recent work of Shmeleff and Bunin, two of the foremost representatives of contemporary Russian literature, who have not published any long fiction recently; nor of Ivan Volnoff, whose "Peasant's Chronicle" deals with a theme similar to that of Chapygin's "White Hermitage."

In conclusion, it may be interesting to note what the leading writers of the older generation are doing. Gorky, who has already published the first chapters of his autobiography, has lately shown a tendency to embark upon the troubled waters of literary and philosophical criticism—a task for which he seems ill-fitted. His recent short stories, however, show occasional sparks of his old fire, which may yet be fanned to its former glow. Andreeff's case is not so hopeful, however. His latest work is as full of mysticism, symbolism, and pessimism as anything that has come from his morbid pen. On the other hand, Korolenko, the venerable dean of contemporary Russian writers, whose sixtieth anniversary was recently celebrated with genuine enthusiasm all over Russia, continues to uphold the high standards of a passing literary age of which he himself is perhaps the noblest representative.

DAVID A. MODELL.

Books and Men

THE TRIALS OF LIBRARIANS.

Mr. Henry T. Coutts, who is branch librarian at Islington, has published (through Grafton & Co.) a little volume called "Library Jokes and Jottings." The English librarian, it would appear from the book, has no easier task than his American brother. Indeed, when "constabulary duty's to be done" it seems that he has an even harder time of it. Certain passages in Mr. Coutts's book make it appear that disorderly persons in what the author terms the "(S)Newsroom" call upon him sometimes to act as "chucker-out." This part of a librarian's duties is by no means unknown in America, though there are some happy libraries where it is never needed, and where the custodians, in consequence, think the subject too indelicate to mention.

The Islington librarian tells many library stories, old and new, English and American, funny and moderately funny. One of the best of the things in his book is the satirical comments of two tramps upon librarians and their ways. It is too long to quote, but it is summed up in another remark of "the man in the street." Speaking of the "lib'arian," he tolerantly says: "He's a decent sort o' chap, eddicated and all that, but 'e's got a easy crib, mates, reg'lar wages and no worry."

What American librarian does not know the "bibliographical treasure crank" whom Mr. Coutts describes? "He has discovered an old book in the penny box of a second-hand bookseller, and he brings it to the librarian for valuation. He is surrounded by an air of mystery as he approaches the librarian, and carefully draws forth, from a ca-

pacious pocket, a very dilapidated volume. Usually the book, judged from a bibliographical or literary aspect, is worth about what he gave for it—sometimes less. The librarian tries to break the truth gently, but it is a dismal failure. 'Look at the date,' he will say triumphantly, '1785.' The librarian explains that an old book is not valuable necessarily; that it needs some special bibliographical characteristic to give it a market value. 'But look,' he continues, 'the s is printed like f.' At last the librarian gives it up in despair, and, if humorously inclined, refers the treasure-hunter to a fellow-librarian or bibliophile."

It may be added that the situation is always troublesome for the librarian. If he is asked to set a price on the book, and gives a truthful reply, he is instantly suspected of trying to run down its value, buy it in at a song, and afterwards sell it at a fabulous profit. Sometimes the owner of the book does not desire to sell. He or she is a nice old gentleman or lady who exhibits the book as a treat. The librarian can then take his choice between the rôle of a brute or that of a liar. He can tell the bitter truth or he can hypocritically pretend admiration and envy.

The publication of library jests raises a difference of opinion among librarians. Some of the jokes in Mr. Coutts's book, it is true, are on the librarians, but most of them are at the expense of the readers. Of the librarians who are inclined to deprecate such publications there are three classes. The first of these look upon their work very seriously—almost with an attitude of religious respect. They are few in number, and are diminishing amid the laughter of their colleagues. The second class consists of those who fear that the readers whose oddities and blunders are recorded will take offence and boycott the library. As there has not yet been a case reported of any single reader being offended in this fashion, the danger seems theoretical rather than real. In the third class are those who become rather exasperated, after a year of hard work to make the library useful and pleasant, to find that the only thing which impressed itself upon the newspapers is that some reader made a ridiculous blunder in asking for a book.

This frame of mind is easy to understand. It is that of the public speaker who finds that the reporters have neglected all his serious remarks in order to elaborate upon one anecdote. It is that of the university professor who is naturally irritated, after years of honest scholarship, to find himself derided from one end of the land to the other for some chance remark—misquoted, perhaps, and distorted out of all relation with the truth.

For a second edition of "Library Jokes and Jottings," let this be recorded. It may not be historically true throughout, but the main facts are correct.

A Swedish woman presented herself at the desk of a public library, and remarked: "I wants to see Yon."

"Yon?" queried the attendant.

"Yes, I wants to see Yon."

"What do you suppose she means?" whispered the mystified librarian to another assistant.

"She means 'John,'" said the other. "It's the janitor—he's down in the furnace-room. Send one of the pages."

The page was dispatched, and presently up came John, coal-dusty, perspiring, but polite. He was presented to the woman, and offered his hand to shake. She declined it in some indignation, and matters seemed at a standstill. Finally she led one of the assistants to the catalogue. She pointed dramatically to one of the cards. On it was neatly typewritten:

Marlitt, E., *pseud. See* John, Eugenie.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

News for Bibliophiles

THE DATE OF DRYDEN'S APPOINTMENT AS POET-LAUREATE.

A curious inaccuracy has prevailed ever since the time of Malone, in regard to the date of Dryden's appointment as poet-laureate.

Early biographers of Dryden (among them Dr. Johnson) had apparently taken it for granted that the laureateship was conferred upon Dryden immediately upon the death of Davenant, and had, therefore, given 1668 as the date of the appointment. Malone, however, makes the following statement: "All the biographers of Dryden have said that on the death of Davenant in 1668 he was appointed poet-laureate. But it appears from the Letters Patent, a copy of which will be found in the Appendix, that he did not obtain the laurel till August 18, 1670" (Dryden, Works, ed. Malone, London, 1800, Vol. I, p. 87). Accordingly, Malone prints in the Appendix an official document of the above date, appointing "the said John Dryden our Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal." Malone adds, apropos of the conferring of the degree of M.A. upon the poet: "Sir William Davenant died in April, 1668, about two months before Dryden received this degree. It would seem that he sought the literary decoration, *honoris causa*, to add somewhat to his pretensions, while he was soliciting to be appointed Poet Laureat and Historiographer Royal; though he did not obtain those offices till two years afterwards" (Vol. I, p. 556).

Scott took Malone's word for it, closely paraphrased Malone's statement, and reprinted the official document. Austin and Ralph ("Lives of the Poet-Laureates," London, 1853, p. 158), repeat the blunder: "When James Howell died, the office of Royal Historiographer became vacant, and it had not been filled up. It was now conferred upon Dryden, together with the Laureateship, which had not been bestowed since the death of Davenant. Dryden was appointed on the 18th of August, 1670." W. Hamilton ("The Poet Laureates of England," London, 1879, p. 90) also preserves the tradition.

When Saintsbury edited Scott's Dryden, he just missed getting the facts. He annotates Scott's statement: "This is the correct date of the patent. There is, however, in the Record Office an instruction for the preparation of a bill for the purpose, dated April 13." As the patent is dated 18th of August, 1670, and as Saintsbury gives the day and month but not the year of the "Instruction," the implication is, of course, that the "Instruction" immediately preceded the patent, in the same year.

Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his article on Dryden in the Dictionary of National Biography (Vol. XVI, p. 66), is the next to fall heir to the story: "In 1670 [Dryden] had the more solid appointments of poet-laureate and historiographer. . . . Davenant, who died in 1668, was his predecessor in the first, and James Howell, who died in 1666, in the last appointment. The office was now joined in one patent, with a salary of 200 l. a year and a butt of canary wine. Dryden was also to have the two years' arrears since Davenant's death."

Finally, Professor Noyes condenses the language, but accepts without question the information of his predecessors: "In August, 1670, [Dryden] received the posts of Poet Laureate (vacant since the death of Davenant in 1668) and Historiographer Royal (vacant since the death of Howell in 1666)." ("The Poetical Works of John Dryden," Boston, 1908, p. xxi.)

It might well have aroused the wonder of Malone and his successors that a lapse of two years should occur between the death of Davenant and the appointment of Dryden to the office. Dryden possessed a considerable degree of political influence; he was at the zenith of his poetical power, and the "Annus Mirabilis," a poem which manifested his peculiar fitness for laureate honors, had just come from the press. There was no rival candidate consideration of whose claims might have delayed the decision of the court, and yet, from the time of Malone to the present, the editors and biographers of Dryden have taken the hiatus for granted and have assumed that the patent of 1670 was the first official recognition of Dryden as poet-laureate.

As a matter of fact, the existence of a patent conferring an office in any given year is by no means a proof that the office is then being conferred for the first time. Nahum Tate was thrice appointed to the laurcateship—first when Shadwell died, again upon the accession of Queen Anne, and again in 1714 when the power of appointment was for the first time vested in the Lord Chamberlain.

The truth is that the Government, instead of dallying with the matter for two years after Davenant's death, issued, on

April 13, 1668, precisely six days after the death of the former laureate, a "warrant for a grant to John Dryden of the Office of Poet Laureate, void by the death of Sir William Davenant." (Calendar of State Papers. Domestic. 1667-1668. Vol. VIII, p. 341.) Nor was this warrant an official secret, for on May 19, 1668, Aubrey writes to Anthony Wood: "Sir William was Poet Laureate, and Mr. John Dryden hath his place." (Aubrey's Lives, Oxford, 1898, Vol. I, p. 209.)

The later patent of August 18, 1670, was evidently issued because at that time, and not until then, the office of historiographer royal was combined with the poet-laureateship, and the patent served to confer the one and to reconfer the other. The patent of 1670 fixes the honorarium for the two offices at £200 and a butt of canary; but it was not until the following year that the honorarium was forthcoming. In the Calendar of Treasury Books for 1671 (Vol. III, part ii, p. 772), is the record of a "money warrant for 500l. to John Dryden, M.A., His Majesty's Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal in full of what is grown due on his pension . . . payable from the Feast of St. John Baptist next after the death of Sir William Davenant."

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

Correspondence

THE TREATY WITH COLOMBIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The absorbing interest of our affairs in Mexico has served to distract public attention from the treaty recently negotiated with the Republic of Colombia by the new American Minister to that country, Mr. Thaddeus A. Thomson.

Article II of the draft treaty provides, first, that Colombia "shall be at liberty at all times to transport through the interoceanic canal its troops, materials of war, and ships of war, *even in case of war between Colombia and another country*, without paying any charges to the United States." The observance of this stipulation on the part of the United States would be a clear violation of the rules of neutrality in time of war. If Colombia were at war, say, with Germany, it is evident that the fact of our allowing Colombian troops or warships in our possessions without enforcing the customary regulations regarding length of sojourn, could quite properly be considered by Germany as an unfriendly act and a violation of neutrality.

The final paragraph of the same Article II provides that "coal, petroleum, and sea salt, being the products of Colombia, passing from the Atlantic coast of Colombia to any Colombian port on the Pacific coast, and vice versa, shall be transported over the aforesaid [Panama] railway free of any charge, except the actual cost of handling and transportation, which shall not in any case exceed one-half of the ordinary freight charges levied upon similar products of the United States passing over the railway and in transit from one port to another of the United States." American citizens, then, are to allow their goods to be charged double in transit over the Isthmus or through the canal what is to be paid by Colombian products.

In many of our treaties with foreign nations there is included what is usually called the "most favored nation" agreement, by which we bind ourselves in granting any concession to any other nation to grant the same favor automatically and by virtue of this standing clause to the nation with which we have such an agreement. Does any one think that other countries having that "favored nation" clause in their treaties with the United States will be likely to sit back calmly and allow Colombia to avail herself of the provisions of this convention without claiming for themselves the same advantages? We should thus have the pleasant spectacle of foreign nations carrying their products through the canal at rates "which shall not in any case exceed one-half of the ordinary freight charges levied upon similar products of the United States."

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER, JR.

New York, June 20.

HUERTA, THE MAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the disadvantages of a free press is that at times it provides too much news. Especially is this true about personalities; and never perhaps has human being suffered more severely from this surplus of news than has Gen. Huerta. The existence of one man only allows room for a certain number of facts; set out too many and he loses all resemblance to a man and becomes a monster. This is true even when the facts are set out in a friendly spirit. When they are not, as in the case of Huerta, the monster loses even the suggestion of humanity. As a matter of fact, President Huerta is very human indeed—too human, if anything—and his most human traits have been distorted to line the monstrous caricature which serves to represent him to the American public.

Believing only what you read, you would picture the General as a kind of drunken savage, living only to gratify his two overmastering passions for loot and bloodshed. I used to believe a good deal of this myself, before I saw something of the man and his surroundings. Afterwards I realized that if he lived in New York he would probably be conspicuous only by his success in some kind of rather unscrupulous business career. Huerta is not an angel, and he is admittedly not a man of high moral tone. There is no doubt, for instance, about his propensity for strong liquor. I saw him quite recently one evening, at the Café Colon, which is one of several of which he is a regular patron. He was perfectly sober, and, after I had watched him drink four small ponies of cognac, he was none the less sober, talking and walking with perfect composure. Yet it is a fact that at eight o'clock that morning he had been seen at the Automobile Clubhouse, near Chapultepec, drinking cognac and that he had been drinking cognac ever since, probably, as a Mexican doctor who has close relations with the Presidential circle told me, thirty or forty ponies of cognac in the twenty-four hours. Certainly such prowess would be frowned upon in any respectable temperance circle; but it does not appear to interfere with the General's health, his brain, or his business.

We are told that Gen. Huerta has, in a very short time, accumulated an even more enormous fortune than did any of his predecessors. Personally I do not believe it and my disbelief is based upon the authority of a Mexican politician and anti-Huertista. He takes the view that the President has only very little actual cash. His property is mostly in the form of real estate, much of it in the City of Mexico. Hence his reluctance to resign until the legislative acts passed during his term of office be legitimated by his successor, in which case only could he hope to enjoy the fruits of office. I have heard, also, on very good authority, that of the politicians it has been found necessary to dispose of in the last year or two a number were possessed of real estate which, after their execution, was confiscated. What became of it afterwards I do not know, and it is never wise to believe all you hear in Mexico.

There is one point in which the General stands out very markedly from the ordinary run of Mexicans. He is generous not only in words but in deeds also. Every Mexican, of course, makes a point of putting all that he has entirely at your disposal. It is only his form of politeness, and if you seriously accepted his gifts he would probably be greatly amazed. Gen. Huerta not only makes such offers, but actually carries them out. A very eminent diplomatist told me one instance in point. He was, before the present troubles, upon a certain intimacy with the General, and his small boy would frequently play with the Huerta children in their garden, where they have, among other things, a whole farmyard of chickens, lambs, calves, and the like. Among the rest was a small pony to which the young foreigner took a decided and loudly expressed fancy. It chanced that the General was standing near and overheard him. "You shall have it," he said, and at once gave orders to one of his entourage that the pony be taken to the diplomatist's house. Naturally the small boy was delighted; his father less so. In such times as the present, to accept presents, however small, from President Huerta might be made the basis for who shall say what charges of graft, bribery, and the like. Fortunately he was leaving the city within a few days, and his hope lay in the proverbial dilatoriness of the Mexican. He knew that the pony would come, because the General had said so; he hoped that it might come too late, because some other Mexican would have to see to the sending of it. As it turned out, he was right; the pony arrived in due course, but not until the diplomatist and his small boy were already far away from the city.

Not only do all the foreigners who have come into personal contact with the General, almost without exception, speak well of him; but his own servants are devoted

to him, whatever their particular positions. This does not, of course, apply to his Ministers and political entourage. Among them, indeed, he lives and reigns only because the others are afraid of him, and that he should yet be able to inspire real affection in those in more intimate relations with him is something of a tribute.

Perhaps the secret of the extraordinary fight he has put up against such heavy odds is that he attends to things personally. You may frequently read that he is swayed by this, that, or the other Minister; that his cleverest moves are dictated by some subtle foreign adviser. As a matter of actual fact, his Ministers are mere appendages, more or less ornamental, to his "court." Things are done, in their names, of which they know nothing whatever until afterwards—and they are far too wise to make any protest. One particular instance came under my personal observation a few weeks ago. In common with some other newspaper men, I happened to be arrested as a spy. I was released first, and naturally set to work to obtain, if might be, the release of my friends. In the end I was enabled to enlist the sympathies of the Minister of the Gobernacion, in whose province fall naturally all matters of imprisonment. He was ready enough to help, but there was a drawback. He knew nothing of the circumstances, had not heard of the arrests, and at first refused to believe that they had occurred at all. The police, of whom he was the nominal head, had not thought it worth while to mention the matter to him. And when my friend was at last released it was to the President and by no means to the Minister that it was due.

Gen. Huerta has the typical Indian face, suggesting a Savonarola devoid of scrupulosity; he has wise eyes that are not unkindly, and somehow always suggested to me the eyes of an amiable rogue elephant. I confess that, despite his lapses from the strict path of rectitude, I like and admire him. He is at least a man—a man of the unpopular Bismarckian type. O. M. Hueffer.

New York, June 19.

A MASTER OF THE ART OF LIVING.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: In 1865 Charles Eliot Norton wrote to Ruskin, "And yet what you write never seems to me to do full justice to yourself." Those who knew Norton as a teacher lay aside his two volumes of letters with a similar feeling. Vital personalities express themselves in their work, and Norton's peculiar work was teaching. His gift and peculiar instrument was personality. His smile, the tones of his voice, the keen light in his eye, carried his more precious messages. The best that he gave was too subtle for the written page. Moreover, no man writes adequately of his own talent. As a consequence, his collected letters, delightful and admirably edited as they are give us intimate pictures of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Clough, Ruskin, Carlyle, Curtis, but only a shadowy sense of the man who to successive generations of eager-souled youths preached with such singular effectiveness the gospel of life made beautiful by conduct and art.

It is probable that no written page can ever explain the extraordinary significance of Norton to his disciples or publish to the world the measure and quality of his influence upon them for culture and happiness and civilization. But if posterity is to think of him as those who knew him would have it, he will be portrayed as a man who, in an age of material things, lived uncompromisingly upon a hill, practicing the art of making life sweet and sound and elegant; a ma whose intellectual loves were the Parthenon of the Athenians and the poetry of Dante.

To this man the white harmony of those Attic marbles was more than stone cunningly piled and sculptured. The entasis of each fluted shaft, the subtle, unsuspected curve of stylobate, was to him an illumination of the deeper ways of beauty; and in those calm proportions and inevitable relationships he read the laws of life and conduct. For him around each repressed Doric capital was written Sophrosyne, and Ethos, that summary of the attributes of heroic character, glowed from the calm sculptures of the pediment. The whole, embodying the full expression of the sane and happy Greek genius, constituted the visible appeal of the Beautiful and the Good. And it was his spiritual endowment to be able to make those whom he taught see and feel what he saw and felt.

But his æsthetic sympathies were not bounded by the works of the Greek. He loved all beautiful things of all times, especially the best Gothic building, the painting of the Venetians, the slim tower of Giotto, the drawing of the ancient masters of Japan. Yet he was no mere hedonist, in the usual meaning of that word, for, much as he loved the beautiful things of art, he loved high conduct more—high conduct, noble manners, and love. So that it was not strange that, of all the great dead, he should have been drawn most intimately to Dante. In the art and manners of his time he felt the need of qualities eminent in Dante, his uncompromising scorn of vulgarity, mawkishness, and cheap emotion; his elegance and distinction of standards in both life and art; his high simplicity and self-repression, and, most of all, his exalted obedience to Right Reason and Love as twin guides of life.

Led by such ideals, this man labored not to express himself in literature, but in the art of making beautiful people. A teacher of less faith would often have despaired. Too often the young men who came to him had been brought up to look upon the culture of beauty as something unmanly, honor as a stumbling-block to success, fine manners as foppery, and all noble ideals as inconvenient or impracticable. He was misunderstood, maligned, ridiculed, but he never faltered or ceased to insist upon the noblest art, the highest standards of conduct, the tenderest and wisest ideals of love.

Whatever his text, day after day he repeated his appeal for the cultivation of the best, and his protest against contentment with anything short of the best. And so, with both gentleness and fire, he preached and lived his gospel of beauty to the end.

There is a picture of him stamped twenty-five years ago upon the writer's mind which is characteristic. It was towards the close of his active days. The lamplight fell upon the bent figure of a scholar in his chair. He held a book. The pleasant room was walled with books. The portrait by Veronese of a Venetian lady with a pearl necklace glowed dimly in the subdued light. The old man's voice rose and fell in even, modulated cadences. He was reading aloud:

Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:
Hail to your purlieus,
All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
Swallows and curlews!
Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
This man decided not to Live but Know—
Bury this man there?
Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

He finished, his voice clear but resonant with emotion. His great spirit shone in his eyes. He closed the book.

How is criticism to rate such a man? Who can measure the influences that he set in motion, or compute the latent forces of his work? We only know this: no fire-bearer can be snuffed out; "Lofty designs must close in like effects." The lives of peoples have been lifted up by the lives of individuals no more devoted and inspired by no sweeter aim.

David Gray.

Cambridge, Mass., June 1.

THE GOTHIC BIBLE.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Forgive me for once more—for the last time—referring to Prof. Leo Wiener's recent article on the Gothic Bible. He ridicules my remarks as unintelligible, inconsistent, and ignorant. Let me briefly state a few facts:

(1.) According to Professor Wiener, my statements concerning Goth. *siponcis* "made no sense." Will it be clear enough if I say that I did not question the identity of Goth. *siponcis* with Gr. *σπουδαῖος* (though, by the way, I do not believe in it), but merely called attention to the fact that Professor Wiener, in this instance, strongly emphasizes the element of chronology while he entirely neglects the influence of time on the character of the language of a migrating people when he believes that the Gothic Bible, with its wonderful preservation of Germanic sounds and forms, can come from the eighth century?

(2.) It is perfectly consistent to believe, as I do, that O.H.G. *skribu* < Lat. *scribo* followed the inflection of *blîbu*, but to consider it impossible that borrowed Lat. *culca* should have been the basis of a Pan-Germanic *skal-skulum*. No philologist can seriously entertain the latter theory for one moment; Professor Wiener does.

(3.) In the interest of the reputation of

American scholarship, Professor Wiener's remark concerning the relation of Lat. *t* to Goth. *th* is truly distressing. I really cannot admit the colossal ignorance of the Germanic sound shifting that Professor Wiener declares me guilty of. It need not be known to my opponent that I have written a few articles on this very subject, but I assure him that I happen to remember that Indo-European *t* is represented by Goth. *th* (or, under Verner's law, by *d*); however, the very beginners in Gothic are taught that this Germanic change took place centuries, perhaps a thousand years, *before* the times of Ulphilas. Even the most elementary knowledge of any philology whatsoever must make it clear that the cognates Lat. *verto*—Goth. *wairtha* are to be judged entirely differently from Goth. *dulths* if borrowed from Lat. *dultum*. Is it worth while to mention that the laws of sound shifting, if we were allowed to apply them here, would require Goth. *t*. *d* (hardly *th*) for the *d*. *t* of the participial form *dultum?*

(4.) The thirty "Franco-Burgundian" loan-words that Professor Wiener kindly offers me "to whet my appetite," as he says, are most astonishing. The great majority are easily derived and explained as purely Gothic, without reference to borrowing from any foreign source whatsoever, and quite a few of them are Pan-Germanic.

I regret to have entered into this discussion at all; the questions raised are of such an elementary character that their serious consideration is a nearly unpardonable waste of space and time; but I could scarcely allow Professor Wiener's disparaging remarks to go unchallenged. E. Prokosch.

Mayville, Wis., June 17.

THE HONOR SYSTEM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The honor system, attacked by Professor Firkins, of Minnesota, and defended by Professor Sparrow, of Virginia, is a feature in modern education that will scarcely be affected much by criticism. It is, as Dr. Sparrow has well shown, merely an element, the most important element, in the broader system of student self-government. Whether a given body of students is capable of self-government has to be determined and demonstrated by the students themselves. No professor, or body of professors, can do so for them. No faculty is strong enough to incorporate the honor system into a working code. If the initiative does not come from the students themselves the system has no chance for existence. Its essential foundation is justice. It is unjust for a student, by cheating, to obtain for himself the reward which his classmate wins by hard work. The attempt thus to cheat betrays an individual deficiency which the majority refuse to tolerate; and the only possible resource is the elimination of the offender.

Professor Firkins has been kind enough to refer to an article on this subject, published by myself in 1906, as "judicial." That article was the result of continued observation of student self-government, and was written as a sequel to a paper on "Student Honor and College Examinations," published in 1895 when I was a professor in a Northern technical school. For the man whose whole teaching experience has been in a Southern college where the honor system is traditional, it may be hard to look at the subject from another standpoint. After fourteen years of experience in the North, amid students who had no knowledge of a specialized honor system, and after an equal number of years among Southern students, it is possible to recognize the fact that human nature is about the same in both sections; but that social traditions remain strong long after political and commercial conditions have become changed. Professor Firkins's reply to Professor Sparrow shows how hard it is to dislodge the idea that there is some sort of bargain implied; for he repeats his former arraignment in referring to "that renouncement of supervision in return for which the student undertakes to play the part of an honest man." As I observe the system here, nobody thinks of it as embodying a "quid pro quo." The students merely insist that there shall be fair dealing in the examination-room and class-room, whether the professor is present or absent.

To the question whether the honor system ought to be, or can be, introduced everywhere, a reply can hardly be framed. It ought to be introduced wherever possible; but nobody is able to specify in advance just where it can be. Its existence implies a well-organized student body; and its maintenance is not easy without the previous development of well-defined traditions. At the University of Virginia, and at various other Southern institutions that could easily be named, these conditions are fulfilled. But in a great city, where most of the students meet only or chiefly in the performance of scholastic work, and where the importance of a heterogeneous mass of several thousands of young men is dwarfed amid the interests of hundreds of thousands of population, the introduction of the honor system, or of any other code which must originate among the students and be recognized by the entire student body, would be a task of extraordinary magnitude.

The increasing rate of growth of urban conditions in the United States tends to make the extension of the honor system harder. But it is no longer confined to the South. It has taken root in the North in a number of colleges where density of population is not great enough to overshadow the local importance of the college. Every educational institution has to work out its own problems in its own way. We in Virginia are not warranted in prescribing for those in New York or Minnesota whose local environment is different. If the recent arraignment of the honor system has exhibited some fundamental misconceptions, this is not strange. It does not prove that total depravity exists wherever the honor system has not been organized. It is only an example of honest men, North and South, on opposite sides of the same shield.

W. LeConte Stevens.

Washington and Lee University, May 28.

Literature

ASIATIC IMMIGRATION.

The American Japanese Problem: A Study of the Racial Relations of the East and the West. By Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

This is an eminently judicious handling of a perplexing question. The threat made ten years ago by disappointed newspaper men, that the snubs they received at the Japanese military headquarters would not be forgotten, has since been made good in persistent newspaper misrepresentation and antagonism. Particular circumstances have aided malcontents in making California the centre of an anti-Japanese crusade. In the first place, the Californian opposition to Japanese immigration, as Dr. Gulick points out at page 21, is not a sudden outbreak; "it is the heir of decades of antipathy to Chinese." And the different national temper of the Japanese, who rely on their home government to present their grievances at the capital in a way that forces respectful attention, has irritated the complacent local politician, accustomed to the more subservient Chinese attitude. However mildly the Japanese may put his grievance, he cannot give it the least ring of truth as a genuine protest, without being accused of "spoiling for a fight." Long ago the time limit set by the belligerent Capt. Hobson for his anticipated Japanese invasion expired; and the forecast remains—what it was from the beginning—a mere hallucination.

Then, again, San Francisco, whence has come the driving force in the recent anti-Japanese legislation, is, beyond almost any other city in the country, under the domination of foreign-born and anti-religious Socialists; men who regard a government merely from the side of its industrial legislation. Their altruism ends with members of their labor unions, and they are absolutely regardless of the comity of nations.

California, moreover, contains a great number of Southerners, who have been burdened in the past with a race question which still awaits solution; and they and their friends are determined that no similar question shall be forced on the country. In southern California, where the Japanese are better treated than in the northern section, the race distinction is more emphasized; and cafeterias and other restaurants close their doors more rigidly to the brown men.

Moreover, the Progressives, who are in possession of the State Legislature, have taken advantage of the awkward situation in which a Democratic President, the first for nearly twenty years,

finds himself, of calling upon a State Legislature to limit the exercise of its legislative activities and consider the embarrassments of the Federal Government. This trifling with the larger interests of the nation to meet party exigencies may do the party no good in the end, but meanwhile it seems to serve immediate ends in hampering a Democratic Administration.

Our author is wisely silent on some of these aspects of the situation, and sets himself to answer the arguments of those who favored the recent anti-Japanese land legislation and are clamoring for still more legislation of the same nature. These arguments may be classed under four or five heads: intense disgust at race mixture and the possible growth of a new color problem; a contempt for the shabby un-American way in which Japanese laborers live; the absence of reciprocal privileges of citizenship in Japan; dread of their lowering the rate of wages, and dread of their lowering the dignity of labor by making farm and orchard work considered "only good enough for Japs." He is careful to point out how the press, in handling the matter, has persistently suppressed the truth and suggested the false. When Mr. Hattori, of the Japanese House of Representatives, who recently died in San Francisco when on a mission of reconciliation, was advising his countrymen in Hawaii how best to meet the situation, he "made four most impressive and striking points: first, every Japanese in Hawaii should be true to his fatherland and unswerving in his devotion to his Emperor; second, every Japanese settled here in permanency should become an American citizen, if possible; third, such a change of allegiance is not evidence of loss of patriotism and will entail no injury to one's national individuality, . . . for the deeper the patriotic devotion the better fitted the man will be for citizenship in another country; fourth, if after change of allegiance from Japan to America war between the two nations should come, the truer the Japanese, the more valorously will he fight for America." But the American press, in their report of the address, gave only the first of the four points, "thus conveying exactly the opposite impression of the import of his remarks." Dr. Gulick quotes from an editorial which appeared in the San Francisco *Examiner* of last October, showing how insolently our press thinks fit to treat a courteous discussion of an international problem by a writer who is unfortunate enough to be an Oriental.

Five years ago the State of California made an appropriation of $10,000 for a thorough investigation into the whole problem of Japanese immigration, and the report of the Labor Commissioner, J. D. Mackenzie, appeared in May, 1910; but no appropriation, unfortunately, was made for its publication. Was it purposely suppressed, asks Dr. Gulick, because it proved so unexpectedly favorable to the Japanese? Quoting from the "Summary for the Press," he finds that, while it deplores "the readiness of the Japanese to work long hours and in unhygienic conditions," yet "Japanese farm-hands were earning, in 1909, better wages than white men engaged in the same work, and, strange to say, Japanese employed by Japanese received higher wages than those employed by white men." In the future change that is before the country, from extensive to intensive farming, the Japanese may be of the greatest service. "They have made possible developments in berry, lettuce, celery, and kindred crops, which white labor alone would never have allowed. In point of fact, as a whole they are developing uncultivated lands and carrying on forms of agriculture which would remain largely undeveloped if left to whites."

The author devotes several chapters to what he terms the "storm-centre" of his problem, Japanese assimilability. This is a question to which he has paid particular attention, having published many years ago the book by which he is best known, his "Japanese Evolution, Psychic and Social." He recognizes three factors in race assimilation: "biological assimilation through intermarriage; biological assimilation without intermarriage; and social assimilation." Far too great importance, he declares, has hitherto been ascribed to the first of these factors. Modern scientific inquiry has completely established the fact that the "obstacles to the social assimilation of races are not inherent in their biological differences." The assimilation that interests sociological inquirers to-day is psychological rather than physiological. Already the Japanese residents in California are taking on American characteristics in bodily appearance as well as in mental habit. The very task of acquiring the English language tends towards assimilation, for the utterance and articulation of sounds in Japanese require a different use of tongue and throat. Dr. Gulick contends that "such psychic differences as distinguish the East from the West are products of social life, belong to the social order, and are therefore subject to rapid change." He is with President Eliot in holding that the immigration question need not be complicated with any race problem in this case, as the Japanese race keeps itself pure.

The very fact of their gregariousness, their clannishness, is made a matter of reproach. Hitherto very little has been done to train the immigrant laborers in American ways of living, and the cottages and huts in which they are huddled are too often kept in a slovenly manner. But, as a matter of fact, declares Dr. Gulick, so far from "living like pigs," as Californians sometimes assert, "Japanese as a whole are the most cleanly foreigners that come to America. If they are able to acquire a little property, especially if they have their own homes and wives and children, this characteristic, along with their innate artistic sense, becomes conspicuous." He quotes from Bishop Brent, who crossed the Atlantic in the steerage of a boat sailing from Naples. "I never quite gauged the menace from Southern Europeans," declares the Bishop, "until I came over with the indigestible mass on the Caronia. One has pity for them, but that ought not to blind us to the danger they bring to this country. In virility and decency the Japanese are infinitely beyond them." If we qualify Dr. Gulick's statements with the Bishop's remarks, they may be more readily received. The call at present is surely for a national handling of the whole immigration question.

The condition of semi-peonage that has marked the Japanese in Hawaii, and lowered the social status of the Japanese laborer on the Pacific, is a temporary phase that is rapidly passing away. Unmarried Japanese laborers have hitherto regarded themselves as mere birds of passage who are here only on sufferance and must not make permanent homes. Many, however, begin to prefer American life and ways and send for "picture-brides"; and the rising generation will find a barrier to their return in the impossibility of acquiring the very difficult language of their own people. They will be severed from the social and historical influence of their country more completely than other American educated aliens. The assimilation into our social life of a certain number of Japanese, so admirably fitted for particular industries and arts, would be a positive gain. Such are Dr. Gulick's contentions.

The practical proposals, nine in number, that he brings forward for the solution of the whole question are of a very moderate nature. Among them the most important are: that American citizenship should be granted to every qualified individual regardless of race; that immigration should be allowed on a percentage rate of those from the same land who are already naturalized, including their American-born children; that the granting of naturalization should be vested in a bureau of naturalization; and that there should be direct Federal responsibility for all legal and legislative matters in which aliens as such are involved.

A like proposal, dealing, however, only with European immigrants, and leaving Asiatic exclusion laws exactly where they stand, was introduced in the summer of 1913 by Senator Dillingham.

On a basis of 10 per cent. of the people of any nationality already in the United States, it would place a check upon Russian and Italian immigration, but leave a wide margin for German, British, and Scandinavian immigrant. Moreover, it provides for a minimum of five thousand from any land, however few may be their representatives here. Dr. Gulick's basis of 5 per cent. would allow only 220 Japanese and 738 Chinese to enter in any one year, exclusive of such as by social position and education are not to be classed as ordinary immigrants. Surely, a limitation of this nature is drastic enough for any one, however obsessed by the fear of an Asiatic invasion.

The anti-Japanese forces on the Pacific Coast are so well organized that there is danger lest, through indifference, those who, both for national and international reasons, regret the intolerant Asiatic exclusion laws, may see themselves out-voted and thwarted. So thorough and sane a treatise as Dr. Gulick's is of special value at the present time in helping to formulate a policy of a worthier kind, which may furnish a basis for organized activity in checkmating intolerance.

CURRENT FICTION.

At the Casa Napoléon. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Harper & Bros.

The casual reader of these tales may be struck with a certain quaintness of flavor which nothing in the prefaee by Mr. Ripley Hitchcoek would account for. Mr. Janvier died only a year ago. These stories, as the copyright dates show, must have been published in the early nineties, presumably in *Harper's Magazinc.* How the world moves in a quarter of a century! Not only are the stories of a gas-lighted, motorless, easy-going New York, they were written by gaslight, in the genial, leisurely, slightly facetious style of that day. The "punch" in fiction had not yet been discovered—or, rather, had not been generally reeognized, for Kipling was introducing it at the moment. In short, the eharm of the stories is already a trifle antiquated. Casa Napoléon, says the preface, represents a real hostelry off Fifth Avenue, frequented for some time by Mr. Janvier. Its host is a politieal exile from Mexico, its hostess a Frenchwoman of Toulouse: hence the bilingual name. As a hotel it is patronized by travellers of several Latin raees, and its cookery attraets a group of New York Bohemians. A representative handful of its patrons supply material for these stories, or sketches, as the exaeting magazine editor of to-day might call them. Whatever their eategory, they are delightful. Col. Withersby, promoter, and Monsieur Duvent, gambler, are as memorable types as Bret Harte's Starbottle and Oakhurst. Mrs. Mortimer is a less sentimentalized type of the frail sisterhood of Poker Flat. The defeat of all three of them on their own ground by the astonishing Marques de Valdeflores is an amusing if not quite credible bit of comedy. It is a book to be particularly enjoyed by middle-aged readers who have tender memories of a phase of the American short story which, in default of "punch," relied openly on its reeipe of whimsical humor and graceful sentiment.

You Never Know Your Luck. By Gilbert Parker. New York: George H. Doran.

This is far from being of the best that the author of "Pierre and His People" has given us. The story is based largely upon the workings of chance. Shiel Crozier, the son of an Irish baronet, at an early age became fascinated by the betting-book at Brook's, and decided to devote his life to the worship of the god Luck. His devotion leads to the loss of fortune. Crozier is estranged from his wife, and goes out to start life anew in a prairie town in the Rockies. There chance leads him to the care of a maiden who appears to him as a symphony in gold. Chance also forces him to reveal his past on the witness-stand at a murder trial. He is shot as a result of the evidence given, and then the Golden Maiden, finding that her love for him is unreeiprocated, decides to assist ehanee. She steams open a letter to Shiel from his wife, discovers her address, and contrives to reeoncile an unsuspecting husband to his wife. Crozier deeides that luck lies in the resumption of his past life. The book has movement and a sprightly wit that atones for a good deal.

A Free Hand. By Helen C. Roberts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is a solid piece of work that ought to win a wide audience. It is concerned with the inner life-history of a single individual. Ridley Courage, the son of a narrow-minded, garrulous shopkeeper, does not relish the prospect of settling down to the same occupation. He longs for Canada, where advertisements say a man can have a "free hand." But as he is about to announce his departure, he learns that it has been decided for him that he is to enter a profession. So he prepares to be a dentist, and succeeds after much tribulation. But he has no love for his work. He still inactively longs for a free hand. As a man he seems a failure, except that his native indolence and resignation are punctuated by flashes of ready decision. In one such mood he wins his wife, an unsuccessful young actress, whom he has always loved. The "free hand" he gives her, however, induces her to return to the stage some years later, and leave him with an infant daughter. Accordingly, at forty-five Ridley Courage is not a worldly success and has still missed his "free hand." He has, however, become reconciled to the fact, and has realized that the fault is not of destiny or of life, but "of his own imperfect nature, with its hesitancies and limitations, its sudden weaknesses and fears." But resignation has given him something in place of success. It has taught him sympathy for men and women, with the gift of deep and tender affection. It has given him a love for beauty, color, and vitality. So, after casting up accounts, Ridley begins a satisfied life with a little woman who adores him.

A Lady and Her Husband. By Amber Reeves. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The lady is a middle-aged English woman of the old-fashioned sort, who is awakened in time to save her soul from humdrum happiness by way of becoming, very mildly, a modern female. The husband is the British paterfamilias of fiction, bumptious and patronizing, clinging to the ancient notion of women as born to serve, to be pretty, and to purr. But it is the twentieth century, and they have a daughter who is very up-to-date indeed. At eighteen years, though still nominally under the shelter of the paternal roof, she has learned to take care of herself and to think. However, Rosemary is not offensive, nor does she have to be lifted out of any sort of scrape. In fact, at the moment of our introduetion to her she has just engaged herself to be married too young, in a perfectly human and normal way. Still, she has learned to think. She engages to be a partner, not an inferior, and belongs to the Fabian Society. She is inoculated (or infected?) with the Socialism and feminism of the day. It is partly through her, partly from mere contact with the new atmosphere, that the meek "little mother" of the family is aroused to consciousness of certain responsibilities. That she owns half the business her husband has made so successful gives her purchase for action which she long defers. The issue is the wage and treatment of the firm's shop-girls. In the end we leave little mother on the way to reform or at least mitigation of the evils she sees; paterfamilias, after vain attempts to overbear her in the established way, destined to be defeated in the long run by the mild obstinaey of a woman sure of her duty. At all events, the passive eomfort of her old days is gone. "Now she, too, was to share man's task and his inheritanee. She had left her ordered house for the elamour and promise of life. . . ." The wife's discovery that her husband has once been technically "unfaithful" to her, and the

effect of that discovery on her attitude, rather cheapens a situation which is otherwise handled with discretion and a good deal of force.

Cross Trails. By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Bros.

Once more we find the frozen wilds of Canada set as a background for the primitive passions and loyalties. Mr. Whitaker describes a man's struggle to regain the love of his wife from whom scandal has separated him at the altar. Their trails cross in Canada, where the husband finds his wife lost in a snowdrift. He brings her to the lumber camp. Their relations are unknown to all others. She repels his kindness, but he cannot permit her to leave the camp in mid-winter. Thereupon she decides to escape by eloping with a rather dissolute Englishman. Too soon his womanish helplessness disgusts her, and she longs for her husband's strength. By a ruse, she leaves the Englishman and returns to the camp to meet her pursuing husband. The woods have cleansed and chastened the hearts of both. The story is vigorously told and abounds in effective bits of description.

AN ECONOMIC HERESY.

The Cause of Business Depressions. By Hugo Bilgram, in collaboration with Louis Edward Levy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

In their search for "The Cause of Business Depressions" the authors have made an examination of the whole field of economic theory; they have found the accepted doctrines untenable and have constructed a theory in their place which is reminiscent of mercantilism and land banks. In their opinion, "sociologists in the halls of learning are teaching, and legislators in Congresses and Parliaments are formulating into law, the misconceptions of economic principles and the misinterpretations of economic history which have come down to us from the past" (p. 457). Mr. Bilgram's "strictly deductive line of investigation," as he rightly calls it, of economic theory, leads him to the conclusion that "the underlying cause of the economic disorder is the legalized restriction of the right to use credit as a medium of exchange, a conclusion which, though confirmed by all the symptoms of the social disease, is not in agreement with the accepted tenets of the modern school of economics" (p. 456). Not only does he find that "the recurring economic paroxysms, known as financial crises, which are followed by periods of industrial depression, are the inevitable outcome of the arbitrary limitation of the volume of the currency," but in addition he finds "that this same cause gives rise to the most grievous of the many forms of social and economic injustice that are so loudly crying for redress throughout the modern world" (p. 511). According to Mr. Bilgram, then, currency reform is the panacea that will cure the business world of its periodical paroxysms, do away with the necessity of paying interest, bring about an equitable distribution of wealth, and accomplish economic justice. He is as sanguine concerning the efficacy of his remedy as are the single-taxers or the Socialists of theirs.

The argument runs thus: The quantity theory of money is inconsistent with facts and untenable. "Money does not owe its value to the demand for a medium of exchange, nor to any law authorizing the issue of such medium, but exclusively to the value of that of which money consists, be it the standard commodity, gold, or credit expressed in terms of that commodity" (p. 155). "The time-honored notion that money is paid to the lender of money for the use of 'capital' is groundless" (p. 280). "Investigation discloses the fact that what the borrower is after is *money*, and that the interest which he pays to the lender of money is paid for the use of money and not for the use of capital" (p. 277). "It follows that if the total demand for money is not supplied, competition will tend to put a premium on its use. Interest is accordingly paid on money because of its inadequacy to meet the demand of those who need it for the exchange of their products or services, and, as we shall see later, this competition raises the rate of interest as high as the market will bear; in deed, so high as to exert a destructive effect upon the market" (p. 317). In a business depression "*the general oversupply of things and services offered for exchange can be accounted for only by an equal under-supply of the medium of exchange. . . . The arbitrary control of the volume of currency, accordingly, is not only the cause of the predatory power of wealth, but also the cause of industrial stagnation*" (p. 363).

The remedy, therefore, is for the Government freely to advance notes to banks on the security of their assets, including loans on real estate security and national, State, and municipal bonds; such notes to be redeemable in gold by the Government, but not by the banks; "the gold for this latter fund could be obtained by requiring every bank applying for currency to furnish not only the prescribed amount of securities, but also gold to the amount of such percentage of the currency issued as experience indicated as sufficient" (p. 409). Delay of a month or more in redeeming the notes in specie would not be serious (p. 410). "While the Federal reserve currency is a step in the right direction, . . . the process of issuing the currency [is] so costly that the intention of the law, that of rendering the business world independent of financial disturbances, can at best be but partially realized" (p. 518).

To make a thorough criticism of "The Cause of Business Depressions" would be to cover the entire field of economics, an uncalled-for proceeding. It is uncalled for because Mr. Bilgram does not adequately support his economic heresies with statistical and other data, and because he completely ignores the contributions of modern economists. For example, in discussing his proposition that pure interest "is clearly traceable to a *monopoly upheld by law*" (p. 350), he does not refer in any way to the diverse currency systems of Canada, England, Germany, and France and their influence on the interest rates in those countries; in discussing money theory he does not mention Irving Fisher, Laughlin, or a host of others who have recently treated that subject.

The main contention of Mr. Bilgram, that the phenomenon of interest is brought about by legal limitation of the medium of exchange, is a fallacy. Economists of all schools will agree as to that. Mr. Bilgram has clouded rather than clarified the questions that he discusses. Consequently it were better to leave the book unread.

THE APPEAL OF THE BALLAD.

Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe. Translated into English Verse by Sophie Jewett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

For "successive classes of Wellesley College students, studying English and Scottish popular ballads," Miss Jewett translated sundry cognate ballads in French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Rumanian dialects. Mainly following Professor Child on the comparative trails, she made her own selection, and in all cases undertook the formidable task of translation. It is said that experts in the various dialects, to whom her translations were submitted, found "hardly a word to change." In the summer of 1909, shortly before her death, Miss Jewett revised these translations, and left them, along with notes and memoranda of an introduction, to be prepared for the press by her friend and colleague, Prof. Katharine Lee Bates.

The editor has done her work with due knowledge, discretion, and sympathy. The original texts, which are printed opposite to the translation, have been verified at the source; the introduction keeps within the limits of the translator's memoranda; and the notes, for which little material had been prepared, are adequate. For the main part of the book, fifty-five "ballads of Southern Europe" are printed and translated, and seem fairly representative in quality and range. The popular note varies from absolute in "Scibilia Nobili" to vanish-

ing in "La Belle au Jardin d'Amour." The selection of these ballads depended, of course, upon the analogous British pieces; but choice of the particular version may here and there be questioned, as in the case of the "Marquise," where tradition is supposed to tell the story of a poisoned royal mistress—whether Madame de Vintimille, as Bujeaud says, or, as the Italian "Gabriella" would suggest, the favorite of Henri IV, or else, in Bladé's opinion, Madame de Montespan. Miss Jewett has selected the version of Bladé, which inclines to be stolid and garrulous, instead of that of Bujeaud, which is simple and effective, approaching the *tout faire rêver*, in Sainte-Beuve's famous definition of poetry, rather than the *tout dire*. But should this choice be questioned? Is not all balladry *tout dire* triumphant? A recent writer, who may or may not have taken his cue from Matthew Arnold and the discussion of Homer, lays down the law that true balladry is garrulous, if not stolid, and that any poetic appeal, of suggestion or of reticence, at onee bewrays the artist. Bladé's version does not conclude on the climax:

> La reine lui donne un bouquet
> Fait de fleurs tant jolies;
> Mais en flairant ce beau bouquet
> Elle a perdu la vie . . .

Two stanzas follow, with "particulars of the funeral"; and even that "Je n'ai ni roi ni femme" of the marquis fails to restore the simplicity and suggestion of the right close. Bujeaud's version ends:

> La reine a fait faire un bouquet [bis]
> De belles fleurs de lyse,
> Et la senteur de ce bouquet
> A fait mourir marquise . . .

Peasants, says one recent writer, would naturally give and take those garrulous details, and would be incapable of the reticence and suggestion of "poetic" versions, such as Bujeaud's, which, for this same poetic taint, should be blotted from the list of traditional ballads. Yet many of the best British ballads have this haunting and suggestive note of conclusion, this right dying fall—"Sir Patrick Spens" and "The Wife of Usher's Well," for example; others, because of the dramatic element, are even more effective in their close—"Babylon," "Edward," "Child Maurice"; and one Shetland ballad, "The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry," is as sudden and stunning at the end as the *Ich wollt', er schösse mich todt* of Heine's little masterpiece. Apart from this last, peculiar case, suggestive conclusion and effective reticence are by no means alien to the ballad; and the argument from old wives' tales is not convincing. Tradition as well as criticism can select what is effective. The clear implication of Professor Child's various comments on individual ballads is that the reticent and effective versions come unspoiled from the hands of tradition; and with this theory Miss Jewett would undoubtedly agree. Her general habit of selection—the "Marquise" version of Bladé can be defended for other reasons than its garrulity—and, still more, her translations, prove this assent.

It is conceded that imitation of the popular ballad is a rare and difficult feat; and translation itself is far from easy. The older ballads often make appeal by failing to say what is expected, and by saying over and over what would seem to have been said enough. Now this repetition, the ground-plan of the old ballad, is a very different matter from garrulity—a point missed by Arnold—and must not be cut down in translation. On the other hand, a translator must not beautify or poetize, and, above all, must not pad. It can be said that Miss Jewett seldom errs in these respects. *Fait de fleurs tant jolies* should not be rendered "sweet with the roses' breath"; and not even the exigency of rhyme excuses "Come and wish me happy chance" for *i v'invito a le mie nosse*, or "one little love-kiss like the old" for *bazin d'amour*. "Lovers' fears" will not do for *amitiés*. Padding outright, as "too tired to weep," p. 125, is very rare. More serious is the failure to keep repetition. In the whirlwind of passion which fills the opening dialogue of "Donna Lombarda" the translator must beget no temperance by bating a jot of that duplication of *müri*, as it is called, echoed, and re-echoed, in successive lines.

Herder passes as the master in this art of translating popular verse. He not only gave Europe knowledge of its ballads, but chanted them, like another Autolycus, and chanted them supremely well. He appealed to the critic and the reader. It is to be regretted that another great lover and student of the ballads did not make his translations with this same wide appeal. And yet the model for English translation of popular verse is to be found in Professor Child's introductions. By way of illustration, he translated, in the first and second of his five volumes, about one hundred and fifty scattered stanzas or couplets from foreign ballads. Only twice did he translate a whole ballad. Once (I, 219) he gives "a close translation" of the Danish "Barnemordersken" instead of the usual prose abstract with a striking stanza or so in verse. Again (I, 363), to show what "beauty" the English "Hind Etin" has lost in transmission, he translates a dozen lines from a Norwegian version, keeping the lilt of the rhythm, the assonance ("drank: forgat"), and using dialect to render certain phrases—"the ae first drink." In the later volumes, probably on account of the pressure on the editor's time and strength, the prose abstracts are shorter, and verse is hardly used at all. But there is plenty of material for the translator or critic of ballads to study in these fragmentary verses of the early introductions. So far as transfer of the ballad as ballad from one tongue to another is concerned, no better translation has been done.

It would be easy to isolate some of Miss Jewett's translations and make them seem inadequate or infelicitous. But if they are read along with the originals, read as a whole—and that was her intention—the rendering is seen to be faithful, in the main, not only to the sense but to the poetry of the more or less difficult texts. In most cases she seems to apply the method so successfully used by Professor Child. Miss Jewett understood the popular ballad, and understood it the better because she loved it. Through her work runs that enthusiasm which Goethe once declared to be so much more effective in the teacher than mere knowledge and power to drill.

THE PURITANS OF INDIA.

Psalms of the Early Buddhists. Second Part: *Psalms of the Brethren.* By Mrs. Rhys Davids. Oxford University Press. 10 shillings net.

In this companion volume to her earlier "Psalms of the Sisters," published five years ago, Mrs. Rhys Davids has translated into English verse the 1,279 "stanzas of the Elders" (Theragāthās) ascribed to the venerable Brethren of the Buddhist Church. Both collections belong to the Khuddaka Nikāya, a division of the Sutta Pitaka, which contains also the well-known Dhammapada and Jātakas. They have already been translated into German by Neumann, who regarded them as the work of one poet.

Mrs. Rhys Davids, on the other hand, believes that tradition is right in ascribing these hymns or psalms to many writers, and holds that it is a veritable collection of ancient verses emanating from authors of distinct personality, whose historical character cannot in the main be questioned. As between the psalms of the nuns and those of the monks she notes the prevalence of the personal note in the former, together with more frequent reference to outward happenings, while in the latter descriptions of nature prevail, and there is more frequent reference to the inner life. On these points it is probable that any one who has read carefully both collections will be inclined to agree with her; but not in the belief, also held by Mrs. Rhys Davids, that much credence can be given to the traditional authorship of the different stanzas. With due deference to the learned translator, all we really know is that there were different authors. Who they were, must remain as doubtful as the true names of the writers of the countless ethical

stanzas in the epic poems or of the seers of the Vedic hymns.

But it is a rich treasure of old religious thought and feeling which stands thus revealed in English dress, varieties of religious experience which might add a new chapter to James's work, if only to point out parallels with similar experiences in the Occident. There is a certain sameness about all of these psalms, but it is the sameness of the one religious ideal here made manifest, the destruction of lust and of all forms of desire, serenity, kindness to all, absence of desire to injure, absence of desire to love, rejection of family ties, an assured expectation of the fulfilment of that "extinction" on earth which shall lead to Nirvāna. But within this religious and ethical frame which encircles all Buddhistic utterances, whether found in the Gāthās or the Dhammapada or elsewhere, the psalms here recorded give many glimpses of the individual struggle, of the variety of experience which is reflected from personal environment. One monk sings how he came to be converted through watching the kites ever swooping down after meat. Another tells of his life as a prince, and how he became at last influenced "to lead the forest-life the Buddha praised." One even leaves us nothing save his emotion, essentially pagan, versified in the lines:

Whene'er I see the crane, her clear bright wings
Outstretched in fear to flee the black stormcloud,
A shelter seeking, to safe shelter borne,
Then doth my river Ajakarani
Give joy to me.

Yet there is another aspect of the picture. Too many of these saints revel in describing how they have deserted their wives and children, "bonds to be broken," in order to devote themselves to inward peace. We read as part of a psalm a Brother's disgusting description of his former (now deserted) wife, who, "afflicted, lean, in sad array, and in tears," greeted him and received only contempt, and we begin to understand that there was a very ugly side to the self-complacent saint. And as we read this long collection of psalms and realize that it is but one more vehicle of the same monotonous religious expression found in all Buddhist works, we cannot help wondering that any community could exist for centuries on so slender an intellectual pabulum as seems to have contented the Buddhists. In a land of art and literature to have produced nothing save religious ejaculation and ethical monitions is rather a sorry showing. The Buddhists were, in fact, the Puritans of India. They knew no art save as it subserved religious needs. The drama was openly scorned; all amusement was taboo; shows and fairs were abhorrent. To them, epic and lyric poetry existed only as memoirs of Buddha and expressions of religious rhapsody. Plastic art served only to recall legends of the master and to instil moral teaching.

These psalms do much to interpret the real feeling of Buddhism. They reveal its strength and its weakness. Even with the best will in the world one cannot find in the stanzas of the Theragāthās a recognition of anything more precious than one's own selfish peace of mind. The "love" taught here is a cool friendliness. The Brethren learned, indeed, from the Master that to "exhort, instruct, and lead others in the right way" was their duty, but their true aim was that of the ascetic philosopher, to retire into a solitary place and, disregarding all social obligations, to save themselves from "the bog of life." Significant are the words of Tālaputa: "I have vomited forth all desires, loves, hates, and *things of beauty*. For no one else have I done this; it is only for myself I acted thus." Buddha himself abhorred ascetism, but this is the Buddhist's attitude in this "psalm" of Kassapa: "In the whole field of Buddha's disciples, saving the mighty Master's self, I stand the foremost in ascetic ways. No man practices ascetic ways so far as I."

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 2.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company announces that it has in preparation a series of volumes on Childhood and Youth, under the general editorship of M. V. O'Shea.

Included in Small, Maynard & Co.'s autumn list will be the following volumes: Fiction.—"A Lady of Leisure," by Ethel Sidgwick; "Happy Hawkins in the Panhandle," by Robert Alexander Wason; "Of One Blood," by Charles M. Sheldon; "The Golden Blight," by George Allan England. Miscellaneous.—"My Son," by William Carleton; "My Adventures in the Arctic," by Robert A. Bartlett; "Four Plays for Children," by Ethel Sidgwick; "A Practical Guide for Authors," by William Stone Booth; "The Wallace Collection," uniform with "The National Gallery" and "The Louvre"; "Consumption," by John B. Hawes 2d; "Vigée le Brun," by W. H. Helm; "My Memories," by Jules Massenet, translated by H. Villiers Barnett; "Highlands of the French Riviera," by Constance Smith.

WE are informed that a full account of the recent discovery in Egypt by Professor Petrie of the diadem and jewels of Senusert II will be given in the July issue of *Ancient Egypt*. This quarterly, which was started at the beginning of the year, is published by the Egyptian Research Account under the editorship of Prof. W. M. F. Petrie and others. It is excellently illustrated, partly in colors, and its object is to serve as a record of the excavations conducted by the Research Account and to enable those of the public who are interested in Egyptology to keep abreast of the results of modern excavation. The price of the magazine is $2 a year. The American representative is the Rev. W. C. Winslow, D.D., 525 Beacon Street, Boston, to whom subscriptions may be sent and inquiries addressed. It may be added that all connected with the Research Account, both in England and in the United States, give their services without remuneration. It is hoped that a sufficient number of subscribers to the magazine may be obtained to remove the necessity of drawing for its maintenance on funds needed for the work of excavation.

AN innocent compilation is "Modern Short-Stories" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), edited by Margaret Ashmun, of necessity "with an introduction and with biographies and bibliographies." Fortunately, the introduction gives the accepted doctrine of this thrice-familiar *genre* in tabloid form, and the biographies are strictly of the thumb-nail variety. The twenty-one stories, selected on now this and now that basis, include such "up-to-date" exemplars as O. Henry, William Allen White, Jack London, and Selma Lagerlöf. Why, after ranging among Russians, French, Germans, and Scandinavians, the editor fails to include Alarcòn, Roberto, Verga, or any other Spanish or Italian master of this now universal and never-enough-to-be-written-about type, one should not inquire too closely. The earnest reader will at any rate find clear type, fair paper, and a guide who will not fall with him into the ditch.

THE latest translation of Rudolf Eucken's works, by Lucy Judge Gibson (Macmillan; $1.25), is entitled "Can We Still Be Christians?" Fifty years ago, in Colenso's time, the issue raised in this question was the Biblical account of the creation; later it had narrowed to the divinity of Christ; and more recently to the acceptance of Christian ethics as final and unique. Eucken declines to qualify by any of these tests, and by him the issue has been rarefied into a question of believing in the reality of a spiritual world transcending naturalistic forces. For him, as for Royce, the essence of Christianity is a belief in a power greater than ourselves, in the form of a spiritual community, apart from which we cannot rise above the forces of nature. In this belief, expressed in the doctrines of redemption and grace, Christianity stands alone among the religions of the world; and in this sense Eucken looks for the redemption of the world from its present lost state of vulgar naturalism by a "new Christianity," which is to supplant all existing ecclesiastical organizations. Granting, however, that we still can be Christians, it remains to ask why we should still want to be. Even Eucken's pessimism, profoundly comfortable and graceful, relents so far as to discover in naturalism itself some evidence of a spiritual motive. It then turns out that all of us are to some degree Christians who are aught but rank materialists. In that case, the "new Christianity" has apparently nothing to offer beyond the stimulus of a

"movement," and it is something of a question whether the day has not passed when spiritual influences need to be harnessed to a movement.

THE title of Mr. Addington Bruce's "Adventures in the Psychical" (Little, Brown; $1.35 net) is well chosen, as the book consists mainly in the repetition of such picturesque tales as one finds in plenty in the annals of the Society for Psychical Research, borrowed from any handy source. These tales he employs quite uncritically to substantiate his belief in the existence of telepathic communication from one individual to another. He, however, throws no new light on "the mechanism" by which this hypothetical transmission is accomplished.

A TIMELY bibliography on our first war with Mexico has been compiled by Henry E. Haferkorn, librarian of the United States Engineer School (Washington Barracks, D. C.). This is not only a select bibliography on "The War with Mexico, 1846-1848," but also a carefully chosen list of books and other printed material on the resources, economic conditions, politics, and government of the republic of Mexico and the characteristics of the Mexican people. Mr. Haferkorn had the Library of Congress to draw upon, as well as the extensive collections of his own library, and those of the War Department and the Army War College. He has sifted the material with great care, annotated the entries, and prepared a full index. The publication will be serviceable to librarians and to students in general.

WHAT may happen to a bit of rhetoric in translation, first into a foreign tongue and then back into its own, is shown by the rendering of Bryan's famous metaphor that appears in the new edition of Hugo Münsterberg's "The Americans" (Doubleday, Page; $1 net), where it takes this form: "You must not nail humanity to a cross of gold." It seems strange that a translator should have made a slip like this, when, if his memory did not serve him, that of almost any one else would; it is doubly strange that the slip should be preserved in a new edition of the translation. Professor Münsterberg published "The Americans" in German a decade ago, not long after the publication in English of his "American Traits." The latter, by showing us our faults, was to bring about an improvement in us, and better appreciation of Germany and of the similarity of our civilization to that of the land of William II. "The Americans," on the other hand, was to reveal to the Germans our good points. Thus, the two books were to bring about an informal *entente cordiale* between the two nations. But their author was so indiscreet as to announce this rather naïve plan, and, in the end, he had to satisfy our curiosity as to what he had told his own people about us by permitting a translation of the later book. The present edition, since it is merely a reprint, not only keeps such slips as the one noted, but speaks always from the standpoint of 1904. Thus, "the last Presidential election" means, not the one of 1912, but of 1900. This, of course, does not vitiate the general reasoning of the book, which is occasionally illuminated by such fresh pictures as that of George Washington, "the popular, dashing, and yet cautious aristocrat."

THE task of compiling such a work as "A Dictionary of Mediæval Romance and Romance Writers" (Dutton; $1 net), by Lewis Spence, might well appall even the greatest living masters of mediæval literature. But a mere cursory examination of the book before us is sufficient to reveal the slenderness of Mr. Spence's qualifications for the enterprise. Take, for instance, an article of capital importance, such as that on Beowulf. With the Anglo-Saxon epic accessible in numerous modern English translations, it is a mystery why the author should furnish us with a synopsis of the poem that is marred by the grossest inaccuracies. According to Mr. Spence, Beowulf first learned about Grendel's ravages from a wandering minstrel who came from the court of "Hrodgar of Jutland" and who sang about these calamities before the hero at "a feast of victory." But these statements of the writer's are as pure a piece of romance as anything in the poem he is analyzing. One need not be surprised, then, that in the next sentence the "trial of strength with Breka" should be put between the time that Beowulf first heard about Grendel ("who lived in the morass near Hirschalle") and his setting out for Denmark (or Jutland, as Mr. Spence would have it). The article on "Breka" is itself a curiosity. French romance fares no better than English at the writer's hands. In the article on "Lancelot" it is stated, "The original legend of his life and adventures is probably the mediæval prose work entitled *Lancelot*," and then a few lines further on (correctly) that he first appears as Guinevere's lover in the "Chevalier de la Charrette" of Chrétien de Troyes. But the prose "Lancelot" is as much taken up with Lancelot's love for the Queen as Chrétien's poem—it even contains a prose rendering of most of the latter—and, as every student of the subject knows, it is altogether later than Chrétien. Mr. Spence refers to Lancelot's "amours" in the prose romance, as if he thought that that work were a sort of "Amours de Faublas." As a matter of fact, it is a glorification of the hero's fidelity to Guinevere—a fidelity from which he does not depart save when he is tricked in the affair of King Pelles's daughter, in order that he may beget the future victor of the Grail-Quest (Galahad).

JUST one specimen from the article on Chrétien de Troyes. Concerning the sources of this poet, Mr. Spence says: "It is quite likely that Chrétien utilized the works of writers now lost, but it is equally probable that he based his art on traditions sung by minstrels; and be that as it may, the fact remains that sundry manuscript copies of his tales, only preserved in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, are manifestly the earliest manuscripts enshrining stories of Arthur and his knights." Manuscripts of Chrétien are, of course, not confined to the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal nor even to Paris. Moreover, Geoffrey of Monmouth and Wace "enshrine" stories of Arthur and his knights. Both were earlier in date than Chrétien, and, as regards the unessential matter of the relative dates of the manuscripts which preserve the works of these writers, there is no reason to believe that even here the later poet enjoys any advantage. But what does the confused statement that begins this passage mean? It would be a waste of labor to point out other inaccuracies in this same article, or, indeed, to add anything further to the criticism of this worthless book.

"BEATING Back" (Appleton; $1.50 net), by Al Jennings and Will Irwin, is a true story of the real West, which is also an unusually interesting "human document." Fifteen years ago Al Jennings was a notorious bandit and train-robber in Oklahoma. Before that he had been a cowboy, a law student, a land-boomer, and a practicing lawyer. His career as a "long rider" came to an end with a term in the penitentiary. Since his release he has been "beating back" to success in the law and in politics. The history of such a man is bound to be worth listening to; and it has been extremely well told. In the introductory chapter Will Irwin says that he got Jennings to tell him the story in the presence of a stenographer, and that he has merely revised and "edited" the stenographic record. The narrative is simple and direct, without apologies or attempts at romantic idealization. Al Jennings was a born leader, and the very traits which landed him in jail would, in a cruder state of society, have assured his success. Not only in his emotional violence and promptness in action, but in his simple-heartedness, he seems to belong to an earlier time. More than once, when he is describing some outburst, one thinks of Benvenuto Cellini. Like Cellini, he was at the mercy of the moment's passion, and entirely indifferent to consequences. He is a good representative of the Southern pioneer type. Drifting into outlawry through a family feud, he preserved much of the code of the gentleman. His plucky and successful struggle for rehabilitation after his release proved the stuff that was in him.

THE author of "The Empress Frederick: A Memoir" (Dodd, Mead; $2.50 net) has chosen to remain anonymous, and we cannot but approve of his or her decision. The book is not one to be proud of, though it is free from scandal-mongering and contains some interesting glimpses of ever-watchful (and often mistaken) Baron Stockmar, hovering over the newly married Crown Princess Victoria, of the Prince Consort, writing ponderous "physiological treatises" to his daughter, and of rancorous Bismarck, pursuing the luckless English Princess, almost from the day of her entry into Berlin. She herself, as pictured in the volume, and as she doubtless was in reality, appears as a refined, kindly, and exemplary lady, whose chief defects were lack of tact and inability to adapt herself to the requirements of her position as future Queen of Prussia. It would be

unfair to hold the heroine of this book responsible for the silly rôle which she is occasionally made to play by a gushing biographer, who faithfully chronicles that "the Princess Royal had a long engagement, probably the longest that any lady of her rank has had, at least in modern times, but the months as they went by were occupied with her father's sedulous preparation of her intellect, as well as with the more frivolous preparations of her trousseau," and who tells us (on the authority of the writer Gustav Putlitz) that "the Crown Princess is wonderfully well read; she has absolutely read everything, and knows it all more or less by heart." It is true, we are informed elsewhere that "tho Empress, especially as a young woman, did not care very much for reading, though she was fond of being read aloud to, as are most Royal personages," but such contradictions must be looked for in the lives of those in high station, as told by modern biographers. Still, the volume before us is, on the whole, readable and, being compiled from good sources, is not without a certain value.

UNDER the title of "The Descendants of Jöran Kyn, of New Sweden" (Philadelphia: The Swedish Colonial Society), Dr. Gregory B. Keen has reprinted, with considerable additions, a series of articles originally contributed by him to the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* during the years 1878-1883. The family of Kyn, or Keen, shows wide ramifications, such well-known names as those of Cadwalader, Finney, McCall, Montgomery, Wharton, and Willing, with Lord Ashburton and John Jacob Astor, adorning the branches of the genealogical tree. The work has primary interest, of course, for the genealogist, but the historian will also find it a valuable supplement to Johnson's recent "History of the Swedish Settlements on the Delaware." A useful map of New Sweden serves as a frontispiece.

THREE volumes, "De Jure et Officiis Bellicis et Disciplina Militari," by Balthazar Ayala; a translation of the same, by John Pawley Bates, and "De Jure Belli ac Pacis," by Hugo Grotius (Carnegie Foundation of Washington, D. C.), are the first of a series of classics of International Law which are to be republished by the Carnegie Foundation, under the editorship of Dr. James Brown Scott, Secretary of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Volume One contains a photographic reproduction of the first edition of Ayala's treatise on the Law of War, with an interesting introduction by John Westlake. The second volume consists of an excellent translation of the original, and in the third is presented a photographic reproduction of the edition of 1646 of Hugo Grotius's great work on the Law of War and Peace. This will be followed by a translation of the text by John D. Maguire.

TWO other treatises by Grotius will be republished, "De Jure Praedae Commentarius," prepared 1604-5, and "Mare Liberum," published 1609. At a later date, and in separate form, a general introduction to the three will appear, in which the relation of Grotius to his predecessors will be shown, as well as his influence upon the development of international law. While the masterpiece of Grotius will be the central point in the series, we are assured that "the works of his leading predecessors and successors will likewise be included." Indeed, the term classic is to be applied in a broad sense so as to include every work which has been a real contribution to the development of international law. One of the reasons for republishing these classics is to provide a supply for public and private libraries in this country. Ayala's treatise has been heretofore available to but few students and many of the writings of Grotius are almost unknown, even to persons who are learned in international law. The Carnegie Foundation, therefore, is rendering an important public service in popularizing these great classics. The form in which they appear is worthy of the endowment which sends them forth, and bears additional testimony to the artistic taste of the distinguished bibliophile who is their general editor.

THE Peabody Museum of Harvard University has recently published as No. 3 of Vol. V of the Memoirs, "A Preliminary Study of the Pre-Historic Ruins of Nakum, Guatemala," by Alfred M. Tozzer. Nakum, discovered by Count Perigny and partially cleared by him, was visited by the Museum Expedition of 1909-10. Although containing ruins of considerable extent and situated near Tikal in Peten, the region of the oldest Maya culture, Nakum proved to be remarkably poor in hieroglyphic inscriptions. Fifteen stelæ and eleven altars are reported by Dr. Tozzer, but only three of the stelæ and none of the altars showed any carving. One stela contained an inscription consisting of nine double glyphs arranged in a single vertical line, but no dates could be made out. On another stela, now fallen and badly broken, was a finely carved head-dress. Dr. Tozzer inclines to the belief that the failure to find carved decoration on the Nakum monuments would seem to indicate that some form of painted design had formerly adorned the smooth faces of the stelæ and altars. Following the custom of recent Harvard expeditions to Central America, it was the object of the expedition to Nakum to search for monuments and buildings bearing sculptures and hieroglyphic inscriptions, rather than to make excavations. Consequently, as an addition to American archæology, the report is disappointing except from the point of view of architecture, where it maintains the usual high standard set by the Museum Memoirs. Unfortunately for the pictorial results of the expedition, there is little at Nakum to show the Maya fondness for architectural decoration. "The façades are almost entirely plain, broken by a simple medial moulding. The cornices are usually quite as undecorative as the mouldings, often no more than the simplest of string courses." The few shards which are figured, and which were found near the level of the ground, are so interesting that one wishes more time had been spent in procuring others. The heliotype plates give an excellent idea of the difficulties under which the explorers had to labor, but it is a pity that more pains were not taken to clear the ground of the forest refuse. The drawings in the text are moderately satisfactory, although figure 95, "Portion of Head of Old Woman," looks more like the head of a camel or a very cross burro!

WE comment elsewhere upon the death of Baroness Bertha von Suttner, which occurred on June 21, in Vienna. Baroness von Suttner was born in Prague in 1843, the daughter of the Austrian Field Marshal, Count Franz von Kinsky, and married Baron Gundaar von Suttner in 1876. Her book, "Ground Arms," which was published in 1890, gained for her the Nobel peace prize which she herself had been largely instrumental in establishing when she was secretary to its founder, Dr. Alfred B. Nobel. Baroness von Suttner was honorary president of the International Peace Bureau, in Berne, Switzerland, and was a member of the advisory council to the Carnegie Peace Foundation. In addition to "Ground Arms," she was the author of "The Age of Machinery," "Martha's Children," "Letters to a Dead Man," "The Great Thoughts of Humanity," and "The Romance of an Author."

PROF. JOHN R. S. STERRETT, the eminent archæologist and head of the department of Greek at Cornell University since 1901, died on June 16. He was born in Rockbridge Baths, Va., on March 4, 1851, and was educated at the Universities of Virginia, Berlin, Leipzig, Athens, and Munich. He received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Munich in 1880, and the honorary degree of LL.D. from Aberdeen in 1902. Professor Sterrett had been leader of various archæological expeditions in Asia Minor, and was professor at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, 1896-7. He was joint editor of Cornell *Classical Studies*, and associate editor of the *American Journal of Archæology*, and recently had edited and translated the "Strabo" for the Loeb Classical Library. Among his publications are: "Qua in re Hymni Homerici quinque majores inter se differant," 1881; "Inscriptions of Sebaste"; "Inscriptions of Assos," 1885; "Inscriptions of Tralles," 1885; "Epigraphical Journey in Asia Minor," 1888; "Leaflets from the Notebook of a Travelling Archæologist," 1889; "The Torch-Race," 1902; "The Iliad of Homer," 1907; "A Call of Contemporary Society for Research in Asia Minor and Syria," 1911.

BENNET BURLEIGH, the war correspondent, who had been on the staff of the London *Daily Telegraph* since 1882, died on June 16, at the age of seventy. Mr. Burleigh was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and fought in the Civil War in this country on the Confederate side. He was twice captured and sentenced to death by the Northern troops. He was Central News correspondent throughout the first Egyptian war, being present at Tel-el-Kebir, and represented the *Daily Telegraph* in the second phase of the same war. He was in the French campaign in Madagascar and accompanied the desert column from Korti to Metammah in 1884, being present at the battles of Abu Klea and Abu Kru, and receiving mention in

dispatches. Other campaigns in which he took part included: The Ashanti expedition, the Spanish Riff campaign, the Greek war, the Atbara expedition, when he was present at Omdurman; the South African war; the Somaliland war; the Russo-Japanese war, and the Italian campaign in Tripoli. He was the author, among other works, of "Two Campaigns" and "Empire of the East."

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

TWO years ago something of a stir was made in English political circles by the biographical sketch of King Edward VII, published in a supplementary volume of the Dictionary of National Biography. The writer, Sir Sidney Lee, aroused no little comment by his story of the strange hot-house methods adopted by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort for their son's education, and by his frank recognition of certain disqualifications from which the late King suffered when he came to the throne. That this article should have been written with the approval of the Court was a notable sign of the times, especially when one remembers the indignation shown by Queen Victoria at the freedom of the Greville Memoirs. So far from having any black marks recorded against him for his dictionary article, Sir Sidney has received official sanction for the preparation of a full-length biography of the same subject.

THERE came into force in England on June 9 a new code of rules relating to procedure *in forma pauperis*. One provision raises the income limit under which a litigant may avail himself of this procedure. It is further provided that, if such a litigant is successful and recovers a substantial sum, his solicitor may receive payment for his trouble. As originally drawn up, the new rules provided that the barrister should be paid also, but the Bar Council raised the objection that, by the etiquette of the profession, counsel's fee on a brief must be fixed beforehand. Barristers undertaking these cases must, therefore, do their work for nothing, and a panel of qualified persons willing to render this service has been prepared. An important feature of the new rules is that, unlike the old, they will apply to the Divorce Court, and will thus make that court accessible to poor persons, who hitherto, for reasons of expense, have had to be content with separation orders granted by the magistrates. With the object of still further diminishing the handicap from which poor litigants suffer, a public fund is about to be started, with high legal sanction, for the assistance of those who, even with a free lawyer to help them, are debarred from seeking redress in the courts through the difficulty of finding out-of-pocket expenses, *e. g.*, the railway fares of their witnesses.

THE rank and file of Liberal politicians are becoming more and more uneasy at the prospect of heavy losses through three-cornered contests at the next English general election. The leaders of the party are hoping to effect some arrangement with the Labor leaders by which certain progressive seats shall be apportioned to Liberalism and others to Labor. This policy, however, is likely to be extremely difficult to carry through, owing to the strength of local feeling on both sides. The very attempt at conciliation only increases the friction in many constituencies. It is widely believed that the only satisfactory solution will be some measure of electoral reform—whether by proportional representation, or alternative vote, or second ballot—but, so far, no one of these schemes has been able to command anything like unanimous support.

TEMPERANCE reformers in Great Britain, in their desire to shorten the legal hours of "the trade," have usually attempted to effect the earlier closing of the saloons at night. A new Scottish Temperance act begins at the other end by compelling them to keep shut in the morning until ten, instead of eight, as hitherto. The innovation came into force at the beginning of June, and appears to have aroused little objection, even in the shipyard district of Glasgow. The prediction that men would stay away from work until the public-houses were opened has not been fulfilled. The police are keeping an alert lookout against the possibility of shebeening.

SEVERAL British scientists hope to turn to profitable account the weeks that will be occupied by their journey to the British Association meetings in Australia. The Ascanius, by which a party of seventy will leave Liverpool on June 22, will be fitted up with biological laboratories. Prof. W. A. Herdman will make an intensive study of the plankton, and Professor Duffield will carry out researches to test how gravity varies over the deep and shallow parts of the ocean, with a view to distinguishing between rival theories accounting for the conformation of the earth's surface.

THE University of London is establishing a Chair of Town Planning, whose occupant will work in coöperation with the professors of architecture and municipal engineering. The new professor, besides giving lectures and holding classes, will supervise the town-planning work of regular students in the drawing office and will organize the summer school of this subject, to be held this year from August 1 to 15. No less than two hundred town-planning schemes are at present under the consideration of the Local Government Board.

AT the end of the Avant-propos of the sixteenth volume of "L'Empire Libéral," the author, the late Emile Ollivier, wrote: "I supplicate his Majesty Death to accord me the time to finish this work; then I will follow him docilely, without complaining, and in perfect confidence, for I am sure he will lead me where it is good that I should go." These words were written in 1912, and M. Ollivier continued to labor incessantly on his task until a month before his death, last August. The forthcoming seventeenth volume, which will end this long series, and which closes with September 4, 1870, the day of the declaration of the Third Republic, was one of the four or five volumes written some fifteen or twenty years ago; for when M. Ollivier started on this undertaking, he wrote first the last part of the period to be treated, with which he was more familiar, and with which he had been more intimately connected. But before sending any of the volumes to the printer, he went carefully over the manuscript, practically rewriting them. He was in the midst of this revision of the seventeenth volume, when overtaken by death. "You will find it all ready for the press," he would say to his faithful wife, amanuensis and collaborator, as he felt his strength gradually failing him. He was mistaken in this, however. The very end is lacking. Though a thorough search has been made among all his papers, the closing chapter, devoted to Sédan, when the curtain was finally rung down on the Second Empire, can be found nowhere, and the volume will be published in the autumn in this truncated form. In the meantime, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* will print two or three articles, as was done with the preceding volumes, taken from the pages of the future book.

THE management of the National Gallery, better known as the Corsini Gallery, in Rome has for some years past adopted the custom of periodically organizing special exhibitions of the works of different artists. They have now arranged an interesting show of the paintings of Michelangelo da Caravaggio, the most realistic Italian painter of the end of the seventeenth century. The occasion was the gift of the picture known as Narcissus at the Font, presented to the gallery by a Russian diplomat, M. Khvostchinsky, and they have collected in the three print rooms a number of other works by the same master scattered among the various public and private collections of the city. The Narcissus represents a young man in a page's costume gazing at his own image in a pool, and so disturbed at the sight that he tries to efface it by stirring up the water. Of the other pictures now on view the most important are the Magdalen and the Rest in Egypt, from the Doria collection; the St. Anthony, from the Church of SS. Cosma and Damian the Anchorite, from the Capuchin Church in Via Veneto; the Madonna dei Palafrenièri, from the Borghese Gallery; the portrait of Paul V, lent by Prince Borghese, of which a replica presented by that Pope himself is in the possession of the Mikado, and a number of works already in the Corsini Gallery.

A VOLUME entitled "Camillo Cavour e Mélanie Waldor" has just been brought out by Prof. Francesco Ruffini, who has been entrusted by the relatives of Count Cavour with a large number of the statesman's private papers. In it we are shown Cavour in a new and unexpected light, that of a hero of a love romance. The novel in question is "Alphonse et Juliette," which appeared anonymously in Paris in 1839, and caused a considerable flutter in the fashionable and literary circles of the French capital, being obviously a *roman à clef*. Signor Ruffini has proved that the author was Mélanie Waldor, a lady for whom Cavour had conceived a great passion, and that Cavour himself was the hero.

Science

PRIMITIVE MAN.

Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages. By the late Rt. Hon. Lord Avebury. Seventh and revised edition. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50.

The latest edition of this classical work enjoys the unusual distinction of having been finally revised by the author fifty years after it was originally written. One of the first of Lord Avebury's extended works, it was thus essentially his last, and it is presumably as perfect as he was able to make it. Treating of a fascinating theme, written in a direct and befitting style, admirably printed and illustrated, with typographical errors generally eliminated, this standard treatise on man in his earliest and humblest estate goes far towards bridging the gap between biology and civic history, even if it does not accomplish the impossible feat of converting archæology into history itself.

One can but reflect that this latest issue of "Prehistoric Times" will be greeted by a very different audience from that which was startled or even scandalized by Lyell's "Antiquity of Man," in 1863, but two years before the début of Lord Avebury's work. The tide of protest and dissent was then rising against the new Darwinian concepts, that Lyell had strongly endorsed, and Archbishop Laud's chronology was in force in all the schools. This latter anachronism survived to a much later day, when schoolboys were taught to head their lists of historical dates with the "Noachian Deluge in 2348," and the "creation of man in 4004 B. C.," some jovial spirits, we believe, adding even the day of the week, and the hour.

The present and prevailing attitude of man towards his own history is a register of the remarkable accommodation in thought which has been effected in the past fifty years. That it is a legitimate and fruitful attitude the advances in prehistoric archæology, as recorded in this work, to speak of no other science, bear unimpeachable witness. We are no longer startled to hear that the negro was living in Africa when the Sahara Desert was a great inland sea, that man has dwelt in northern France nearly or quite as long as its rivers have been cutting their channels to the ocean, that man or semi-man was using rude stone tools in the Miocene Period of the Tertiary Age, at a time so remote that every other contemporary mammal has become extinct, that the age of man, as *man*, upon our earth is probably to be measured, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands of years, while for life in general upon our planet, one hundred million years is regarded by the author as a conservative estimate. "In fact," says the judicious Avebury, "all the evidence of geology seems to me to indicate an antiquity of which we are but beginning to form a dim idea." "Our belief in the antiquity of man," he continues, "rests not on any isolated calculation, but on the changes which have taken place since his appearance," and more especially changes in the geography, the fauna, and the climate of Europe, where early man has been more successfully studied; yet it is only in those parts of the earth that possessed a tropical climate that we can expect to find, if at all, the earliest traces of man's immediate ancestry.

When it is considered that primitive man has left to posterity not alone his bones, but in many cases his dwellings, his tombs, his temples, and fortifications, besides a vast store of tools and ornaments, the progress of knowledge in this fascinating field of research is not so surprising. Modern man seems to have discarded every one of those primitive implements save the club, and nearly every ornament but the safety-pin, which was an invention of the Bronze Age, and which, therefore, according to Lord Avebury's calculation, might be from five thousand to seven housand years old.

Little is known of man, or his ancestry, in Tertiary times, excepting that the relics of his workmanship at that most remote epoch are generally so rude as to be hardly recognizable as tool or weapon, that he led a social or communal life, and that he matched his brains with the brawn of the big beasts of his day and won. To follow his history through the more certain Palæolithic Period of the Drift, when he slew and ate the cave-bear and the mammoth, the rein-deer and the woolly rhinoceros, and protected his body from the cold of the glacial climate with their skins, through the later Neolithic Age of polished stone, and the subsequent ages of Bronze and Iron, to more modern times, is the task which the author has performed in his admirable style.

In the Palæolithic or early stone age people sought no better habitations than the caves carved by the hand of nature along the courses of rivers or by the sea, and they knew no metal but gold; many thousands of years were required to learn to polish and perforate their rude but effective implements, and many more thousands were needed to discover the value and use of copper, one of the most abundant and most easily worked of all the metals. The Bronze Age, which began in its first period with the use of this metal alone, is thought to date from 5,000 B. C. in the East, but from 2500 B. C. in Western Europe, so slowly did the knowledge of nature and the arts diffuse among primitive men.

Early civilization, when viewed in the light of existing remains, seems to have followed with remarkable precision the rise of the arts of extracting and using the metals. Though gold was early valued as an ornament, it yielded to copper in real importance to primitive human needs. Tin was probably sought on account of its weight, and in times of scarcity it might have been added to the copper to supply the necessary weight, thus, as the author suggests, leading to the discovery of bronze, an alloy that would be seen to possess different and most useful properties. No tin weapons have ever been found, and those of pure copper are very rare.

When Columbus reached the New World, Central America was still in the Age of Bronze, while the less-advanced Indians far to the north were in an age intermediate between that of stone and copper, since some of them used native copper as a stone, working it cold. The potter's wheel, an invention of the Iron Age in Europe, was unknown to them, as it was to the Mound Builders whom they had supplanted, and who resembled the more advanced Indian tribes. Iron was then unknown in America except to a people living near the mouth of the River La Platte.

The archæologist often digs deep into the dust-bin of time to find only a few scattered objects that had been casually lost, or ravishes an ancient tomb that yields him rich and important data, but fortune actually smiles upon him when he discovers a genuine hoard; this may consist of treasures once hidden away and lost, or of the entire stock in trade of some primitive workman, his workshop forsooth, with all its contents. The greatest of all such hoards was discovered in 1877, when in the course of digging for a sewer in the streets of Bologna a great vase of bronze was encountered, containing no less than 14,800 objects in that metal and three small bits of precious iron.

The ores of iron being less striking in appearance than those of copper, and the metal far more stubborn than bronze, the art of working it was long delayed. The Romans found the inhabitants of northern Britain well equipped with iron weapons, set with bronze handles, and Lord Avebury thinks that they had been using this metal there for nearly a thousand years, its earliest known use beginning in the East and in Southern Europe as early at least as 1500 B. C. Very plausible is the suggestion that some primitive man may have used a lump of iron ore as one of the enclosing stones of his hearth, where, meeting with a strong blast and the necessary charcoal, the metal was thus casually produced, and this unlet-

tered savage, being more observant than his fellows, turned his epoch-making discovery to good account.

That palæolithic man of the Quaternary Period had some taste and skill in the graphic arts has long been known, as proved not only by his sculptures and engravings on stone and bone, but by the numerous and excellent colored pictures which were executed on the walls of his cave-dwellings. Some of the most notable of these wall decorations were found in the cave of Altamira, in Spain, nearly forty years ago, and later at Combarelles, in France, where sixty-four figures of entire animals and forty-three heads were to be seen, representing horses, bison, reindeer, the mammoth, the ibex, and the antelope. Still more recently the caves in the classical locality of Les Eyzies, and of Font-de-Gaume, in Dordogne, have yielded an even longer, if not more famous, series.

The earliest actual remains of man yet discovered in northern Europe pertain to three well-marked races or types, the Neanderthal, the Cromagnon, and Chancelade, of which the first was pronounced by Professor Huxley to be the "most pithecoid of human crania yet discovered." Still a fourth race, of the negroid type, and resembling the Bushmen or Hottentots, has been disclosed by the interesting caves of Grimaldi, near Mentone, close to the Mediterranean Sea, where sixteen skeletons were recovered, and two of them were nearly complete. As to the famous Pithecanthropus skull, found in Java, and at a depth of thirty feet in gravel, of either Pleiocene or Pleistocene age, Lord Avebury was in doubt "whether it should be described as that of a large gibbon, or as belonging to a man of a very small and distinct race." But, excepting this fragment, most ape-like of all such remains are those recently unearthed at Piltdown, in Sussex, England. "The lower jaw," in this instance, says Lord Avebury, "if found by itself, would certainly have been referred to an anthropoid ape, though the teeth are decidedly human." The skull is extremely thick, and the brain, as indicated by a cast that it was possible to secure, is so inferior as to imply little or no powers of articulate speech, and though more man than ape, one naturalist has regarded it as representing not only a different species, but a different genus.

The author, as is well known, finds many a text in the life of the modern savage to illustrate the history of primitive man, and the four concluding chapters, which deal with these analogies, abound in interesting and pertinent comment. "The Van Diemaner and the South American," says the author, "are to the antiquary what the opossum and the sloth are to the geologist."

Drama

THE LONDON SEASON.

AMERICAN PLAYS IN ENGLAND—ZANGWILL'S "PLASTER SAINTS"—THE IRISH PLAYERS—"COMMAND" PERFORMANCES.

London, June 9.

The Providence which placed Manhattan Island in the latitude of Gibraltar or thereabouts seems to have had a special eye to the development of an Anglo-American drama. For, just when the heat-waves begin to flow over New York and drive people to the coast, to the mountains, or to the roof-gardens, the British summer, setting in with its usual severity, gathers all the world to London for "the season." The result is that London adds a supplementary ten weeks to the twenty-five or thirty weeks of the New York theatrical year. Mr. Cyril Maude, having run "Grumpy" in New York to the verge of the close time, can bring it over to England and find a fresh set of audiences eager to welcome his senile Sherlock Holmes. "Potash & Perlmutter" can renew on Shaftesbury Avenue their Broadway popularity; and American visitors, having, so to speak, drained the New York season to its dregs, can easily arrive in time to skim the cream of the London season—not this year a very rich cream, it must be confessed.

The success of the two plays above mentioned shows how little "the cold interposition of the sea" really counts in things theatrical. What could be more English than "Grumpy"? Yet it drew all New York. What more American than "Potash & Perlmutter"? Yet all London is talking of it and flocking to it. Every now and then an American manager, disappointed in some speculation, raises a bitter plaint as to a "conspiracy" in England against American productions. Nothing could be more chimerical. The taste of London is not exactly the same as that of New York—no more is the taste of Boston or of Chicago. Productions that have caught the fancy of New York will now and then fall flat on this side—sometimes for obvious reasons, sometimes for no reason that can easily be assigned. But the notion that there is any general prejudice against American plays, either among the critics or the public, is absolutely unfounded. Americanism, so long as it is comprehensible, is an added attraction rather than the reverse. Some sorts of Americanism are incomprehensible—for instance, it is no use sending us a baseball play, for neither the language nor the feeling can awaken any general response. But where we understand we are quick to appreciate; and American plays performed by American actors have a much better chance than if important parts are taken by English actors. Indeed, the difficulty of duplicating the American performance is a serious check to the popularity of American drama in England. I could name several New York productions of recent years which would have had a great success in London could they have been transported, stock, lock, and barrel, across the Atlantic. But, as this could not be arranged, they either were not presented at all, or, being presented, failed.

The three P's—"Pygmalion" and "Potash & Perlmutter"—are, I fancy, the only marked successes of the present season. "My Lady's Dress," by Mr. Edward Knoblauch, at the Royalty, seems, however, to have survived the rather frigid reception accorded to it by the critics. It is a harmless dream-play, illustrating, in half-a-dozen detached episodes, the lives of the people who have contributed to the production of a three-hundred-dollar dinner gown. The heroine (Miss Gladys Cooper) and her husband (Mr. Dennis Eadie) impersonate in turn the leading characters in the different playlets. No attempt is made either to present the shifting, elusive dream-atmosphere, or to give the episodes any clear sociological import. Whatever success the play may achieve will be mainly due, I imagine, to the last act, which illustrates briefly and poignantly the hard fate of a Bond Street "mannequin."

At Wyndham's Theatre Mr. Alfred Sutro (greatly aided by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier and Miss Marie Löhr) has achieved a fifty-night run with "The Clever Ones," a very light comedy which is supposed to satirize the affectations and extravagances of feminine "intellectuals." The types presented are not very recognizable; but there is some humor in the intrigue, which shows how a young man of great wealth and irreproachably commonplace opinions pretends to be a workingman anarchist in order to win the heart of a pedantic Girton girl, who is in revolt against all the social conventions. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has scored an undisguised failure with "The Great Gamble" at the Haymarket. It interwove a rather futile comic plot with a rather foolish idyllic underplot. There was, however, some humor in its character-drawing, a good deal of charm in its setting, among the firs and silver birches of the Black Forest.

A much more ambitious play than any of these is Mr. Zangwill's "Plaster Saints," which has succeeded "The Melting Pot" at the Comedy Theatre. Its theme is practically that of the late Harold Frederic's powerful novel, "The Damnation of Theron Ware"; but in Mr. Zangwill's version it might rather be called "The Salvation of Rodney Vaughan." The clerical protagonist,

esteemed, eloquent, middle-aged, and married, has seduced his typist, with unfortunate but not unforeseeable results. By a course of brilliant and enthusiastic lying, he almost, but not quite, prevents the discovery of the intrigue. When it comes to his wife's knowledge, she, poor, simple woman, thinks that he ought to resign his pastorate and the leadership of a White Slave Crusade. He is at first quite sincerely shocked by this narrow view, urging that he is now better qualified than ever to denounce sin, since he now knows what he is talking about. Eventually, however, he does step down from his pulpit and devote himself to the service of God in some lay capacity. The play is ably put together, and contains some "strong" scenes, but is, I think, below Mr. Zangwill's best intellectual level. I am confirmed in this opinion by the fact that it has elicited warm commendation from Mr. Hall Caine.

The Irish Players, at the Court Theatre, are having a fairly successful season, yet not so successful as they deserve—they ought to have crowded houses every night. It happens that I have not seen them for several years, and rumors had reached me that they had deteriorated. I can find no justification for this report. Their art seems to me as sincere, as simple, and, within its limits, as appealing as ever it was. Perhaps my love of the brogue, and the exquisite syntax that goes along with it, renders me over-sympathetic; but where, I wonder, has there been such a Peasant Theatre in the world before? The actors, I fancy, are townsfolk rather than peasants, but they have studied the peasant and know how to reproduce him—and her—with delicately faithful art. And their modest, seemly little theatre in Dublin has had the luck to gather round it rare poets, strong, unsophisticated realists, and original, racy humorists—all the factors, indeed, that go to the making of a fine dramatic literature. Or rather (let me be accurate), all the factors but one—for a dialect theatre cannot extend its portrayal and criticism of life into the domain of wealth and culture. The drawing-room, after all, has as good a right to be mirrored on the stage as the cottar's cabin. But a generation which has almost stifled in the close air of the conventional stage drawing-room cannot be too grateful to the artists who lead them "back to the soil" in the Irish Theatre.

The principal novelty of the present season has been a tragic play, "The Supplanter," by Mr. J. Bernard McCarthy, reported to be a rural postman. It shows how a widow woman, owner of a prosperous farm, disregarding the entreaties of her only son, marries a drunken ruffian; how prosperity at once deserts the household, and how the stepson, constantly insulted and robbed by the stepfather, is at last goaded into killing him. Certainly it is not a great play; it deals with very simple characters, and its technique is purely instinctive; but the very absence of complication and artifice renders it, within its limits, a work of true and delicate art. Profounder in its tragedy is "Maurice Harte," by Mr. T. C. Murray, now some two or three years old. It portrays the ruin wrought in a peasant household by the parents' insensate ambition to force their eldest son into the priesthood, in spite of his lack of vocation. The theme is one of profound significance, and it is treated with an admirable mingling of humor and pathos. For the rest, the company has been relying mainly on such ever-welcome material as "The Playboy of the Western World," "Kathleen-ni-Houlihan," and Lady Gregory's delightful drolls. For my part, I have never found more to admire in the work of this brave little band of artists.

Thanks to the suffragettes—or "outragettes," as they are now called—you have perhaps heard in America of a royal "command" performance which took place a couple of weeks ago at His Majesty's Theatre, in aid of a theatrical charity. All the leading actors of the day vied with one another to take part in the brilliant function. And what, think you, was the classic chosen for ennoblement by the flower of England's histrionic genius in the august presence of Majesty? Was it, perhaps, "Julius Cæsar" or "King Henry IV" or "King Henry V" or even, say, "The School for Scandal"? No, it was one of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's early melodramas, "The Silver King"—a stirring play of its class and time, but without the smallest pretension to intellectual or literary quality. In one respect, however, this choice was a welcome innovation; for Mr. Jones is, after all, a living playwright, whereas the works hitherto chosen for such occasions have always been either "Money" or "London Assurance"—dead plays of the very deadest period of English theatrical history. Could anything be more tragi-comic than the idea of entertaining the German Emperor—the owner of five great theatres where all the German classics (including Shakespeare) are constantly performed—with a scratch representation of such a piece of antiquated fustian as "Money"? It is a serious scandal that the court should never by any chance betray the slightest consciousness that a revival of English drama has been one of the most conspicuous features of the Edwardian and Georgian period. Of the King himself I desire to speak with the sincerest respect. He is a brave man, doing his arduous and difficult duty with admirable devotion. It is no part of his duty to possess dramatic knowledge or insight. The scandal is that the functionaries of the Lord Chamberlain's department, to whom is entrusted the censorship of the stage, and who ought to guide his Majesty in the proper exertion of the influence he possesses, or might easily possess, should show themselves so cynically careless of the interests of the living drama. It is, of course, a gross abuse that entrusts a junta of court officials with autocratic power over the stage; but since the unwisdom of our ancestors has so ordered it, they might at least show some little sense of the responsibilities which go with autocracy.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Dunmow, in Essex, famous for its matrimonial flitch of bacon, is the home of a growing literary and artistic colony, whose members are starting a "neighborhood theatre." The actors, as well as the stage decorator, are local residents. Just now they are giving a play, "The Furriner," in which almost all the characters are required to speak the Essex dialect. Among the leading assistants in this experiment are S. L. Bensusan, the author of this play, and J. W. Robertson-Scott, who, under the pseudonym of "Home Counties," is well known as a writer on the English village life of to-day.

The great vogue of the picture palace in England has led to the formation of an Educational Kinematograph Association, on whose committee several leading educational and social welfare societies are represented. The difficulty with so many of these shows is that films not bad enough to be prohibited by the censor may still be objectionable in their influence on children. Reports from school inspectors and teachers give convincing testimony of the injurious effect of the new habit, not only on the eyesight of boys and girls, but on their interest in their school work and on their moral sense. Besides doing what it can to eliminate undesirable pictures, the Association will develop plans for the use of the kinema in schools. At Rochdale already the local educational authorities arrange matinées for the children.

Brandon Thomas, the playwright, who died in London on June 19, was born in Liverpool on December 25, 1856. He was trained as a civil engineer, but in 1879 abandoned that profession to go on the stage, where he had a successful career for twenty-eight years. He toured America in 1885, in the company of Rosina Vokes. Brandon Thomas, however, was better known as an author than as an actor. He wrote a dozen or more comedies, the first one being "Comrades," produced in 1882, but his most successful play was "Charley's Aunt," of "still-running" fame, which was originally produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, in 1892, with W. S. Penley in the leading rôle, and which ran continuously for four years. The play has been frequently revived, and has had many thousand performances in all parts of the world and in numerous languages.

Music

PROBLEMS, PUBLIC AND INDIVIDUAL.

Studies in Musical Education: History and Æsthetics. Eighth Series. Hartford, Conn. $1.60.

Cincinnati has for many years held a prominent place among the musical centres of this country. The steps by which it reached its eminence are described by Frank R. Ellis in the opening pages of the "Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association" for 1913. As far back as 1835 Harriet Martineau was impressed by noting how the spirit of Mozart "swayed and inspired a silent crowd" in a place which had not long before been "a canebrake, echoing with the bellow and growl of wild beasts." A Handel and Haydn Society was organized a decade later, and when Theodore Thomas began his May festivals in 1873 there was at his disposal a trained choir of 2,000 voices. Ever since that time Cincinnati has been noted for its festivals, which are self-supporting. Reuben R. Springer gave the city a Music Hall and an organ which at that time was the biggest and finest in the country. Add to these the local Symphony Orchestra and the College of Music, and we have the chief factors which together made musical Cincinnati famous. Mr. Ellis does not attempt to explain why this same city refuses to patronize performances given within its walls by first-class visiting opera companies.

Another retrospective article in this volume is concerned with the early history of public-school music in the United States. Here again Cincinnati plays a leading part. It was in Ohio and New England that the earliest interest in public-school music seems to have developed. In Massachusetts, Lowell Mason looms up large. The history and work of the Schola Cantorum in Rome, which preserved its identity and organization unbroken for almost eight hundred years, is told by Charles Winfred Douglas. The ideals of this school, which were disseminated among bodies of similar name throughout Europe, are worthy of the serious attention of all choral organizations in our country.

"Class and Private Lessons for Singers" and "The Singer's Control of Speech" are the titles of two other papers of interest to singers included in this volume. Five papers are devoted to public-school problems; several others, to the standardization of music teaching and music examinations in France. Johannes Miersch, of the Cincinnati College of Music, relates that at the National Conservatory in Paris there is a preliminary examination at which all the pupils play the same piece, their performance deciding whether they are to be admitted to the final test. This occurs in the month of July; he remembers a *concours* on a day when the thermometer rose to 105 degrees in the shade, "when the long hours of waiting for one's turn, which might be No. 1 or No. 39, became physical and mental torture."

Arthur Farwell, who for several years was Supervisor of Municipal Concerts in New York, contributes a paper in which he discusses the problem of how to reach with the best music the 95 per cent. of the people who are not able to attend expensive concerts. The present system of municipal concerts is one of the results of the Gaynor Administration. Band concerts are given in some thirty parks in different parts of the city, and in Central Park there are orchestral concerts. Mr. Farwell expresses the opinion that if there were several great orchestral centres, with proper acoustic conditions, they would accomplish more for the people that is worth while than is done by a number of concerts by small bands producing "the old war horses and trivial modern novelties." He is anxious to have such things kept from the orchestral programmes. "The mood of almost religious exaltation and serenity which prevails at these concerts would make ragtime seem ridiculous and even sacrilegious." Perhaps Mr. Farwell, like many others, overrates the inborn musical intelligence of the masses.

The trend of modern composition is described in a trenchant article by Edgar Stillman Kelley. When he was a student at Leipzig Carl Reinecke once said to him: "Some composers begin to modulate before they have established a key," which, of course, "destroys the pleasure derived from contrasting key-colors." The latest of the progressives abolish keys altogether, as they do melody and concord. Some of them, so it is said, insist that our large cities and factories create such a variety of interesting noises that mere musical sounds no longer excite the slightest emotion. This may be persiflage—but one cannot tell, in these days of musical anarchy. One thing all the "futurists" lack—the art of creating melodies. They remind Professor Kelley of the princess who had "the ability to say nothing in seven languages."

On the most important of all musical questions—that of expression—new light is thrown by two papers on "Musical Editing," by Waldo S. Pratt and W. J. Baltzell, and one on "Musical Interpretation," by Mary Venable, who explains, among other things, why Hans von Bülow forbade the use of his own editions of the classics to his pupils. Mr. Baltzell calls attention to the need of caution in buying music. Much of it is carelessly marked by the composers and needs editing, while a very large proportion of the remainder is what has been called "music engraver's phrasing"—a symmetrical and uniform series of slurs of a measure or two in length, absolutely at variance with the construction of the composition. For this reason he has no faith in the scheme of bringing out an edition of classical and modern works without any editing whatever. What, in his opinion, would be desirable is the appointment of a committee to consider the question of uniformity in the use of signs of musical expression, to be submitted to American publishers for their acceptance. It is to be hoped that this will be done.

We have touched on a few only of the more important questions discussed in this suggestive volume. Copies of it may be obtained of Waldo S. Pratt, Hartford, Conn. HENRY T. FINCK.

A fund is being raised in London to purchase an annuity for Alfred Forman, who translated "Tristan" and "Parsifal," and whom Wagner addressed as "noble friend," but who now finds himself retired from a long career in the service of the Post Office without a pension or other means of subsistence. The subscription list is headed by the Earl of Dysart, at whose residence (Ham House, Richmond) the Wagnerites used to congregate on Sundays a generation ago.

The surprise of the Drury Lane opera season has not been the success of the Russian operas—which was generally anticipated—but the enthusiastic reception given to "The Magic Flute." The spectators are described by one of the critics as behaving like so many Mozart experts. "One could feel their settling down before some famous aria, then listening with rapt attention, and, at the close of the aria, relapsing with a slight rustle and waiting till the last note in the orchestra died away before breaking out into noisy clapping of hands." The unexpected popularity of this opera is believed to be due to the excellence of all its performers, including the musicians in the orchestra, which is particularly efficient in the strings.

Parisians had an opportunity a few weeks ago to hear Richard Strauss at the piano during a whole recital. It was given by Franz Steiner, who sang eleven of Strauss's songs, two of which, "Wiegenlied" and "Ich Schwebe," he had to repeat. Strauss also played, with Hekking, his sonata for piano and violoncello.

Weingartner has communicated to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* his plans as "Generalmusikdirektor" of Darmstadt. He will obtain some prominent singers and increase the orchestra as well as the chorus. Special attention is to be given next season to "Otello" and "Figaro." He will also conduct the Darmstadt symphony concerts as well as those of the Vienna Philharmonic.

Philadelphia now has, under the able direction of Leopold Stokowsky, one of the best orchestras in America. A big list of soloists has been obtained for next season. It includes Alma Gluck, Olga

Samaroff, Louise Homer, Efrem Zimbalist, Ferruccio Busoni, Schumann-Heink, Harold Bauer, Willy Burmester, Elena Gerhardt, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Fritz Kreisler, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Carl Flesch, Harold Randolph, Jacques Thibaud, and Josef Hofmann.

During the first three months of this year Wagner's "Parsifal" was heard in Europe by about seven hundred thousand persons who would never have been able to enjoy this work if the Bayreuth monopoly had been continued. Twenty-five European opera houses gave 314 performances of it in the original German, while French, Spanish, Italian, and Bohemian versions were also heard.

Art

We have already reviewed favorably Lisle March Philipps's thoughtful study, "Art and Environment," and have now only to note its inclusion in the list of Henry Holt & Co.

Sir Charles Waldstein's two lectures before the Royal Academy students on "Greek Sculpture and Modern Art" (Putnam; $2.50 net) are now handsomely printed by the Cambridge University Press, with some seventy-five illustrations. In these two eminently judicious discourses the lecturer hit the tone of the place and audience with fairly Attic tact. We seem to have heard much the same plea for harmony, much the same reprehension of individual extravagance from a distinguished line of Academy speakers reaching back to Sir Joshua himself. Sir Charles did no discredit to the ritual theme while naturally failing to invest it with much novelty. Despite the title, modern art barely shows its head, and then in the rather atypical impersonation of Rodin.

A mass of eighteenth-century anecdotes with a sprinkling of orthodox moral comment and a modicum of biography may sufficiently describe Mrs. Bearne's "A Court Painter and His Circle, François Boucher" (McBride; $4 net). The whole is carried off with a rather dizzy kind of vivacity suggestive of the parlor lecture. There are some thirty illustrations, of which a few relate to Boucher. The whole mixture will be most attractive to those who care least about the main point, the artist who happens to be involved.

The Country Life Library (London) has published in its series of Architectural Monographs a large and sumptuous quarto volume on "Houses and Gardens by E. L. Lutyens," described and criticised by Lawrence Weaver. Twenty-six chapters and an Appendix are devoted to a review of Mr. Lutyens's work in the field of domestic architecture, of which there are 580 illustrations. A large proportion of these are full-page plates from photographs, and all without exception are of the high quality which one associates with the Country Life publications. The Appendix is devoted to reproductions of detail drawings from Mr. Lutyens's office; these are the least interesting of the illustrations, as they are not for the most part figured, and show little of the actual construction. It may be questioned whether the work treated of is quite worthy of this extended presentation. Mr. Lutyens is an architect of high repute, and by reason of his work in South Africa and his selection as architect of the new capital of India at Delhi, is probably more widely known abroad than some of his British compeers of equal ability. But it can hardly be said that his work betrays the stamp of special distinction or of marked originality. The country houses shown in this book display good taste, sometimes the elusive quality of artistic charm; the town houses and more formal designs are distinctly dull and heavy. Text and illustrations are evidently designed for the general rather than the professional public; but it is hard to discover, even in the explanatory, almost apologetic preface, any quite adequate motive for so elaborate an advertisement to the multitude. Certainly Americans, whether architects or clients, seeking for instruction as to English country-house architecture, will find more and better material in other sources.

In two miniature volumes, "Berlin, Dresden" and "Munich, Frankfort, Cassel," John C. Van Dyke's "New Guides to Old Masters" (Scribner's; $1 each) cover the chief galleries of Germany. The general characteristics of these guides we have already discussed. On points of quality Mr. Van Dyke is a stimulating mentor, on issues of attribution he is bold to rashness. Out of the twenty-two Berlin Rembrandts, most of which were bought by the great expert Dr. Bode, only seven are accepted as genuine, three of these being doubtful. A process that involves giving such a masterpiece as the Vision of Daniel to scholars of the calibre of Eckhout or Bol will find little favor with the judicious. In general we are convinced that such critical matters should be threshed out in the special journals before being laid before the public. We feel, too, that the warning against repainting is overdone. It is most needful to know the few pictures that are intact and those that are hopelessly overpainted. But the caution "somewhat repainted" holds of nearly all old pictures, and may be taken for granted. Mr. Van Dyke grants three stars, the mark for a great masterpiece, to only four pictures in Germany; the Sistine Madonna and the Giorgione Venus at Dresden, the Saskia with a Crimson Cap at Cassel, and the Wings of the Van Eyck Adoration of the Lamb at Berlin. It seems to us that he underrates such pictures as Dürer's Four Apostles and the Dresden Ruysdaels, nor can we at all agree with his low estimate of Holbein's Georg Gisze. It is a masterpiece of the cold type, but still a masterpiece. Mr. Van Dyke's invention of a "Pseudo-Vermeer" to account for the poorer pictures ascribed to the master of Delft seems to us fantastic. Broadly speaking, these little books are better calculated to divert the expert than to edify the public.

We have received Part XII of Paul Herrmann's valuable "Denkmäler der Malerei des Altertums" (Munich: F. Bruckmann Co.). This part is devoted to the frescoes in the so-called House of the Citharist at Pompeii, as the previous one was to those of the "Villa of Cicero." It goes without saying that the plates maintain the high standard of the house of Bruckmann for beautiful and accurate reproductions, and Dr. Herrmann's text displays the scholarship and the infinite pains in his study and description of details to which the previous parts of this work have accustomed us. Indeed, one of the most useful and important features of his text is his correction, bit by bit, of the many careless errors in the descriptions of the colors and other details which were made in earlier catalogues, notably—to our surprise—Helbig's, on which students have hitherto relied with confidence. But the most impressive fact which he brings out, and which is a disheartening one to all lovers of ancient art, is that many of the Pompeian frescoes, especially among those which were removed to the Museum of Naples, have already sadly deteriorated in the comparatively brief period since their discovery. Students who have visited that museum at rare intervals must have been conscious of this fact in a general way—the increasing effect of dinginess, and the gradual deadening of the vivid colors which one notices after an interval of several years—but Dr. Herrmann proves it by evidence which is incontrovertible. Those who consult the present part may follow this evidence most convincingly by comparing the reproductions which he gives of early photographs of several of these frescoes with his own plates showing their condition to-day. Of course the early photographs were generally retouched, and sometimes extensively, to make them good "sellers," but by comparing those of different makers he says he has been able to determine the facts, as no two negatives of the same subject were retouched in precisely the same manner.

We may cite two examples given by Dr. Herrmann as appalling illustrations of what has happened within a single generation. One is the picture of Leda or Nemesis (pl. 111, Helbig No. 152), which his reproduction of an early photograph shows with all the details of the three figures and their architectural setting clearly defined, whereas now the whole surface is badly worn, the figures are barely recognizable, and many of the details have practically disappeared. The other is the charming Judgment of Paris (pl. 113, Helbig No. 1286). Both the early photographs and Helbig's description show that not many years ago this picture was strong in color and well preserved throughout, but now the upper part has paled and some of its more delicate details have vanished, while the lower third has gone entirely, even the surface of the stucco having crumbled away. To appreciate this situation it must be remembered that the excavation of the House of the Citharist was begun in 1853, and completed in 1868, with a long interval of interruption between, so that the deterioration to which we refer has occurred during the first generation after the discovery of these fres-

coes. Such being the case, to what are we to look forward for future generations—will there be anything left for them? It is a comfort to believe that these matters are more carefully and intelligently looked after now than they used to be, and that better treatment has been given to the paintings unearthed in recent years, insuring them a longer and more brilliant life, yet this is but imperfect consolation for what has been allowed to go and now can never be recovered.

Barclay Vincent Head, an authority on numismatics, died in London on June 12. He was born in Ipswich, England, on January 2, 1844. In 1864 he was appointed an assistant in the British Museum; in 1908 he was elected vice-president of the Royal Numismatic Society, and was joint editor of the *Numismatic Chronicle* from 1869 until 1910. From 1893 to 1906 he was keeper of the department of coins and medals of the British Museum. Mr. Head was a correspondent of the Institute of France and of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, and a member of the Imperial German Archæological Institute. He had also received the degrees of D.Litt. from Oxford, D.C.L. from Durham, and Ph.D. from Heidelberg. He was the author of "History of the Coinage of Syracuse," "The Coinage of Lydia and Persia," "History of the Coinage of Ephesus," "Historia Numorum," and the Catalogues of Greek Coins in the British Museum in ten volumes.

Finance

THE SWING AROUND A CIRCLE.

In an interview with the *Evening Post* last week, ex-Senator Edmunds—a survivor, in full intellectual vigor, of the celebrated group of statesmen who guided the country's political destinies from the ending of the Civil War to the beginning of the Spanish-American conflict—had two things to say which bore on the financial situation. One was in comment on President Wilson's theory of a "psychological depression." Mr. Edmunds offset this by President Cleveland's remark of 1884 that "it is a condition, not a theory, which confronts us."

The pressing of the contrast between the two Presidential utterances was interesting, though perhaps not wholly fair. Mr. Wilson did not allege, and could not very well have done so, that business depression was not in itself an actual condition. Mr. Cleveland was not arguing that theory had no part in plans to reduce the tariff, but that revenues ought to be reduced, whichever economic theory about it might be the wiser, because the overflowing public surplus was deranging the money market.

The second point of ex-Senator Edmunds had to do with the situation itself—financial and industrial, as well as political and social. As to this, he declared himself not discouraged at the popular extravagances of the day:

> It will all come out right. The troubles are not political, but social. Human history and experience teach that things go around in circles. We are now in a part of the circle which I shall not endeavor to classify. We are troubled with an epidemic of emotion among people who don't stop to reflect. Radical doctrines are merely a sign of the times. Some day there will be a further swing around the circle and then you will see a change.

This is a highly interesting statement. If the principle applies to the social and political ferment of the day, it can hardly fail to apply to the financial disturbance as well; for the one is vitally influenced by the other. What is the basis of it?

That good and bad times in business swing around in a fairly well-defined circle—usually fixed at something like twenty years—is an old story. That happens under the influence of other causes than the upheaval and subsidence of great popular emotions. Retrenchment and accumulation of capital, through a series of years, alternate with an approximately equal period of expansion and speculation. Each is the natural sequel to the other; we are now in a period of the first-named sort, just as we were in a period of the other sort a decade or so ago, and just as we were in a period such as now exists a decade before that. In the field of political contests, the swing of the circle is somewhat narrower, because any party in power is apt to become unpopular through inability to please all its previous supporters, and because the dissatisfied voting constituency which creates majorities swings, for the time being, to the other side.

But the "epidemic of emotion," of which Mr. Edmunds speaks, is something different from either. Its seizure of the mind of whole communities is much more rare in its recurrence. Such world-wide demonstrations, occurring in periods half a century or more apart, and seemingly based on a fixed resolve to upset existing institutions, have been explained on the theory that the previous state of things had at last become impossible to endure. They have also been explained on the ground that the public's imagination had been so set on fire, by a series of inventions which had changed the methods of the physical world, that the excited public had determined to change things with equal suddenness and completeness in the social, political, and financial world as well. Either theory would apply to the great upheaval of 1789 and to that of 1848, and either applies to that which is now in progress.

What is even more immediately to the point, leaders in both of those older epoch-making demonstrations, after the real abuses and anachronisms of the period had been successfully attacked, proceeded to indulge in every sort of wild and fantastic propaganda of reform. That also is true to-day; some of the evidence for which is the proposed recall of judicial decisions in politics, "syndicalism" in economic theory, feminism and the militant suffragettes in the field of moral and social institutions, and Government commissions with power to regulate any incorporated business (the original proposition of the Trades Commission bill) for finance.

After the French Revolution, and after the uprisings of 1848, the civilized world swung gradually around the circle again. It never got back to exactly the situation which it had left behind it when the people rose against the Crown; otherwise the Bourbon autocracy, with its *lettres de cachet*, would have returned after the one upheaval had subsided, and the Continental tyrannies would have been rebuilt after their general collapse in the middle of the century. On any such supposition, the wild performances of associated capitalists, "thinking in hundred millions," would return when the present commotion should have spent its force—which no one imagines as a probability.

But, on the other hand, 1789 did not introduce a permanent régime of sansculottes, guillotines, Jacobin clubs, and a calendar in which Year One was the date of the French Convention. The settling down of affairs after 1848 did not establish a world-wide institution of State Socialism. Neither will the aftermath of the present furious emotional upheaval leave the courts or the marriage ceremony abolished, or the banks and the stock exchanges managed by legislative committees. Mr. Edmunds was wise, however, in declining to commit himself as to exactly what part of the circle we are in to-day. That is something which every one would like to know, and which it is not at all probable any one will know until we are considerably further along on the periphery.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Buckrose, J. E. Gay Morning. Doran. $1.25 net.
Johnson, W. S. Nothing Else Matters. Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Merrick, Leonard. When Love Flies Out o' the Window. Kennerley. $1.20 net.
Scott, Leroy. No. 13 Washington Square. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Silberrad, U. L. Cuddy Yarborough's Daughter. Doran. $1.25 net.
Suttner, B. von. When Thoughts Will Soar. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bishop, W. W. Practical Handbook of Modern Cataloging. Baltimore: William & Wilkins.
Briggs, Le Baron R. To College Girls. Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents net.

China Year Book. Dutton. $3.50 net.
MacMunn, Norman. A Path to Freedom in the School. Macmillan. 60 cents net.
Morris, William. Old French Romances. Scribner.
South African Year Book. Dutton. $3.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Brandes, Georg. Friedrich Nietzsche. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Cornill, C. H. Ancient Israel. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Dunn, J. P. The Unknown God. Indianapolis: Sentinel Printing Co. $1.
Eucken, R. Collected Essays. Scribner. $4 net.
Murray, George. Jesus and His Parables. Edinburgh: Clark.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cyclopedia of American Government. Vol. I. Appleton.
Hobson, J. A. Work and Wealth. Macmillan. $2 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Chadwick, Ellis H. In the Footsteps of the Brontës. Brentano. $3.75 net.
Hill, D. J. A History of European Diplomacy. Vol. III. Longmans. $6 net.
Salzman, L. F. Henry II. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.
Schurman, J. G. The Balkan Wars. Princeton: University Press. $1 net.
Stanhope, G., and Gooch, G. P. The Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope. Longmans. $3.50 net.
Temperly, W. M. G. The Life of Henry VII. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

TRAVEL.

Hale, Walter. The Ideal Motor Tour in France. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Wigram, W. A. and E. T. A. The Cradle of Mankind. Macmillan. $4.50 net.

POETRY.

Norton, G. F. The Sister of the Wind. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Procter, A. A. Legends and Lyrics. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

SCIENCE.

Chase, H. Game Protection and Propagation in America. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Eugenics: Twelve University Lectures. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Sharp, D. L. Where Rolls the Oregon. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Crawford, C. Dramatic Games and Dances. Barnes. $1.50 net.
Galsworthy, John. The Mob. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Rath, Emil. Æsthetic Dancing. Barnes. $1.50 net.

ART.

New Guides for Old Masters. Vienna, Budapest. $1 net. Madrid. 75 cents net. Scribner.
Olschki, L. S. Le Livre en Italie. Florence: Imprimerie Juntine. 10 fr.

TEXTBOOKS.

Racine's Andromaque, ed. by C. Searles. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.

Introductory Geology

A Textbook for Colleges

By Thomas C. Chamberlin and Rollin D. Salisbury, Heads of the Departments of Geology and Geography in the University of Chicago. (*American Science Series.*)

xi + 708 pp. 12mo. $2.00.

This is an abbreviation and simplification of the authors' *College Geology*, which has been so widely and successfully used in American colleges. Many technical details have been omitted, but the general purpose and scope of the volume is not altered fundamentally. Part I deals with geological processes and materials, and Part II with historical geology.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law
Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

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